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Nov 12 1917

The following passage from the complete works of Artemus Ward may now seem pertinent to readers of Chauvenistic newspapers in other cities. Mr. Ward was at a war meeting in Baldwinsville.

"The editor of the Bugle arose and got up, and said the fact could no longer be disguised that we were involved in a war. 'Human gore,' said he, 'is flowin. All ablebodied men should seize a musket and march to the tented field. I repeat it, sir, to the tented field.'

"A voice—'Why don't you go yourself, you old blowhard?'

"'I am identified, young man, with an Arkymedean lever which moves the world,' said the editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat-tail; 'I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!' And with this brilliant bust of elekance the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin from an attack of College in a naberin place."

Zealous Patriotism.

As the World Wags:

The growth of patriotic spirit throughout the country is most gratifying, but perhaps the case of Mr. Cookingham, recently reported, manifests the most delicate adjustment of conscientiousness that has been recorded. Mr. Cookingham is shortly to ask for the privilege of changing his appetizing name. He can no longer endure to be Cookingham seven days in the week, and petitions to be called Fish on Tuesdays and Fridays. SARAH HEPATICA.

Boston.

A War note.

A traveler in buttons the other day demanded to be exempt on the ground of public decency. "Why," he said, to the members of the tribunal, "if it wasn't for me, none of you would be here. You wouldn't dare to leave your homes because you couldn't keep your pants up." "But we are not of national importance," was the chairman's modest disclaimer, as he refused exemption. —London Daily Chronicle.

"From" and "With."

As the World Wags:

Reverting to the late controversy in your column relative to the use of "shall" and "will," one is prone, not unnaturally, to be critical of critics. Mindful, however, of your warning, and being tender of heart, I have no inclination to pounce upon Syntax's split infinitive in its already weakened condition. But when, in the Herald and Journal of Oct. 29, "A. R. W." differs "with" Old Fogy, I "feel impelled" (to use his own phrase) to differ from "A. R. W." as to the preposition which, to convey the meaning intended, should follow "differ." CHARTERIS.

Lancaster.

"A. R. W." wrote: "I feel impelled to differ with him in some of the instances cited." "'Differ from,'" said Richard Grant White, "is used to express mere unlikeness, divergence, in things both animate and inanimate; 'differ with' to express the action of intelligent beings—the expression of a difference: 'with' implying the presence, or the constructive presence, of two differing or disagreeing parties. A man may differ from another man in opinion, without differing with him. * * * If he disputes the other's opinion, particularly if he does so in his presence, he differs with him."—Ed.

Local Pride.

When Theodore Thomas was at the head of the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati it was said that he gave up conducting the orchestra because the inhabitants insisted that he should beat time with a ham.

Tolstoi and the Kaiser.

Has any one quoted Tolstoi's opinion of the Kaiser: "A narrow-minded, ill-educated, vain man, with the ideals of a German Junker." He added "When he says the army is to take no prisoners in China, but to slaughter everybody, he is not put in a lunatic asylum, but people shout 'Hoch!' and set sail for China to execute his commands."

BRILLIANT RECITAL GIVEN BY MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman gave a violin recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. There was an audience of fair size. Philip Gordon was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Vivaldi-Nachez, concerto, G minor; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Handel, Sonata II., E major; Elman, Deep River (paraphase); Albaniz-Elman, Tango; Chopin-Wilhelmj, Nocturne; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance No. 7; Paganini, I Palpiti.

Mr. Elman's tone is suave, melting, oily. It has warmth without great emotional depth. It charms while it does not thrill. The distinguishing feature of his playing is the easy assurance with which he surmounts all technical difficulties. Yesterday he was in the vein, and his brilliance in mechanical proficiency rivalled the beauty and fulness of his tone in sustained passages. Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole was a feature of the program.

Next Sunday afternoon Fritz Kreisler will make his second appearance this season.

ROSSINI'S "STABAT MATER" AT BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Members of Company Give Enjoyable Sunday Concert.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was sung yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House by members of the Creatore opera company. The soloists were Adele Bartlett, soprano; Edith Alvord, mezzo-soprano; Ralph Errolle, tenor, and Alfredo Kaufman, bass. The singing of Miss Alvord and Mr. Errolle was especially good. Miss Alvord's tones were warm and she sang with ease, as also did Mr. Errolle.

It is unfortunate that such excellent performances are not better patronized. Prior to the singing of the "Stabat Mater" the orchestra played an overture from "The Magic Flute" and the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." The latter number was finely played.

It would be well for Mr. Creatore to refrain from pounding his music stand, as it interferes with the enjoyment of the music. Regina Vicarino, soprano, sang "Thou Brilliant Bird" from the "Pearl of Brazil," and the chorus sang "Our America," characterized on the program as a "national hymn."

Nov. 13 1917

MAUDE ADAMS IN BARRIE PLAY

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Kiss for Cinderella," a fancy in three acts and six scenes by T. M. Barrie. Produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, March 16, 1916.

Mr. Bodie	Morton Selten
Our Policeman	William Boyd
Miss Thing (Cinderella)	Maude Adams
Man with a board	David Torrence
Man with a coat	Wallace Jackson
Mrs. Maloney	Ada Boswell
A Coster	Robert Peyton Carter
A Godmother	Angela Ogden
Marie Therese	[illegible]
Gladys	Helen Ward
Delphine	Mat[illegible] Weber
Gretchen	Eleanor [illegible]
Dr. Bodie	[illegible] Ogden
Danny	[illegible] Wheatcroft
Lady Charlotte Warrington	Maude Leslie

There are other characters, who were at the ball when Cinderella met Prince Charming. These were the beauties whom she eclipsed; beauties that had stepped from the walls of Bodie's studio; beauties that she had often looked at, the Girl with the Broken Pitcher, the Duchess of Devonshire, Monna Lisa, the Girl with the Muff, Carmencita. There was the censor in the costume of a headsman. There was Lord Times, representing the power of the press, who did not hesitate to check the King's flow of foolish words. Nor should the penguin that married Cinderella be forgotten, a penguin that might have given counsel to "Alice in Wonderland," a more amiable bird than any one of its race in the bitter book of Anatole France. The Venus of Milo was too late, although a taxi-cab had been sent for her. The hour of twelve was sounded before she came. And Cinderella finally had her slippers, substituted for an engagement ring by the "romantical" policeman, who was her Prince Charming. But in the old French fairy story, Cinderella's slippers were not of glass. The translator into English confounded "vair" with "verre."

"A Kiss for Cinderella" is not a play. It is more delightful than that. The poor sclavey in Bodie's studio, suspected by the policeman of being in league with German spies, doing her humble bit by caring for abandoned children of four nations, dreamed her dreams, craving affection, believing that her godmother would finally come, sure that she would receive her "invite" to the ball in the palace. She dreamed her dreams, herself a dream child that was born in Barrie's fancy. The scenes are as sleep-chasings. The characters are all fantastical with the exception of Bodie, his sister, the doctor and the nurse. The scenes are whimsical, fantastical; as in the imagination of an unsophisticated little girl that which is conventional and prosaic, in everyday life is converted into days and nights in Fairyland.

Every now and then there are pathetic touches, but speeches that totter on the verge of sentimentalism are saved by Barrieisms in ideas and expression. Only once is there a decidedly false note, when Cinderella at the doctor's house tells the policeman how much and in what manner she loves him. There are here and there lines that remind one, now of W. S. Gilbert, and now of "Lewis Carroll," but the dominant voice is that of Barrie. Once in a while his fancy droops, and Cinderella and the others are as those treading water or sparring for wind, but these occasions are few.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan played the part of Cinderella in London, but surely Barrie must have had Miss Adams in his mind when he called Cinderella into being and set her a-dreaming. Her natural gifts, her histrionic nature, her limitations, too plainly shown when she was miscast in plays by others, even her mannerisms, all are in the service of Barrie, of whom she is the wistful, elfish creature of his brain. It is not easy to think of another in the part. She is the strangely imaginative child with the dash of Coster humor and disconcerting common sense; jealous of the Venus of Milo, because the statue is Bodie's ideal of perfect womanhood; a child in her dreams if not in years; finally awakened accepting the policeman as her prince, but not without tantalizing coquetry. Fascinating in the studio and in the delightful final scene of courtship, she is graceful at the ball, outshining king, queen and ladies of the court, meeting the approbation of no less a person than Lord Times.

Her associates in the play are in sympathy with her and Barrie. Mr. Carter as Lord Times has only half a dozen words to speak, but he is remarkable in silence, repose and in every gesture. Mr. Boyd was capital as policeman and as the pessimistic prince who turns into the adoring lover, won by Cinderella's feet. Mr. Selten was debonair, graceful, amusing, human as Bodie. Mr. Torrence was as jovial a monarch as old King Cole. And so one might go through the list of the men and women that gave genuine pleasure to the large audience. There were many curtain calls after the beautifully set scene of the ball, but Miss Adams could not be persuaded to step out of the frame. And so the spectator's illusion was not dispelled by halting and conventional "words of thanks."

The lives of humble and forgotten men are full of instruction. Let us consider this morning the character of Mr. John Fransham (1730-1810), a schoolmaster of Norwich, England. As a young man he discarded shoes and stockings for nearly three years. "His persistence in this resolution, with other eccentricities, induced his father to suspect that his intellects were disordered. This was a mistake." Joining a company of strolling players, he acted Acasto, Folgard, Iago. The performances did not draw, and the manager paid his company in turnips. When Fransham was told by an envious actor that the turnips had been stolen, he threw up his engagement. "The English, but brutal and barbarous customs of horse-docking and horse-nicking filled him with astonishment and horror. So that once when he was asked for what Parliamentary candidate he would vote, if he had a vote, he answered: 'I would vote for him who has humanity enough to drive long-tailed horses.' "It would be pleasant to tell how, living on potatoes and salt for a time, he spent only a farthing a day. He thought that no teacher could do justice to more than six or eight pupils at a time. Distrusting banks and bankers, he quoted Virgil: "Non bene ripae creditor." Fond of playing at cup and ball, he conceived a strange object for accomplishment "I will choose such a one as no mortal being ever yet chose, and which no one less than the gods would ever think of attempting. I will get a bilbo-catch, and I will catch the ball upon the spiked end 666,666 times." His biographer states that the achievement of this feat occupied a considerable portion of his leisure for three or four years. When he visited Mr. Jay, a baker, and Mrs. Jay, he would not allow his bed to be made oftener than once a week: "It was the nurse of idleness and luxury, and the height of effeminacy," he said, "for a man to have his bed made every day." He often spoke to Mrs. Jay with great admiration of female beauty.

The account of his death is affecting. Although we never saw him, we cannot read it with dry eyes.

"On the morning of Feb. 1 he requested his nurse to remove him from his bed to his chair; he told her that he should exceedingly dislike to be buried alive, and would therefore be obliged to her when she perceived him without motion, to shake him well, then place him by a large fire, within the scent of a hot apple-pye; if these expedients did not succeed, to ask some beautiful woman to sit by his side; and, if this experiment failed, then she might safely conclude him dead. In a few minutes after these directions his nurse, not hearing him cough, approached his chair and found he had expired."

For Patriotic Households.

Economical housewives may be interested in a recipe for jelly found in a volume of Oxford wills which ends in 1518. A correspondent sent it to Notes and Queries of October.

"A speciall Jely for Lent & for all tymes of the yere.—Take a quarte of barley made very clene & bete it in a morter, likewise as ye bete furmenty, then wessch it clene & sethe it in water wt annes sede licorasse brosld, then streyne half a pound almonds & bete them bothe to gidder & streyne them wt the licour that they wero sodden in & new boyle them to gidder & duste suge & tormesalle to Color it & sethe them to gedder & streyne them & put ut in disshes till it be cole and if ye woll have whit Jely putt thereto in ye stede of tormesalle isainglasse in like p'porcion."

A War Note.

This paragraph was published in the Isle of Ely and Wisbeck Advertiser (Eng.) of Aug. 8, 1917:

"It is well known in this neighborhood that the 'Tanks' used in the present war were named after Mr. W. Tank Burall (a relative of Mr. H. C. Burall of Wisbeck), who conceived the idea, the workmen who constructed the caterpillar machines, calling them after their designer's family name."

Why, O Why?

Mr. Herbert Maxwell asks a question that may well tax ingenuity: "Is it possible to trace to its source the invariable rule under which the clothes of men button from left to right, and the clothes of women from right to left?"

Kitchen Wang.

As the World Wags:

Regarding a possible etymology of the game, "Kitchen Wang" (in which kissing is said to play a part), may not "wang" be the German word "wange" (cheek), as in Jensen's well known song, "Leh' deine Wang' an Meine Waug'"? Furthermore is it fanciful to trace the phrase through the Pennsylvania Dutch? P. L. A.

Boston.

Our Biddeford (Me.) friend answers our question, "Why 'Wang'?" as follows: "Isn't it for the same reason that 'whale' in the spoken language of some individuals is 'wale,' because, as the Ephraimite 'could not frame to pronounce' the 'h' in 'Shibboleth,' they stumble over this troublesome consonant. In Maine it is 'kitchen whang,' not 'wang.' In passing, it may be noted that 'wangan' in the Maine lumber camps is not another name for supplies, but the name of the boat in which supplies are transported."

The Split Infinitive

As the World Wags:

As a comment upon my use of the split infinitive in my recent note upon the respective uses of "will" and "shall," you say that "the weather is hardly cold enough to split infinitives." As Mr. Midshipman Easy would say, I should like to argue that. I claim that there is no closed season as regards the use of split infinitives, but that they can be split in warm weather as well as in cold. Abraham Lincoln split them in June, July, August and September as well as in December, January, February and March, and the fact that he did so in those four warm months of the year I commend to your cogitant consideration as running counter to the accuracy of your statement that the weather is not yet cold enough for that kind of splitting.

I have seen it claimed that Shakespeare's use of the expression "to pitied be" is an instance of the use of the split infinitive, but the claim that "to pitied be" is a split infinitive cannot be substantiated. SYNTAX.

Brookline.

"Mac" and "Ap."

As the World Wags:

Mr. B. F. McCoy did not have an encyclopaedia at hand or he would have said that Mac was the nominative and Mic or Vich, the genitive for son. You will remember reading in Scott's "Waverly" of a character called Vich Ian Vohr (son of big John). The Welsh word for son was originally Map; in time the M was dropped, hence we see the names Price (ap Rice), Powell (ap Howell), etc. The Celtic language is not dying out, as it is strongly entrenched in Wales, where the present dictator of Britain, David Lloyd George is its prophet. He was called some years ago in a Tory convention "the Celtic Robespierre"; they feared to lose their special privileges. Ogham stones are found in Wales as well as in Ireland. I see an illustration of one in the Catholic Encyclopaedia. Prof. Robinson expounds the Celtic language, even Old Irish, at Harvard. W. L. KELLY.

Prattville.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — William Faversham's production of Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Misalliance."

Johnny Tarleton	Frederick Lloyd
Bentley Summerhays	Philip Leigh
Hypatia	Miss Elisabeth Risdon
Mrs. John Tarleton	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Lord Summerhays	George Fitzgerald
John Tarleton	Maclyn Arbuckle
Joseph Percival	Joseph McManus
Lina Szczepanowska	Miss Katharine Kaelred
Gunner	Malcolm Morley

Last season Mr. Faversham produced Shaw's "Getting Married," with a distinguished cast in which he himself appeared. This year he has been equally successful with "Misalliance," and although he is not a member of the cast, every part is admirably taken.

The play was produced at the Reper-

[illegible] Theatre, London, in February, [illegible] Mr. [illegible]'s production opened the [illegible] Theatre in New York [illegible]

[illegible] that his critic would [illegible] shorter and less dramatic [illegible] Married." Although [illegible] it is divided into [illegible] by the producer. It is [illegible] less background of in[illegible] "Getting Married." Still [illegible] play is [illegible] more than a chaos of [illegible], a torrent of talk. It con[illegible] many clever lines, expresses many [illegible] and striking views and introduces [illegible] of wild farce that is very funny. The subjects under discussion at the country house of John Tarleton—the [illegible] John Tarleton" of Tarleton's [illegible], famous because it does not scratch the skin, are diverse and manifold. Some of them are the difficulty of parents explaining sexual facts to their children, the restraint inflicted on the [illegible]-class girls by dull respect[illegible] the objections to clerking as an occupation; the gulf in thought and feeling between youth and age.

As usual, the characters serve as mouthpieces for Shaw's views. Hypatia, the young daughter of the house, full-blown and restless, has much to say about the suppression endured in a highly respectable family. Fearing to share the fate of many about her, girls withering into ladies, ladies withering into old women, she has engaged herself to young Bentley Summerhays, the son of middle-aged parents, who is all brains and no body. He is also a cry-baby given to fits of uncontrollable anger. Hypatia, amorous, restless and erratic, longs for a real adventure. Life begins to be more interesting when Bentley's father, a blase aristocrat, not knowing of his son's engagement, proposes marriage. The girl was flattered by the attention from a man of the world, but she looked beyond father and son. An airplane crashes through the conservatory, manned by a handsome stranger. Hypatia promptly woos him after the manner of cave women. There is no thought of sentiment, only of inclination.

John Tarleton himself dominates the play. Self-made, he has the eagerness of the suddenly rich to display his learning. The names of Ibsen, Kipling, Browning, Darwin, Chesterton, Mill, Lombroso, Dickens, Pepys, Whitman are ever on his tongue. Read them, he urges, and the mysteries of life and death will be explained. A good-natured fellow, he is blessed with a superabundance of vitality. The person of his wife is sacred to him in the home, but he has his little affairs. He has an admirable habit of trying to persuade strange and beautiful women that he has a romantic nature. He cries this on the Polish Amazon, Percival's passenger in the airplane, tries it and fails.

Mr. Julius Baker, son of an old love of Tarleton's, comes, gun in hand, to avenge his mother's shame. He is introduced to talk Socialism, and his weapon wrested from his hand by the Polish Amazon, mothered by Tarleton's wife, an amiable and understanding woman, subsides.

Mrs. Szczepanowska herself voices extreme sentiments of a feministic nature. She is bold, brave and free, shuns female attire, will be no man's woman.

It is easy to see how all these characters, more or less true to type, magnificently played, discussing diverse and unrelated subjects, provide not only an evening of stimulating mental gymnastics, but of delightful entertainment.

Mr. Arbuckle of "The County Chairman" and "The Round Up," is thoroughly at home in the Shavian dialogue. As John Tarleton he played with unflagging vigor and spontaneity. He was genial, spontaneous, sympathetic.

Miss Kaelred, a striking apparition, wore her clothes well and displayed seductive charm and a rich guttural accent. Mr. Lloyd played Johnny Tarleton as he did in the London production. He had little to do but he was quietly effective, always in the picture. Miss Risdon's Hypatia was properly impulsive. In fact every character was more than adequately well impersonated.

A large audience was highly entertained.

SAM BERNARD AND HIS OLD-TIME ACT AT KEITH'S

Sam Bernard, surrounded by an exceptionally good bill, is the headline at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was [illegible] pleased.

Mr. Bernard is pleased to qualify his act, as he appeared 25 years ago," in the role of a German comedian. Last evening he also gave his old-time imitation of J. W. Wallick as Fagin in the dream scene from Oliver Twist. The comedian is just as funny as ever in his mangling of the English language; there is the same give-and-take between the comedian and the members of the orchestra. He has several songs that add to the success of his monologue.

The act of Catherine Powell should have a preferred place on the bill. She is seen in a dancing number which is her own conception. And to the habitues of vaudeville patronage the justice of this claim is obvious. Her program is varied and [illegible] her physical resources. Not the least interesting was the Paris au Pom-Pom which was conspicuous for its chic, for its vivacity.

Other acts on the bill were Brenck's Bronze Statue Horse, in postures; McKay and Ardine, in a singing and dancing act, Kenny and Hollis, in an act seen at this theatre before, but which was billed as new, Yvette and Sarasoff, in an instrumental and singing act, Marguerite Farrell, in a group of songs that revealed versatility and an unusually good dialect, Violet Besson, in a satire on the high cost of living, an amusing story of an egg; Pilna and company, in a dancing act that excelled in its original style, and the world's current events in motion pictures.

CREATORE OPERA COMPANY BEGINS SECOND WEEK HERE

Presents "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" to Large Audience.

The Creatore Opera Company, presenting two operas, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," before an audience that filled the Boston Opera House last night, began the second week of its appearance here with notable success. People who thought it impossible to see good opera without paying $5 or more were given an agreeable surprise. The progress of the two pieces was interrupted with repeated rounds of applause in appreciation of the artistic efforts of the casts.

The singing of Morgan Kingston in the role of Canio in "I Pagliacci" was especially well received. At the close of the first act he was given a tumultuous ovation. He had to appear before the curtain six times and repeat the final song of the act before the applause subsided. The singing of Pina Garavelli in the principal feminine role of Nedda, and of Louis Derman, as Peppe, were also especially pleasing.

Signal honors in the production of "Cavalleria Rusticana" were taken by Ralph Errolle, singing the principal male part, and Edith Aivord, in the principal feminine role. The orchestration of both operas, led by Creatore, was excellent.

Let us again praise the men of humble birth. Mr. J. W. Young of Williamsville, Vt., tells the story of one. "I never heard 'Bonaparte's Farewell to France' sung but once. It was in 1860 by the late John Hall, who had a mellow and powerful voice. Mr. Hall had 'enjoyed' a varied experience. He ran away from home at 19 and never went home for 19 years. By that time he had become a canal contractor of some means and had at least one daughter. About the time he left, a young brother, George, was born who, hearing later of a Hall went to see him and found him to be his long-lost brother and was joyfully received and during the visit fell in love with his niece and they were clandestinely married, much to John's grief. I have seen another brother, all large and powerful men. This George had much ingenuity. He invented what is now called the Sargent harness snap in which the spring is guarded. I saw him but once, while he was working on a project for a revolving cannon. After the war he got up the fake Cardiff Giant and also the one in the Palisades, and later committed suicide."

Mr. Young has received several letters about "Bonaparte's Tomb." One of them was from a lady who was related in some way to the Hutchinson family. "She stated that the song was printed by Oliver Ditson in 1848, and she thought the poet of the family had something to do with it, either words or tune. I heard the song sung only twice by good singers, but it seems cheap to me now."

Hannah Cook.

As the world wags:

Not long ago my stenographer took exception to the phrase, "not worth a tinker's dam," stating that it was a reflection upon her family name and also her character, as she did not use the word. I pointed out that there was no "n" in that dam and explained the origin of the phrase. However, out of deference to her feelings, I changed my phraseology and have been using in its place "doesn't amount to Hannah Cook." Today she inquired why Hannah Cook didn't amount to anything and whether the last word was Hannah's family name or referred to her occupation (or is it "profession"?). I had to confess my ignorance and decided to refer the question to you as the fons et origo of folklore. Can you relieve our suspense?

Chestnut Hill. XENES.

There are many legends about Hannah Cook. Some folklorists say that she lived on Cape Cod; others insist that she was notoriously inefficient in an English village. Old men in Maine have told us that their fathers knew her. Never has she been described as a light-skirt. Our own belief is that she was descended from Prester John and was an aunt of Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris.—[Ed.

In re "M'" and "Mac."

As the World Wags:

While agreeing with the proposition that "Mc" and "M'" are simply abreviations of "Mac," exceptions are taken by "W. E. K." to their appearing together in an alphabetical list of surnames—a conclusion also recently arrived at by the supreme court of Massachusets in deciding "Mc" should follow, not precede "Mans." He throws up a bit of c'm'f'l'g with the caps and l. c. letters in "Macintosh" and "Mcintosh" and wants to be told why he "draws a gun," or "why is it a Macgregor foams at the mouth if you spell his name either MacGregor or McGregor," and concludes: "The only safety, then, in listing the names of these fiery Gaels and Celts alphabetically is to put the Macfariands ahead of the Mansfields and the McFarlands after."

Although the spelling of the language has been practically settled, personal names have retained their freedom, and great license is taken both in spelling and pronunciation; as in the case of Mr. Samuel Weller, who was asked by the judge how he spelled his name, he replied: "I seldom have occasion to spell my name, but when I do, I 'spells it with a V."

With no better reason than Sam Weller had to offer, many Macs spell their names in a way to suit themselves—the treasurer of the United States signs his name "Mcadoo," as can be easily verified by an examination of his signature on our paper currency. But in any intelligent list of names it and all similar names would appear where they rightfully belong—with the other Macs.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN M'COY.
West Somerville.

Have a Light?

In these distracted days the London Daily Chronicle finds time and space to discuss the proper way of striking a light. One should rub gently the box on the match. "It ensures more certain ignition and prevents also the breaking of the match stick. Again, the match should not be drawn or struck along the length of the box, but across from side to side. This ensures obedience to the direction 'Rub lightly,' and moreover saves the igniting surface from being rapidly worn away along its whole length."

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS FIRST CONCERT OF SEASON

Assisted by Miss Stoddart, Alessandro Alberini and Alfred Denghausen.

The Apollo Club of Boston, assisted by Miss Marie Stoddart, soprano; Alessandro Alberini, bass, and Alfred F. Denghausen, bass, gave its first concert of the season last evening at Symphony hall. The program included pieces by Sullivan, Rachmaninoff, Curti, Thomas, Scott, Denghausen, Nevin, Verdi, Kremser and other composers.

The club was in fine form. Under the skilled direction of Mr. Mollenhauer the singing was vigorous, well balanced, expressive. The songs, patriotic, sacred, domantic, were given with spirit. Mr. Denghausen's "Hail, Land of Liberty," a dignified and stirring composition, in which he himself appeared as soloist, was easily the feature of the evening. Repeated, Mr. Denghausen had resumed his seat and Mr. Mollenhauer was about to leave the stage when the applause made it necessary for the song to be sung again. From the beginning Miss Stoddart's agreeable voice gave added pleasure to the occasion.

The next concert will take place at Jordan Hall, Jan. 15, when Carl Webster, 'cellist; Ralph L. Harlow, tenor, and William F. Smith, baritone, will be the soloists.

Nov. 5 [illegible]

MISS MARTHA BAIRD GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Martha Baird gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Scarlatti, Sonata 17 in A major; Bach, Concerto in the Italian style; Chopin, Ballade in G minor, Preludes in B flat major and F major, Impromptu in F sharp major, Etude, op. 10, No. 12; d'Indy, Poeme des Montagnes; Scriabin, Mazurka, op. 25, No. 3; Leschetitzky, Etude heroique.

Miss Baird is a prize pupil; but this should not prejudice one hearing her play in public. There are pianists who have overcome this particular handicap.

She is at present hardly out of the teacher's hands. She has not yet learned to think musically at all times for herself. While her playing at present is unbalanced, frequent appearances before audiences that are not particularly interested in her will undoubtedly give her confidence in her own interpretation. She has now digital facility, an agreeable touch except in the playing of massive chords, nor is she without musical intelligence.

In Scarlatti's Sonata she made the mistake of taking too many liberties with the tempo. Scarlatti's music does not admit of the rubato. The music should flow steadily, and not even the final cadences should be too deliberate.

The "expression" should be confined to various degrees of dynamic force. In the sonata as in the concerto when strong chords were played, the quality of tone was harsh, not richly sonorous. This failing was observed also in Chopin's Ballade. There was also too much deliberation, a lack of continuity in the performance, so that the composition resembled mosaic-work.

Miss Baird is young, but this is not an "atrocious crime." Studying herself, and listening receptively and critically to players that do not belong to the thunder-and-lightning school, but are supreme in grace and lyrical expression, Miss Baird, with her modest and pleasing personality, should win for herself an honorable position.

Dr. W. E. Crockett of Boston writes to us concerning the short account of his athletic prowess published in the Boston Herald and Journal with his portrait, under the head "Beyond Four Score":

As the World Wags:

The Herald and Journal has a short, but very complimentary article on the old subject, Dr. W. E. Crockett. Fine, but incorrect. Being faulty makes it annoying at times. Within a few weeks, I have had many people congratulate me on being alive. Several have called at my home to congrat—No, sympathize with my family in their affliction. The cause: A Dr. Crocker, not Crockett, resident near Boston, died recently. Someone wishing information made inquiry of the South Boston Inquirer. The paper's answer was they did not know, and did not hear of him at the L street baths.

The World Wags of the Herald and Journal is far-reaching certainly, if my experience is any criterion, as I have received letters from near and far regarding the small contributions I have made to the column. My last letter, one of four pages, was from Plymouth, N. H., a letter that many of your older readers would enjoy reading, and it would also be of interest to your young readers as well, on account of information in a sporting line which it contains. Only once more I ask for a helping hand from you in the way of correction.

Let me see; I find by consulting the Farmer's Almanack that this is the 12th day of November, 1917. That being a fact it is now 24 hours since I had a swim in the salt water at L street, after a vigorous game of ball with two husky men. I have had my swim once a week and oftener up to this time. The swim across Boston bay was in May: water temperature, 57, after my 80th birthday, said day being April 15. The 25-mile walk was 4 days after my 75th birthday: time, 6 hours, 7 minutes. The dumb-bell stunt was at the B. A. A. outing at Riverside of the same year: 885 times. My record in this line was made after my 46th birthday, 1010 times. My record for the arms at right angles was made during the summer after my 80th birthday and the time was one hour and 20 minutes. The above are only a few of the old man's stunts, but a few is enough to leave behind as a task for some 75 or 80-year-old chap of the future.

I have been asked often, but never gave a decided answer, which now I will. I have used the same method to keep young and well as Mme. Patti used and as did Mme. Bernhardt also.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.
Boston, Nov. 12.

Those Healthgrams.

As the World Wags:

Who is the author of the poetic healthgrams with which Boston is so profusely placarded? Whoever he is, I suggest that he be given the honorary title of Boston's Poet Laureate. Here, for example, is a sample of those healthgrams, which I copied this morning from a placard posted up in the subterranean street railway station at the junction of Tremont and Boylston streets:

HEALTHGRAM NO. 12.
When the price of potatoes
Goes up with a flourish,
Eat beans, macaroni and rice,
Which all nourish.

I suppose that Silas Wegg must long since have crossed the Great Divide, otherwise I should strongly suspect that those healthgrams are written by him. Can you give the name of the poet by whom they are written? Is there a sketch of him in any cyclopaedia or biographical dictionary or in Who's Who

in America? Is there anywhere a picture of him?

By the way, it occurs to me that perhaps the author of those healthgrams wrote the immortal lines on the Mr. Finney who had a turnip which "grew behind the barn." The identity of the author of the latter poem has thus far been kept a profound secret, and, if the author of the healthgrams will come forward and acknowledge that that poem was written by him, ho will solve a problem which has long perplexed and baffled the literary world.

Brookline. SPECTATOR.

The Simple Life.

As the World Wags:

About 70 years ago one of our New England philosophers built him a shack on the shore of Walden pond, where he wrote essays redolent of the simple life, manifesting a familiarity with the classic writings of all time, and incorporating the expression of many quaint views. The following from his "Walden" seems appropriate to present-day conditions:

"Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion. Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary forever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell how it is bounded at any moment." J. L. C.

Winchester.

"Wangan."

As the World Wags:

Some years ago I was in eastern Maine, going over some wood and logging accounts. I found many items "so many days' pay," so much less "wangan." My curiosity led me to inquire what the word meant, and I was told that it included tobacco and other small supplies sold to the men and not included in the cost of running the camp, as they were personal luxuries. This is my authority, while it may be so applied, has undoubtedly the secondary meaning that I have. As most of these camps are in the woods, inaccessible to boats, this word, given. G. M. M.

Boston.

P. S.—Roget's Thesaurus does give the words wanigan, wangan (U. S.), under varieties of ships.

MR. FOX, PIANIST,

By PHILIP HALE.

Felix Fox, pianist, assisted by Mr. Ferir, solo viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Blanchet, Preludes, op. 10, Nos. 2, 6, 8; Paul Hillemacher, Variations on an Oriental Rhapsody; Aubert, Lutin; Hue, Theme and Variations for viola and piano; Severac, Cerdana (En Tartane, Les Muletiers devant le Christ de Llivia, Menetriera et Glaneuses); G. Faure, Preludes op. 105, Nos. 2, 3; Scriabin, Etudes op. 8, No. 3, op. 13, No. 3, op. 8, No. 9; Juon, Sonata op. 15, for viola and piano.

The program was an unusual one. It brought to mind the title of a useful little dictionary: "All words but Familiar." Whether it is prudent for a pianist to arrange a program like this; whether it would not be wiser to mix modern compositions with those of the older romantic and classical schools—these are questions that might be profitably discussed. Our own opinion may be voiced by the sentimental young lady in the novel: "A sweet mingling of both." But Mr. Fox is to be commended for acquainting audiences with piano pieces of modern composers scarcely known, or not known at all.

There are writers that class Deodat de Severac with Debussy and Ravel, but he is a far lesser light. The title of his suite sent us to the guide book and thus increased our geographical and historical knowledge. Cerdena, or Ceretania, is a valley, part of which is in Spain, part in France, for the valley was divided in 1669 by the Peace of the Pyrenees. Llivia is a little Spanish town, although it is within the French boundary. Santiago, is is said, preached there for the first time to the Jews of Spain. (The wonder is that Liszt did not write a piano piece descriptive of the event, giving the preacher a bass solo with arabesques in the treble.) It was an episcopal town, but the cathedral was destroyed by the Moors. A tartana is a covered vehicle—some say a one-horse carriage—others liken it to a Venetian gondola on wheels. A tartana is also the name of a Mediterranean vessel, but Severac evidently made his journey in a carriage. His suite, which dates back to 1910, is in four movements. Mr. Fox played only three—presumably enough to let us taste the quality. With the exception of the middle section of the first movement and portions of "Les Muletiers," the music has little true character; it is diffuso, labored, with a thin melodic vein, and with forced harmonies.

The Preludes of Blanchet are short, agreeable, refined pieces of the higher salon class. Hillemacher's variations are those of a well-equipped Parisian looking towards the East for inspiration, which he failed to find near the Conservatory. Aubert is rememberel here as the composer of "The Blue Forest," which had its little day at the Boston Opera House. "Lutins" is a brilliant composition which Mr. Fox played brilliantly. Of much greater musical interest are Hue's Variations. The final pages are of rare and entrancing beauty. Messrs. Ferir and Fox gave an admirable performance of this excellent work. Mr. Ferir is indeed an artist. Even vulgar and tavern music would be ennobled by his beauty of tone, his technical skill, his fine musical feeling.

Mr. Fox did more than justice to his program. His technic was clear and unerring; his tone, deftly varied, never lost quality; his phrasing was that of a musician. It was not his fault if at times there seemed to be a monotony of mood, a uniformity of filigree in certain selections.

HAYES CHARMS

By PHILIP HALE.

Roland W. Hayes, tenor, gave a recital last night in Symphony Hall. Harry T. Burleigh of New York accompanied his arrangements of Negro Spirituals. William S. Lawrence of Boston played the accompaniments of the other songs. The program was as follows: Schubert, Du bist die Ruh; Tschaikowsky, Weil ich, wie einstmal, allein, Staendchen des Don Juan; Campbell-Tipton, Requies; Duparc, L'Invitation au voyage; Campbell-Tipton, Le Cri des eaux, A Spirit Flower; Cadman, the Fount of Bimini, God smiled upon the Desert, There's a Lily Field; Negro Spirituals—Go down, Moses; By an' By; Swing low, sweet Chariot; Donizetti, Una furtiva lagrima from "Elisir d'amore"; Puccini, Recondita armonia from "Tosca."

The hall was completely filled with an enthusiastic audience. Many were seated on the platform and many stood.

The program was well arranged to show the voice and skill of the singer, also his uncommon proficiency in languages. Yet we could have spared the "Requies" and "A Spirit Flower" of Campbell-Tipton. These songs, as some others by him that we have heard, are musically and rhetorically artificial, painfully made to order, with the voice suddenly thrown up with emphasis to a high note for a comparatively unimportant word; nor are the songs on the whole a plausible expression of the text. Mr. Cadman has written more melodious songs than those heard last evening. Mrs. Souther's song is simple, but it is effective and timely.

We have often praised the singing of Mr. Hayes. His voice, rich, pure, free, gracefully lyrical, lends itself easily to dramatic pages. Not only has he a voice that many might envy; he also has the gift of interpretation. He catches almost instinctively the mood of poet and composer; he does not dwell on that which is not essential; he neither jumps abruptly to the climax, nor does he allow the hearer to observe his preparation for it. There were many instances last night of fine and poetic phrasing, warmed by the singer's emotional nature and made authoritative by his intelligence and sincerity. His enunciation in the various languages was delightfully clear. There were many recalls, and he added to the program. After the group of Spirituals, he sang "Deep River" in Mr. Burleigh's admirable arrangement.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Burleigh playing his arrangements. Mr. Lawrence showed himself a most sympathetic accompanist with a wholly adequate technic, a beautiful touch and a decided sense of rhythm.

The remarks of Mr. John Tarleton in "Misalliance" about family relations, especially those between parents and children, remind one of sundry opinions expressed by Samuel Butler, whom Mr. Shaw holds in high regard. Butler believed that great unhappiness comes from the attempt to prolong family connection unduly and "to make people hang together artificially who would never naturally do so." Referring to the Bishop of Carlisle's "joyful meetings" in a higher world, Butler wrote in his note book: "I am sure my great-grandfather did not look forward to meeting his father in heaven—his father had cut him out of his will; nor can I credit my grandfather with any great longing to rejoin my great-grandfather—a worthy man enough, but one with whom nothing ever prospered. I am certain my father, after he was 40, did not wish to see my grandfather any more. . . . Speaking for myself, I have no wish to see my father again, and I think it likely that the bishop of Carlisle would not be more eager to see his than I mine." This scoffer at ancestor worship entered the note under the heading "Elementary Morality," and added that Melchisedec was a really happy man. "He was without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan." This note was followed by one on "Bacon for Breakfast."

As the World Wags:

In the Herald of Oct. 13 St Prime spoke of a certain Deacon Ammi Bailey. A farmer of the name of Ammi was the hero of an anecdote which I have heard, and, inasmuch as Ammi is very unusual as a surname, I think it not impossible that the Deacon Ammi Bailey whom Mr. Prime speaks of was the farmer who was the hero of the anecdote, though I have hitherto supposed that Ammi was his surname rather than his forename. Here is the anecdote, and, if Mr. Prime reads it, perhaps he will be able to tell whether the Deacon Ammi Bailey of whom he speaks was its hero: One autumn day Farmer Ammi took an ox load of pumpkins to the city to sell. The shades of evening had begun to descend before he finished selling his pumpkins, and he did not get started for home till night had set in. In order to shorten the distance of his homeward trip, after he had proceeded two or three miles, he turned into a byroad which led through a piece of woods. Riding in the cart while going through the woods, he became dozy and finally fell asleep. After he had got soundly asleep one of the cart wheels struck a tree as the oxen turned a corner in the byroad, and the connection between the oxen and the cart gave way. The oxen, detached from the cart, continued on their way home, and Deacon Ammi was left asleep in the cart. When he awoke, he gave vent to his surprise and amazement by thus soliloquizing: "Am I Ammi, or am I not Ammi? If I am not Ammi, who am I? If I am Ammi, I have lost a yoke of oxen. If I am not Ammi, I have found a cart." OBSERVER.

Brookline.

Ammi is a good old scriptural word. Hosea II., 1. "Say ye unto your brethren, Ammi, and to your sisters, Ruhamah." The marginal notes inform us that "Ammi" means "my people" and "Ruhamah" means my husband. But Ammi was the name of several amoraim. The most famous one was a Palestinian. He was born probably at Babylon. He attended college at Caesarea. He said many excellent things. "The prayer for rain is granted only for the sake of men of faith." With Rabbi Samuel b. Nahmani he made a visit to Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, a woman well worth knowing. "Her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness." As Zuingle informs us, her teeth were of that bright and shining whiteness that in discourse or when she laughed, she seemed to have her mouth full of pearls rather than teeth. Led in triumph by Aurelian, she staggered under the weight of her jewels, although she was robust. A remarkably fine woman, she treated her husband in a singularly cool manner. Lucky Ammi, to see her in her glory! Yes, Ammi is a good old name. We prefer it to Pharez, Omri, Shaphat or Theudas.—Ed.

MRS. BEACH AND MRS. GOODBAR GIVE RECITAL

Composer-Pianist and Soprano Delight Audience.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, composer-pianist, and Mrs. Lafayette Goodbar, soprano, gave a concert of Mrs. Beach's compositions at Jordan Hall last evening. The piano pieces were as follows: Prelude and Fugue, Variations on Balkan Themes, Scottish Legend, Gavotte Fantastique. The songs were: "Forget Me Not," "An Old Prayer," "O Sweet Content," "The Lotus Isles," "After," "A Prelude," "In Blossom Time," "Night Song at Amalfi," "Meadow Lark" and an aria, "Jephthah's Daughter."

Mrs. Beach might now be referred to as a Boston institution. She is a prolific composer, a sane and capable pianist. She has many admirers. Some of her songs last evening were readily singable, others commonplace, still others amiable, soothing, quickly forgotten. One wondered at the inspiration derived from texts that were now trivial, now futile, now saccharine in expressions of sentiment.

The composer played her voluminous variations vigorously and the accompaniments for the singer in skilled and musicianly fashion.

Mrs. Goodbar has a pleasing voice which she uses intelligently. Her enunciation is excellently clear. She is inherently musical. A friendly audience was enthusiastic and there were scenes of mutual approbation on the stage.

MME. GUILBERT INTERPRETS RICTUS AND LA FORGUE

Gives Dramatic Expression to Moods of Both Poets.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert appeared at Jordan Hall last evening in "Great Songs of Great France." She was assisted by Emily Gresser, violinist, and Maurice Eisner, pianist.

Dressed in Pierrot costume the celebrated diseuse interpreted poems by Jehan Rictus and Jules Laforgue, fragments from "The Soliloquies of the Poor" and "Les Pierrots de la Vie." Later Mme. Guilbert appeared in mediaeval costume and gave songs of the middle ages. The poems of Jules Laforgue, who, according to Mme. Guilbert's description, united the sadness of Christ, the pity of Tolstoy and the irony of Bernard Shaw in his writings, lent themselves more readily to the occasion than did the sombre reflections of Jehan Rictus's starving man wandering about the streets, and, in imagination, meeting Christ.

It was to be expected that Mme. Guilbert would give vital, spontaneous and dramatic expression to the moods of both poets, while she was, as ever, fascinating in the songs of mediaeval France.

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 5TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, "The Sea"; MacDowell, "Indian" suite; Dvorak, overture "Othello." "The Star Spangled Banner" was played at the beginning of the concert.

Debussy and MacDowell were together in the class of Marmontel, piano teacher, at the Paris Conservatory. How would MacDowell have been affected by the Debussy whose later and more characteristic compositions were unknown to him? We remember his surprise on hearing two or three of the earlier tone poems of Richard Strauss. Greatly stirred, he exclaimed: "This is hardly music as we understand the word; it is a new art." MacDowell soon escaped the influence of Rabb; but the influence of Grieg was strangely seen in his sonatas and certain smaller pieces for the piano. Would he have been fascinated by "Pelleas and Melisande," "La Mer" and "Iberia"? Alas, these questions are vain.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burn-ed is Apollo's laurel bough.

There are marvellously beautiful and imaginative passages in Debusy's "Sea," passages that recall the Aeschylaen adjectives prefixed to the word "Ocean." There is no suggestion in the music of "Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste"; little reminder of Whitman's line, "the spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea." Debussy is here a brother of Swinburne, in the "rapture of its inspiration, the palpitating, many-twinkling miracle of its light"; rather than of Hugo, who at his Guernsey home pondered the tragic struggle between Gilliat and the ocean. Perhaps a man that has never seen the ocean would be more impressed by Debussy's music than one too familiar with surf and billows; as it is said, Jean Paul Richter wrote eloquently about the ocean that he had seen only in his mind's eye. For the sea is to some only an inspirer of melancholy, a monster; to another it is a beckoning invitation to see strange lands. If one sees in it the abode of Moby Dick and the Kraken, another is wooed by mermaids and sirens, and would gladly visit the depths and the palace where Sadko played his gusla. Enjoyment of Debussy's three sketches depends on the imagination of the hearer. Yet this may be said: The whole composition does not seem to be so spontaneous as the "Nocturnes," or "Iberia." In the third of the "Nocturnes" we are closer to the savor and the wildness of the sea; as its tremendous power and irresistible shock are more graphically pictured in tones by Rimsky-Korsakopp in his "Scheherazade."

In the "Indian" suite MacDowell was free from foreign influences, nor was he a captive bound by Indian themes. The Dirge is nobly solemn, nobly pathetic, as music imagined by MacDowell, the full expression of his peculiarly virile tenderness. The other movements wear well; and although "The Love Song" may be the soonest to fade, the Suite as a whole is one that any truly great composer might be proud to sign.

Dvorak's "Othello" overture reminds us of Artemus Ward's hero Reuben Pettingill, who lived in a New Hampshire hamlet. "He said he preferred it to a noisy Othello." When there is talk of music for "Othello," the gondolier's song and the "Willow" song in Rossini's opera and the master work of Verdi rush into the mind.

The concert will be repeated tonight. At the concerts next week Mabel Garrison will sing airs from Mozart's "Il re Pastore" and Strauss's "Ariande in Naxos." The orchestral pieces will be announced later.

ITALY.

When in the wisdom of the gods
It seemed
The purple wines
Of Italy
Grew pale
And Roman hearts
Had need
Of further tempering,
Down through the northern passes

They would send
Upon the plain
A horde of fierce
Barbarians
Bringing their bodies
As new food
For vine
And for the cut and thrust
Of sword.
The swords
With constant use
Grew short
But sharp and stout
As any steel
That Vulcan ever forged.
And though at times
Pressed back
Upon the city walls
Or yet within them,
For a breathing space,
Bored back
The legions
Through the serried ranks
And laid them low.

After the gods had flown
And swords grown dull
With blows
And hearts had spilled their blood
Too lavishly,
Then for a space
Was Italy
Turned barbarous.
But even then
She slew
The trespassers.
The powers of darkness
Cannot live
Beneath her sun.

Again today
Do the barbarians
Descend,
And Italy
With God within her heart
And Roman sword
In hand
Again
Shall see them die.

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Down In Maine.

As the World Wags:

It was my good fortune last summer to spend my time as Cookee in a lumber camp in the deepest backwoods of Maine; so that the peculiarities of woods dialect are fresh in my mind. The word "wangan" seems to mean literally, "supplies." The bill against his pay which a man runs for tobacco, working-clothes, fly-dope, etc., is called his wangan-bill; the little company-store where these things are supplied is called the wangan-store. When the men are working away from the camp, at too great a distance to come for their meals, the tote-team which carries the grub is called the wangan-team. Are your readers familiar with the words "deacon-seat, dingle," and the proper woods meaning of the word "hovel"? SAINT.

Hanover, N. H.

"Claim."

As the World Wags:

I maintain that no exigence—nay, not even an atmosphere Tartarean—can warrant the use "Syntax" made of "Claim" whenever he used it as a verb in his communication of today. If he will claim attention that shall justify his nom-de-guerre, let him assert manfully that he fell down, or else let him forever hold his peace.

Boston, Nov. 13. TARBELLUS.

An Englishman once said that Americans have "claim" on the brain. Let us quote the amusing remarks of Richard Grant White: "If a man asserts anything he 'claims' it; if he disputes anything, he 'claims' the contrary; if he suggests anything, he 'claims' it; if he defends his reputation, he 'claims' that he is an honest man; if he denounces a political opponent, he 'claims that his record' is disgraceful, and perhaps 'claims that' his grandfather was a tory in the revolution, or he 'claims that' his grand-aunt was no better than she should be; if he is a scientific man, he 'claims that' Darwin has established the theory of evolution; if a theologian, he 'claims that' Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall are emissaries of Satan—and so forth, and so forth; for there is no end to the variety of this use, or rather misuse, of the word. A man may claim, or demand his own—a thing, an interest, or a promise; but not that a thing, or a fact, or a person is thus or so." This rule is laid down in "The King's English," by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler (1906): "'Claim' is not followed by infinitive except when the subject of 'claim' is also that of the infinitive. Thus 'I claim to be honest,' but not 'I claim this to be honest.' The Oxford Dictionary (1893) does not mention the latter use even to condemn it, but it is now becoming very common, and calls for strong protest. The corresponding passive use is equally wrong. The same applies to 'pretend.'" Among the illustrative quotations is this one from White: "Usage, therefore, is not, as it is often claimed to be, the absolute law of languag.." Ed.

BOGUSLAWSKI

By PHILIP HALE.

Moses Boguslawski, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Weber, Sonata in A flat major, op. 39; Schumann, Scenes from Childhood; Rubinstein, Prelude op. 75; Brockway, Romance, F major; Schubert, Moment Musical; Gabrilowitsch, Caprice Burlesque; Liszt, Six Caprices after Paganini.

When Mr. Boguslawski came out of the "golden remote, Wild West"—from Kansas City, to be precise—and, visiting Boston, gave a recital on Nov. 20 of last year, he was armed with a formidable program, one that struck terror to the soul of the stoutest, most hardened concert-goer. He followed one of Busoni's disarrangements of an organ prelude an fugue by Bach with all of Brahms's variations on a theme of Paganini. Relentless, he then played the music of Liszt's pilgrim years in Switzerland. Furthermore, he showed himself a Boanerges of the piano, given to "thunder an' guns an' all that."

Yesterday he was more merciful. It is true he played a sonata, but not one of Beethoven's last; not one by Brahms; not the tremendous one by Liszt; but a sonata by Weber, who was in his day a brilliant pianist as well as a composer of romantic operas and the obliging friend of a clarinet virtuoso. Some are deterred from playing Weber's sonatas because learned men have said that they are not true sonatas; that they are loose in form, loose as ashes. The same has been said of Chopin's; nevertheless misguided pianists still play them, and ignorant and misguided persons find pleasure in hearing them. It is a relief to find that accomplished musician, Vincent d'Indy, saying that Weber's should be studied as a treasure-house of invention, as works characterized by the romanticism that was a protest against the Italian opera and French music of Weber's day; and he points out the dramatic and sometimes tragic nature of the first movements of these sonatas.

The sonata in A flat, composed 1814-1816, was first played by Weber in the latter year. It is dedicated to Franz Lauska, a famous pianist and piano teacher of his day, also a fertile composer. The Prussian princes took lessons of him, but his most illustrious pupil was Meyerbeer. The first two movements of the sonata are still interesting; the Menuetto is still a brilliant parade piece in an ingenious manner and it must have made a surprising effect 100 years ago; only the Rondo now seems wholly vapid with its perfunctory ornamentation.

As before, Mr. Boguslawski showed that his studies had been sound and well directed as far as mechanism is concerned. His technic is fluent; his runs are smooth, now pearly, now brilliant; his trill is secure. But this year he proved that he was more a master of tonal variety, nor did he abuse his strength so violently as before; in fact, his touch, even in fortissimo passages, was agreeable. As an interpreter he did not move us deeply. This was largely the fault of the program, which contained little that was emotional. Mr. Boguslawski, however, is to be praised for not turning Schumann's "Traeumerei" into rank sentimentalism.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler's second violin recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Percy Grainger's piano recital for the benefit of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Beethoven's 9th Symphony, performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and chorus. See leading article.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland's piano recital. Gluck, Musette and Gavotte; Chopin, Fantaisie in F minor; Schumann, Faschingswank; Satie, Gnossienne No. 1; Roger-Ducasse, Bourree; Ravel, Danse de Daphnis; Engel, l'eau d'Espagne, Sombras; de Falla, Andaluza; Grovlez, Reverie; Debussy, Les Fees sont d' exquises danseuses, Voiles, L'Isle joyeuse.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly, Archambeau). Mozart, Quartet, A major (K. 464); Dohnanyi, Quartet, D flat major, op. 15; Haydn, Quartet, D major, op. 20, No. 4.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Sixth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Evelyn Jeane, soprano, assisted by Charles de Mailly, flutist, and Malcolm Lang, pianist. Bach, If thou be near; Handel, Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me; Fourdrain, Les Abeilles, Le Papillon, L'Oasis, Carnaval; Lassen, Voeglein wohin so schnell; Loewe, Kanzonetta; Reger, Wiegenlied; Brahms, Es traeumte mir; Grieg, Ein Traum; Leroux, Le Nil; Debussy, Romance; Jacques-Dalcroze, L'oiseau bleu; Duparc, Phidyle; Hue, Soir paien; Rummel, ecstasy; Latorge, Expectancy; Bright Seal Song; A. Steinert, Jr., Star of Liberty.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Helen Allen Hunt, mezzo-soprano; Isidore Luckstone, accompanist. Poldowski, Spleen, Mandoline, Crepuscule, Impressions Fausses; Moret, La Lettre; Fourdrain, Le Papillon; Bemberg, Des pin a me; Panzani, Domenica; Lacroix, Pastorale; Two French Folk Songs; Jarnefelt, Laula, laula; Lemont, Slale agra; Shaw, To go and forget; Brockway, The Nightingale; Crist, Four Chinese Mother Goose Songs; Somervelle, When Spring Returns.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Sixth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Frederick S. Converse's symphonic poem "Ormazd" was performed at a Symphony concert in Queen's Hall, London, on Oct. 20. The Times had this to say about it: "'Ormazd' strikes one as solid and good. It is not lightly turned aside from its purpose, nor does it insist heavily on making a point; the points come naturally. There are no plagiarisms, though there are one or two Wagnerism moments. There is a good deal of invention in the figures, and they are used in a way appropriate to the instrument; the harmonies are clear and unhesitating, and result inevitably from the only thing that can give them meaning—the melodies. The pianoforte and celeste are employed in the orchestra, often one or other or both of them in unison passages with the harp. There is a quite exceptional wealth of rhythmic varieties, not sought for their own sake, but adopted as the obvious mode of expression."

The Daily Chronicle spoke of "some fine color effects in the instrumentation," said the composer is "a musician of decidedly modernist tendencies." "Sir Henry Wood and the orchestra tackled the difficulties of the score very capably."

The Stage described "Ormazd" as "a vigorous and at times interestingly picturesque example of attempted program music, decidedly modern and elaborate in its orchestration, the most important points of which are found in the not unmelodious passage for harp, piano, celeste, and little bells (all ably played at this concert), and in the dramatic music supposed to depict 'the circling of worlds in their spheres.'"

Barrie has given amusing descriptions of the characters in "A Kiss for Cinderella," descriptions that might serve as guide posts to the actors in the comedy. This is what he thinks about Cinderella, the slavey in Mr. Bodie's studio:

"The general effect of her at first sight is a mixture of practical energy and wistfulness. The 'hominess' which Mr. Bodie has read into her is seen in her old-fashioned way of treating him. When confidential she chatters like a garrulous old lady, but then looks younger than ever. You realize that a good meal would be a milestone in her life. Look at her more closely and you would see a fine forehead and eyes and an imagination of an uncommonly high order. Take her hand and the heat of it would set you wondering whether, despite her 'hominess' she is in a fever or burning inside with some great idea. To her Mr. Bodie is quite the nicest of those exasperating creatures called men."

Her conception of the ballroom contains some of the features of a gin-palace, than which she had never seen anything more swagger. "In shape it is, roughly speaking, semi-circular, and its most striking feature is that most everything is gold. The walls consist of gold cloths. There is a wonderful gold throne, which is about 20 feet high, and under it are three seats for King, Queen and Prince—rocking chairs in gold. The room is ostensibly lit by lamp-posts. Everything is gold, gold, gold."

Her idea of the King and Queen is based on the likenesses in playing cards. The censor, "a tall, heavy figure, dressed as the traditional executioner, with axe, stalks down. Lord Times rises and meets him in the centre of the ball room. They gaze at each other defiantly. Censor is the first to give way." Lord Times, "a strong figure in evening dress of the present day," represents the power of publicity. "He descends stair, goes to throne and nearly sits on it. The lord mayor signs that this is not quite the thing."

"The Prince is played by the policeman, but he is a very different sort of person. He is dressed in a sort of glorified Charles Surface costume and is, at present, a rather simpering young man. He walks mincingly. Evidently the proceedings bore him. He reaches his chair with difficulty and rocks languidly. The King then rises to speak, always retaining a kingly, dignified manner, which is at variance with the words Cinderella has conceived to be proper for his royal mouth."

The Beauties, hoping to gain the Prince's favor, are tested for goodness with thermometers.

"Lord Mayor comes forward with temperature tubes and goes down the line popping one into each Beauty's mouth. Takes out tubes one at a time and examines. The first three pass successfully. Fourth is the one who protested against the test. Evidently she is not the thing. Lord Mayor consults King. King is lenient and signs to pass her. But the Queen demands to see the tube, looks, and sternly signs to competitor to be gone. Competitor haughtily retires. All courtiers mourn aloud. The others manage to scrape through."

At last Cinderella makes her entrance. "She is conscious of what the occasion demands. She comes down the steps slowly, holding her feet in the air one at a time. She is, of course, beauteously attired and wearing the historic slippers. She curtseys before royalty, then holds her mouth open. Lord Mayor pops in thermometer, takes it out, is evidently delighted, and shows it to the King." The prince, who had been dozing, catches a glimpse of her feet.

"She daintily raises skirt and reveals her feet. The effect on the Prince is grand beyond description, but it must have no burlesque in it; all should be as solemnly sincere as it is in Cinderella's imagination. As the Prince realizes the exquisite nature of the sight vouchsafed to him a tremor runs through his frame. His hand clutches his heart. The spectators, noting his glorious agitation, crowd round to gaze at the feet, and Cinderella holds them up one at a time. She is not surprised at their effect, but is very happy, and nods beaming to the excited children. The Prince falls to the ground."

Barrie even gives directions about the ice cream brought in a hokey-pokey cart by the king's command. "All attack their ices with their tongues, greedily, but gracefully. It is, perhaps, especially pleasing to see Lord Times letting himself go so wholeheartedly."

We are indebted to the press agent of "Misalliance" for the following notes about Mr. Shaw and his comedy, which is a ventriloquistic and highly diverting entertainment, for Mr. Shaw's voice is heard coming from the mouths of all the characters.

"George Bernard Shaw runs to extremes in his correspondence. He is especially partial to small, pale blue linen post cards on which he inscribes his messages; sometimes but two or three words; sometimes covering the whole card with a small, but distinct and characteristic handwriting, which has a tendency to floridness, but a floridness evidently under puritanical control. When he takes to letter writing he will indulge himself and his correspondent with three or four pages of type-written matter.

"It is his custom when busy with the production of one of his plays in London to attend rehearsals, saying nothing during the progress of the rehearsal, but on his return he sends a long detailed letter of criticism, suggestion and request to the producer. As Shaw has so far declined to cross the ocean and hence cannot personally supervise the production of his plays given over here—he used to insist, before the war, on a company being selected, rehearsed and imported from England under his own direction—his correspondence with Mr. Faversham, who has produced and will produce several of his plays, contains much of general interest.

"His letter, printed below, in regard to 'Misalliance' is typical of many he has written in regard to the comedy. It shows Shaw's position in regard to benefit performances of his dramas. Though not generally thought a modest man, in this respect he is; no person in England in similar financial circumstances has contributed more to the relief funds than has Shaw. But everything Shaw has given has been done either privately or anonymously.

Dear Mr. Faversham:

There were no flashlights taken of "Misalliance," but I think you will find the enclosed plan and perspective view perfectly clear. It is important that whilst the back cloth should be a very pretty one it should not be a worrying one, as it is blazing forth in full view of the audience right through the play. Therefore there must be as much quiet and beautiful distance as possible, and hardly anything noticeable in the way of the garden. The danger is that the scene painter, the moment he sees the word garden, will let himself go on box hedges and terraces and urns and the devil knows what. If he does that the people on the stage will be practically invisible.

All that is needed for the airplane is the good old hamper full of broken glass. In this matter you must sit hard on the producer's head, as he will think of nothing but rigging up an airplane descent to be featured on picture posters. Even so clever a man as Dion Boucicault insisted on doing that in London. He spent days in rigging up an absurd and rather dangerous contraption by which Bryant and Lena Ashwell had to slide down a sort of rope railway. Fortunately nobody saw them, as they shot past before the audience was aware of them. I had not the heart to veto his absurdity, as Boucicault loved it as a child loves a toy; but you had better be more hardhearted. The effect is produced to perfection by all the people looking up and shouting and by the final crash.

Auriol Lee says that her husband, Fred Lloyd, is in the army and therefore presumably unobtainable for Johnnie. It is a pity, as she was absolute perfection in the part.

• (Lloyd was later given leave of absence, which has been extended so that he can appear in Faversham's production.)

As to the Canada scare, it is only part of the general scare created by my early pronouncement on the war. As far as I have been able to test it by experience, there is absolutely nothing in it. In Liverpool here, a university professor wrote to the press and organized a demonstration against the production of one of my plays. He actually succeeded in having a banner with an abusive inscription hung over the front of the gallery. The result was 16 curtain calls at the end of "Blanco Posnet," and the banner bearers totally extinguished. In other places there has been fear and trembling before the first night, but nothing ever happened.

At the Birmingham Repertory Theatre where, greatly daring, they produced my "Inca of Perusalem," in which the Kaiser appears and talks about the war all the time, the reception was so favorable that they revived it for another week later on. The Daily Press called on London to go to Kingsway Theatre and shout down a revival of "Fanny's First Play." There was not a dissenting sound heard in the theatre.

...s to my ... hand... ...e yo... ...l do everything I... ...to con... ...in any notion of t... ...at may ...evail; a bad reputation in that respect

... my only defence against begging letters. I do not remember the particular incident which you allude to; but it very well may have happened. I always steadily set my face against the particular form of advertisement—for it is nothing else—which poses as philanthropy; and I have urged every author and artist whom I can influence to insist on their full salaries and fees at every charitable performance, and then, if they like, handing the money to the charity as their personal tribute. Unless they do this they have no guarantee that they will benefit the charity at all, as the entire proceeds will very likely be eaten up by unbusinesslike management and by the multitude of tradesmen whom nobody ever thinks of asking to work for nothing. There is ... the very serious question of blackleging. In London the Society of Authors, to which I belong, has had to demand a pledge from our popular writers that they stop giving contributions for nothing for what are called War Books, the result being that the unfortunate people who make their living by writing gift books are thrown starving upon the funds of the society, and printers and publishers make considerable profits and produce no evidence that the war funds have benefited by anything like the value of the services gratuitously rendered.

If you take the question of the amateur performance of plays alone, 99 per cent. of them are given nominally for some charity or other, and the inexperienced amateur always begins by begging off author's fees. If a popular author were to comply it would mean that he would be giving perhaps $..00 a year of his income to persons unknown to him for the sake of charities not chosen by him but by them, and this, too, in addition to the money he gives privately and personally in charity. The result is, of course, an iron rule that no application for remission of fees can be entertained, and no doubt thoughtless and ignorant people consider that dramatic authors are shamefully hardhearted and greedy for enforcing such rules. However, it doesn't hurt me, as the more hardhearted I am believed to be, the less I am pestered by persons who appeal condidly for an immediate advance of ... (to be paid without fail by next Tuesday) to one whose ear has never been closed to a tale of undeserved suffering.

If you make any communications to the press on the subject, please say that nothing would surprise you about such a shark as Shaw, and that it is I and not Hindenburg who deserves to be stuffed with nails. Yours sincerely,

BERNARD SHAW.

"The only change in the personnel of the Flonzaley Quartet, which will give its first concert of the season next Thursday evening, since its foundation—and that a temporary one—has come in the substitution of the distinguished French viola player, Louis Bailly, for Ugo Ara, who left for Europe early in the summer of 1917 to join the Italian ambulance corps at the front. Mr. Bailly, who was secured through the good offices of Jacques Thibaud, Pierre Monteux and M. Cortot, is widely known, having been for years a member of the famous Capet, Marsick and Geloso quartets. He is a musician of remarkable equipment and wide artistic experience, and has a reputation of being one of the best viola players in the musical world."

Owen Johnson of New York, journalist, dramatist, novelist, has written an extraordinary open letter to George Copeland, pianist, of this city.

"The trouble with you, my dear friend Copeland, is a serious one—you don't bore your audiences. You don't even realize that you should bore them! A few bolder critics will confess that genius can walk with enjoyment—many more suspect it but fear to commit themselves to such an unpopular theory. But where will you get the vast unmusical public which has to be tricked into concert halls, to swallow such stuff! And that's the trouble—you don't, you won't, bore your audiences as they pay to be bored, as they believe a great virtuoso practices 14 hours a day to acquire 10 steel rivetters.

"I admit you are struggling against other prejudices. You lack at least three 'f's' in your name or a couple of 'z's.' You don't wear a white suit. You have neglected to make a public display of outrageous manners. You give your publicity agent nothing dramatically shocking to build upon. You don't write on things of which yoo know nothing, such as 'Do we spank our children properly?' which, of course, would be good for half-capacity. No, these things are obvious; they can be corrected. But the real trouble is, you don't, you won't bore your audiences properly. You must!

"For you don't realize what a public expects of its idols. Why, even the good old master, Alexander Dumas, is looked upon with suspicion (never by us who know') 'The Three Musketeers' is, of course, too amusing to be great stuff. A real work of genius is Spenser's 'Faerie Queen,' or Macauley's Essays something that sets your jaws to a hinge, something that is solid, hard reading.

"The public is ashamed of itself at your recitals. Mary Garden said of the operatic audience here that after thrilling at a great performance it retired until the morning papers could inform it whether it had liked the performance or not. One of several truths Mary Garden has told us. But it's worse with your audiences. They do let go, they enthuse in the most undignified, un-American way. They actually crowd down to the stage and clamor for more—but, at the bottom I believe they are ashamed of their outbursts, just as they would apologize if you caught them dreaming over the immortal 'Three Musketeers,' when they were seeking a reputation for reading what is solid and classic.

"What you don't realize is that you are only giving them enjoyment—complete, soul-easing, fancy-winging enjoyment. You're not convincing them. You must bore them. If you can't bore them properly, you ought to bore them a little—so that they can go out and proclaim they preferred the thing they did not. The public likes to be sawed at. It likes acrobatics up and down the piano—double octaves. It wants to see the piano cover! That's great stuff! It gets pretty monotonous at times, but the longer it goes on the more the public is willing to admit that it is genius. And there is a sort of genius in making the public believe you are one, isn't there?

"Which brings me to another trouble. You're of the revolutionary line. If what you are proclaiming prevails, what's to become of the grand old tack-hammer virtuoso? If we're to sit two hours and a half (the half for encores) in utter delight, is it possible that other idols have feet of clay? You see, this revolutionary process has been going on some time, and in the end I suppose the goblins will catch us, like all the rest. Actors used to strut and proclaim from pedestals until Eleanora Duse toppled them over once for all. Then there was the good old Sardou school that Mr. Henrik Ibsen extinguished. Something is wrong with modern composers they won't follow in the Verdi path any more —he rather got out of it himself, didn't he? And the art terpsichorean, do you remember, it wasn't so long ago, when dancing consisted in swollen leg muscles, preternatural toes and acrobatic gestures of the lower limbs. And now, since the Russian ballet, we can afford to yawn over the past. But we didn't then—oh, no—we didn't know.

"And so you want to take the acrobatics out of music, to discard the dry rot. You are proclaiming the revolution, and you're right, but it'll take us some time to catch up. 'Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin, tu l'as voulu.' Think of playing only the first movement of the 'Moonlight' sonata. You know that Mozart and Beethoven padded, just as Longfellow and Tennyson and how many others padded, and you dare to select the gem from the dust! It's revolutionary, it's dangerous, for don't you see that you are forgetting to bore us? You see, we like to be musically preached at, just as our fathers felt defrauded if the sermon ran under the hour.

"Well, after all, I'm proud of you. I'm proud of you because you're one of my own people and because to have produced you means more to American music than to entertain a hundred Paderewski's and Carreno's (whom we both acclaimed). I'm proud of you because you have the American courage to face idols with clay feet and to put your questions. You're right, too, dead right. The concert stage is no place for pyrotechnics. We've gone beyond acrobatics. There's no earthly, sane reason why a public should submit to being bored just for an exhibition of technic or chronometrical parading up and down the piano. You are what every other artist is—painter, sculptor, poet or musician—an interpreter of the moods of the soul, custodian of the keys of the imagination, and the highest exercise of your art is to give pleasure —pure, undiluted pleasure. And that is why I'm afraid you'll never learn to bore an audience, because you can't do it! And if that's the secret, well, I've let it out! Those who ought to know, know it. As for the rest—the world do move!"

OWEN JOHNSON.

Beethoven's ninth symphony, which will be performed here next Tuesday night, was last played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra led by Mr. Fiedler, April 30, 1910. The Cecilia Society was the chorus and the solo singers were Mrs. Hissem de Moss, Miss Margaret Keyes, Berrick von Norden and Frederick Weld.

The first performance in Boston was on Feb. 5, 1853, at a concert of the Germania Musical Society, assisted by members of the Handel and Haydn Society. The solo singers were Anna Stone, Miss S. Humphrey, J. H. Low and Thomas Ball, the sculptor. Carl Bergmann conducted. The symphony was repeated April 2, 1853.

The symphony has been performed at these concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

1882, March 11—Mrs. Humphrey Allen (now Mrs. George F. Babbitt), Mary H. How, C. R. Adams, V. Cirillo.

1883, March 31—Katherine van Arnheim, Gertrude Edmands, Jules Jordan, V. Cirillo.

1884, March 22—Mrs. Henschel, Louise Rollwagen, T. J. Toedt, Max Heinrich.

1886, March 27—Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mary H. How, T. J. Toedt, C. E. Martin.

1888, April 28—Mme. Kalisch-Lehmann, Louise Meisslinger, Paul Kalisch, Emil Fischer.

1892, Dec. 17—Priscilla White, Louise Leimer, W. J. Winch, H. Meyn.

1894, March 17—Adagio and Scherzo.

1897, April 24—Movements 1, 2, 3.

1898, March 5—Movements 1, 2, 3.

1899, April 29—Mme. ... Vere-Sapio, ... Stein, Evan Williams, Ericsson Bushnell.

1900, April 28—Mme. de Vere-Sapio, Miss Stein, Ben Davies, Herbert Witherspoon.

1909, May 1—Laura Combs, Miss Stein, Theodore van Yorx, M. W. Whitney, Jr.

On April 13, 1904, the symphony was performed at a Pension Fund concert with the assistance of the Handel and Haydn Society and Mmes. Bradbury and Woltmann, and Messrs. Van Yorx and M. W. Whitney, Jr.

Other performances in Boston: At concerts in Music Hall led by Carl Zerrahn, March 26 and April 2, 1859 (Mrs. Harwood, Miss J. Twichell, Messrs. Adams and Powers). Harvard Musical Association, April 12, 1867, for the benefit of the orchestra (Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. J. C. Cary, James Whitney, J. F. Rudolphsen); Dec. 19, 1870, with the Handel and Haydn (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, W. J. Winch, J. F. Rudolphsen).

Theodore Thomas's concerts in Boston: Dec. 30, 1874 (Mrs. Smith, Miss Cranch, W. J. Winch, F. Remmertz); March 15, 1876 (Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Barry, W. J. Winch, F. Remmertz); Jan. 10, 1871, the Adagio; Dec. 9, 1871, Scherzo and Adagio.

Handel and Haydn concerts: May 8, 1868 (Mme. Parepa-Rosa, Adelaide Phillipps, George Simpson, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 12, 1871 (Mrs. Smith, Antoinette Sterling, W. H. Cummings, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 6, 1874 (Mrs. Smith, Annie Louise Cary, Nelson Varley, J. F. Rudolphsen); May 6, 1880 (Emma Thursby, Miss Cary, C. R. Adams, G. W. Dudley).

The first three movements of the symphony were performed at the Beethoven festival for the inauguration of Crawford's statue of Beethoven, in Music Hall, March 1, 1856.

The first performance in America was at a concert of the Philharmonic Society of New York at Castle Garden, conducted by George Loder, May 20, 1846. The solo singers were Mmes. Otto and Boulard, Messrs. Munson and Mayer.

Beethoven made sketches for the symphony as early as 1815 and completed his work about February, 1824. The first performance was in the Kaerthnerthor Theatre, Vienna, May 7, 1824. The solo singers were Henrietta Sontag, Karoline Unger, Anton Haitzinger and J. Seipelt. Ignaz Schuppanzigh was the concert master. Michael Umlauf conducted. The rehearsals were laborious, and the solo singers had great difficulty in learning their parts. Mmes. Sontag and Unger begged Beethoven to make changes in their music. Beethoven smiled and said they had been spoiled by Italian music. The gentle Mme. Sontag answered: "Go on, then, torturing us." The success of the symphony was immediate and great. When the drums alone beat the Scherzo motive, the audience applauded so that the orchestra could not be heard. At the end the enthusiasm was frenetic. Mme. Unger led Beethoven to the edge of the stage that he might see the crowd waving hats and handkerchiefs. He bowed and was very calm. Mme. Grebner, an eye witness, told Felix Weingartner that Beethoven sat in the middle of the orchestra and followed the score. The success was unprecedented, but the net pecuniary result was a sum equivalent to $60. Beethoven was angry. Some days afterwards he accused Schindler and Duport of having swindled him. They were dining at a restaurant with others. Umlauf and Schuppanzigh tried to convince him that the charge was absurd, for Beethoven's nephew Carl, and his brother Johann had watched the cashiers. Beethoven persisted. Schindler, Umlauf Schuppanzigh left the table.

Beethoven had purposed to dedicate the symphony to the Tsar Alexander, he finally dedicated it to the King of Prussia: "The gracious permission of your majesty to dedicate to you, in all humility, the present work, affords me great happiness. Your majesty is not only the father of your subjects, but also the patron of arts and sciences; so much the more therefore, must your gracious permission rejoice me, as I am myself fortunate enough to count myself as a citizen of Bonn, amongst your subjects. I beg your majesty to accept this work as a trifling token of the high esteem which I entertain for your virtues."

The King answered, saying that he was sending a diamond ring as a token of his sincere esteem. The gem turned out to be not a diamond, but a reddish stone valued by the court jeweller at 300 florins in paper money.

May 20 19...

Mme. Yvette Guilbert is quoted as saying: "Of all the words in the French language, and I will not bar any, there is not one so vulgar, so shocking, as the English word which is employed by the American people in their papers, in their writings and conversation constantly. This is the word female. Oh, what an abominable word to apply to women!"

Why is the word "female" abominable?

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them."

Delilah was a fine figure of a woman in her time, yet when she came sailing like a gallant ship of Tarshish and ravishing the eyes of Milton's Hebraic chorus, there was this cry "Who is this, what thing of sea or land? Female of sex it seems." Byron spoke of the "female eye"; Dryden of the "female hand"; Gibbon of a "female reign"; Thackeray of "female fervor." Shakespeare wrote: "Cupid is a knavish lad, Thus to make poor females mad." Richard Steele gave this sage advice: "I would strictly recommend to any young females not to dally with men."

But the genteel person, who prefers "casket" to "coffin," will not have the word "female." In England, we are told, there are ladies, women, females, persons; yet we read of "lady conductors," "lady clerks" and so on. "Go tell the woman of the house that the lady has come to get her washing." We are old enough to remember the days when there was agitation about "female suffrage," but not about "woman suffrage." In those days certain agitators were called "he-females."

Pittsburgh Products.

As the World Wags:

Your description of the odor of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's stogy not only wrought havoc with my olfactory nerve, but, by its suggestive influence, opened to my mind's eye a vista that led back through the struggles of early manhood to the care free days of student life when we boys first made the acquaintence of Pittsburgh stogies, the long, slender, variegated, and sometimes smallpox pitted, smokers which delighted us chiefly because a dime would buy a pocket full. A stogy was always a Pittsburgh stogy in those days, probably because they originated in that smoke begrimed city whose denizens we used, in irony, to compare to the "foggy headed Boeotians" of old, a befuddled people dwelling in miasmic surroundings.

We were led into this comparison because one of our Pittsburgh boys so detested the classics that he used a "pony" in the preparation of his lessons and also cribbed the text to such an extent that he could not easily read his own notes and, therefore, quite naturally fell into many errors, costly to his standing in class but enlivening to his mates. He was one day translating that well known satire of Horace which, in describing the Roman amphitheatre, makes reference to the customs of the audience, emphasizing the point that when the "peanut gallery" became impatient for the show to begin there would be a clamorous call for "the pugilists and the bear." Because of his poorly written marginal notes he rendered the phrase: "The populace became excited and called for the pugilists and the beer," a bull that in its results cost the professor a temporary loss of his pristine reputation for dignity and threw the class into convulsions.

We have learned in the rugged school of experience that our comparison was not well founded in point of fact and that Pittsburgh furnishes brains and wit as well as bulls and stogies, but the association of ideas still hangs to me.

Your successful tussle with "ineluctable" reminds me of a very expressive word the English are consistently using at the present time, and yet I do not recall meeting it in the vocabulary of recent legislators and writers on this side of the ocean. In the budget of the House of Commons, or at all events in the plans of important committees preparing data for the budget, there is a group marked "agenda," the things that must be done. I struck it in Geddes's recent report before the Commons and instantly I murmured to myself: "Carthago delenda est."

ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

"Agenda," matters of practice, as distinguished from "credenda," matters of belief, came into the English language about 1750. The words "agend" and "agenda," matters of ecclesiastical practice or ritual, (1629-1775), are obsolete. The first quotation of "agenda" (the items of business to be considered at a meeting), in the Oxford dictionary is dated 1882. "Agenda," memorandum book,—goes back to 1753. Ed.

"The Grave of Bonaparte"

Several have asked the name of him that wrote "The Grave of Bonaparte." A correspondent says that Leonard Heath of Nashua wrote the verses and music about 1842. "He was a fine singer, and his concerts in which this song was feelingly rendered gave him a great reputation. It is thought by many to be the most touching and eloquent verse that any New Hampshire author has produced. Mr. Heath's death occurred a few years ago."

"Claim" and "Shall."

As the World Wags:

In 26 lines on the split infinitive, "Syntax" uses the word "claim" three times in the sense of "maintain" or "assert." For goodness' sake, tell "Syntax" (a foreign gentleman, I presume), that nobody who writes English does that. Speaking of the split infinitive, perhaps the best and worst you can say of it is that it ...

[illegible] ... that [illegible] ... I can guess that [illegible] ... Speaking of [illegible] ... will some grammari[an] [illegible] explain the "shall" in [illegible] ... "When future genera[tion]s of sight seers shall wander through [illegible] —"? W. B. C.

Salem.

BOSTON GIVES KREISLER A CORDIAL RECEPTION

Symphony Hall Crowded at His Second Violin Recital.

Fritz Kreisler gave his second recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. As is customary at concerts given by the celebrated violinist, there was a very large audience and many stood. When he made his appearance there was prolonged and hearty applause which continued throughout the afternoon. Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

Mr Kreisler has been heard in more interesting programs. There was not sufficient contrast between the concertos by Vivaldi and Vieuxtemps, while the shorter pieces by Kreisler, Friedberg, Tschaikowsky, Godowsky and others were inclined to be in the same vein.

Otherwise the violinist played with his usual beauty of tone and distinguished artistry. Recalled, he added to the program. He will give another recital at Symphony Hall on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 6.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink will sing next Sunday afternoon, assisted by Vladimir Dubinsky, Russian 'cellist.

Nov 20 1917

WILLIAM HODGE

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "A Cure for Curables," a play in four acts suggested to Earl Derr Biggers and Lawrence Whitman by Cora Harris's short story. Produced by Lee Shubert at Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 4, 1917.

Mrs. Hamilton Blaine.......Ada C. Nevil
Elizabeth Rankin..........Adelyn Wesly
Bishop Rutledge.........William Yerance
Dutton ....George Lund
Mrs. Margaret Forster.....Edith Shayne
Jeanne ....Lili Patay
Col. Fairchild.........Charles E. Verner
Philip ....Harold White
Phyllis Blaine..............Clara Moores
Frederick Jamieson........Edward Wonn
Robert Gleason..............George Barr
Herbert Davies..........Clarence Bellair
Dr. Parker................Robert Wayne
Corn ....Frederick Strong
J. Cunningham Hale.......Brigham Royce
Watkins.................David Marshall
Shep ....Jerry Hart
David Manville..............Joseph Weber
Dr. James Pendergrass....William Hodge
Judge Luckett.............James H. Lewis
Jack Morris............James C. Malaidy
Sheriff ....Arthur E. Sprague
Deputy Sheriff..............Ford Record

Mr. Hodge has his audience and it is a large and admiring one, whatever the play in which he figures may be. His admirers like his drawl and his easy manner of always coming out on top. It matters not whether he is perfectly at home with jokes and lesser aristocrats, or is seen triumphing over adverse circumstances and petty villains in an American village. They would be perlexed, discomfited, if he should show versatility from season to season. They wish him as he was, is, and will be; yesterday, today and forever. Not for the world would they have him vary his love scenes and his peculiar manner of wooing. No wonder then that the Majestic Theatre last evening held a large audience that laughed and applauded as of old.

In this play, if play it may be called, for the piece is singularly crude and amateurish, Mr. Hodge appears as a young physician who will become head of his uncle's sanitarium, provided he fulfils the condition of his uncle's will: That he cures 110 patients in 30 days. He succeeds in doing this in spite of the machinations of oily and sly Dr. Parker, to whom the sanitarium will go, if Pendergrast does not cure the said number of incurables. Pendergrast is aided by a grateful tramp, suffering from alcoholic excesses, to whom he gives lodging, food and sound advice by a faithful family Negro; by Judge Luckett, regarded in the neighborhood as an ornament to the bench; and by the youngest and prettiest of his patients, Phyllis Blaine, whom he marries, of course, after the curtain goes down.

The play gives promise at the opening. Various patients, under Dr. Parker's charge, have no appetite, are nervous, suffer from torpid liver, and cannot sleep, although they are dosed according to orthodox prescriptions. Pendergrast arrives, gives no medicine, sets them at work in a vegetable garden by promising that their names with photographs will be published in a magazine. Thus they will be known as patriots. Tired out at the end of the day, they sup on bread and milk. Indignant, they are ready to leave at night, but they all fall asleep and miss the train. The next morning they feel better and stay, continuing at work, so as to provide two more acts and save the sanitarium for Pendergrast.

The first scene is rather amusing. After Pendergast arrives, the interest is chiefly in Mr. Hodge's remarks about hard work, sober living, and in his imperturbable behavior. The dialogue after the first act, with the exception of some of Pendergast's lines, is monotonous, and too often only piffle.

The various characters were, for the most part, adequately played. Miss Moores was a pretty Phyllis. Messrs. Verner and Royce were as amusing as their lines would allow. Mr. Sprague was a sure enough southern sheriff.

The title of the play might be "Yours for Health, William Hodge."

The scoundrel, once justice is quit of him, has a right to be appraised by his actions, not by their effect; and he dies secure in the knowledge that he is commonly more distinguished, if he be less loved, than his virtuous contemporaries.

For Bibliomaniacs Only.

As the World Wags:

Since "Spectator" called attention several months since, to a careless statement of mine about the autobiography of Stephen Burroughs, I have given some study to the bibliography of that worthy, with the results here offered.

Some time, apparently in 1796, "after tumbling and tumbling," as he says, Burroughs "tumbled" into a period of tranquility, during which, for about three years, he lived, with his wife and children, at the home of his parents in Hanover, N. H. Encouraged by his father, a highly respectable clergyman, to publish his adventures—the old gentleman maintaining that his wayward son "had a right to justify himself, so far as he was able, before an impartial public"—he brought out the first instalment of his "Memoirs" in 1798. This volume, which was printed at Hanover by Benjamin True, concludes with his escape, or rescue, from Worcester jail in 1791. It was written about 1794, during the author's residence as a teacher at Washington, Georgia, in the form of a sort of serial epistle to one John Griffin, Esq., of that place.

In 1804 a second volume was published at Boston by Burroughs's fellow-collegian and benefactor, Caleb Bingham, who styles himself "proprietor of the manuscript." The narrative ends abruptly with a brief account of the academy in Georgia; but some letters of later date are added, and in a postscript Mr. Bingham conveys the information that Burroughs was then (January, 1804,) managing a farm and mills belonging to his father-in-law (Ebenezer Davis, of Charlton), at Stanstead, Lower Canada.

Both volumes were reprinted at Albany in 1811, with a previously missing fragment which brings the story of Burroughs's life down to 1799. In this edition Mr. Bingham furnished notes on the first part, and an appendix intimating that Burroughs had again strayed from the paths of righteousness. "Common fame says that several of his last years have been assiduously employed in counterfeiting bills of the various banks of the United States; that he has been in prison at Montreal and at Quebec. But," adds the kindly Bingham, "it is hazardous to state anything with certainty relative to this extraordinary man." Illustrative of which, a final foot-note cites a correspondent who "informs, that Mr. Burroughs resides at a place called Three Rivers, in Lower Canada, and is at present engaged in teaching school."

Between 1832 and 1853 various stereotypo reprints appeared in Boston (Charles Gaylord), New York and Philadelphia, entitled "Memoirs" (or "Life") "of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs." Of these the only edition having the complete text is that of Leary & Getz, Philadelphia. All of these reprints are adorned with horrible frontispieces, and a New York issue of 1851 (Cornish, Lamport & Co.) has on the reverse of the title page a crude portrait of Burroughs, which is reproduced in Parmenter's History of Pelham, Mass.

For the touching query which graces the title pages of the 1798, 1804 and 1811 volumes:

When such sad scenes the bosom pain,
What eye from weeping can refrain?

these doubtless unauthorized editions substitute the distich from Byron:

He left a villain's name to other times,
Linked to no virtue, but a thousand crimes!

A smaller book abridged from the first volume of the "Memoirs," with the title "Sketch of the Life of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs," seems to have been popular. The American Antiquarian Society has the following imprints: Otsego, 1810; Brookfield, 1814; Hartford, 1818; Hudson, n. d. Some of these give by way of supplement rather more detailed information about Burroughs's activities for ill in Canada than is found in Bingham's "Appendix" to the larger work.

In the Boston Athenaeum and [illegible] library of the American Antiquarian Society are different editions of an unedifying pamphlet purporting to contain a sermon delivered by Burroughs from a haymow in Rutland to angry pursuers from Pelham. As this remarkable production refers in part to Shays' Rebellion, which occurred later than the supposed time of the "sermon," comment is needless. Burroughs says, however, that while in confinement at Springfield he wrote "a scrawl of ribaldry, and intitled it 'the Hay-Mow Sermon,' representing my exploits in Pelham, at Rutland, etc., and delivered this often to those who came to see me as a phenomenon." J. C. L. C.

Lancaster.

"Old Clo."

We may effect laudable war economy in the matter of clothes, but the real clothing problem will come after the war, when some millions of khaki-clad heroes will become "civies" once more, and require new suits. But old clothes will no doubt play their part as they have done before. It was a far-seeing merchant who realized this during the South African war. He made a corner in old trousers which he bought by the thousand at sixpence per pair. He had them renovated, packed into bales, and then waited patiently until peace was declared, when he shipped them over to Cape Colony and sold them at a sovereign a pair, thus making a fortune by foreseeing man's most pressing want in the colony after the war.—London Daily Chronicle.

KEITH FEATURE

Bessie Clayton, assisted by Paisley Noon and the Mosconi Brothers, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was highly pleased. The program was almost exclusively given to dancing numbers.

Miss Clayton's act is new and her act is staged in a manner to excite the admiration. Getting away from the dressing of acts of this kind the dancer does not resort to the bizarre; all is tasteful and in keeping with the act. The dancer, too, does not make the mistake of appropriating this and that scene to herself; there is plenty to do for her associates on the bill and it may be said that they share equally in the success of the act. Miss Clayton's individual dances were nicely varied, and all showed the art of the dancer at her best whether in the display of rhythmic charm or in her physical prowess. Her most interesting number was her jazz dance, conspicuous for its rhythmic vigor, for its riotous abandon. And none the less interesting was the same style of dance essayed by the Mosconi Brothers, youthful enthusiasts of the dance, who, while given to acrobatics in the main, affect a style that is astounding in its call on the physical resources of the dancers, and offers something new to Boston vaudeville audiences.

The laughing hit of this week's bill is the act of El. Brendal and Flo Bert in "Waiting for Her." Mr. Brendal evidently prefers to wander from the beaten path of the low comedian. Whether in make-up, poise or speech, the comedian excels; nor is he less interesting in the dance, which to say the least, has the unmistakable stamp of originality. And his dress suit, which he all but loses, garment by garment, before the conclusion of his act, is one of the funniest creations seen at this theatre in a long time.

Other acts on the bill were Percy Athos and Greta Read, Australian whirlwind skaters; Burns and Frabito, in an instrumental and comedy act; Nonette, the Gypsey fiddler, who pleased as well in song; Bert and Harry Gordon, in a sketch, "The Impresario and the Novice," that got many well earned laughs from the clowning of Bert Gordon; Frederic Santley and Florrie Millerslip, in a miniature musical revue, "The Girl on the Magazine," that afforded much pleasure in its dancing rather than its vocal features; the Gallarini Sisters, in an instrumental act, and the Gliding O'Mearas in a dancing act, that while of much interest, was more or less a variation of the steps common to the ballroom.

"HER UNBORN CHILD" OPENS AT THE GLOBE

Rises at Times to Melodrama—Characters Well Acted.

"Her Unborn Child," a play that rises at moments to the heights of melodrama, opened last evening at the Globe Theatre. Despite the announcement made from the stage to the effect that Howard McKent Barnes, its author, does not take sides on the question of birth control, the offering is in fact in continual protest against the movement.

It is the old story of the erring daughter and the lover who has misled her. His mother is the evil genius of the action—her mother the good angel. The character of Dr. Remington, the family physician, is in refreshing contrast to some of the medical practitioners that figure in present day dramatic productions built on this theme. Henry Norman in this part, Mrs. Nina Gleason a[s] Mrs. David Kennedy, and Ella Houghton as Mibbs, the brat, were well received.

The play properly ends with the third act, but a long fourth phase has been concocted for the purpose, apparently, of introducing a nightie-and-pajama scene. To the many laughs which the lines produce another was added last evening when the lady in the left balcony box next the proscenium dropped her ball of yarn into the orchestra and was obliged to cease from her knitting until an usher had recovered the wool.

Nov 21 1917

Orchestra and 350 Singers Give Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, gave a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony last night in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by a chorus of 350 singers, who had been admirably prepared by Stephen Townsend, and by this quartet: Frieda Hempel, Margaret Keyes, Arthur Hackett and Arthur Middleton. Before the performance of the symphony the National Anthem was sung by the chorus with orchestral accompaniment.

We shall probably not hear a better performance of this symphony in the years that are still allotted to us. We shall certainly not hear a more capable and impressive chorus. It does not seem possible that there could be a more eloquent performance of the orchestral movements. It is not necessary to dwell upon the singularly ungrateful, one might say incomprehensibly difficult, music that Beethoven wrote for the solo singers. Those chosen for the task last night did better than one might have expected. The most beautiful or robust voices in the world, used with the utmost skill, could not change the inherent character of the music. If any one of the quartet is favored by the composer, it is the tenor.

No wonder that this symphony, when it is performed complete, is a stumbling block to conductors, orchestras and singers. We have heard many performances in Boston and in European cities; few of them were ideal, many were mediocre, some were positively bad. The worst we ever heard was in Berlin in the season of '83-'84. Joachim, the violinist, conducted without sense of tempo and rhythm; but he always was a wretched conductor; one without authority, without imagination.

The question comes up, Should the orchestral movements be played without the finale? The symphony has been heard in this form more than once at concerts in this city. It is easy to cry "Sacrilege"; to say that the incomplete work leaves the hearer unsatisfied. Putting the difficulties attending the performance of the Finale out of the question, might not one say without fear of contradiction, except from believers in plenary inspiration, that Beethoven's noblest music is in the three orchestral movements? With the exception of that wonderful passage in which the hearer is caught up to the seventh heaven above the stars, and of the equally marvellous measures in which Beethoven heard the angelic choir, is there anything in the Finale to be compared with the mysteriousness of the first movement, the demoniacal energy of the Scherzo—the Scherzo of the Universe—and the unearthly beauty of the Adagio? In these movements Beethoven, the superman, is revealed.

Are there not many pages in the Finale that are ugly without any rhetorical effect? Pages that, if written by a lesser man, would be at once described as commonplace, uninteresting, unexpressive? It is true that at the very end Beethoven is seen throwing his hat in the air, frenzied with joy, but is this tumultuous ecstasy of a movement comparable with pages in the orchestral movements? After the performance of last night, one that was in so many respects ideal, these questions may be safely asked.

We all, however, owe a debt of gratitude to the management of the orchestra, to Dr. Muck and his forces, for giving us the privilege of hearing the Symphony. To the youngest of concert-goers the music was practically unknown. To the older hearers that have attended the Symphony concerts from the beginning, the performance was a revelation. The great audience—for the seats were all filled and many stood—was keenly appreciative. Dr. Muck and those under his control may well be proud of the tribute paid to them.

May this not be the last of the Choral concerts! For here is a chorus worthy of the superb orchestra; here is an incomparable conductor of singers and players.

Mr. Herbert Maxwell asked a week ago: "Is it possible to trace to its source the invariable rule under which the clothes of men button from left to right, and the clothes of women from right to left?"

[illegible] wh[illegible] came [illegible] for the fitting [illegible] ladies' [illegible] to perform the [illegible] button-[illegible]. Have you ever noticed how awkward it is for your tailor, when he buttons your coat? Try buttoning a double-breasted coat on another person the wrong way, and see how easy it comes."

Why are there two buttons on the back of a man's coat? Mrs. Alice Morse Earle considered gravely this question. Some think they are a survival of button used on 18th century riding-coats. When the wearer was on his horse, the coat tails were thus buttoned up. Others say they were used for looping back the skirts of the coats; loops of cord were placed at the corners of the skirts. "A tribe of North American Indians, deep believers in the value of symbolism, refused to heed a missionary because he could not explain to them the significance of these two buttons."

In the good old days Americans were proud of their buttons. Here are names of some buttons for men. They are taken from tailors' lists: "Thread, metal and worsted buttons; death's head buttons; hair buttons; gold and silver wire buttons; death's head black vest buttons; [illegible] buttons, shell buttons and tortoise [illegible] buttons; carnelian and marcasite buttons; Laps-azure buttons (which were [illegible] lapis lazuli); knit buttons; [illegible] buttons; coin buttons; French gilt and London plate buttons; basket buttons; horsehair buttons; pewter buttons."

[illegible] Belcher wished the buttons of his leather waistcoat to be of metal with [illegible] eyes: "Not wooden buttons with gut loops which are good for nothing." Mrs. Earle tells of a sad incident in this city. "A rose-pink waistcoat embroidered in silver with buttons of darker pink shell in silver settings was worn by a Boston groom with a silver gray velvet coat also with shell buttons, and white satin small clothes. And there is a tradition in the family that his dress was so much more striking than the bride's that she had a hearty fit of crying over it."

Buttons are mentioned by English authors from the beginning of the 11th century, but when were they first used with button-holes, in place of ribbons and laces, not merely as ornaments?"

Modest Ghosts.

A correspondent of the Daily Express, London, wanted to know why spirits wear clothes. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote the letter in answer: "The reason why spirits wear robes is that modesty does not cease with this life. It is [illegible] the custom for any of the [illegible] to describe the angels as nude."

"Wanigan."

As the World Wags:

In your issue of Nov. 15 I read an item on the word "wangan" which is a word in common use in the lumber camps of Maine. The word "wangan" or, as it is more properly spelled, "wanigan," is a word which proves that our Indian predecessors were not wholly devoid of a keen sense of humor.

The Maine Indians, according to the season of the year were accustomed to spend a part of their time upon the seacoast, and a part of their time on our inland lakes, and they used the waterways of Maine as highways for these annual migrations.

It was their custom to put all their camp equipment into a freight canoe for the purpose of transporting it from one place to another. This canoe was called "wanigan," derived from "wan" meaning to get lost and "igan" meaning a trap. The word "wanigan," therefore, meant a trap into which everything was caught in a promiscuous mixture and lost. The English word "catch-all" is somewhat akin to it in meaning though it does not so well express the idea of getting caught as in a trap and lost.

In the lumber camps of Maine it is customary for personal supplies, such as sweaters, mittens, stockings, shoes, rubbers, tobacco pipes, writing materials, jack-knives, etc., to be kept generally heaped promiscuously in a large locked box or chest called the wanigan box, from which the personal wants of the lumbermen and woodchoppers were supplied. The Indian word has been adopted and its meaning transferred to the supplies themselves, which are generally in a state of promiscuous mixture.

It would be a great service if some scholar having a knowledge of French would translate with poetic insight and understanding the very many beautiful and poetical descriptive place names in which Maine abounds, using Fr. Rasle's Dictionary of the Abnaki tongue. The word "Abnaki" is itself beautifully poetic and descriptive. It was applied to the Indian tribes living farthest east and having a common dialect. It is compounded of the words meaning primarily "light" or "morning light," and "land" and means "those who dwell in the land of the morning light." Contrast this with our crude Anglo-Saxon expression "down-easter."

Auburn, Me. JAMES A. PULSIFER.

Mr. Walter Moors of Boston, writing about the "wangan," says: "Very often, owing to high prices charged, the chests were spoken of as Robbing Boxes. The use of wangan in the drives was different. The bateaux carrying the camping and cooking outfits as well as [illegible] were called the wangan. [illegible], the river drivers at night went [illegible] the wangan for supper, sleeping and breakfast. The other two meals, called luncheon, were brought to them from the wangan. 'Wanigan' is a misspelling, I think, though I have seen it used."

Nov 22 1917

A BALLADE OF BOOZE.

(When national prohibition is a fact)

The rumhound bays the moon at night,
A mournful, melancholy bay,
A dirge for days of lost delight
When Old King Booze held sceptered sway,
And loyal subjects in cafe
Their elbows crooked; that merry, mad,
And mirthful Dionysian day—
The world is rumless now—and sad!

The erstwhile toper, wretched wight!
His burning thirst cannot allay,
And life for him has lost its light,
He goes in gleeless gloom today.
Makes melancholy mirth! His lay
Is all of joyous jags he's had,
Bacchic revellings gone for aye!
The world is rumless now—and sad!

No more the reckless drunken fight;
The aching head at break of day;
Noses that once were red are white,
And Life puts on a punchless play!
The seats not worth the price we pay,
Each mummer is a listless lad,
With witless, labored lines to say—
The world is rumless now—and sad!

L'Envoi.

Prince, this your Minstrel is ungay,
Or else his verse were not so bad;
His inspiration's gone away,
The world is rumless now—and sad!

CHARLES WILCOX.
Narragansett Pier, R. I.

Not the Same Ammi.

As the World Wags:

Been in Brick Hollow quite a spell, visitin' Cousin Ell's child, Marl. She's a good-entertainer and makes bountiful provision fer man AND beast, I call it, and no cause for complaint, but the air don't agree with me up there, and I git oneasy if I'm away from the salt water long, so home I come.

No sooner here 'n I see in your collum Mister Observer's letter about this man Ammi, who he says lost a yoke o' oxen when coming home from town arter selling punkins. No, Mister, Ammi Bailey wa'n't the "hero" o' that episode; in fact I wouldn't call the Deacon a hero at all; he was a plain man and plain spoken fer all his religion, and there WAS times when his language wa'n't all 't mighter been, and Len Bates uster say that the reason he didn't jine the church ez he set out ter do was because 'o one perticklar time he heard Ammi exhortin' with them steers. "Ef religion acts that way with a godly man like Ammi," says Len, "what'll it do ter me!" So he never went no further, but Ammi didn't mean no harm; he was ez clever az a kitten.

No, the Deacon never lost no oxen out sellin' punkins but he did cart a load of 'em inter the village one day, and when Buck Plummer sung out, "What ye loaded with Ammi?" he says, soft ez usual, "Punkins b'gosh, HUDDUP BROWN!!!"

Wal, Ammi's dead 'n gone.

SI PRIME.
Podunkett, Nov. 19.

"Old Fogy" Rises.

As the World Wags:

I note with deep satisfaction that I have been the humble instrument of Providence in sowing dissension among Herald readers, which is part of the object of the Society for the Promotion of Discord, of which I am the founder and president. So far, your correspondents have asked no questions not answered by my original communication, but today "W. B. C." lashed apparently to an inarticulate, but wholly justifiable, frenzy by a redundant "shall," demands an explanation from a hypothetical "grammatical shark." In this sentiment the congregation joins, but what is the G. S.? Is it found in the waters of Massachusetts bay? Does it get up the Charles river as far west as the longitude of Harvard College, or does it breed there and only put out to sea after getting its education?

And speaking of split infinitives, will some proud pedant, who would rather die than split one, please state how he would get out of a dilemma of which the horns are two separate verbs, for instance, "He came quickly to eat his breakfast." What was his hurry—about coming or eating?

Also, in re Wheeling, not Pittsburgh, stogies, there is a great passage in Kipling's "Captains Courageous" which tells the whole story of their origin, nature and the reason of their being.

I should be pleased at any time to give your correspondents any information they may wish about the cosmos, or any part thereof, on reasonable notice. Yours respectfully, OLD FOGY.
Boston, Nov. 20.

"Syntax" Claims Again.

As the World Wags:

I see by this morning's issue of the Herald and Journal that somebody has written you that "Leonard Heath wrote the verses and music" of "The Grave of Bonaparte." I claim that the name of the person whom your correspondent has 'n mind was Lyman Heath, not Leonard Heath; I also claim that, while it is generally agreed that he wrote the music to which the poem was set, no good proof can be adduced that he wrote the words of the poem. SYNTAX.
Brookline, Nov. 20.

The Rabbit Cat.

As the World Wags:

Is there such a thing as a "rabbit cat," and in what way does it differ from a "manx cat"? I have been told that a "manx cat" has some of the characteristics of a rabbit, and that it has a rudimentary tail, whereas a cat which I own (a rabbit-cat so-called) has some three inches of tail. Can Mr. Herkimer Johnson tell a tail on the subject? HORACE P. CHANDLER.
Jamaica Plain.

There are hyphenated rabbits in natural history: the rabbit-bandicoot, rabbit-fish, rabbit-moth, rabbit-mouth sucker; rabbit-rat; rabbit-squirrel, but the great Oxford Dictionary knows not the rabbit-cat. In the concise Oxford Dictionary there is fitting attention paid to the Manx-cat or tailless variety. There are some pleasant anecdotes about Manx-cats, but this is hardly the place to narrate them.—Ed.

MANY NOVELTIES IN COPELAND'S RECITAL

Satie, Roger-Ducasse and Ravel Numbers Given Here for the First Time.

George Copeland gave a piano recital last evening at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Gluck, Musette and Gavotte; Chopin, Fantaisie F minor; Schumann, Faschingswank; Satie, Gnossienne No. 1; Roger-Ducasse, Bourree; Ravel, Danse de Daphn's; Engel, l'eau d'Espagne, Sombras; de Falla, Andaluza; Groviez, Reverie; Debussy, "Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses," Voiles, L'isle Joyeuse.

Mr. Copeland is invariably a delightful maker of programs in which interesting novelties are introduced. Last evening pieces by Satie, Roger-Ducasse, Ravel, Engel, de Falla and Groviez were played here for the first time. Satie's Gnossienne No. 1 was easily the most fascinating of the French group. Cnossus, an ancient town of Crete, whose foundation is laid to Minos, King of the Cretans, was the scene of the birth of Jupiter and of his marriage to Hera. It was also his burial place. It is also said to have been the site of the Cretan labyrinth, the abode of the Minotaur, built by Daedalus. Were the Cnossian women fair to look upon? Satie has presumed them to be so. The piece has the classic beauty of figures moving in harmonious and enchanting rhythm across a Greek frieze. The frank gayety of Roger-Ducasse's Bourree provided agreeable contrast. Then came Ravel's Danse of Daphnis, the Sicilian shepherd, said to be a son of Mercury.

Mr. Engel has written a set of piano pieces inspired by various perfumes. His Peau d'Espagne is a particularly happy number of the group, striking in color and rhythm, realistic in atmosphere. His Sombras, written for and dedicated to Mr. Copeland, is in another vein, mysterious and contemplative, in keeping with the title.

Mr. Copeland's playing has been justly and repeatedly praised. It is late in the day to speak of his velvet touch, the depth and sonority of his most vigorous moments. He weaves many and enchanting spells whether in music of another century, as the supreme interpreter of the Frenchman Debussy, or whether with superb aplomb, daring colors and unerring sense of rhythm he paints gorgeous and fiery pictures of Spain. A very large audience was enthusiastic.

Nov. 23 1917

The Wanderer

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "The Wanderer," a Biblical play in three acts, based by Maurice V. Samuels on "Der Verlorne Sohn," by Wilhelm Schmidtbonn, founded on the parable of the "Prodigal Son." Produced by William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, on Feb. 1, 1917.

Rissah	Gertrude Davis
Shelah	Ernest Cove
Naomi	Olga Newton
Jether	Frederick Lewis
Gaal	Charles Dalton
Jesse	James O'Neill
Huldah	Nance O'Neil
Tola	Sydney Herbert
Tisha	Jean Stuart
Nadina	Florence Auer
Sadyk	Ernest Cove
Haggai	Sydney Mather
Merbel	Edward Martyn
Pul	George Byron
Halra-Mut	Stephen Wright
Barzil	Henry Duggan
Aro	Katherine Galanta
Pharis	Lionel Braham
The Prophet	Henry Duggan

This only is said of the Prodigal Son's behavior during his absence from home: he wasted his substance in riotous living. Turning the parable into a play, a dramatist naturally pictures at least one episode in the prodigal's riotous life for the sake of contrast and for scenic effect. To say that "The Wanderer" is a "Biblical" play would be stretching a point: the play, suggested by the parable, is an Eastern romance of a highly spectacular character, admitting one or two truly emotional scenes that make a universal appeal and might serve as a lesson to the thoughtless and the reckless.

As a spectacle the play is unusually interesting. There are two scenes. The first impresses by its simplicity, its realization of oriental color. The house of Jesse stands boldly to the left, a solid structure, with steps leading to the roof on which Huldah may watch for her returning son. There is a background of hill and valley. The sky is cloudless. The sheep and goats descending on the right give a touch of picturesque realism. The costumes worn by the men and women, the girls grinding and at the well, aid in the general scheme of color and eastern similitude.

Jether chafes at his shepherd's life; he rebels against the chidings of his austere brother; he is impatient to see the world, to play the man. The world is to him Jerusalem, of which city the rascal Tola has told him wonders. He heeds not the wise words of his old father; he will not listen to the entreaties of his mother, or to the voice of Naomi, who loves him dearly. He must have his portion. The father, outraged at last by the boy's treatment of Huldah, sends out the bag of money, but the mother gives him her blessing.

As far as dramatic action is concerned this act is the best. Emphasis was given last night to the pompously insignificant dialogue by the acting of Nance O'Neil and James O'Neill. Their diction was clear and eloquent. Force was not abused; pathos was not overstrained. There was the sobriety of gesture that characterizes the well-trained actor, whose face and voice are expressive without sawing of the air, without the imitation of a semaphore. The voices of the two were resonant without effort; after long years on the stage, they were full of meaning. Mr. Lewis gave an excellent impersonation of the restless, impetuous youth; Mr. Dalton, an experienced and capable actor, revealed the nature of the elder brother; Miss Newton was simple and unaffected as Naomi; Mr. Herbert made much of a small part.

The second scene represents the palace of Nadina in Jerusalem. On the playbill she is described as a lodging house keeper. Possibly this is a euphemistic expression, for there were strange and high-priced lodgers in the house, swindlers were welcomed to her entertainments, and her daughter Tisha was decidedly a light skirt. In this sumptuous abode Jether throws about his money, behaves in a shocking manner with Tisha, drinks hard, burns incense before an idol, abjures the God of Israel, gambles with loaded dice—what does he not do? The wonder is that he was fascinated by Tisha, whose voice was raucous, whose laugh was metallic, whose posturings, clinging dance steps, twistings, wrigglings were far from being seductive. It is true that much of the time he was overcome with wine. Nor is it easy to see why he was not suspicious after a day or two of Nadina.

The stage setting is gorgeous. There is strange dancing, an acrobatic whirlwind, effective as a stage picture, but without terpsichorean grace and charm. The effects of light and color delight the eye. A prophet, Mr. Duggan, enters rudely and curses the house and its inmates. Jether is forsaken by his false friends who have fleeced him. His Tisha is borne off by Pharis, a lusty and lustful sea captain. Nadina strips Jether of his dress even to his sandals. She literally skins him. There is thunder; there are lightning flashes. His father appears, reproachful. Then the prodigal stands alone in the darkness. The tableau is a remarkably striking one.

In the third act the prodigal returns, weary, famished, desolate. After the high pitched voices heard in the second act, the gentle accents of Miss Davis and Miss Newton were a relief, and again these women played with a charming simplicity. The prodigal is at last forgiven by his father—his mother had long ago forgiven him—and there is a touching scene in which the brothers are reconciled.

"The Wanderer" is, then, an impressive spectacle, with a dialogue that at the best is mediocre, with admirable acting by Miss O'Neil, Mr. O'Neill and others whom we have already named. There was a very large and greatly interested audience.

The story of the Prodigal Son [illegible] in the New Testament, has appealed to the fancy of playwrights, musicians, and planners of ballets from the time of the Emperor Leopold I., who wrote an oratorio "Der verlorne Sohn," which was produced at Vienna in 1663. No doubt the subject before that had been treated by writers of Biblical plays.

Bostonians have heard Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, seen Debussy's opera, also the pantomime for which Wormser wrote charming music. Sullivan first visited this country to conduct his little Mendelssohnian oratorio, "The Prodigal Son," at a Handel and Haydn concert on Nov. [illegible], 1879, when he made his first public appearance in this country. John S. Dwight patted him on the head, and found the music enjoyable. "The great assembly left the hall with a new admiration, and of a deeper kind, for the Arthur Sullivan, who had already given so much pleasure, far and wide, by his lighter operatic things, like 'Pinafore.' " Poor Mr. Dwight. It is by these "lighter things" that the name of Sullivan will be preserved, although now and then in churches may be heard some contralto singing "Love Not the World" with "great expression."

Pantomime Here in 1893.

"L'Enfant Prodigue," the pantomime, was first performed here at the Boston Museum, Nov. 6, 1893, when Mme. Pilar-Morin took the part of the prodigal son and Courtes, who created the part of the father in Paris, excited the admiration of even conservative Bostonians. The pianist was Aime Lachaume, who married Pilar-Morin, treated her shabbily and finally deserted her. The revival of this pantomime, rechristened "Pierrot the Prodigal," by Winthrop Ames's company, is fresh in the minds of all.

Debussy's little work was written as a cantata. It won for him the Prix de Rome in 1884. He had no thought of an operatic performance; but in 1910 the cantata was produced as an opera at Covent Garden, and in November of that year it was performed at the Boston Opera House. There was no orgy, no show of voluptuous women. The mother mourns the loss of her son. He returns, exhausted, and falls unconscious outside the door, to be recognized by her and forgiven by the father.

"And not many days after the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance, with riotous living." This little line has inspired librettists, scene painters, stage managers and ballet masters. "Riotous living." And so in a well-known picture the representation of the revelling takes by far the larger space, while the outgoing and the return of the prodigal are in narrow side panels.

Auber's opera "L'Enfant Prodigue," with libretto by Scribe, produced at the Opera, Paris, Dec. 6, 1859, made a sensation in its day. The simple and pathetic parable was greatly enlarged by the ingenious dramatic carpenter, Scribe. The first scene shows the home of Ruben, the father. The son is about to set and Ruben offers up the evening prayer. His niece, Jeptile, betrothed to her cousin, Azael, wonders where her lover is, and the father, too, is disquieted. The boy at last returns, bringing with him two strangers, a young man and a young woman, who accept the hospitality cheerfully given. The strangers are Amenophis and Nefte, and at supper they tell wonderful tales of the gay and luxurious life at Memphis. How a young man can enjoy himself there, provided he be young and rich! Azael drinks in every word. He, too, will see Memphis and join in its life. He is deaf to all entreaties. Jeptele begs that Azael may be allowed to go. She gives her belt to him to recall his oath, and guard him from danger.

The scene representing Memphis with a boat coming down the Nile and welcomed by a riotous throng furnished a gorgeous spectacle. Azael is clothed sumptuously and bedecked with precious stones. He crosses the square arm in arm with Nefte, as one drunk in the midst of enchantments seen in dreams. Nefte and her companions purpose to pluck this bird of his fine feathers, but Lia, the youngest and most beautiful of the Almas, rescues him for a worse fate.

Goes in Search of Son.

The father does not stay at home awaiting the prodigal's return, as in the parable. He goes in search of his son, from village to town, knocking at every door, sustained by Jeptele. He meets his son in Memphis, but does not recognize him and asks piteously after him. Jeptele has the eyes of love. She knows Azael, and is still faithful, but she keeps her secret, fearing lest the father in his shame might die.

There is a bacchanale in the temple of Isis. Woe to the sacrilegious wretch who should dare to set foot within the [illegible] of holies. Azael, guided by his evil genius Nefte, enters and finds Lia, the dancing girl, in the midst of these shadows and mysteries. Priests and people are incensed. Nefte proclaims that the Israelite has come only to abjure his God and be initiated into the faith of Isis. Azael is about to pronounce the words of abjuration, when he hears the voice of Jeptele. Now he prefers to die. The outraged worshippers throw him into the Nile. The chief of a caravan rescues him, and Azael serves as a slave. Then, as in the parable, he thinks of his home and returns. Jeptele is the first to recognize and pardon him.

The opera ends, not with the slaughter of the fatted calf—the calf might reasonably be impersonated by a tenor—not with the bringing out of the best robe. As Florentino tells the story, "the opera ends with a brilliant apotheosis; and in the blaze of electric rays and to the sound of celestial harps, angels are seen rising above the clouds and bearing the paternal pardon to the feet of the Lord."

The cast was as follows: Jeptele, Miss Danveron; Nefte, Mme. Laborde; Azael, Roger; Ruben, Massol; Bocchoris, Obin. The part of Lia, the dancing girl, was taken by Adeline Plunkett. There were 44 performances of the opera.

The dancing girl! Adele, or Adeline Plunkett, died only seven years ago this month in Paris at the age of 87. She was a sister of Mme. Doche, the celebrated actress, and she made her debut as a dancer at the Paris Opera March 17, 1845, in "La Peri," a ballet by Theophile Gautier, with music by Burgmuller. Carlotta Grisi was the first to take the part of the Peri, when the ballet was produced in 1843. Gautier described Miss Plunkett as a young and pretty girl, well formed, with a small foot, a fine leg, and a charming face. "Although she is rather slight for the stage and not easily seen from afar, she has everything that is necessary for a dancer." In the course of the ballet she danced a reckless bolero, and was enthusiastically applauded "for reasons that were not always choregraphic." Nor did Gautier relish the idea of a Peri dancing a Spanish dance with castanets. "Even in a ballet there should be a little of verisimilitude for the eyes." Miss Plunkett danced at the opera until about 1855, making excursions to Covent Garden and to Vienna. After she left the opera she was applauded in Italy. She left the stage to marry Paul Dalloz, a publisher of newspapers and magazines. Dr. Veron, in his pompous memoirs, tells of a Russian prince, one Tuffiakin, living in Paris, who thought that a man came into the world only for the opera, ballet, Italian music, pleasure trips, walks in the woods, and romantic adventures. He lived to a good old age. When Veron asked him how he kept young, he answered, "I have never changed my diet or behaviour." At last Tuffiakin died, and these were his last words: "Is Plunkett going to dance tonight?"

Benjamin Lumley brought out Auber's opera in Italian at Her Majesty's, London, in 1851. He described the production in his amusingly pompous style: "Composed to a libretto supplied by the most ingenious as well as the most prolific of modern dramatists, the music was already placed upon a high pedastal of interest. A certain curiosity, also, was occasioned by the fact that the subject was founded on the well-known parable of Holy Writ, and might thus be deemed objectionable to English feeling. It may be said at once that every such fear was dissipated at once." Lumley spoke knowingly of Auber's success in obtaining couleur locale—the shrewd manager was fond of interlarding his sentences with French in his "Reminiscences of the Opera." He also announced proudly that "her majesty the Queen, especially, expressed the delight she experienced in witnessing this opera."

Rosati was the chief dancer in a pas de poignards—"a dance in which wild oriental music accompanying measures equally fanciful and increasing in frenzy of character as poniards flashed and forms whirled around fairly bewildered the dazzled spectator and brought down a hurricane of applause." Lumley had no need of a press agent. Witness his account of the monster yearly fete given by him on the grounds of his villa—he admitted that the villa was "charming." "One of their most piquant attractions was, in fact, the mingling and rank and fashion with the artistic body of singers and dancers. Dukes and duchesses danced on the 'green sward' with sentimental tenors and sprightly danseuses. Foreign diplomacy used its wiles, but only to be agreeable to a 'Queen of Song.' Science talked gayly with a mighty basso or a fascinating prima donna. Music and painting wandered sociably arm-in-arm along the margin of the Thames; and coronet, pen, brush, throat of priceless value and lithesome limbs all joined, amidst rich illuminations and feux de Bengale, in one grande ronde of unrestricted hilarity and enjoyment." The late Henry Russell tried to do something of this sort during his reign at the Boston Opera House.

Chorley, an austere soul, said that Auber's "Prodigal Son" pleased less, and deservedly so, than his "Gustave," "in spite of the admirable singing of Mme. Sontag, who did wonders with the weak music of her part. Not only did the biblical origin of the story weigh against it in England, but M. Scribe's mistake in reproducing the great situation of parent and child, already set forth far more forcibly in 'Le Prophete,' could not fail to be felt."

There were operas based on this story early in the 19th century by Gaveaux, Morange, Drechsler, operas, or melodramas with music. In 1894 there was a performance of a "Biblical parable" in seven scenes at the Chat Noir, Paris. The scenery was devised by Henri Riviere; the words and the music were by Georges Flaerollet.

Ponchielli is known here only by his "Gioconda"; but his "Prodigal Son" was produced at La Scala on Dec. 26, 1880, with great success. No less a man than Tamagno took the part of Azacle, the son; Edouard de Reszke that of Ruben, the father. The adventuress of the opera is Nefte, while the good girl from whose side the youth should not have wandered was named Jeftele. There were temple scenes at Nineveh, and there were voluptuous dances. In Gaveaux's opera there is no wassailing; no temptress is seen. There is the adopted daughter, Jephtele, and Azael finally returns to her. The music is largely of a pastoral nature. There was no delirious dancing in that quiet valley.

One day Piron and Voltaire were observing a marionette show of "The Prodigal Son." Piron said: "Do you know, Voltaire, that I see there material for a good comedy?" Piron always thought that Voltaire wrote his "Enfant Prodigue" in five acts (Theatre Francais, 1736), fearing that Piron would be before him. Piron had thought of a drama on the story as it is told in the New Testament.

As young Pierrot in the pantomime is a young Frenchman ruined by the girl that becomes a reigning cocotte, so the characters in Voltaire's comedy were contemporaneous with him. The prodigal is Euphemon, the elder son, whose excesses have turned the affection of his wealthy father towards the younger son, an egoist, miserly, and a fool. The younger had promised to wed a baroness, a rich widow, but Lise, who had loved the scapegrace and still loves him is richer still, so the younger wooes her. The baroness hears of this and hastens to prevent the marriage. Euphemon and his valet arrive in wretched condition at the same time. The baroness, who knew Euphemon when he was a gay dog, consults him. Lise, touched by his remorse, vows fidelity. The father, who has heard of Euphemon's distress—how his false friends had abandoned him; how he had been jailed for debt—having believed him dead, is overjoyed at his return. The younger, to avoid a suit at law, weds the baroness.

Voltaire's Trick.

On the day of the performance Voltaire played a sly trick. "Britannicus" was announced for performance. There was a large audience. The announcement was made from the stage that on account of the sickness of an actress, Racine's play could not be given, but a new comedy would be substituted, so that the spectators would not be disappointed.

The following account of the origin of "The Wanderer" was published in the New York Times of Feb. 18, 1917:

"Morris Gest and Leo Ditrichstein were in Europe the spring before the war was unleashed seeing what they could see, and in the course of their travels they reached Vienna. One night they went to the Circus Busch to see William Schmittbonn's 'Der Verlorene Sohn' and were so impressed by it that Mr. Gest at once wrote a long, ebullient cablegram to David Belasco, his father-in-law. The message gave it as the belief of both wanderers that the spectacle, which Max Reinhardt had produced there and in other European capitals, would be a magnificent thing for Belasco to do in Madison Square Garden. The cable had the calculated effect and Mr. Belasco wired his son-in-law to procure the American rights to the spectacle.

"The foregoing events happened in April, 1914. Mr. Gest hastened to Berlin and learned from Mr. Reinhardt that he did not hold the American rights, which were vested in the author. Richard Ordynski, whom Mr. Gest knew from the days when 'Sumurun' flourished at the Casino, was then sought out and at the solicitation of the American manager went to Leipsic, the author's home, and purchased the American rights for Mr. Belasco.

"Mr. Gest brought the manuscript back with him and Mr. Belasco translated it. Then he commissioned Maurice V. Samuels to adapt the play for the American stage. Mr. Samuels is a native of California and a graduate of the university of that state who has written a number of plays, one of which, called 'The Conflict,' was produced here in 1909. Another drama, 'The Florentines,' had attracted Mr. Belasco's attention to him as a dramatist and had convinced him that he was well qualified to make the adaptation.

Differs from Schmittbonn.

"'The Wanderer' differs greatly from the Schmittbonn drama. It follows only the bare outline of the original and substitutes a much more comprehensive and bolder conception of the Biblical story of the Prodigal Son. It is not only about twice the length and has almost twice the number of important characters, but differs in a number of details.

"Mr. Samuels gave his play a definite time and place in order that he might make more striking the conflict between paganism and the teachings of the followers of Jehovah. In the German version of the story the hero's worst sin is cheating at dice, and no trace of religion enters into the scene of harlotry in the second act. The scene in the second act, where Tisha tempts Jether to deny his God, that at the end of the act in which Haggal, the Judean, denounces him in wrath, and the scene in the last act, where all save his mother turn from him because he has committed the sin of denying his own God for a pagan one, are all Mr. Samuels's additions. The sea captain from Tyre, Jether's cousin Naomi, Haggal the Judean and the Prophet are all creations of the American author."

A spectacle "Azael, the Prodigal" was once popular in this country. Julia Seaman took the part of the Prodigal at the Boston Theatre in December, 1874.

"W. L. L." of Melrose writes: "Recently, in reading Guizot's 'History of France' I was shocked and scandalized to find the word 'croak' used in connection with the killing of a man, viz.: 'The King must be croaked.' This word, which I have always supposed to be of recent origin and used chiefly in connection with underworld assassinations, was used by 15th century conspirators. Is it a good word?"

We take off our hat to any man that has the courage to read Gulzot's history. This word, however, was not used in French by 15th century conspirators, nor was the history translated in the 15th century. Does "W. L. L." know the French word used by Guizot for "croak"? To croak, meaning "to kill," is not in the great Oxford Dictionary, but the slang term, to croak, meaning "to die," is admitted. To croak, that is, "to kill," is found in the Scotch, Yorkshire and Pembroke dialect. It also means to smother, lame, hit. Croak (to kill) is not in English slang dictionaries. A croak is a dying speech, especially the confession of a murderer. To croak in these dictionaries is "to die," not "to kill." A corpse is known as a "croaker." Here is a quotation from the Ulster Echo of 1886: "The inspector of nuisances said the meat was known as 'croaker,' or the flesh of an animal which had died a natural death." But in "Vocabulum; or the Rogues' Lexicon," compiled by George W. Matsell, Special Justice, Chief of Police, etc. (New York, 1859), we find: "Croake—to murder, to die." We regret to say that the definition of "croakers" in the "Vocabulum" is "newspapers."—[Ed.

Sopranos and the Ninth.

Mr. Jabez Lilly writes apropos of the performance of the Ninth Symphony last Tuesday: "Did you ever hear the music for the solo soprano well sung, or sung in tune?"

It is true that Miss Hempel was untuneful and ineffective on Tuesday night. No one would have thought she could have been the noble dame in "Der Rosenkavalier," whose singing was a constant delight when the Metropolitan Opera Company last visited us. Perhaps she was not "in voice"; perhaps she was frightened by the vocal difficulties; for the most accomplished singers sometimes have stage fright; the voice sticks in the throat; the knees are turned to water.

Yes, we have heard the ungrateful music that Beethoven wrote for the soprano sung admirably here by Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio in 1899 and 1900. In 1910 the voice of Mrs. Hissem de Moss was well suited to the music. Few sopranos, attempting the task, "do a good job," to use a favorite phrase of the late Warren Davenport when he wished to be most eulogistic.

"Hovel" and "Hovelling"

As the World Wags:

"Saint" in the Herald and Journal of Nov. 17 asked, apropos of woods-dialect in Maine: "Are your readers familiar with the words 'deacon-seat,' 'dingle' and the proper woods-meaning of the word 'hovel'?"

Has this word "hovel" any relation to "hovelling"? In the days when the English channel was white with the sails of sailing ships, it seems that the boatmen of Deal made a practice of fetching out anchors and cables to vessels which stood in need of them. This was known as "hovelling," and the boatmen were called "hovellers." A passage from one of W. Clark Russell's books, "Betwixt the Forelands," will serve to illustrate this: "It is indeed but starving work compared to the kind of business the boatmen did in the old hovelling times; when the Downs were full of sailing ships; when cables were being slipped for all sorts of reasons; when there was a constant demand for fresh anchors and chains from the shore. Steam has almost killed this trade; at long intervals indeed the services of the hoveller are still demanded by signals from the sea; but the opportunities are too few to enter any longer as a detail into the catalogue of the breadwinning pursuits of the Deal boatmen."

It is interesting to find in this book which was published about 1889, a phrase made current by the Great War, where reference is made to "days when

the sailor believed that the one mission he was called upon to fulfil was simply to do his 'bit' and no more."

CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

"Hovel" first of all meant an open shed, an outhouse for sheltering cattle, a receptacle for grain, tools, coal, wood, etc. It had other meanings, as a stack of corn, a conical building enclosing a porcelain oven or kiln, the hood of a smith's forge, the bumps on the top of a whale's head, a nose-bag, a finger stall, etc. The hoveller, to whom Capt. Brassbound refers, was an unlicensed pilot or boatman, especially on the Kentish coast; also a boatman who went out to wrecks for plunder. R. M. Ballantyne, whose books delighted our boyhood, said that in old times the owners of nautical huts dwelt in them, hence the name "hoveller," but this derivation is considered doubtful. A bargeman who tows barges was sometimes called a hoveller, and in the 18th century a hoveller carried fresh provisions to ships. To hovel was to render aid for payment to distressed vessels. Will not "Saint" explain his allusion to "dingle." We associate "dingle" with Lavengro and peerless Isopel Berners. The only "deacon-seat" we know is a long settee in a log cabin. The settee is cut from a single log "On the Dingle" in English dialect means "on credit. "Dingle" in Scotch means a group.—Ed.

Oct. 24 1917

The London Chronicle published this quatrain:

WILHELM TO VON BELOW.

See the Kaiser's message, ". . . under your command . . ."
Between the parts of hawk and dove,
But little rest I know,
My failing faith in Von above
Now rests on von Below. A. W.

"Females" and J. F. Cooper.

As the World Wags: Before discussion of the use of the word "female" is allowed to lapse, will you not give us a statistical study of its occurrence in Cooper's novels? E. C. H.

Wellesley

We have received several interesting letters about the use and the abuse of "female." One of them explains Mme. Yvette Guilbert's objection to the word. The letters will be published soon. Now for our old and esteemed friend, James Fenimore Cooper. E. C. H.'s note brings to mind a passage in the excellent essay on Cooper by Mr. John Macy, who says much in eight papers. "Cora and Alice are racing with death! It is an exciting race which any full-blooded person will follow, must follow, fascinated to the end. The sophisticated reader condescends to watch it, is ensnared with the interest of it all, and then, suddenly, Cooper calls his heroines 'distressed females.' That is almost fatal; illusion wavers, but the sensitive spectator grits his teeth, recovers and continues to watch. Cooper gets him and holds him in spite of everything. Meanwhile 'distressed females' has not distracted the attention of the boy. Cooper may call the ladies anything he likes so long as he does not leave to doubt as to who they are and what is happening to them, and he never leaves any such doubt." Would that we could now read Cooper's novels as we read them in our boyhood, when Natty Bumppo was as well known to us as Burt Lyman, the village constable, Deacon Williston, or J. H. Fowle, who sold watches, jewelry, marbles, spectacles, toys and fireworks. We first knew the Leatherstocking series in an edition for boys. Later we read even "Lionel Lincoln" and "The Chainbearer." Today we know Cooper chiefly through Bret Harte and Thackeray, whose burlesques are a delight. Here is only one of many fine touches in Thackeray's "Stars and Stripes" by the author of "The Last of the Mulligans." Louis XVI offers Tatna, the Indian, a decoration. Tatna looks scornfully at the cross. "'I will give it to one of my squaws,' he said. 'The papooses in my lodge will play with it. Come, Medicine, Tatna will go and drink fire-water'; and shouldering his carabine, he turned his broad back without ceremony upon the monarch and his train, and disappeared down one of the walks of the garden. Franklin found him when his own interview with the French Chief Magistrate was over; being attracted to the spot where the chief was, by the crack of his well-known rifle. He was laughing in his quiet way. He had shot the Colonel of the Swiss Guards through his cockade." Three days afterward Franklin and Tatna sailed from Brest on "the gallant frigate the 'Repudiator.'"—Ed.

Those Back Buttons.

Mr. Power S. Mooney, merchant tailor of Augusta, Me., writes to us:

"The buttons at the back of the waist of a coat were for the purpose of supporting a sword belt, and have survived because they give a finish to a part of the coat where joining seams need some finish. When a coat skirt was buttoned back for use when a man was on horseback, the two lower corners of the skirt were buttoned together. A survival of this is seen in the slashings or facings of contrasting color on the skirt of the old-fashioned swallow-tail military coat."

E. R. Sill's Illustration.

As the World Wags:

A highly illuminating chapter on the use of "shall" and "will" is found in the volume of Edward Rowland Sill's prose, under the title "A Private Letter." In the closing paragraph Mr. Sill illustrates the distinction he has so carefully explained, as follows: "You will always enjoy writing, and I shall always enjoy reading your stories; indeed, you shall go on writing them, and I will go on reading them, even though you should not use 'would' as you should, or as you would if you should use 'would' and 'should' as Shakespeare or Mr. Matthew Arnold would." F. L. M.

Taunton.

"Differ from" and "Differ with."

As the World Wags:

Webster's Dictionary says that "to express divergence of opinion either 'differ with' or 'differ from' may be used," but that, "to express unlikeness, 'differ from' alone is used." That dictionary, it is thus seen, does not agree with Richard Grant White in tabooing the use of "differ from" to express a difference of opinion between persons when they are in the presence, or the constructive presence, of each other. As there is no case, according to that dictionary, in which "differ from" cannot properly be used—though it says that in certain cases the alternative use of "differ with" is also proper—I move that the editor of As the World Wags, assuming functions analogous to those of the French Academy, stamp "differ from" with the imprimatur of his approval and request that "differ with" be tabooed by all future contributors to his department.

INTERMITTENT READER.

Brookline.

MISS EVELYN JEANE GIVES RECITAL AT STEINERT HALL

Soprano Assisted by Charles De Mailly and Malcolm Lang.

Miss Evelyn Jeane, soprano, assisted by Charles De Mailly, flutist, and Malcolm Lang, pianist, gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall.

Miss Jeane has a fine voice, dramatic in quality and of good range. She shows signs of careful training and intelligent study. In Bach's "Bist Du Bei Mir" and Handel's "Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" as in other songs, she displayed an excellent knowledge of phrasing and skilful management of breath. Certain songs as Fourdrain's "L'Oasis," "Le Papillon" and "Carnaval" were beyond her present reach as an interpreter, for she does not yet think for herself or express herself emotionally with authority. Nor are Leroux's "Le Nil" or Hue's "Soir Paien" for one fresh from the schoolroom. But Miss Jeane is young. Later, no doubt, she will voice the text of songs with greater subtlety and understanding; she will improve her diction in French and German. Thus she will give pleasure in songs that are not merely of a frank nature, but have a deeper significance.

Mr. De Mailly, the admirable flutist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, gave much pleasure by his playing in "Le Nil" and "Soir Paien."

"The Chase" by Haydn, and "Romeo and Juliet" Feature Delightful Concert.

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were Haydn's Symphony, "The Chase," and the Scherzo, Garden Scene and Ball at Capulet's House from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony. Miss Mabel Garrison sang "L'amero" from Mozart's 'Il re Pastore" (violin obbligato by Mr. Witek) and Zerbinetta's aria from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos" (first time in this city).

The concert was an unusually interesting one. The Symphony of Haydn is not too familiar; it is in his sprightliest manner not too naive in its simplicity, gay and frank; and, crowning merit, the movements are short. Alexandre Guilmant once said to us, hearing a mass of Haydn's, at the Trinite in Paris, that every page of Haydn's music showed the ripe and sure musician. This symphony was written for the pleasure of Prince Esterhazy, to celebrate his return from a journey. To please him the more, Haydn used for the finale the introduction to the third act of an opera which the prince liked greatly, one of Haydn's operas, long forgotten. The finale with its hunting music gives the name to the Symphony. The first movement is a tuneful and brisk allegro; in the second a simple folk-tune is varied skilfully; the strongly rhythmed, Scherzo—Dr. Muck is a master of rhythm—was a pretty oboe solo in the trio, which Mr. Longy played delightfully. The finale, with its cheerful hunting calls, has an unexpectedly gentle ending.

Dr. Muck, always fortunate in his reading of Haydn's symphonies, gave a remarkable interpretation of the excerpts from Berlioz's great dramatic Symphony. It is not easy to believe that this music is nearly 80 years old. The "Queen Mab" Scherzo might have been written yesterday by an ultra-modern; that is, if any composer of this school were the genius to imagine the music and then express it in orchestral speech. There has been no fairy music like this before or since Berlioz was mad over the Irish actress, Harriet Smithson. The fairies of Weber and Mendelssohn are gross and heavy-footed creatures in comparision with Queen Mab. The inherent fancifulness of the Scherzo was more fully revealed by the fine performance of the orchestra than ever before at these concerts. There are pages of the Garden Scene that are of surpassing, intimate beauty, but one wishes that Berlioz had not been so prolix in his love-making. After the romantic soliloquy of Romeo, which Mr. Longy played as only he can play his instrument, Dr. Muck succeeded in freeing the music for the Festival at Capulet's house from the suspicion of a certain vulgarity, especially in the dance theme. A remarkable performance, we repeat; a tribute to the genius without whose invention, imagination and marvellous sense of instrumentation, succeeding composers, however famous their names, would have had to work out their own salvation with tears and tribulation.

Miss Garrison was pleasantly remembered by her appearance as Oscar in "Un Ballo in Maschera," when that Bostonian opera was performed here a year and a half ago by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Yesterday she sang the suave aria of Mozart that was once a favorite with Mme. Melba. Her other selection was the exceedingly difficult air from Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos," in which Zerbinetta makes startling confessions concerning her own character, and glories in her fickleness and consequent freedom in her relations with men. The aria is strange, almost incredible; now Italian and now Teutonic, now in grand opera manner and now in sparkling operetta vein, with a dazzling pyrotechnical display, accompanied by a little orchestra and a piano most ingeniously employed. Miss Garrison won the audience by her pure and light voice, by the charm of her sustained song, by the ease with which she triumphed over appalling difficulties, and by her modesty and grace.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will include Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E minor No. 2, and the Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mrs. Fiske is attracting attention in New York by her appearing as George Sand in a play by Philip Moeller, who introduces the Musset family, Buloz of the famous magazine, Liszt, Chopin, Heine, and Dr. Pagello, who was a cause of the rupture between George and Alfred de Musset.

In assuming this part, she was greatly daring, for there is not the slightest physical resemblance between Mrs. Fiske and George Sand, nor is it easy to see how any skill in "make-up" could lend illusion. Becky Sharp, yes; and even as Tess, Mrs. Fiske caused one to forget the descriptions of Hardy's heroine in the flesh. George Sand was rather short and stout. She had a sensual mouth. Her eyes were black, wonderful, reminding Edouard Grenier of unpolished marble and velvet; but they were "a little too close together." Grenier also says that her nose was thick and not very well shaped. Yet she had a wonderful power over men. There is a long list of men who were her lovers: Sandeau, Musset, Pagello, Bourges, Leroux, Mallefille, Chopin, Merimee—but he did not like her and their affair was short-lived; there are others in the catalogue. Mr. Huneker reminds us that even President Thiers once tried to kiss her, and her indignation was epical. "He is said to have giggled in a silly way when reproved."

It was Merimee that once knew her "as thin as a nail and black as a mole"; but he was accustomed to making disagreeable remarks. Musset thought her very beautiful: "brown, pale, dull-complexioned with reflections as of bronze, and strikingly large-eyed like an Indian. Heine wrote an elaborate description of her, declared her a distinguished beauty. He even said that her nose was an ordinary straight nose, "neither an emancipated aquiline nose nor a witty little snub nose." The "somewhat hanging underlip betrays fatigued sensuality." Her shoulders were "beautiful, nay, magnificent. Her arms, hands, feet were small. Let other contemporaries describe the charms of her bosom, I confess my incompetence. The rest of her bodily frame seems to be somewhat too stout, at least too short. Only her head bears the impress of ideality. * * * She is as beautiful as the Venus of Milo; she even surpasses the latter in many respects: She is, for instance, very much younger."

There is a spiteful description of George Sand in the amusing Memoirs of Mme. Judith, the actress. According to her, Mme. Sand was a very ugly woman at the age of 43, and Mme. Judith doubted whether she was ever good-looking. She admitted that her black eyes were remarkable, "but their beauty did not compensate for the vulgarity of her whole person. "She was very dirty. Her hair, which had remained very brown, was as greasy as any gypsy's on the highway. Her dress was shabby. She lacked feminine grace. "Before I saw her close, I had imagined an ideal portrait, modelled on her romantic heroines, Indiana, Valentine, Lelia, Edmee, supple amazons. Energetic, but graceful; women at once nervous, sensual, poetic. I admired her fervently; I was her adorer. My sympathy attributed to her features almost celestial. How I was disillusionized."

Mme. Judith first saw Mme. Sand at the rehearsals of her play, "Le Roi attend!" "She conducted the rehearsals sitting astride a chair in the wings, and at times stretched one of her legs on a chair in front of her. She smoked a pipe, a cutty, well blackened, and puffed clouds of smoke." And that's my divine Lelia!"

George Sand is not the only woman savagely attacked in these Memoirs.

No, it is not easy to think of Mrs. Fiske calling George Sand vividly to mind. We regret to say the New York critics differed concerning the merits of her performance. The Times said: "She even smoked a black cigar as if it were the breath of life to her." The Evening Post said she smoked a cheroot, and hinted that it might have been faked.

The latest London journals received, as we write, are dated Nov. 5-8. The Times describes "Brewster's Millions" (The Queen's Theatre, Nov. 4), as a "'rattling' play with brief intervals of sentiment between the rattles. Brewster's efforts to spend his money by the appointed date are all made fortissimo and prestissimo, with positive yellings at the telephone and frantic rushes of all and sundry through the innumerable doors with which rooms in such plays seem oddly provided. True, there is a yacht scene, where doors are infrequent and the telephone non-existent, but, to compensate us, there is louder yelling than ever between skipper and crew, drowned only in the very loudest 'fury of the elements.' And there is Mr. Percy Hutchison, the most rattling of rattlers, yet with a businesslike attention to the vibrato in his voice when he is required to sentimentalize over his grandfather or his mother or his sweetheart." We regret that Mr. Walkley does not take our approved American plays seriously.

Beerbohm Tree left property of the gross value of £41,085, of which £39,515 is net property. He had already provided for his wife and children by settlement, but he bequeathed his household effects and £500 to his wife, and the residue of the property in various trusts for members of his family. Max Beerbohm, his half-brother, is one of the executors, so Sir Herbert had forgiven him for his beginning an article in the Saturday Review: "I have a brother who once was an actor."

Ellen Terry chose the buck-basket scene in "Merry Wives of Windsor" for her first appearance at the Coliseum, Nov. 5. "Miss Terry never made a bogey of Shakespeare, but always revelled in him as a funny man and a real dramatist."

It appears that W. H. Kendal, who died on Nov. 6, had suffered badly for some time from asthma. He had practically retired from active work since 1908.

New plays: "The Gipsy Trail," a romantic comedy by Robert Housum, Wilmington, Del., Nov. 19; "Among Those Present," a gentleman-crook play, by Larry Evans and Walter C. Percival, Richmond, Va., Nov. 12; "What's Your Husband Doing?" farce by George V. Hobart, Atlantic City, Nov. 5. Mr. Belasco will produce about Christmas a new play for Frances Starr. A translation of "Alsace" by Gaston Laroux and Camille Dreyfus will be produced in New York this season. Rejane was the heroine in Paris. Alan Dale's "Madonna of the Future," will be brought out in New York about Christmas time. "Over the Top," a musical comedy by Bartholomae and Romberg was produced at New Haven, Ct., Nov. 20. Dorothy Donnelly produced "Six Months' Option," a comedy by Ancella Ansley, on Nov. 21 at Providence, R. I. "The merit of the comedy lies in sex revelations and the inherent oppositions of the male and female minds. But not once does the action descend to physiological levels."

Selwyn & Co., in view of the falling off in theatre attendance brought about by the 10 per cent. war tax, announced yesterday that they would assume the tax at all future performances of "Lo-

[illegible] at the Theatre Theatre, [illegible] attraction to [illegible] conditions in this [illegible] "The Land of Joy," at the Park Theatre. At several other theatres the tax is being paid by the management on certain priced tickets.—New York Times, Nov. 21.

Maud Allan danced again in London on Oct. 31 at the St. Martin's Theatre. The Pall Mall Gazette had this to say: "It is not only that Miss Maud Allan's own dancing is just as beautiful and as true nature-poetry as it was. The conditions are improved, the whole purpose deepened and purified. We have no vulgar 'Salome' dance—expedient, perhaps, in the old days, to catch publicity. There is no need to truckle now to the taste of a mixed 'variety' audience. The little theatre itself breathes an atmosphere of holiness—the little gray-curtained stage where all is 'placid and perfect'; the good music well played, the audience of quiet, intelligent, well bred people, capable of art. In such environment Miss Allan could give her best, and she did.

"Even as it was, one doubts if the new dances—the 'Marseillaise,' with its red-robed horrification, and the 'Indian Love Tale,' with its incense before the impassive Buddha—were anything like so true to the Maud Allan ideal as the simpler and more familiar things. Dramatic elaboration—even dramatic expression—does not suit, the barefoot method nearly so well as pure joy, which is the simplest thing in the world. Miss Allan's little faun dance to Schubert's 'Moment Musicale,' her 'Blue Danube' waltz—these simple magical messages of flowers and streams were worth all the labored dramatic stuff. A dancer who can give us the 'thoughts that lie too deep for tears' can afford to leave 'poster scenes' to others."

Fisk University, the second largest arts college for Negroes in the world, has been recognized by the bureau of education at Washington as one of the three Negro institutions that are worthy to be called colleges. It is located at Nashville, Tenn., in the centre of a large Negro population. The graduates in large numbers enter the work of teaching, 42 per cent. being engaged at present in the schools throughout the South. Fisk is famed for its music. It was the home of the world-famed Jubilee Singers. During the 45 years since they first went out with the melodies of the slaves, the university has kept the leadership in the world of Negro music. Today Fisk is doing its part for the country loyally and efficiently. Students have entered the government service. Those remaining on the campus are drilling, studying and saving that their country may win the war for democracy.

"The Head Voice and Other Problems: Practical Talks on Singing" by D. A. Clippinger of Chicago is published by Oliver Ditson Company. Mr. Clippinger believes that voice training is much simpler and less involved than it is generally considered. "I am convinced that far too much is made of the vocal mechanism, which under normal conditions always responds automatically. Beautiful tone should be the primary aim of all voice teaching, and more care should be given to forming the student's tone concept than to that of teaching him how to control his throat by direct effort. The controlling power of a right idea is still much underestimated. The scientific plan of controlling the voice by means of mechanical directions leaves untouched the one thing which prevents its normal, automatic action, namely tension. But some one inquires, 'If the student is singing with rigid throat and tongue would you say nothing about it?' I would correct it, but not by telling him to hold his tongue down. A relaxed tongue is always in the right place, therefore all he needs to learn about the tongue is how to relax it. * * * The tone is the thing, and how it sounds is what determines whether it is right or wrong. And so we come back to the ear, which is the taste. * * * If a voice is ruined, the ear of the teacher is directly responsible."

The chapters are entitled Voice Placing, The Head Voice, A General Survey of the Situation, Hints on Teaching, The Nature and Meaning of Art, Singing as an Art, The Construction of a Song, How to Study a Song, Scientific Voice Production. Voice Placing means learning to produce beautiful tone. It has its foundation in beautiful tone: a tone is something to hear, and hearing is mental. It is the mentality, not the body of an individual, that is musical or unmusical. Teachers differ in taste. In music the only thing that is cognizant is the mind. The teacher should listen to the voice, not look at it. A student will never sing a better tone than the one he thinks; he will never sing a pure tone until he has a definite mental picture of it; he must hear it before he can sing it. An unworthy poem cannot be purified by setting it to music, no matter how beautiful the music may be. All of the rules of singing, like the rules of composition, grow out of what sound well. The most beautiful tone is the most perfectly produced, whether the singer knows anything of vocal mechanism or not. The quality of the mental concept determines the quality of the tone. The basic principle of singing is freedom in the expression of the beautiful.

These are sayings of Mr. Clippinger. His volume of 100 pages is an amplification of them with practical advice to teachers and students. This at least may be said of the book: It is not dull reading.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

"The Interpreters: a Play" by George Ince has been published in London by Constable. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it: "Mr. Ince's drama of industrial unrest and the relations between capital and labor, though good enough as propaganda, is not a very actable play; there is too much talk in it and too little movement. The plot is simple. There is a strike and the daughter of one of the partners of the firm concerned pledges herself to marry a local agitator provided he stops the strike and by her folly brings down upon her the anger of the girl to whom the man has been engaged. In the end the man falls and all comes right, the strike being ended by a compromise. The characters talk at great length, but there are one or two scenes, notably when the natural coarseness of the labor leader's love making outrages the would-be 'interpreter' of class to class, and when the directors meet to discuss the compromise and a pompous ass is subdued by a letter from a great political personage. Mr. Ince is not quite just to labor, but as he pillories the worst aspect of capital perhaps the account is squared."

Leo Ditrichstein appeared in the first performance in this country of "The King" ("Le Roi"), by Caillavet, Flers and Arene, at Cleveland, Nov. 5.

A very interesting and useful dictionary of the archaic terms and curious literary, historical, or folk allusions found in Shakespeare's plays is being issued by Mr. Arthur E. Baker, the borough librarian of Taunton. Mr. Baker is himself the compiler of this dictionary, which is issued in parts, each part dealing with a separate play and being complete in itself. The price ranges from 1s. 3d. to 2s., according to the size of the particular number. In addition to the dictionary proper, there is to each play an introductory synopsis, with notes on the origin of the story, if known, and in some cases appendices giving very full details of the source to which the dramatist turned for his plot. Many of the parts are already published, and a prospectus may be obtained on application to the author.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Tom McNaughton, who will have a prominent part in a new piece to be produced in London on Nov. 25, has not played in England for upwards of seven years.

The death of Carona Riccardo at Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 15, attracted little attention, yet she was once a favorite actress. About 12 years ago she left the stage when she married Chief Silver Tongue, an Indian, whom she met in vaudeville. She had been leading woman with Wilson Barrett and Robert Mantell. She made her first appearance on the stage in Daly's production of "The Great Ruby," playing Lady Garnett when Ada Rehan, who created the part, left the company.

Al Jolson will be seen and heard in January in a new musical piece, "Sinbad, the Sailor."

The London Times said of "Wild Heather," brought out in London at the Strand on Oct. 25: "Shall she marry the gentleman or the 'man' As the 'man' is a brawny labor leader who can quote Browning by the yard, while the gentleman is merely a bundle of nice manners, the issue, you say, cannot be doubtful. To be sure, there is the awkward circumstance that the lady is the 'man's' stepmother, and 'a man may not not marry his, etc.,' even when the first marriage was a mere death-bed affair or marriage blanc. But the experienced playgoer awaits with confidence a last-act revelation that the first marriage was informal, and he duly gets it. Miss Goodall is the lady, and Mr. Lyn Harding the man, and they do their best for what may be indulgently described as a remarkably naive play."

Decima Moore, pleasantly remembered here, is "the moving spirit" in the British Army and Navy Leave Club which has been opened at the Hotel Moderne, Paris.

The film rights of Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," have just been acquired by Messrs. Samuelson. The production will be all-British.

Lionel Tertis at a concert in London Oct. 24 played Bach's Chaconne for violin on the viola. "McEwen's Chaleur d' Ete' (but why not have called it 'Summer in Arran'—en Ecosse soyons Ecossais) lent a glamour to the afternoon, and a thing by Sinigaglia that sort of piquancy we enjoy when a Greek scholar of reputation sings a comic song or recites the introduction to the Portuguese grammar." Albert Sammons, violinist, was associated with Mr. Tertis in this concert.

Victor Benham gave an unusual piano recital in London Oct. 27. "He named the composer and you did the rest, so to speak. He named Chopin, and you asked for what you wanted." On Dec. 8 he will do the same thing to Schumann.

The famous Pas de Quatre danced in 1845 at Her Majesty's Opera House by Mme. Taglioni, Grisi, Cerito, and Grahn will be reproduced at the annual performance in aid of King George's pension fund on Dec. 14. "Four of the most celebrated dancers of our day will take part."

Los Angeles, Nov. 13—Futurists, impressionists and jazz bands and spectrics must retire before the new musical onslaught, for in this city a cult of modernists, led by Mrs. Ruth Deardorff-Shaw, has been discovered. Two concerts are to be staged soon. One is to be given by Mrs. Deardorff-Shaw for Leo Ornstein, the famous pianist, in which the audience will be made to feel color by hearing piano notes.

According to Mrs. Deardorff-Shaw, dead notes are white. By pedal work they can be intensified to varying color vibrations. They are far ahead of classic music, she declares, and in arriving at the original compositions, the modernists have ignored all rules of harmony and scales and go soulfully for the effect. If they wish to produce a royal purple scene and a law of harmony should interfere, they waive the law of harmony. The second event will be a perfume concert, to be given by Sadakichi Hartmann, just returned from Japan. He will give the audience the sensation of seeing pictures and smelling odors through the modernist music. The auditor does not see color, but feels it. When he hears certain piano renditions, he does not see red, he feels red. Other compositions make him feel purple or lavender or pink. Some of them make him feel blue.—New York World.

Is there a "hidden hand" in our musical life? Sometimes I think there must be. Recently I received a letter from a certain band master, apropos of my article last week, in which he says he entirely refused to play any of what he calls the "dug-outs" I referred to and endeavored to make his programs musically interesting at the seaside resort where his band was a standing order during the summer. At first, he says, all went well. But there came a time when, after playing his first six programs which contained new matter, he returned to his hotel to find a note from a fair dame who was in rhapsodies over the quality of the band. But she prayed for "The Rosary" as cornet solo. The request was accompanied by a box of excellent cigars! There was manifestly nothing for it but to play "The Rosary." My correspondent says that this kind of thing went on the whole season, during which he accumulated "considerably over 1000 cigars, cigarettes by the thousand, seven cigarette cases and one cigar case!" Ultimately he found that nearly all his colleagues in other places had been similarly treated. In spite of these "rewards" my correspondent thinks seriously that D. O. R. A. should be invoked to keep the "dug-outs" out of programs just now and for 10 years after the war!—London Daily Telegraph.

Today, after 27 annual seasons, the dinner hour concerts begin again in the City Temple Hall. Many thousands of workers have reason for gratitude to Mr. Walter Hazel, formerly M. P. for Leicester, for the happy idea of founding these concerts. In 50 minutes a delightful program of music is carried through, and the appreciation of the audience is proved by the large attendance. At these concerts many well known artists have appeared, including Mary Davies, Charles Saunders, Jessie Huddleston, Alexander Watson and others. Mr. Asquith once addressed the audience.—London Daily Chronicle.

Many a Sullivan-lover will note with interest that in the catalogue referred to is also set down the original MS. of a portion of the score of "Trial by Jury." Of Wagner autograph letters the sale will offer several for which there is sure to be some lively bidding. There is one, for instance, written from Tribschen (May 18, 1870) in French to a correspondent, who had apparently appealed to the composer for what Mr. Micawber would have called trifling temporary assistance. And in it he referred to himself as an artist without fortune "qui s'est voue a la retraite et vit dans un isolement complet pour terminer un oeuvre qui ne lui rapportera jamais rien." That work was the "Ring." A few months before, in the now more than ever historic year 1870, Wagner had written from Lucerne to M. Champfleury, apropos the latter's founding of a journal, "L'Imagerie Nouvelle," which appeared to him to be "a step toward one of his (Wagner's) favorite hopes—the fusion of the French and German spirits." Clearly the "Bayreuth master" was no seer.—London Daily Telegraph.

At a war charity matinee in London, Oct. 26, a topical interlude, entitled "Moonshine," by Louis N. Parker, was performed. "He contrived to bring together some 40 characters within the brief space of half an hour. This he accomplished by choosing the platform of the Piccadilly Tube on the occasion of a night raid for the action of his pleasant trifle. Duke and duchess, taxi-driver and flower-girl, leading actor and station-cleaner—you can imagine what a feast of fun a resourceful author like Mr. Parker managed to extract from so motley a crowd."

Emma Hutchison, for 29 years a manager and producer, died in London late in October at the age of 72. A sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, she produced plays of Jones, Carton, Pinero, Davies, Maugham in the provinces, and acted in her own companies until 10 years ago.

The second part of "King Henry IV" was acted at the Royal Victoria Theatre, London, the week beginning Oct. 29. It is seldom seen on the stage. It is said that in old days Garrick and Kemble were not effective as the King, but Macready succeeded in the revival on July 19, 1821, on the occasion of the coronation of George IV.

Eve Lavalliere, the celebrated Parisian actress, has become a nun.

The London Times said of Herbert Howell's Phantasy sonata for violin, produced Nov. 1, that it lacked clearness and certainty. "Every one knows what a sonata is; nobody knows what a phantasy is or ought to be, and the composer interpreted it on this occasion as fantasia, in the sense of a rambling and allusive style. This led to one or two joyous moments; but abstruse themes, an inadequately marked rhythm and the 'Liberty shades' of harmony which are just now in fashion do not by themselves, at any rate on a first hearing, offer any definite picture."

Marguerite Clark will return to the speaking stage in a musical comedy to be produced next February.

Richard Mansfield, Jr., took a part at short notice in "The Man That Stayed at Home" at Pittsburgh, Nov. 10.

The Dramatic Mirror says that Nance O'Neil has signed a preliminary agreement to go to Australia next June and appear in the Antipodes. "While there Miss O'Neil will act in an Australian production of 'The Wanderer,' which will be done on a scale not quite so elaborate as the big production now at the Metropolitan, as it will be played in ordinary theatres."

ROME, Nov. 19—Senator Count San Martino, president of the Lyceum of St. Cecilia, a leading musical institution of Rome, is arranging for a great concert entirely of music by American composers to be given at the famous Augusteum, erected originally by the Emperor Augustus as a mausoleum for himself and his family in the year 28 B. C. The building has now been transformed into a magnificent concert hall, where all the greatest composers of the world have been heard. Count San Martino's idea is that America also must show what she can do in music, while at the present moment a concert here representing her composers will be another way to show the close relation between the two countries. The count has asked the co-operation of Ambassador Page and Gorham Stevens Fine, director of the American Academy of Rome, in the scheme, the execution of which is awaited with general interest by the Italian public.—New York Times.

An Amateur Magician and His Manager

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

A magician who used to furnish the whole show has disappeared from the entertainment field. He is seen occasionally in an act at the variety theatre, but he is no longer monarch of all he surveys, as an exhibition of two hours' duration.

The first performer that I can recall in this line is Sig. Blitz, the wonder of my childhood. He was an adept in deceiving the sight and appeared at juvenile parties in the homes of our well-to-do citizens when domestic life in Boston was less sophisticated than it is today. He had a pleasant way with the youngsters in both his public and private efforts, and he had a troupe of intelligent canaries that enacted the death of Marshal Ney, with a feathered proficiency that was astounding to youthful eyes. It is over a half century since I saw him last, and even then more remarkable sleight-of-hand workers had come and gone—Anderson, who had appropriated the title given to Sir Walter Scott and called himself the "Wizard of the North"; McAllister, a fellow-countryman of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, and Herr Alexander, who apparently used to light a hundred candles by the discharge of a pistol in the days when we knew less of electricity than we do in these more illuminating times.

All the chums of my boyhood and early manhood were interested in legerdemain. One of my comrades, in his zeal for the art, purchased the outfit of a magician, who had gone to seed, and startled me by the announcement that he knew all the secrets of the original owner of the plant and intended to give public demonstrations of his skill. "Will you help me?" he asked, "by being my advance agent?" testing my friendship in this way. I could not resist his appeal, though I knew less of the tricks of the trade than blind men of Aurora, to steal a simile from Richard Lalor Shiel's "Evadne."

And first I was told I must write a preliminary announcement. This I did in the florid style which eclipsed in language all the circus posters I had ever read. Then I was requested to hire a hall for the opening performance, at some distance from home surroundings. I accepted this task, and armed with a bundle of posters, secured the needed place of exhibition, after assuring the

[illegible] the to[illegible] show would be a good [illegible] free from all immoral suggestion. "We have been taken in by so many of you travelin' fellers," he said, "that I hev my doubts about nearly the hull of ye, but I'll trust you on the strength of yer face. It looks honest." So far there was no hitch in our plans for the entertainment, and my fidus Achates complimented me on my maiden achievement as a business man, but, alas, when we arrived at our destination the night before the show, we found the porter of the hotel had neglected to post the bills that I had left with him and the sleepy old town was wholly ignorant of our coming. With some difficulty we secured a pail of paste and two brushes, and in the solemn watches of the night proceeded to decorate the walls of various sections of the town with announcements which set forth that one of the greatest miracle workers of the day was about to display his marvellous skill at the Town Hall. We went to bed at midnight with our garments apparently decorated with snowflakes that wouldn't melt, and which required in the morning several washbowls full of soap and water to obliterate. But our trials did not end there. When the paraphernalia for the performance arrived by express it was found totally disarranged, and many hours had to be spent in getting it into shape, so that, suppeless, by night we were entirely played out, as the saying goes, when the time for the beginning of the entertainment arrived. Contrary to our expectations the hall was crowded, and, acting as treasurer, I was much gratified at the receipts. I could not see what was going on in the place of performance, but from my station near the door I could hear the young wizard reciting the "patter" that I had written to accompany the exhibition, and could hear an occasional laugh at its humorous suggestions. But this appreciation did not last long, for soon I began to hear distinct murmurs of disapprobation that grew louder as the evening advanced, and culminated in the whole assembly rushing forth and demanding, one after the other, that their money be returned. The shrewd selectman, scenting trouble, had, however, before this secured the receipts for the rent of the hall, and I had little to give the disturbers except a few feeble excuses, which were met with the indignant exclamations, "Where's the rabbit that was to be pulled out of the bottle?" the poster had a wood cut, for advertising purposes which suggested such an act was to take place—"and where's the panorama?" The latter question referred to the word "myrlodrama," I had used in the grand-eloquent showbill without regard to its real meaning.

My friend the embryo magician had the theory of ledgerdemain by heart but, unfortunately, he was wofully deficient in practice, and nearly all of his performances were utter failures. To crown his misery, the confederate boy, who was hidden on a shelf of the performing table fell asleep before his services could be utilized. This was my first and last appearance as an advance agent. My chum regarded me with a severe visage as if I had been the cause of his disaster, and the wary selectman as he pocketed his cash, looked at me reproachfully and said: "Wall, I was never so disappointed in a man's looks before."

Hellier was the last of the magicians that I recall as giving the whole show. He performed at the hall at the corner of Chauncy and Summer streets where the Dudley Brothers once held sway. He was a clever pianist and might have been a better one, the late W. F. Apthorp was wont to say, if he possessed the patience to develop his natural talent. E. S. P. Hingston was his advance agent, and he was a singularly efficient one. He afterwards acted in a like capacity for Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) at the time of his death in England, and there were fabulous stories of Hingston's mismanagement of the humorist's estate. Browne, like Harold Skimpole, was a mere child in money matters, and with unconscious humor left provisions in his will for the distribution of property that had no substantial existence. He made money easily during his brief career as a lecturer and writer, and it went as freely as it came. He won favor by his spontaneous originality, and, bounding from the compositor's case with a "hoop-la," he made the world happier by his verbal antics which were really confined to a somewhat narrow ring. He was a magician, who did not have to labor and to wait.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

We well remember Signor Blitz and his trained canaries, when they all were performing in New York in 1865. The place was originally Hope Chapel, once a church and then let for panoramas, lectures, etc. Dion Boucicault gave his "literary soirees" there in 1853. The place was afterwards called Donaldson's Opera House, afterwards the Academy of Minstrels. Lola Montez lectured before it became the Broadway Academy of Music. When we saw Signor Blitz the house was called the Theatre Comique, not to be confounded with the Theatre Comique made famous by the Worrell sisters, Heanlon brothers, Harrigan and Hart. When Blitz was lessee he called the hall after his name. Was not Blitz the father of Jennie Van Zandt, the opera singer, whose daughter Marie sang here at Mechanics building as Lakme—she created the part at the Opera Comique in Paris—and Zerlina? As for Heller, his real name was Robert Palmer. Mr. Apthorp might have spoken more warmly about his piano playing. Palmer, born at Canterbury, Eng., in 1833, studied music, and when he was 14 won a scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, London. Fascinated by the performances of Robert Houdin, he dropped music to become a magician, and he came to the United States in September, 1852. Some say that he made his first appearance in New York at the Chinese Gardens as a Frenchman; others, that his first appearance was at the Museum, Albany, N. Y. He met with no success, and he then went to Washington, D. C., where he taught the piano and served as a church organist. He married one of his pupils, Miss Kleckhoffer, the daughter of a rich banker, and at once went back to magic. In New York (1865) he opened Heller's Hall—he called it Heller's Salon Diabolique—and was eminently successful. He then went to London, opened Pogle's Theatre, and he came back to New York in 1875. He had given exhibitions of his skill in Australia and India. He died at Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1878. His name stands very high in the list of magicians. His tricks of "second sight" for a long time perplexed the most skillful of his colleagues. And he was one of the first to use electricity as a confederate. In his will he instructed his executors to destroy all his apparatus. For a long and interesting explanation of his "second sight" trick, see "Magic," by A. A. Hopkins (Munn & Co., New York, 1897). Heller was the first to play Beethoven's fourth and fifth piano concertos in Boston (1854).—Ed.

The Passing of the Old-Time Stage Lover

It is the lamentation of Minnie Gale Haynes from the wings of the stage wherein she is playing "A Tailor-Made-Man" that the stage lover of today is a memory. She mourns the absence of the knighthood of the stage of the past. No more does she find the palpitating heart, the anxious look, the anticipated sigh. They have given away to "the sordid rule of rote; the Lochinvar has given away to the aviator; the dashing steed to the auto; the gay color of romance is dimmed by the cold gray of conventionality. Love-making today is a commercial proposition void of any sentimental, romantic or spectacular embellishments."

She misses the old-time utterances, such as "Gadzooks," "Odd's Fish" and "Hell's Bells." In their place she hears, "Oh, pshaw," "Scissors" and "Piffle." The side arms of the cavalries are replaced by walking canes, and the pick of the mandolin is smoked out by cigarettes. She puts it all up to the modern dramatists. They write no more with the impressionistic pen. The type machine has cut the life's blood from their brains and fingers. The spirit of Lothario has been boxed up and put away. It isn't even labelled. The crude today has pushed the ideals of yesterday off the chair.

Few stage lovers of today know how to hold a woman. Romeo acts as though the Juliet of the Balcony was about to say, "What are you giving us?" in lieu of sighing and asking, "Wherefore art thou?" The Fletchers, the Harry Montagues, Lester Wallacks and Kyrle Bellews and the Maurice Barrymores are a perished delights, which an American poet, Dr. Holland, who is forgiven, said was the deadest thing ever.

Well, we are not up on the subject as of yore, but Miss Haynes is not far out of her bearings. The why we do not know. It may be that the club life of the modern Romeos and Lotharios is the fly in the ointment. The atmosphere where Lambs gambol, where Elks graze and other like organizations frequented by the lovers of the profession are not productive of alacks and alases and sighs. It may be that the Juliets are not as real as they look. Even stage lovers in these our times have to be lured by something more than make-ups. But the situation does not necessarily hark back to the playwright. He may not make the lines a lover ought to speak, but if the "lover" has the right sort of stuff he can rectify all that. It isn't what a man says, anyway, that counts. It is the way he acts, on the stage or off. Nevertheless, we vote with Miss Haynes on the main question.—Dramatic Mirror.

MRS. HUNT GIVES RECITAL UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt, mezzo-contralto, assisted by Isadore Luckstone, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program included songs by Buonolni, Vuillermoz, Poldowski, Fourdrain, Albeniz, Crist and other composers.

The singer was evidently suffering from a severe cold. Under the circumstances and the resulting vocal difficulties her performance did not invite minute discussion. Mrs. Hunt's capable and intelligent singing is well known in this city.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto, and Vladimir Dubinsky, violoncellist. See special notice.

Monday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by the Societe des Instruments Anciens (Messrs. Hewitt, Casadesus, Hasselmans, Devilliers and Mme. L. Henri Casadesus), and Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano. Instrumental music: Destouches, Le Pays du Tendre—Cortege Gavotte, Billet doux, Menuet Quatuor; Francoeur, Sonatine en Trio; Asioli, Concert for viole d'amour—Potacca, Menuetto, Andante, Rondo; Mousigny, Ballet de la Royne—Pastorale, Passepied, Chaconne, Branle. Songs: G. Faure, Apres un Reve; Laparra, Des pas de sabots; Franck, La Procession; Debussy, L'Echelonnement des Haies; Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; Fairchild, A Memory; Rachmaninoff, Souvenance; Koechlin, Le The.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Boston Symphony Brass Quartet (Simone Belgiorno, trombone and director; Giovanni Nappi, trumpet; Bruno Jaenicke, horn; Leroy Kenfield, euphonium). Verdi, Overture to "Nabocodonosor"; Ragone, "Easterday"; Chopin, Ballade in G minor for piano, Martha Baird; Demerssemau, Introduction and Polonaise, Mr. Belgiorno; Sullivan, The Lost Chord, quartet and piano. Piano solos: Albeniz, Cadiz; Debussy, Poissons d'or; Bortkiewicz, Two Etudes, Miss Baird; Verdi, quartet from "Rigoletto."

Thursday—Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert by Mme. Melba. See special notice.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. John Kendrick Bangs will deliver his lecture, "We, I's and Co." The Meistersingers, made up of three male quartets, will sing the Soldiers Chorus from "Faust," Songs of Long Ago, the Barcarole from "Tales of Hoffman," "The Road to Mandelay," "The Rosary" and Kreisler's Prayer of Thanksgiving. Solos by Harold S. Tripp and A. Cameron Steele. Mr Bangs's lecture will occupy the second half of the program.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Samuel Gardner. Tartini, Fugue in A major; Bach-Nachez, Concerto, G minor (with piano and organ); Paganini-Wilhelmj, Concerto, D major; Couperin-Kreisler, Andante Provencale; Schubert-Kreisler, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde", Zsolt, Valse Caprice; Gliere, Romance; Arbos, Tango. Emil Newman, pianist; Hopier Humphrey, organist.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr Muck, conductor. See special notice.

[illegible] 1917

We have received from a tobacco manufacturer in Tampa, Fla., a printed invitation to purchase cigars of him. Mark the confidential and flowery opening:

"When your plate, piled high with Thanksgiving Turkey, gravy dressing and cranberries, has been reduced once more to the bare porcelain your hand instinctively crawls vest-pocket high—for 'tis then that the aromatic weed fills the world with contentment. After that soul-filling dinner what matters—if there is a clear Havana to 'blind in sleep the captured sentinels of care and grief'? A ——— made-in-bond, smoked only by the Royal Court of Spain and by that Prince of Good Taste, the American Clubman, awaits you."

Only the "most exclusive" clubs of America and the Court of Spain "enjoy its most delightful aromatic flavor and nutty bouquet." Nutty cigars for the nuts! Here comes the strictly personal and flattering touch: "And because of this, Mr Cuesta has asked me to market this cigar solely to America'a prominent men, the greatest known connoisseurs of Havana Tobacco. Therefore I come to you with an offer," etc. The rest of the circular is grossly commercial.

"When your plate, piled high with Thanksgiving turkey." Are you aware, sir, that in Boston turkey is selling at 55 cents a pound? Our plate will not be piled high with turkey: we shall go turkeyless. Yet there are misguided souls who, believing that Thanksgiving Day without turkey is not Thanksgiving Day, will pay the price, and be extravagant at a time when there should be strict economy in the household. Others will purchase turkey at the price because it is high—the price, not necessarily the turkey—simply to show that they have money to throw about as the prodigal son, now in the theatre, scatters shekels nightly and at the customary matinees.

It is not necessary to discuss the merits or the failings of the bird itself. In boyhood the glory of turkey was undisputed. The boy had been brought up to believe in it. Possibly there was a pre-natal influence. If he had been asked in Sunday school: "What are turkeys for?" he would have shouted: "Thanksgiving!" To be thankful, it is not necessary to stuff oneself on turkey at 55 cents a pound. Hymns of thanksgiving can be sung over a plate of bread and molasses, or over creamed codfish mixed skilfully in due proportion with baked potatoes.

In London they have been holding exhibitions and demonstrations of "patriotic Christmas cookery," of Christmas dishes from which sugar and dried fruits were absent. Christmas to the Englishman means plum pudding. Here is the recipe for a pudding that will satisfy six persons and cost about 7 cents a head.

4 ounces flour	1
4 ounces soaked bread	¾
4 ounces chopped suet	6¼
½ teaspoonful salt	
1 dessertspoonful mixed spice	½
2 ounces Sultanas	2¼
4 ounces mixed peel	2
½ pound apples	1½
2 ounces grated carrot	¼
1 egg (dried)	1¾
½ gill milk	½
2 ounces treacle	1½
Grated rind and juice of lemon	½
Total	18¾

An Appreciation.

As the World Wags:

The followers of your column are a lot of weird old fogies who write the dreariest sort of piffle. I suppose you like it, at that, or you wouldn't print it. For that matter I'm more or less of an ass to read it. ROBERT M. AHN.

Boston.

Yes, yes; but we like old fogies. We shall soon be one of them. Even now we are looking forward to a basin of gruel for supper, an hour or two with our feet in a tub of hot water, and then to bed. Mr. Ahn is probably young and hot blooded, using "shall" and "will" indifferently, "claiming" everything not interested in ox-teamers' language, waugan, Dr. Crocker's exploits, or Mr. Herkimer Johnson's sociological researches. We urge him to consider the blessings of old age. Let him read Cicero's "De Senectute"; but first of all the essay by Mr. Thackeray "On the Pleasures of Being a Fogy." He may at last become a valued contributor to this column, curious about Hannah Cook, asking whether Harry Bloodgood, the Negro minstrel, was the inventor of certain smoking-room limericks.—Ed.

"Xenes" and Hannah Cook.

As the World Wags:

If "Xenes" of Chestnut Hill will write to Wakefield, R. I., for a copy of the Narragansett Times of Feb. 19, 1915, he will find a long article by Edmund Lyons, which will answer his inquiry about the phrase: "Doesn't amount to Hannah Cook." X. X. X.

"Shall" and "Will."

As the World Wags:

I agree with "Old Fogy" in his use of the auxiliaries "shall" and "will" and "had." My old master, James A. Page of the "old Dwight" was very particular in the use of those words and the dividing of the verb and its auxiliary, first person—"Shall predicts and will determines"; second and third persons—"Will predicts and shall determines." I think the return post card of the "State street magnate" was incorrect, grammatically, inasmuch as it was not a promise or a determination to accept the invitation to attend, but simply a prediction that he would attend and bring—guests.

If he had been asked directly "Will you attend?" his answer should have been "I will atend and bring guests," expressing a determination or promise. As to "had," Kellogg says: "Had is preferred in the present infinitive," and he is considered an authority in school work. Prof. Lounsbury, late of Yale, said something to the same effect, in one of his articles in the Century magazine. I have forgotten his exact words.

The old rule, a verb and its auxiliary never should be separated, seems to be obsolete according to the writers and speakers of the present day, although I will say that two or three of the reporters on the Herald and Journal almost invariably use the words correctly. E. A. HASKELL.

Windham, N. H.

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

Excellent in Simple Songs with Emotional Appeal.

Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, assisted by Vladimir Dubinsky, cellist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Edith Evans was the accompanist.

There was a large audience. Many stood, and some sat upon the stage.

Passing years have taken their toll of Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice. Her lower notes have lost their color and sonority, but the middle tones are still full and expressive, the upper ones sweet.

Yesterday Mme. Schumann-Heink excelled in the performance of simple songs with a direct emotional appeal. These included Gertrude Ross's "Dawn in the Desert," Mary Turner Salter's "Cry of Rachel," Landon Ronald's "Down in the Forest," and MacFadden's "Cradle Song." There were other timely numbers by Rogers, Weatherly and Speaks. The audience, moved by the singer's fervor and sincerity, was enthusiastic.

Mr. Dubinsky, a pleasing but not remarkable violoncellist from Russia, played Boellman's Variations Symphoniques op. 23, Glazonnoff's Chant du Menestrel and Davidoff's "At the Fountain."

Next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock the admirable performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, directed by Dr Karl Muck, will be repeated. Seats are on sale today.

Nov [illegible] 1917

"The Melting of Molly" Has for Theme Disadvantage of Being Fat.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance of "The Melting of Molly," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Maria Thompson Daviess, based on her novel of the same name. Produced at Atlantic City Oct. 31, 1916, rewritten at New Haven, Ct., April 2?, 1917; at Albany, N. Y., Nov 19, 1917.

Mrs. Carter	Maude Turner Gordon
Dorothy Carter	Evelyn Duncan
Judy	Nellie Fillmore
Molly Carter	Alma Tell
Tom Pollard	Freeman Wood
Ethel Morgan	Gladys Wilson
Judge Wade	Harry Davenport
Dr. Moore	James L. Crane
Ruth Chester	Jeanette Horton
Alfred Bennett	George F. Trimble

We have not read the novel. It is said that it has had many readers. Whether the comedy follows it closely or differs in certain respects is immaterial. The comedy is really a long-winded farce, glaring improbabilities are to be excused, or even welcomed, if they in any way present a topsy-turvy view of life and thus surprise one into laughter.

The comedy, for by this name the piece is billed, has for its theme the disadvantage of being fat. The heroine, for Molly is, indeed, a heroine, reduces her weight in order to be ready as the bride of a man whom she has not seen for years. He was her girlish ideal. She was then sylph like. He was then without money; he is now rich and powerful. As her family is poor but aristocratic—ah, these aristocrats in American comedies!—Molly must marry Alfred, for he still loves her. She has a certain time in which to reduce her waist measure. A physician, taken into her home as a "remunerative guest"—the genteel English boarding house keeper calls her boarders, or lodgers with breakfast, paying guests—prescribes a diet and names her exercises. He loves her at first sight, but bound by the oath of Hippocrates he is faithful to his profession, and loves in silence.

Alfred comes to New York on an English man-of-war on some mysterious mission. He is not allowed to land. Molly marries him by proxy; the proxy is the physician. Here we should have to consult treatises on the domestic relations, also the New York code, statutes and leading cases, to write authoritatively about the reasonableness and the legality of Dr. Moore's conduct. Alfred suddenly appears at the wedding supper. Here comes the surprise, the chief point of the play. To tell what the surprise is would be to spoil the pleasure of those who may go to the Plymouth. It is enough to say that Alfred's relation of the comparative merits of European cities is the most amusing episode in the comedy. Nor shall we tell what becomes of Molly, or wonder whether Miss Chester, the newspaper woman, finally fattened from Alfred's gastronomical example.

Now jokes about fat persons are enjoyed by the thin, but still more by the fat. A man that squints or limps sees nothing amusing in remarks about his personal appearance; but, through a beneficent providence, a very fat man glories in his girth; he even calls attention to it. Here the dramatist is on safe ground, surer than she is in dramatic construction, or in delineation of character, or in briskness of natural dialogue. For the comedy as a play is very amateurish.

And what would it be without Miss Alma Tell who, although not a well-schooled actress, has a charming personality, and a happy faculty of putting her lines over the footlights? Miss Tell is the play, though Mr. Trimble evidently has a sense of humor and presents a type and not merely a caricature. In a more conventional way Miss Fllmore was amusing as the fat Negro servant. Mr. Crane was a quiet and determined physician.

But what if Alfred had seen Molly as she was when the curtain went up? Would he really have been shocked? He might have welcomed her as a sympathetic table-mate.

A large audience laughed heartily.

SOCIETE DES INSTRUMENTS ANCIENS GIVES CONCERT

Parisians Use Harp-Lute in Excellent Afternoon Program in Jordan Hall.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Societe des Instruments Anciens (of Paris)—Maurice Hewitt, quinton; Henri Casadesus, viole d'amour; Louis Hasselmans, viole de gambe; Maurice Devilliers, basse de viole; Mme. Henri Casadesus, harp-lute—gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Destouches, Le Pays Du Tendre quartet of viols and harp-lute; Francoeur, Sonatine en trio for quinton, viole d'amour and harp-lute; Nicoley, quartet for viols; Asioli, concerto in A major for viole d'amour; Monsigny, Ballet de la Royne for quartet of viols and harp-lute.

It is pleasant to know that some of the eighteenth century composers of carelessly gay and tenderly melancholy music led adventurous lives. Take Andre Cardinal Destouches, for example. He was at first a musketeer. A young man, he went to Siam with a priest, who made him promise that he would become a Jesuit. This promise he easily forgot on his return to Paris, preferring a soldier's life. This he abandoned to study music. When his first opera, "Isse," was produced he was obliged to call in another musician to score it for him. Yet it pleased Louis XIV. greatly; so he graciously said to Destouches that he was the only one who had not made him regret the death of Lulli, and he gave him 200 louis. It is said that as he became more skilful in composition, his inspiration cooled.

Last season the admirable Society included a clavecin among its instruments. This year a harp-lute took its place. Was one ever played here before in public? We doubt it. The instrument, resurrected by Edward Light of London at the close of the 18th century, was practically a revival of the ancient rote, but the one used yesterday was of a far different shape, resembling a small harp, that might be put on the knees, rather than a form of lute-guitar. Ventura bettered Light's invention. Then one Pfeiffer about 1830 made another improvement and called his instrument the "harpe dital."

The harp played yesterday is less acid in tone than the clavecin, less "prickly," if the word may be allowed. It gave distinction to ordinary figures and passages and added greatly to the charm of the ensemble. It is hardly necessary to speak again of the supreme art of these players; their exquisite sense of proportion; their command of delicate nuances; their perfect musicianship. The music played by them suggested the pictures of Watteau, Fragouard, Boucher, music to which noble dames at the Trianon might have fluttered their painted fans and sighed in answer to their wooers; music to which the gods and goddesses of the royal ballet might have danced in formal costumes. But in the Andante of Asioli there was a deeper note.

MAUDE EARLE HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Feature Acts Also Include "In the Dark," a Mystery Melodrama with Unusual Finale.

Maude Earle and company is the headline feature this week at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Miss Earle's act is first of all entertaining in the manner of its presentation. Under the title of "The Vocal Verdict" she presents a singing act that is far removed from the conventional vocal acts of contemporaneous vaudeville. Besides this the act is dressed in keeping with the fantastic atmosphere of the piece, and there is a certain relevancy in the general scheme of things.

She essayed several styles of song. There was the florid operatic aria, the Irish ballad, a cadenza and a song of the popular style. In all of these she differentiated nicely and sang each with fine regard for the intention of the text. She was especially in the vein in the aria from "La Traviata." There was an excellent opportunity to show her skill at coloring, her staccati notes were well defined and without any suggestion of raggedness, and there was wonder at the complacency she displayed in trilling. There were many changes of costume to suit this or that song, not the least interesting being her last one that afforded an opportunity to view her physical charms. Miss Earle was assisted by Langdon Gillett, who as both judge and jester, scored by his diction and poise. The act is in two scenes and a prologue. Charles Barton conducted.

A most interesting feature of this week's bill is a melodramatic mystery sketch, "In the Dark." The piece is ingeniously contrived. There is plenty of action; the dialogue is of the sure-fire variety, and there are many twists and turns to the piece that fasten the onlookers' attention, first on this member of the cast, then on another; and with each succeeding shift there is increased interest. The piece is not only well worth seeing, but its termination should not be made public lest the pleasure of future audiences be spoiled. All the performers were excellent in their respective roles.

Other acts on the bill were Morton and Glass, who have slightly revised their act of other days; the Three Jahns, European equilibrists; Milt Collins, in a monologue both timely and pertinent; Florenze Tempest, in a singing act, assisted by George Harris at the piano; Le Maire and Gallagher, in a military burlesque that provided many laughs; John Ford and Vera Houghton, in songs and dances, and the Littlejohns, in a juggling act.

It seems to you a matter of vast interest at one time of your life whether you shall be a lieutenant or a colonel—whether you shall or shall not be invited to the Duchess's party—whether you shall get the place you and a hundred other competitors are trying for—whether Miss will have you or not: What the deuce does it all matter a few years afterwards? Do you, Jones, mean to intimate a desire that History should occupy herself with your paltry personality? . . . These things appear as nought—when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the gray calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!

Cats and Authors.

As the World Wags:

Both the opponents and the defenders of cats are right; for the cat is the Jekyll-Hyde of the animal kingdom. No matter how dainty and winsome she may be, "this is," in Lord Chesterfield's phrase, "a different world after 10 o'clock" so far as she is concerned. Then primitive instincts gain control, and with an atavistic leap Tabby becomes once more a denizen of the jungle. Yet I, for my part, can stand caterwauling as but a slight ruffling of nocturnal serenity, to be cured, like a toothache, by a vigorous application of cold water; if the dog has his day, why shouldn't the cat have her night? One of my main reasons for liking the cat comes from the contemplation of her graceful figure purring its way through the pages of English literature from earliest times.

Back in the 13th century, Radph Poor, in turn the bishop of Chichester, Salisbury and Durham, gave some interesting advice to three sisters who had become nuns. In the "Ancren Riwle" or "Rule of Nuns," as his book is called, he says: "Ye, my beloved sisters, should have no beast except one cat." And why? "An anchoress ought to have nothing that draws her heart outward." A delicate tribute, that, to the sweetly ingratiating temperament of cats! At the same time we get a charming picture in our mind's eye of these three other-worldly ladies in their convent so long ago.

We owe to the cat, perhaps, the finest sketch of a 16th century interior that has come down to us, in "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the first English comedies. The play is noteworthy for preserving that good old drinking son:

> "Back and side, go bare, go bare,
> Both foot and hand go cold;
> But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
> Whether it be new or old."

And if ever you want material for an essay on oaths, you will find it a storehouse of strange blasphemy. The "initial impulse," to speak technically, is furnished by Gib, Gammer Gurton's old cat. As Gammer was patching her son Hodge's breeches, she spied Gib over head and ears in the milk-pan, and in lunging at her with her staff she lost her needle, her "fayre long strayght neele." This certainly was a catastrophe in the days when needles were laboriously made by hand. Hodge started to help find the missing tool. By this time Gib had returned to the house and was crouching in the dead ashes in the fireplace. Hodge, raking about to find a spark at which to light the candle, at last thought he saw two sparks in a corner. "Puff!" quoth Hodge, as he blew on the supposed blaze. At that Gib shut her eyes and the fire was out. Repeated blowing set Gib to winking at such a rate that the poor boy concluded the fire was bewitched. The truth was revealed when Gib in a panic darted up the stairs with Hodge in full pursuit.

Shakespeare was observant of feline ways as of all other matters of human concern. He has indirectly preserved two ancient bits of folk lore on this subject, the proverbs that "Good liquor will make a cat speak" and "The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet." The latter reminds us of Gray's witty poem on "pensive Selina," who wet her feet with fatal consequences. In "Romeo and Juliet" Shakespeare mentions the superstition that the cat has nine lives, a belief that lends additional point to the saying in "Much Ado" that "Care killed a cat." There are references, also, to the peculiar effect cats have on some people. Bertram, in "All's Well," says he could endure anything but a cat, and Shylock notes that "Some are mad if they behold a cat." Yet it is Shylock himself who uses the pattest adjectives ever applied to the animal, "a harmless, necessary cat."

Boswell was one of those who could not endure cats, and he was especially annoyed by Dr. Johnson's cat, from which he could not escape. One passage, revealing so much both of the Great Cham and of his biographer as well, is worth quoting verbatim: "I shall never forget the indulgence with which he treated Hodge, his cat; for whom he himself used to go out and buy oysters, lest the servants, having that trouble, should take a dislike to the poor creature. I am, unluckily, one of those who have an antipathy to a cat, so that I am uneasy when in the room with one; and I own I frequently suffered a good deal from the presence of this same Hodge. I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back, and pulled him by the tail; and when I observed he was a fine cat, saying, 'Why, yes, sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this'; and then as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, adding, 'But he is a very fine cat, a very fine cat indeed.' "

Johnson's successor in Shakespearean scholarship, the late Dr. Furness, confessed that he could not work without having his big black cat somewhere about the library. It seems to me that John Fiske had a similar weakness, but of this I shall not be too sure. Certain it is that William Butler Yeats likes cats; and he has remarked with a fine touch of natural observation, "There is a time at twilight when all cats are grey and all men are handsome."

Some may recall that Baudelaire and Maupassant and Flaubert admired cats, but to my mind these French animals were green-eyed monsters. I prefer to think of the home-loving English cat blinking comfortably by an English fireside. Her counterpart I find in the "adorable," soft-furred Maltese who leaps up from the hearth into Chloe's lap and snuggles into the warm hollow of her arms. For Chloe, like the tenderly human anchoresses of seven centuries ago and, like the great-hearted Dr. Johnson, Chloe loves cats. And what need I say more?

ACADEME.

Cambridge.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY QUARTET GIVES CONCERT

Begins Program with "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Boston Symphony Quartet, Simone Belgiorno, trombone and director; Bruno Jaenicke, horn; Geovanni Nappi, trumpet, and Leroy Kenfield, euphonium, gave its first concert in Boston last evening at Steinert Hall. Miss Martha Baird, pianist, was the assisting artist. Arthur Fiedler was the accompanist.

The quartet played the coronation march from Meyerbeer's "The Prophet"; a potpourri from Flontow's "Martha"; Sullivan's "Lost Chord" and the quartet from Verdi's "Rigoletto." Miss Baird's pieces were Chopin's Ballade in G minor, Albeniz's Cadiz, Debussy's Poissons d'Or and two etudes by Borklewicz. Mr. Belgiorno appeared as soloist in Demersseman's Introduction and Polonaise.

The combination of instruments was unusual and interesting. Each player is a highly trained musician. Miss Baird, whose youthful talent and proficiency has been lately praised, lent variety to the program. The concert began with "The Star Spangled Banner."

Nov 26 1917

Thackeray in an essay entitled "On a Lady in Our Opera Box" described a stout, good-humored woman seen by him at a concert in the Paris Conservatoire Hall: "Whom, were you to meet her at Timbuctoo, or in the Seraglio of the Grand Sultan amongst a bevy of beauties collected from all the countries of the earth, one would instantly know to be a British female. • • • We have our British Lion; we have our Britannia ruling the waves; we have our British female—the most respectable, the most remarkable of the women of this world."

Surely Thackeray did not here use the word "female" in an obnoxious sense.

Mme. Alexander-Marius writes to us with reference to the remark that Yvette Guilbert is said to have made: The word "female" applied to a woman is vulgar, shocking, abominable. Mme. Alexander-Marius says: "I think I can give you an explanation of how Yvette feels about the word 'female.' She translates the English word without realizing that the meaning we give to the word 'female' in French, when applied to a woman, does not exist in English. In French the word 'femelle' applies only to the animals of all sorts whose function in life is to reproduce—la femelle due chien. When applied to a woman, it is an insult in French, because it means the woman is nothing but the human animal whose function is to reproduce the species. You have the word 'bitch' or 'slut' for animals, although you also use the word 'female,' but in French 'female' applied to a woman means really slut, or the female of any other animal. When a woman or man wishes to insult a woman he also calls her 'vache.' Of course, 'cow' means nothing in itself, but it simply carries the same idea as 'femelle,' the woman devoid of finer instincts and high intelligence. That is why Guilbert made the remark, not knowing that the English word 'female,' although the translation of the French 'femelle' does not carry with it the spirit of degradation which it does in French. Someone ought to tell her."

Littre speaks of "femelle" as employed in genealogies; also as a term of disparagement: "Une adroite femelle." French workmen, according to Delvau, speak of their wives as "femelles," for they consider themselves as "males" and not as "hommes." When Clement Marot addressed his mistress the little

mstress, he began: "Incontinent, d[illegible]s-alle femelle."

[illegible]n English as in French, the first [illegible]aning of "female" is in "express or [illegible]onsciously implied antithesis with [illegible]ale." We doubt if the word was ever [illegible]sed to reflect on the moral character of the woman to whom it was applied, though it may bear with it a contempt-[illegible] application.

Forest Dialect.

As the World Wags:

I was interested to note your comment of Nov. 23, relative to the woods dialect mentioned in the letters of "Saint" and "Captain Brassbound." As I was reared in the lumber industry, I venture to offer a few defintions:

"Hovel," in the nomenclature of Sprucedom, means a stable. A "dingle" is a shed, partially or wholly closed, built against one end of the camp. There is usually a "dingle" across the back end of the cook-camp for the storage of supplies.

A "dingle," open on one side, sometimes adorns the front of the bunk-camp, or roofs over the space between that and the "Cook's Castle." It usually shelters several grindstones for the axes of the choppers and swampers, also, a litter of snub-ropes, tail-chains and half-shaved handles of peaveys and axes. Your old-timer makes his own handles. He scorns the turned product as being only fit for Polacks and "Boston bulls." On Sundays the "dingle" is his workshop.

The editor's description of a "deacon seat" is substantially correct, except that not all settees are honored by that title. In camp parlance, it means only those that flank each side of the huge box stove in the bunk-camp.

The books of many writers offer a vast store of misinformation as to the ways and words of the lumberjack. Stewart Edward White is fairly accurate; but the one writer on this subject, known to me, whose work portrays the life of camp and drive, woods and wangan, true in every detail, is Holman Day. Even his bits of humorous exaggeration are in themselves the true expression of the spirit of the red-shirts. His books of verse bring, to one who knows, the spicy odor of fresh-cut spruce; a whiff of appetizing steam from the "bean hole" as it surrenders its inimitable product; the reek of home-cured tobacco brought from the hovel-lofts of northern Quebec; and last, but not least, the never-to-be-forgotten "perfume" from scores of "Pensooper's" socks and leggings strung in festoons from a maze of wires over the box stove and along the stovepipe at night to dry.

Boston. THE SCALER.

English Progress.

The Crimean war popularized beards and gave us the cigarette; the present war is sowing seeds whose fruits we shall recognize later. But the adoption by the Y. M. C. A. of the word "hustle," in its American sense, in respect of their new campaign, sets a sort of imprimatur upon a word which in this country has until now been uncomplimentary in intent. An American hustler is one who gets things done or does them, but in England the term has hitherto characterized pickpockets or other people who use violence and all ungentleness in pursuit of their object.—London Daily Chronicle.

Nov 29 1917

The poem for the day is:

THE CADGER BALL.

What a spicy flare up, tear up,
Festival topsicaree
Was held by the genteel Cadgers
In that famous Rookeree.
As soon as it got wind however,
That old St. Giles was to fall
Swolp me, bob, swelp their never
They'd wind it up with a stunning ball.

Chorus:
Turullladdy, etc.

The nigh[illegible] arrived for trotter-shaking
At Mother Swankey's snoozing crib
[illegible] downey Lodger was seen taking
His piece of muslin, or his rib.
Old Mother Swankey, she consented
To lend her dossing house for nix.
Says she, the crib comes down tomorrow.
So go it, just like beans and bricks.

The first arrival was old Joe Colburn,
Who [illegible]es his fits to nature's chuff
And Jim that's blind each day in Holborn
He saw his way there clear enough.
There was Limpy Ned, who brought his Duchess,
At home he'd left his wooden pegs.
And Jack that cadges it on crutches
Was the nimblest covey on his legs.

[illegible] candles were stuck in two turnips
[illegible]pended from the ceiling queer
"B[illegible]rus blazing triumphs" was all pickles
To this vegetable chandelier

This is as far as the memory of my friend runs, though he says there is more of it, and of a very racy character. Henley could have worked this old ballad up in fine shape.

The correspondent who objected to calling "My Johnny has gone for a soldier" a "Come all ye" was as hot-tempered and as unreasonable as Capt. MacMorris in "Henry the Fifth." He was a good type of the only Irishman that Shakespeare ever drew.

Westminster. S. HARROCKS.

Mr Harrocks will find "The Cadger's Ball" in John S. Farmer's "Musa Pedestris" (London, 1896). There are 10 verses. The first as given by Farmer begins:

Oh, what a spicy flare-up, tear-up
Festival Terp[illegible]kery,
Was gav'd by the genteel cadgers
In the famous Rookery

His second verse is a com[illegible]d of the second and third of the original. We quote the 9th verse:

Next came the P[illegible]s de Fascination
Betwixt Peg Price and Dum[illegible]y Dick—
But P[illegible] had sich a corporation,
He dropp'd her like a red hot brick.
The company was so enraptur'd
They buckets of vall flowers threw—
But one chap flung a bunch of turnips,
Which nearly split Dick's nut in two
Tol, lol, lol, etc.

The song was published in John Labern's "Popular Comic Song Book" in 1852. As it is curious and not familiar we shall publish it next Sunday.—(Ed.)

A Difference.

As the World Wags:

I suppose I differ from your "Intermittent Reader" in looks; but I know I differ with him in opinion.

Boston. W. E. R.

Buttons.

As the World Wags:

Assuming the correctness of statement by the distinguished Scottish inquirer as to the source of the invariable rule that men's coats button to the right, women's to the left:

(1) Years ago, I could have answered glibly: Many a mediaeval ancestor needed to have his sword-arm free for his weapon hand; the woman could use either hand and so used the stronger one. (2) Later for me but earlier historically, it seemed that as the most ancient Romans and other races regarded the left as the auspicious side, so they moved their garments, as they passed each other on the street, to the left for magical reasons (see American Journal of Archaeology, XXI, 1917, p. 201). When the orientation of the Greeks, etc., was subsequently adopted, the women (as one of the three most conservative classes of mankind) refused to follow, but continued to prefer the leftward direction in each instance. (3) Still later and earlier, it appeared evident that the difference in direction was allied to the kinds of Swastika cross; women preferred the one pointing to the left (widdershins, female, unlucky so-called now) while men chose the masculine, diesal lucky cross, and the respective directions were followed in many things, including clothing. (4) Evidence that the difference is physiological and not due to feminine whimsies, is that of a neolithic burial ground where, of the many afflicted with rheumatism, those showing lesion on the right were male, on the left, female. (5) Infinitely earlier evidence is typified in the human embryo of today; researches are under way by embryologists investigating why most of mankind are born right-handed, incidentally finding out why left is female but right male; till they have made their conclusions and reports, we are left in an unlimited field for conjecture, without enough fundamental facts to tie us down to the ring-bolt.

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

For Housewife.

Why should we not salt meat, so as to provide for a temporary shortage? Cold storage preserves fresh meat, but once taken out of the refrigerating chamber meat cannot be [illegible], and many tons of good beef and mutton [illegible] had in consequence. Our [illegible] who had no cold storage, [illegible] provided for the winter by killing and salting meat in October. And in those days they not only salted [illegible] beef and mutton [illegible]. Even now in the north of England beef or mutton ham may still be met with.—London Daily Chronicle.

Nov 30 1917

Here is another poem for the Boston Herald and Journal anthology, which, we regret to say, will not be published in time for Christmastide. The gifted author writes: "Now that I am a Wild Westerner of Pennsylvania, my Boston memories move me to song":

A LOWELL INSTITUTE LECTURE.

At the Lowell Institute
I sit still and look acute.
All about me I can see
Persons learned as may be.
Some are teachers, some are not;
All, at least, are college-taught.
Some take notes and some do not—
Dear! I wonder if I ought!
Ah, the learned lecturer,
Prophet and conjecturer,
Mounts upon that famous stage—
Proud, benevolent and sage.
Men in skull-caps steal about,
Close late-comers firmly out.
All the audience is hushed,
Levity suppressed and crushed.
Certain men look very wise,
Bound, they feel, to criticise.
But the ladies suavely smile
Toward the speaker all the while.

Where to turn I could not tell
When those words of wisdom fell.
If I rolled my orbs on high
Names of great men met my eye.
If I scanned the people near
I was filled with awe and fear.
Next me sat a brainy lad
Taking notes upon a pad,
Glasses pinched his Grecian nose;
He wore rather shabby clothes.
Here, I thought, is some young man
Of the Harvard College clan.
His may one day be a name
Which throughout the world has fame.
When at length the speaker said
"Q. E. D.," I clasped my head.
Out of all the lecture heard,
I'd not understood a word.
So I turned to the young man:
"Let me see your lecture plan.
Most professors talk so fast—
You, though, have it all amassed."
He, however, blushed and spoke:
"I wasn't list'nin' to that bloke!
I'm collectin' unpaid bills
For a man in Wellesley Hills.
This here is my balance book.
Come to dun a Back Bay crook.
Had some time before my train—
Slid in here out of the rain."

Meadville, Pa. RUTH MATHER.

A False Index.

Every book worth keeping should be provided with an index. This is true of novels, essays and even poems. "Sir Charles Grandison" was thus furnished; the index numbers 112 pages, from "Absence of Lovers, vol. III. p. 274. Promotive of a Cure for Love, VII, 226," to "Zeal, Religious Zeal, says Sir Charles Grandison, is too generally a fiery thing, VI, 207"; we refer to the edition of 1754 in seven volumes. What would not one give for an indexed edition of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Balzac! But an index may be sadly disappointing. Here is an instance. Looking over the index of "Anacalypsis," the monumental work of Godfrey Higgins, Esq., F. S. A., F. R. Asiat. Soc., F. R. Ast. S., of Skellow Grange, near Doncaster, we found this entry: "Smoking, what occupation or amusement is better than, 305." Aha! we exclaimed, here is a sage remark to throw in the face of any disciple of Father Trask, even though he be the redoubtable and indefatigable Dr. Pease himself. Turning to page '05, we read: "In the absence of every other kind of amusement or occupation, not filled by war or hunting, the art of making parables or riddles filled up the time of the rich in all nations. It was in itself very good; it injured no one; it kept people out of mischief, and it sharpened the intellect. It was better than smoking." Curses!!!

Nothing Doing in Dingle.

As the World Wags:

A reference in this column to the word "dingle" reminds me of the fact that there is a town in Ireland called Dingle. And thereby hangs a tale.

The late John E. Fitzgerald, once an alderman in Boston and prominent in national Democratic politics, came from there, having been literally shipwrecked into the United States by a marine disaster on the coast of Maine. He was rescued, and he landed without a dollar, but he had a fairly good education, acquired from the Christian Brothers at home, and he prospered here in Boston as a lawyer and in other ways, accumulating considerable property. He finally married a rich business woman in New York city, where he died many years ago.

After he had won fame as well as comparative wealth here, he thought it would be a pleasant thing to visit the scenes of his boyhood. So back he went to Dingle. He expected to be received with great honor on his native soil, but he was sadly disappointed; there was no public reception. In fact, the people hid themselves behind closed doors, evidently jealous of his success in the new country, and there was no one left in sight to do him honor. Even the parish priest, it was said, was not visible upon the arrival of the distinguished visitor, and there was nothing like the Chimes of Normandy to ding-dong for his home-coming. Sadly he returned to the land of his adoption, having disproved the adage: "Old friends are best."

Dorchester. BAIZE.

"Syntax," Claimant.

As the World Wags:

I see that W. B. C. closes his criticism of what he alleges to be my incorrect use of the word "claim" by asking for an explanation of the use of the word "shall" in the expression, "When future generations shall wander through the State House." His request for an explanation of that use of "shall" carries the implication that there is something solecistic in the use of the word in expressions of that kind. I claim, however, that there is nothing solecistic in the use of "shall" in such expressions. Goold Brown says that "the present tense of the subjunctive mood and that of the indicative when preceded by 'as soon as,' 'after,' 'before,' 'till' or 'when,' is generally used with reference to future time," and I am not disposed to dispute the accuracy of that statement, but Brown does not say that in such cases the present tense always is or always should be used in preference to the future, and I claim that, if one prefers to use the future tense in such cases he can do so without rendering himself justly chargeable with using a locution which violates the canons of good English. In the celebrated and oft-quoted peroration of Daniel Webster's reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina in the United States Senate in January, 1830, he used the expression, "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union." I suppose that W. B. C. would claim that in that expression Webster should have said "when my eyes are turned" (present tense) instead of "when my eyes shall be turned" (future tense), but I claim that in using the latter expression Webster did not use English which can properly be charged with being solecistic. SYNTAX.

Brookline.

A Distinction.

As the World Wags:

Is Yvette Guilbert right when she says as reported, that the use of the word female as a noun in place of woman is employed by the American people constantly? I think that Yvette would have to read our papers and writings and listent to our conversation a long, long time nowadays before she would come on the word used in the sense which she deprecates. As a matter of fact her squeamishness seems to be pretty generally shared by Americans. When we do use the word female is it not in a derisive sense, having in the mind's eye one of the short-haired, clamant nuisances who, disdaining womanly charm of appearance and manner, makes of herself something less than woman? I should have no hesitation in calling the pickets at the gates of the White House "females." It is one of the consolations in this vale of tears to dote on a woman, but I should hate to catch myself doting on a female.

W. E. K.

Boston.

MELBA IN FINE VOICE AT SYMPHONY HALL CONCERT

Appears with Arthur Hackett, Tenor, and 'Cellist Malkin.

Mme. Melba, assisted by Arthur Hackett, tenor; Josef Malkin, 'cellist and Frank St. Leger, pianist, appeared at Symphony Hall last evening. She sang the Jewel Song from Gounod's "Faust," and the following songs: Duparc, "Chanson Triste"; Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Chant Indoue"; Chausson, "Les Papillons"; Grieg, "The Swan"; Scott, "The Blackbird Song"; Arditi, "Se Saran Rose." Mr. Hackett's songs were as follows: Faure, "Nell"; Hahn, "D une Prison"; Lenormand, "Les Vautours"; Purcell, "Passing By"; Hageman," Do Not Go, My Love"; Rummel, "Ecstasy"; Lemare, "The Bells of Rheims." Mr. Malkin, the distinguished 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played pieces by Chopin, Davidoff and Popper.

Yesterday was a day of fireside gatherings and family celebrations. This no doubt accounted for the empty seats, for Mme. Melba's name works magic at the box office and Mr. Hackett has a justly large following in Boston. The concert was given under the auspices of the Philomathela Club, auxiliary to Boston College.

Mme. Melba was in voice. She sang the Jewel song from "Faust" discreetly, with the assurance of long familiarity but without any attempt at forcing the dazzling brilliance of an earlier day. The other songs were given with surpassing art and the eloquent beauty of her middle voice was constantly apparent. Her performance of the songs by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Chausson, Grieg and Scott might well serve as an inspiration to younger singers.

Mr. Hackett's voice, young, fresh, mellow, well-schooled, was also heard to excellent advantage. He is not always fortunate, however, in his choice of songs. Hageman's "Do Not Go, My Love," for example, is trivial and is it not time for him to discard Rogers' "Star" which he added to the program?

Mr. Malkin gave added pleasure by his playing. The audience was enthusiastic and there were many recalls.

Dec 1 1917

RACHMANINOFF SYMPHONY GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff's Symphony in E minor, No. 2, and the Overture, Nocturne and Scherzo from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

What Angelo said to Escalus: "This will last out a night in Russia when nights are longest there," might be said of Rachmaninoff's symphony. Although there is more matter in this music than there was in Pompey's testimony, there are irrelevancies and repetitions that threaten if they do not actually impair the effect of the whole.

The symphony is, indeed, a Russian work; Russian in the spirit of its thematic material; Russian in its melancholy; as Russian in its length as any one of Dostoievsky's greater novels. Rachmaninoff, unlike Glazounoff, has not been thoroughly Germanized. When he wrote this symphony he was more or less influenced by Tschaikowsky. This was natural, for he studied at the Moscow Conservatory, and although he was not Tschaikowsky's pupil, although the symphony was composed some years after Tschaikowsky's death, neverthe-

less the influence of the latter was still felt by the majority of the younger Russia is

In spite of its length, this symphony is an engrossing and stirring one. Its melodic frankness — obviousness, at times—appeals directly to them that wish melody to be aimed straight at them. Its fiery spirit excites; the pronounced sentiment that approaches sentimentalism soothes; there is an authority of expression that leads an audi- to say **at once**: "That is a great work." The frequent tumultuousness of the instrumentation is also pleasing to many, who say, as the horse saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!"

The symphony suffers from the riot of technic. As Mr. Montagu-Nathan has well remarked, Rachmaninoff's technic constitutes an interest in itself. In this symphony the composer is intoxicated by it. His contrapuntal facility leads him into excesses. Nor do we find receiving nuances, a wealth of dynamic contrasts, a cunning employment of orchestral timbres. What variety there is comes from rhythmic changes and stentorian surprises, as the sudden introduction of fortissimo passages when the hearer has been lulled for a few minutes. The horns are overworked. On the other hand there is a remarkably effective use of trumpets that is stamped upon the memory, after the hearer has left the hall.

The performance of the symphony was magnificent in every respect, technically and emotionally. Its excellence was fully appreciated by an audience that completely filled the hall.

Mendelssohn wrote the Shakesperian overture when he was 17 years old. With the exception of the overture to 'Fingal's Cave" he wrote little afterwards that for pure fancy and charm of expression is comparable. Was he spoiled by his good fortune, by his easy life, by the flattery of friends, and an adoring English public? In music as in life he was too often conventional, priggish, genteel. A little portrait of him by Aubrey Beardsley, published in the Savoy, too interesting a magazine to live, shows the Mendelssohn of mature years; the man that was shocked by Berlioz, did not understand Chopin and Schumann, wrote an overture for "Ruy Blas," although he did not approve the play, and turned his eyes away from pretty, innocent Zerlina disrobing in "Fra Diavolo." It is a pity that he did not live to see Richard Strauss's "Salome" and Puccini's "Tosca," or the first act of "The Valkyrie." His letters about these operas would have been entertaining reading. Perhaps he would have inserted pen-and-ink sketches of the "objectionable" scenes. For he was handy with pen and pencil, and we suspect him of writing verses in ladies' albums. But the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" will not soon be stale. The Nocturne, composed long afterwards, reveals the composer of the "Songs without Words." The fairies in the Scherzo are heavy-footed after those that Berlioz imagined. "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo."

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week, for the orchestra will be on its second trip. The program of the concerts of Dec. 14 and 15 will include Mozart's Symphony in E flat major; an excerpt from Ravel's "Daphnis of Chloe," and Balakireff's symphonic poem "Thamar." John McCormack will sing an aria from Handel's "Atalanta" and Beethoven's "Jehovah, Hear Me."

You desire to live "according to Nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what fraud of words! Imagine to yourselves a being like Nature, boundlessly extravagant, boundlessly indifferent, without purpose or consideration, without pity or justice, at once fruitful and barren and uncertain! Imagine to yourselves indifference as a power—how could you live in accordance with such indifference? To live—is not that just endeavoring to be otherwise than this Nature?

Personal Knowledge.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Warwick and Brooke has written his "Memories of 60 Years." It is a cheerful book. "Looking back, I see that I have been able throughout my life to choose my duties as I chose my pleasures, and that I have always taken those I liked best. . . . I have carried out official duties as long and as faithfully as I can, and for the rest I have lived in such fashion as seemed most agreeable to me."

We refer to this book in order to copy the following anecdote about Mr. Ferdinand Arkwright, whose "special characteristic was imperturbability." He stuttered.

"Once at a Governor's ball at Malta he called his partner's attention to a man with a blue birthmark on his cheek, and made some jest about it. 'How dare you talk like that, sir!' snapped his angry partner; 'that gentleman is my husband.' 'Then y-y-ou can t-t-tell he,' responded Mr. Arkwright joyfully, 'if he is b-b-b-blue all ove-.'"

There is a good story about Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Rosslyn called on him to ask for the office of Master of the Buckhounds, which was then vacant. Disraeli looked him up and down and at last said that it could not be done, he would not be responsible for the effect of Lord Rosslyn's language on the pack. "But don't be disappointed. You shall be Commissioner to the Church of Scotland instead."

She Smoked Unseen.

Mrs. Fiske is the first woman of dramatic consequence in these latitudes to smoke a cigar in full sight of the audience. We have had in New York an English comedienne who smoked cigars, but only off stage, and not for art but because she liked 'em.—New York Sun.

Name, please?

Auspicious Names.

As the World Wags:

Reading the Dramatic Mirror, I was struck by the thought that some of the stage folk have auspicious names. For just as John Drew so Gertrude Hitz.

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

New England Purists.

"B. H. W." of Boston calls our attention to a letter written by George Ticknor to Sir Edmund Head with reference to the latter's book, "Shall and Will." The letter is dated Boston, June 21, 1858.

"I hope the second edition of 'Shall and Will' may come soon and that there will be plenty of quotations from Shakespeare in it.

"There ought to be after the pains you took. The Bible, too, King James's, will furnish the best of illustrations. I am not certain but that it is the constant use of this book that has kept us so very exact about 'Shall and Will' from Puritan times down. At any rate we are all right in New England.

"I never knew a person among us—who was born here, or was bred in our schools—to make a mistake in the use of these two idiomatic auxiliaries. Indeed, I do not think I hear one once a year, and it is so offensive to me, that I am sure a slight deviation would not escape my notice."

A Shocking Example.

Here are extracts from a bulletin issued by Mr. Hoover about the American hog (four-footed) in the war:

"If we discontinue exports, we will move the German line from France to the Atlantic seaboard.

"We also have abundant crops of oats . . . and we will have a larger supply of mill-feed than normal.

"If we aggregate all of the feeding stuffs . . . we will find one outstanding fact.

"The monetary interpretation of this situation must be that we will have . . . and . . . we will have high average price for pork products.

"I am convinced that we will find this same devotion a direct reply to the German farmer."

In Mr. Hoover's bright lexicon there's apparently no such word as "shall."

Los Angeles.

As the World Wags:

It is easy to be right in the pronunciation of Los Angeles. Mr. Charles Lummis gave us the rule in verse.

My lady would remind you, please,
Her name is not Lost Angy Lees;
No Angy anything, whatever,
She trusts her friends will be so clever,
To share her fit historic pride.
The "G" should not be jellied,
Long "O," "G" hard, and rhyme with "yes,"
That's all about Los Angeles.

Cambridge. CALIFORNIA.

Give Us the Old

An edition of "Gulliver's Travels," copiously illustrated by Willy Pogany," will soon be published. We shall still read with pleasure one of the early editions, say that of 1765, with the portrait of Capt. Lemuel Gulliver, "Redriff, Aetat Suae LVIII" and with a few maps. One shows the position of Lilliput, discovered A. D., 1699, lying northwest of "Dimen's Land," and southwest or Sumatra. From another map we learn that Brobdingnag is a peninsular jutting out of the west coast of North America above the straits of Annian. A whale is spouting below P. Monterey. On another map the exact location of Laputa, Balnibarbi, Luzznagg, Glubbdubdrib, and Japan, is marked. Here two whales spout; one above the group; another below it. The fourth plate shows Houyhnhnms' Land, discovered in 1711. It lies dead south of Lewins Land. Then there is a diagram of the ingenious device by which a professor at the grand academy of Lagado taught his pupils to write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics and theology, "without the least assistance from genius or study." Better these faithful illustrations than any fantastic pictures of Capt. Gulliver's adventures.

Dec 1917

The similarity in certain respects between "The Wanderer" and "Azael, the Prodigal," has been commented upon, but little has been said about the latter play. Written by Edward Fitzball, it was produced at Drury Lane, London, Feb. 19, 1851. It was said at the time—on the playbill itself—and it has been stated since, that "Azael" was [illegible] "L'Enfant Prodigue" of which an account was given in last Sunday's Herald. The Musical World (of London) reviewing "Azael" was indignant at this statement. The writer denied that the drama was based on the opera, inasmuch as the music plays an unimportant part in the affair. "Auber's music should not have been meddled with. The 'Enfant Prodigue' is a chef d'oeuvre of a great master. As presented at Drury Lane, it is a parcel of shreds and patches without meaning or connection and consequently without interest." In "L'Enfant Prodigue" Jephthele escapes from the temple of Isis by the aid of Lia, the dancing girl. In "Azael" he saves the girl by threatening the priests with the sacrificial ax. In the tumult she escapes. The cast at Drury Lane was as follows:

Reuben, Vandenhoff; Azael, Anderson; Armenophis, Emery; Bucharis, Cooper; Sesthos, Ratter; Jephthele, Miss F. Vining; Nefte, Mrs. Walter Lacy; Palmea, Eliza Nelson; Lia, Miss Victorine Legrain; dancing girls, Miss Louise and Miss Palser.

"Azael" was produced at the Boston Theatre on Dec. 14, 1874; "after many weeks of careful preparation and involving a very heavy outlay," to quote from the play bill. The bill also stated that this was the first performance in Boston.

The play had been produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on July 21, 1851, when John Gilbert took the part of Reuben, the father; Edward Eddy, that of the prodigal. Annie Walters, afterwards Mrs. George Jordan, took the part of Lia, the dancing girl. C. L. Stone played the high priest, Bucharis, and Mrs. Stone, afterwards Mrs. Frank Drew, was the adventuress, Nefte. Miss Anderdon was the Jephthele.

At the Boston Theatre the cast was as follows: Azael, the prodigal, Julia Seaman; Reuben, L. R. Shewell; Jephthele, Mrs. Thomas Barry; Armenophis, Alexander Fitzgerald; Nefte, Olivia Rand; Lia, "chief dancer of the Almees," Mlle. Morlacchi, "terpsichorean queen"—she was usually characterized as "the peerless Morlacchi"; Bucharis, high priest of Isis, W. H. Norton; Jeroam, servant to Reuben, Mr. Douglass; Aaron, a shepherd, Herbert A. Cripps; the spirit of the desert, Mlle. Leontine; Canope, T. M. Hunter; Menethon, J. Taylor; Sesthos, Mr. Rafter; first priest, Mr. Simpson; Theophas, a noble, Mr. Harris.

These old play bills are delightful reading. They are full of information about the plays; they characterize the leading actors and actresses. We learn from the bill of "Azael" that there was a grand Amazonian march by the guard of Isis—60 female warriors. Let us read the scenario of the play, to see how it compares with "The Wanderer."

Reuben's tent, Departure of Azael with the caravan for Memphis.

Great square of Memphis. Sacred procession of Apis. The offerings. Lia and troop of Almees. Grand Pas de Fascination (Mlle. Morlacchi). The gamester. False dice, Azael's prodigality. The love token.

View near Memphis. Reuben in search of his son. The fase friend.

Interior of the temple of Isis. Orgie. Grand pas de poignard (sic) by the coryphees. Let us here quote from Benjamin Lumley's "Reminiscences of the opera," with regard to his production in London of Auber's "L'Enfant Prodigue": "Rosati, too, won fresh laurels as the chief of the 'Almees' in a pas de poignards—a dance in which wild Oriental music, accompanying measures equally fanciful, and increasing in frenzy of character as poignards flashed and forms whirled around, fairly bewildered the dazzled spectator and brought down a perfect hurricane of applause. The music, as well as the characteristic movements of this once famous 'pas de poignards,' may still be heard in many 'extravaganzas' and pantomimes of the present day (1864). It never fails of exciting its old accustomed 'sensation.'" To go back to the Boston Theatre.

Azael recovers the stolen scarf. The secret spring. Azael surprised in the Sacred Temple. The "Human Victim." The doom of the prodigal. Tent of the camel driver. Arrival of travellers. Degradation of the prodigal. The slave. The false friend. The gift restored. Despair of the prodigal. The dream. The vale of Azail's birth. The harvest festival. Azael mourned as dead. Return of the prodigal. Appearance of the spirit of the desert.

"The principal morceaux of Auber's charming music" were selected, arranged and adapted by Napier Lothian. Mr. Lothian conducted. The dances were arranged by Imre Kiralfy.

Julia Seaman, who took the part of the Prodigal, was announced "of the London theatres and Niblo's." She was at Niblo's in the Kiralfys's spectacle, "The Deluge" (Sept. 7, 1874), when she appeared as Deluge. She died on Jan. 30, 1909.

"Azael" ran for a fortnight. Toward the end, the farce, "Sarah's Young Man," was played by C. Leslie Allen, Gustavus Levick, D. J. Maguinnes, Mrs. Charles Poole, Blanche Hayden, Oliver Rand.

Where did various playwrights find names for their characters in their dramatizations of the story?

In Gaveaux's opera (1811) the mother appears and is named Nephtale. The [illegible] Azail, the father Ruben, the [illegible] son Feran, the girl adopted by Ruben is Jephtele; Saloma is her friend; there is a messenger. The scene remains the same, at "Jessen," near a desert.

In Auber's opera (1850) the mother does not appear. The son is Azall, the father Rubin, Jephtele is his niece, Amenophis and the woman, Nefte lure Azael away; Lia is the dancing girl. The pastoral scenes are in the valley of "Gersen." The riotous behavior is at Memphis.

In Ponchielli's opera (1880) the mother does not appear. The chief characters are practically those of Auber's opera. The orgies are at Nineveh.

In Debussy's cantata (1884), afterward turned into an opera, there are only three characters: Simeon, the father; Lia, the mother; Azall, the Prodigal.

Mr. Samuels, the author of "The Wanderer," was invited by Mr. Belasco to adapt William Schmittbonn's "Der Verlorne Sohn" for the American stage. It is said that he followed only "the bare outline" of the original; but would it not be well if the playbill at the Boston Opera House made some reference to Schmittbonn's piece? The German author was not so slighted in New York.

So Lia, the dancing girl in Auber's opera and in "Azail" becomes the mother of the Prodigal in Debussy's cantata-opera!

Luke, recording the parable as spoken by Jesus, gave no names to the father and the son. There is fine reticence shown also in the Evangelists not naming "the daughter of Herodius" who danced off the head of John the Baptist.

Some have inquired into Nance O'Neil's first appearance in Boston. She played with McKee Rankin at Keith's on June 21, 1897. The little play was "The Counsel for the Defence," in which she was a poor girl of the slums and Rankin a sympathetic lawyer. Was she in Boston before that date?

When she appeared at the Columbia Theatre in April, 1898, she attracted no attention. At the same theatre in January, 1904, she made a sensation. She played at the Tremont the next month. Does any one recollect her performance in Ibsen's "Lady Inger of Ostrat." Feb. 25, 1904? The performance was said to be the first in this country. If we are not mistaken, it was at the Colonial Theare. Miss O'Neil, by the way, denies the report that she is going to Australia with "The Wanderer."

For the benefit of those who are curious about ages, it may be said that, according to theatrical biographies, Miss O'Neil was born at Oakland, Cal., Oct. 8, 1874. James O'Neill was born at Kilkenny, Ireland, Nov. 15, 1849. Charles Dalton, born Aug. 29, 1864, made his first appearance in the English provinces in 1883. For three years he toured with Alice Lingard, so pleasantly remembered here. Frederick Lewis was born at Oswego, N. Y., on Feb. 14, 1873.

"The Bacac," a play in one act by John Barnewall, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, Oct. 30. "The Bacac" is Irish for "The Beggar." This beggar deserted his sweetheart, Ann, went to America, and returned long afterwards to be a spy on the rebels' side in the rising of 1798. As an old beggar woman he comes to the Colliers, who are Protestants, and, therefore, suspected by the people, but they have protected Ann, who has long been a paralytic. The Bacac and Ann share the kitchen, and are known to one another after the others are in bed.

"When, bewildered by his discovery, the former lover slips the latch and goes out to his rebel band the play ought somehow to have ended. Gun shots and a strange siege, in which the bedridden woman rises to alarm the sleepers, and the end of which is the death of herself and of the spy, form a vague and chaotic curtain. The central figure of the crippled woman treated without melodrama and with less of the flamboyance of political and sectarian themes involved in it would make a better and tenderer play. As it is the exposition is too long, and, withal, the motives are not sufficiently clear. Peter Nolan took the part of Tom Sheridan; Margaret Nicholls, that of Ann Keeffe. "But the play did not give the actors any real chance."

Some may remember a one-act play, "Overtones," produced at Keith's in which Miss Lackaye and Miss Francesca Rotoli took the chief parts. This play was produced at the London Coliseum for the first time in England on Nov. 12, with Mrs. Langtrey as Harriet, a cultured woman. The Stage said that it has more literary than dramatic value. "It is profoundly interesting as a relentless exposure of feminine character, or rather, lack of character; and its theme, to employ an apparent paradox, owes its striking and arresting novelty to the fact that it is possibly as old as humanity itself. The idea of a couple of fashionable women exchanging polite platitudes over afternoon tea does not, on the face of it, suggest any great element of excitement; but when each woman, as is the case in the clever little piece under notice, is accompanied by her primitive or actual self; who utters the woman's real thoughts in all their unabashed nakedness, much pregnant matter is set afoot."

[illegible]iss Gerstenberg's little play was [illegible]h liked in the West and middle [illegible]st when it was played in the Keith [illegible]eatres. In Boston it apparently was [illegible]er the heads of the audience.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald and Journal, Mr. S. Harrocks of Westminister, recently inquired about "The Cadger's Ball," and quoted a few verses as recited to him by a friend. As the ballad, or what-you-will, is a curious one, we give it in full, as published in "Musa Pedestris," a compilation edited by John S. Farmer, privately printed for subscribers in London, 1896.

I.

Oh, what a spicy flare-up, tear-up,
  Festival Terpsickory,
Was gub'd by the genteel cadgers
  In the famous Bookery.
As soon as it got vind, however,
  Old St. Giles's vos to fall—
They all declar'd, so help their never,
  They'd vind up vith a stunnin' ball,
    Tol, dol, dol, etc.

II.

Jack Fliplap took the affair in hand, sirs—
  Who understood the thing complete—
He'd often danced afore the public,
  On the boards, about the streets.
Old mother Swankey she consented
  To lend her lodging house for nix—
Says she, "The crib comes down tomorrow,
  So go it, just like beans and bricks."

III.

The night arrived for trotter-shaking—
  To Mother Swankey's snoozing-crib
Each downey cadger was seen taking
  His bit of muslin, or his rib.
Twelve candles vos stuck into turnips,
  Suspended from the ceiling queer—
Bunn's blaze of triumph was all pickles
  To this wegetable shandileer.

IV.

Ragged Jack, wot chalks "Starvation!"
  Look'd quite fat and swellish there—
While Dick, wot "dumbs it" round the nation,
  Had all the jaw among the fair.
Limping Ned, wot brought his duchess,
  At home had left his wooden pegs—
And Jim, wot cadges it on crutches,
  Vos the nimbliest covey on his legs.

V.

The next arrival was old Joe Burn,
  Wot does the fies to Natur chuff—
And Fogg, wots blind each day in Ho'born,
  Saw'd his way there clear enough.
Mr. Sinniwating Sparrow,
  In corduroys span new and nice,
Druv up in his pine-apple barrow,
  Which he used to sell a win a slice.

VI.

The ball was open'd by fat Mary,
  Togg'd out in book muslin pure,
And Saucy Sam, surnamed the "Lary,"
  Who did the "Minuit-on-a-squre";
While Spifficating Charley Coker,
  And Jane of the Hatchet-face divine,
Just did the Rowdy-dowry Poker,
  And out of Greasy took the shine.

VII.

T[illegible] S[illegible]war[illegible]s next was done in
  [illegible] style just as [illegible] should,
[illegible] and M[illegible]sus M[illegible] [illegible],
  W[illegible] curled like a bunch of wool.
Th[illegible] [illegible] all about their faces,
  [illegible] prin[illegible] of bashy bucks—
H[illegible] a pa[illegible] of pillow Cases,
  [illegible]grified slap into ducks!

VIII.

The celebrated Pass de Sandwich
  T[illegible] join in no one could refuse—
S[illegible] [illegible]ushels on 'em came in, and wich
  Wan[illegible]sh'd in about two two's.
The Gatter Waltz next followed arter—
  They lapp'd it down, right manful-ly,
Until Joe Guffin and his darter
  Was in a state of Fourpen-ny!

IX.

Next [illegible]ame the Pass de Fascination
  Betwixt Peg Price and Dumby Di[illegible]—
But Peg had s[illegible]h a corporation,
  He dropp'd her like a red-hot brick.
The compan[illegible] was so enrapt[illegible]r'd,
  They buckets of vall flowers threw
But one cund flung a bunch of turnips,
  Which nearly split Dick's nut in two.

X.

The do[illegible] n[illegible]w set to gallopading,
  And stamp'd with all their might and main—
They thump'd the floor so precious hard-lu,
  It split the ancient crib in twain,
Some pitch'd in the road, bent double—
  Some was smash'd with bricks done brown—
So the cadgers saved "The Crown" the trouble
  Of sending coves to pull it down.

A word or two about certain terms and allusions: "Trotter-shaking" here means "walking." "Bunn's blaze of triumph" is an allusion to the flamboyant advertisements of Alfred Bunn, theatrical manager and librettist, the author of "The Bohemian Girl," and of a queer book relating his adventures in the United States. Punch was never weary of ridiculing him. "A win a slice", win, wyn or wing is a very old word for penny; it goes back to Dekker (1608). In "The Dictionary of the Turf" (1823) we read: "Scuddick is used negatively; not a scuddick, not any bran, not a whin, empty clies." In Flint's "Tramps": "Just go and get a shave now, Jim. I'll give you a wing (a penny) if you will." "Win" is in "Vocabulum, or the Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y. 1859). "Greasy" stands for Carlotta Grisi, the famous dancer. "Sillywarlous": Cellarius introduced the polka into Paris salons and went to London for the purpose of swelling his purse and spreading his fame. He conducted a school for dancing, 41 Rue Vivienne, Paris. "The Gatter waltz": gatter, beer, "A shant of gatter," a [illegible]t of beer.

A cadger was originally a carrier, [illegible]dlar, itinerant dealer. Later the word [illegible]s applied to a whining beggar, also a mean thief. James Greenwood in "The Little Ragamuffins" (1884) wrote: "I may here remark that amongst people of my born grade no one is so contemptuously regarded as he who is known as a 'cadger.' The meaning they [illegible] on the word is not the dictionary [illegible]ning. The 'cadger' with them is the whining beggar, the cowardly impostor, who, being driven or finding it convenient to live on charity, goes about his business with an affectation of profoundest humility, and a consciousness of his own unworthiness; a sneaking, abject wretch, aiming to crop a meal out of the despising and disgust he excites in his fellow creatures."

"The Cadger's Ball" was published in John Labern's "Popular Comic Song Book" in 1852. Labern was once a favorite music-hall singer and song writer. He published several collections of songs of the day. "The National Dictionary of Biography" does not mention him. It is a sadly imperfect work in spite of its many volumes. The tune to which the song was sung was "Joe Buggins." Can any one of our readers whistle it?

The Sunday Herald has received from the Boston Music Company some unusual songs by Bryceson Treharne. "Dirge for a Fallen Soldier," text by George H. Boker, has an introductory funeral march of four pages for the piano. The refrain has an optional choral accompaniment. "The Donkey" is a setting of G. K. Chesterton's poem. There is a dramatic climax to the words

For I also had my hour,
  One fierce hour and sweet.
There was a shout about my ears,
  And palms before my feet.

The other songs are "Ozymandias" (Shelley); "The Short Cut to Rosses" (Nora Chesson); "The Trail by Night" (Dorothy E. Camp); "Mad Patsy" (James Stephens). These songs demand a dramatic interpreter and a skilful accompanist.

Notes About the Stage, Actors and Musicians

We rubbed our eyes when we saw an announcement of a film play, "The Hidden Hand," a 15-episode serial. We remember well the novel of that name which we read years ago in Mr. Bonner's moral Ledger. Was it not by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth? Perhaps the initials are not correctly placed. Alas, this "Hidden Hand" is not based on the old romance, yet it is evidently thrilling. "The Hidden Hand is a master criminal and he is surrounded by the usual group of henchmen. His right hand is encased in a glove that resembles a giant's talon, and with this, we are led to suppose, he will do most of the damage, as it can also spout a gas that is deadly when breathed."

Mr. Faversham is considering a new play by Croisset; also, for next spring, a Shakespearean festival.

"Flo-Flo," a musical comedy by Fred de Gresac (Mrs. Victor Maurel) and Silvio Hein, will be produced in New York this month.

Eugene Walter's new play, "The Assassin," will be brought out at Atlantic City on Dec. 27.

Irene Castle will be seen in a film play, "Vengeance Is Mine," based on a novel by John A. Moroso. The release will be on Dec. 16. Alice Brady will be seen in "The Lifted Cross," an adaptation by Paul West of Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre."

Jean Gilbert's operetta "Autolove" was produced at the Yorkville Theatre (N. Y.) Nov. 22 for the first time in this country.

A British film depicting the life of Kitchener was publicly presented at the Alhambra, London, Nov. 6. "The film graphically illustrates some of the principal episodes in the life of this great statesman-soldier. Beginning in the 70's, when Kitchener was a young officer of engineers gaining knowledge of Arabs and the language, the film takes us on to the period when he had brought into being the vast British armies now always associated with his name. The tragedy of Gen. Gordon is depicted, as well as the events in Khartoum, Omdurman, South Africa and India. Altogether it is an impressive film."

Elsie Janis will act in London in a play by Haddon Chambers.

"Harry Lauder's Logic," by Harry Lauder, is published in London by Palmer & Haywood. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it:

"Very pleasant is this little book of logic, for its argument drifts from premise to premise, yet is always pithy and to the point. In it Mr. Lauder discourses of many things, from the bread shortage to habits good and bad, from the joys of the country to the alleged meanness of the Scot. The book is compact of a wholesome, kindly, shrewd sentiment that is at times seriously moving, as the sentiment of a humorist always is. Perhaps the best passages are those which deal with love of home and love of children. There are, of course, many stories illustrating the argument."

It is said that the Kendals netted $500,000 in their longest tour in this country.

Fred Billington, the dean of the D'Oyly Carte Company, died on Nov. 2, at the age of 63. He was the original Sergeant of Police in the copyrighted performance of "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Bijou, Paignton, Dec. 30, 1879. Thenceforward up to the day before his death, he was continuously under the D'Oyly Carte management, always in Savoy opera, playing the Sentry, the Vicar, Pooh Bah, Wilfrid Shadbolt, the Grand Inquisitor. He had played Pooh Bah over [illegible] times. "Faithful as he was to his immense provincial public—he refused many tempting offers to come to town—London audiences were familiar with his fine gifts as a comedian in light opera through his many appearances at the outlying theatres with the repertory company." The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Essentially a provincial and suburban interpreter of Gilbert-Sullivan opera, he often told me that he hadn't the smallest desire for a London reputation—in fact, I believe he refused many tempting offers. With him disappears another link with the famous operatic past." Billington was 5 feet 9 inches and weighed 252 pounds. At the inquest it was found that his heart weighed 26 ounces. It was said there that he was a great eater.

"The fact that 'Ghosts' was revived at the St. James's Theatre Nov. 6, soon after its withdrawal at the Kingsway, shows the great hold it has on the London public." Advertised as "the play that was banned for 23 years," the run at the St. James's was short.

The London Times says of Maud Allan: "The greater part of her program involves slow, broad movement, with a grave or tragic significance, and in performing it Miss Allan displays an even finer sense of rhythm and poise than of old. In old days it was jolly to see her skipping about; today it is moving and satisfying to see her sweep from pose to pose, each movement being beautiful in itself, and forming a transition from one beautiful attitude to another."

F[illegible] [illegible] a trio concert in London, could not find a new piano trio by a native composer. This led the Daily Telegraph to ask: "Is there no such thing as an unheard native trio worthy of production? It seems odd, a freakish trick of the fatality referred to, if there is not, since the cry is everlasting that no encouragement is given to native composers. Here, clearly, the cry was unjustified, and another opportunity lost!"

Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonietto on Russian Themes pleased in London Nov. 3. "The melodies one and all are thoroughly nationalistic in feeling, spirit and rhythmic features—incidentally one may note that the lovely and wistful chief theme of the slow movement was not unfamiliar to those who know Stravinsky's 'Oiseau de Feu'—and that all are treated by Rimsky-Korsakoff with masterly address and a wealth of resource of which the effect is none the less telling because the composer makes no parade of his ingenuity in handling the material that came to his hand. The scoring is refreshing for its clearness, delicacy and refinement." This early work, op. 31, we believe, has not been played here.

A violin sonata by Paul Paray, played in London Nov. 8, is constructed of "short, Grieg-like flights of acceptable melody."

Edwin Evans stated in a lecture on Spanish music in London Nov. 2 that Albeniz and Granados had achieved less than they might have done, "partly because in their younger days they suffered from a native dislike to hard work; and after they had overcome this failing they were both incontinently cut off in the flower of their days. They had, like other Spanish composers, to fight against the conventions which beset their nation. For Spain still believed that the best music came from abroad, and the average Spaniard strongly objected to the use of his native tongue by a singer. Outside Spain, it was necessary for a proper appreciation of modern developments to realize how much Spanish music was influenced by eastern traditions inherited from the Moors."

A musician informs a contemporary that the noise made by the London barrage is objectionable because untuneful, and suggests that the guns should be made to play distinct and popular airs. The idea should commend itself to gunners. A hymn of hate would be considered objectionable by the bishops, but our Archies might hum Tosti's "Forever and Forever" with singular propriety.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"Peter Pan," with Fay Compton as Peter, will be one of the Christmas attractions in London. After the run, Pinero's new play in three acts will be produced. "It is a comedy of light opera and it does not deal with the war. The sub-title is 'An Idyll of Surburbia.'"

British sailors and soldiers in their spare time are rehearsing Christmas pantomimes.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Albert Mallinson is breaking with his past. His Sappho songs were sung in London Nov. 9. "Even in the earlier set one felt that he was leaving Dresden far behind. This is as it should be, for the one thing lacking in the first example his gave of his lyrical talent was the feeling of blood relationship between the English poems and his treatment of them. Sappho is far from English; but Bliss Carman's translation and Mallinson's setting meet somewhere on common ground that is not haunted by German memories."

Ethel Irving has secured a powerful play by one of the literary "lions" of the present day. It is her firm intention to produce it in London immediately on the conclusion of her provincial tour with "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont."

Here is a fine example of advance puffery. A new play, "Loyalty"—the title of at least three modern pieces—was announced for production in London Nov. 21 by Vedrenne and Eadie. The author's name was kept dark, but this was said of the play itself: "The English press had boldly criticised the events of the day, and criticised them with no uncertain voice, but the stage has been silent. It has not used its great power ot bring to the public what the public should know. Surely the time is ripe for the stage to do its bit. Surely a play could be written and produced that would teach the lesson of patriotism and loyalty and the danger of putting party before country. The theatre has done well. It has raised large sums of money; it has cheered the depressed; its doors have always been open to welcome the boys from the blood-stained field of honor. But there is yet more it can do. Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie have secured a play the production of which will be a bugle-call to the nation, which will sound the 'reveille' throughout the empire."

Robert Downing resents an allusion to him as "the late Robert Downing." He writes to the Dramatic Mirror: "I wish you would kindly mention the fact that I am in the best of health and still in lecture and evangelistic work, and the pastor of the Independent Church at South Portsmouth, R. I."

The last time we saw Mr. Downing he was with Mary Anderson in "Evadne." Would any manager venture a production of this play today?

Historical personages, past and present, are being represented on the stage this season in greater number than ever before. In "Madam Sand" the gallery of stage portraits includes George Sand, Chopin, Heine, Musset and Liszt. Further down the street in "Hamilton," the Knickerbocker, are found Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Count Tallyrand and Gen. Schuyler. In "Maytime" P. T. Barnum lends his effulgent personality to a scene. Now comes the Greenwich Villagers, with a playlet in which the Kaiser is a leading figure.—Dramatic Mirror.

York Bowen's "Poem," for viola, harp, organ (London, Nov. 2), "seemed 'tangled' and involved, owing to the lack of congruity, in performance, of the ingredient elements."

Gerald du Maurier is now seen in London in a film version of "Justice." "There is one scene which will be specially remarked upon—that in which du Maurier alone holds the onlooker interested for some minutes by sheer, forceful, silent acting—a task which is seldom set for a screen artist, though often accorded to players on the 'speaking stage.'"

The latest order issued from the Board of Trade with reference to the use of posters has caused consternation to cinema proprietors and to the many firms who have a stock of posters of larger dimensions than permissible under the new ruling. What exactly is the aim of the Board of Trade is hardly discernible under the cold phraseology of their edict, which limits the size of posters to the equivalent of 60 inches by 40 inches. The object, we presume, is to effect a saving in paper, yet the order as it now stands makes it illegal for any person to display posters larger than 60 inches by 40 inches, regardless of the fact that such posters are now in existence and that if not used are naturally wasted.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Japanese actress, Mme. Hanako, with a company of Japanese girls, has been seen at the London Coliseum in a music and dancing play, "The Goddess of Peace."

Charles le Sueur, formerly leading tenor with the Carl Rosa and the Turner opera companies, is now chairman of the British-Canadian recruiting office of Erie, Pa.

The Classical French Theatre Association, which numbers among its advocates the French ambassador, sundry politicians, Profs. Gilbert Murray and W. L. Courtney, Sir Arthur Pinero and others, aims at the inculcation of a better understanding of France in England. It is proposed to give regular performances—the inaugural season beginning in January—of ancient and modern French drama. The performances, which will be confined to members of the association, are to take place in London, and in the principal universities, colleges and public schools throughout the country. "The players will be provided by the leading theatres of Paris," and any profits made will be used to found traveling scholarships in France for English teachers and students. The scheme, for which donations are invited, sounds very academic.—The Stage.

The English Review for November contains a duologue, "Farewell to the Theatre," by Granville Barker. The talkers are an actress who at 53 considers her past career and popularity, and an elderly lawyer who has always waited to marry her. The conclusion is that an artist finds in the end that "he was always nothingness called by a great name * * * that the world of other people is the only world there is."

Among those who will be seen in London for the first time in the new Empire revue are "Lew Kelly, the American comedian, whose quiet style has placed him among the highest salaried

[illegible] in A[illegible] and Ralph [illegible]ggs and K[illegible] Wit[illegible]de, a [illegible] of dancers who have [illegible] continuously in New York for four years.

Hall Caine has been chosen to supervise the pro[illegible]ted cinema war campaign of the British government.

Six settings (Hansen, Copenhagen) of Bliss Carman's translation of Sappho's lyrics by Mallinson stand apart. It would have been possible to give her passion a European dress, or to leave it unadorned in the simple flute notes to which she actually sang, and a pedant might even have bethought him of somt Dorian scale as a bit of sham local color. Mr. Mallinson does none of these things. He thinks of the woman who threw (or did not throw?) herself from the Leucadian rock, of the fine lady—the first of the great hetaerae, of the poetess who bandied valentines with Alcaeus, and of the Greek who lived in the days when the gods visibly walked the earth; and then, going inside this idea of her makes from the very root of it music in the manner of Schubert, who looked with open eyes upon the fair face of the world, or, even more, of Brahms, who fashioned his of those still finer thoughts that look out from the windows of the soul. It is impossible to select for special praise; they are all quite different from one another, and sometimes one, sometimes another, seems the more expressive. Not every one will be able to play or will care to sing these songs, but they will reward those who do.—London Times, Nov. 3.

Only the other day I asked if anyone had written his "Reminiscences" of the future! Sure enough Mr. Ernest Newman has done so, and mighty amusing reading they are! He has discovered a "fragment of our musical history dated A. D. 2217. In this the historian reviews the epoch of this day, when "English music might be said to be neither child nor man, but merely hobbledehoy. It was suffering, from growing pains. . . . At the proper place in our history we shall describe the causes, symptoms, and the consequences of some of" (the "poisons that were corrupting its blood"), "such as the prima donna, the star tenor, the fashionable violinist, and the exploitation of concerts and of performers by the makers of musical instruments!" The "Historian" damns for everlasting the provincial festival, such festivals being "rituals of national mourning; most of the works that were performed dealt at great length and much lugubriousness with such subjects as sin and death, and the general misfortune of mankind in being alive on this earth at all!" The "race of beings" known of old "as music critics" are "now happily extinct." It is all very good fooling, and I hope will be extended, if further "fragments" come to light!—London Daily Telegram.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Repetition of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Tuesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Laura Littlefield's song recital. Messager, Pastourelle from "La Basoche"; Ropartz, La Route, Sous Bois; Dupont, Chanson des Moisettes; Poldowski, Effet de Neige, Serenade, Colombine; Schneider, The Cave; Spalding, Come Hither, Lyttle Childe; Homer, The Bairnies Cuddle Doon; Fiske, the Bird, Reve de Midi; Endicott, Her Songs to a Dancer; Massenet, Chanson d'Avignon from "Griselidis"; Chabrier, Villanelle des petits Canards; Ebell, Voici des Fruits; Koechlin, Le The; Vuillernez, Jardin d'Amour; Pierne, Hymne d'Amour. Mrs. Fitts, accompanist.

Tremont Temple, 8:15 P. M. Concert by the Fiske University Jubilee Singers.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Pauline Danforth. Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, Op. 11, No. 3; Chopin, Polonaise, C-sharp minor, Etude, F-minor, Mazurka, Op. 6, No. 1; Debussy, Prelude, La Puerta del Vino; L'Isle joyeuse; MacDowell, Sonata, Op. 57, No. 3; Ravel, Ondine; Gebhard, Romance Elegiaque; Platt, Nocturne; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15.

Thursday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Estella Neuhaus.

Steinert Hall, 8:15. Piano recital by Heinrich Gebhard. Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 81A. Gebhard, Intermezzo, Etude, "Cascades"; Schumann, Romance in F-sharp; Chopin, Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, Etude, F-minor; Scherzo, C-sharp minor; Liszt, Sonetto di Petrarca in E; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Albeniz, Tango in D, Lavaple.

Friday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Edith Thompson. Cyril Scott, The Garden of Soul Sympathy, Lotus Land; Debussy, Jardins sous la Pluie; Schumann, Sonata in F-minor; Chopin, Impromptus, Op. 36, 66; Valse, Op. 34, No. 1; Scriabin, Two Etudes, Mendelssohn-Liszt, On the Wings of Song, Liszt, Rhapsody, No. 6.

Saturday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto. Purcell, [illegible] E[illegible]es; G. Macfarren, The Spring Is Coming; Leveridge, Love is a Bauble; Storace, The S[illegible] Hests Bes[illegible]owing; Arne, By Dimpled Brook; Grieg, [illegible] Lenz Soll Mein [illegible], Am Strome, Was ick San [illegible] Nacht, Die Sennerin, Dein Rath ist [illegible]; Fourdrain, La Ba[illegible] Bruneau, La Pas[illegible]; Lo[illegible]ri, Je n'ose; Bemberg, Du Christ [illegible] ardeur ("Jeanne d'Arc"); La Forge, Before the Crucifix, When Your Dear Hands; Carpenter, The Odalisque, To a Young Gentleman; Forsyth, Oh! Red is the English Rose. Frank La Forge, accompanist.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Russian Symphony Society (first appearance in Boston). Modest Altschuler, conductor. Emma Roberts, contralto; John Powell, pianist. See special notice.

SAMUEL GARDNER GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

By PHILIP HALE.

Samuel Gardner, violinist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Emil Newman, pianist, and Edward Rechlin, organist. His program was as follows: Tartini, Fugue in A major; Bach-Nachez, Concerto in G minor (with piano and organ); Paginini-Wilhelmj, Concerto, D major; Couperin-Kreisler, Aubade Provencale, Schubert-Kreisler, Ballet Music from "Rosamunde"; Zsolt, Valse Caprice; Gliere, Romance; Arbos, Tango.

Tivadar Nachez, a Hungarian violinist, who arranged Bach's concerto, played here in November, 1895. He was then a dashing virtuoso. London was for many years his home. The last we heard of him he was living on the Pacific coast. E. Fernandez-Arbos played his Tango, op. 6, No. 3, at a Symphony concert in October, 1903. He was concert master of the orchestra that season under Mr. Gericke. This was long before the rage for the taking of sensual dances from West Indian and South American Creoles and Negroes. Of late years Mr. Arbos has won a reputation [illegible] London and in Spanish cities.

Mr. Gardner is not a stranger here. As a boy he was heard in private houses. He came afterwards as a temporary member or an assistant of the Kneisel Quartet. Last season he gave two recitals. He bids fair to be classed among visiting violinists as a hardy annual.

He has evidently studied diligently, for he has a certain facility. His training has been sound and conservative. Gaining technic with the years, he has unfortunately not made perceptible progress as an interpreter. His playing is deliberate, careful and, too often, uninteresting. He leaves the hearer cold, conscious only of a serious young man fiddling earnestly.

Nov 3 1917

In Isopel Berners's letter of farewell to Lavengro she gave him this final word of advice: "So when folks are disposed to ill-treat you, young man, say 'Lord have mercy upon me!' and then tip them to Long Melford, which, as the saying goes, there is nothing comparable for shortness all the world over."

In Lavengro's memorable fight with the Flaming Tinman Isopel kept urging Lavengro to use his right, his "Long Melford." It was with a right-hand blow that he knocked out the Tinman, striking him below the ear. "'Hurrah for Long Melford!' I heard Belle exclaim; 'there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.'"

The most remarkable pugilist of modern times was Robert Fitzsimmons. His left, we are told, for we never had the pleasure of seeing him in action, was the most dangerous in attack; his favorite method was a shift followed by a heavy left to the pit of the stomach and a hook with the same hand to the chin. As the magnificent Isopel encouraged Lavengro, so Fitzsimmons's devoted wife, Rose Julian, shouted in his fight with Corbett: "In the slats, Bob; poke him in the slats!"

We were reminded of all this by reading the following letter:

Left-Handed

As the World Wags:

Mr. Aab in his letter to your column brings up the question of the origin of the use of the right hand in preference to the left. Maj. Charles E. Woodruff has an interesting theory which shows it the result of evolution due to survival of the fittest. In his "Expansion of Races" he calls attention to the fact that in the early development of the race hand-to-hand encounters were of every day occurrence. In this popular pastime the left side of their antagonist was the most vulnerable; consequently the spear, or weapon of offence, was held in the right hand as being in the most favorable position to strike a deadly blow. Hence it came that the left was used to hold the shield and played no active part in the encounter.

It is easy to see how great the disadvantage to the man who was left-handed. According to Maj. Woodruff he was invariably the victim. Continued use of the right hand in the struggle for existence brought about greater dexterity and it was used more in pacific pursuits. His theory is ingenious and certainly sounds reasonable. I believe he adds that left-handedness today is an example of atavism and is most generaly found among criminals, the insane, and geniuses.

Newtonville. G. S. W. K.

The Japanese think the left hand more honorable than the right—at least they thought so 100 years ago. Prof. Morse could tell us whether they still regard the left as superior to the right. The Chinese also held the left as the place of honor. The Druids gathered the samolus, fasting and with the left hand. The Ceylonese never used the left hand in preparing or in eating food, perhaps for the reason that the Arabians preferred the right hand, which led Sir Richard F. Burton to write one of his instructive anthropologic notes to "The Thousand Nights and a Night." The Abyssinians considered the right hand the more honorable.

We advise "G. S. W. K." to read the long and singular essay "Of the Right and Left Hand," by Sir Thomas Browne: (fifth chapter of Book IV, "Pseudodoxia Epidemica.") He begins: "It is also suspicious, and not with that certainty to be received. What is generally believed concerning the right and left hand; that men naturally make use of the right, and that the use of the other is a digression or aberration from that way which nature generally intendeth." He argues first that "If there were a determinate prepotency in the right, and such as ariseth from a constant root in nature, we might expect the same in other animals, whose parts are also differenced by dextrality: wherein notwithstanding we cannot discover a distinct and complying account; for we find not that horses, bulls, or mules, are generally stronger on this side." Squirrels, monkeys and parrots often favor the left side. He then finds the grounds and reason alleged for the right unsatisfactory; not affording a rest in their decision. Here he shows great learning. "Thirdly, although we should concede a right and left in nature, yet in this common and received account we may err from the proper acception: mistaking one side for another." This, too, he argues at length. He concludes that there is no certain root in nature for the more common use of the right hand. "Since it is not confirmable from other animals: Since in children it seems either indifferent or more favorable in the other; but more reasonable for uniformity in action, that men accustom unto one: Since the grounds and reasons urged for it do not sufficiently support it."

Zecchinelli was of this opinion: "Mankind discovered that the left hand, from its anatomical connection with the most vital and important parts of the animal economy, could not be the one preferred."

We should not forget Charles Reade's little book, "The Coming Man," in which he urged the necessity of training young children to be ambidextrous. He gives many illustrations of powerful left arms, many of them drawn from feats of gymnasts and pugilists. The book is written in his raciest, most combative style.

Clubs of Two Cities.

As the World Wags:

Here is a curious note for the Earnest Student of Sociology. When a man resigns from a New York club, as I have recently done, it is merely business matter, and my resignation is accepted and all my correspondence answered by the cashier of the club—one of its servants. When a man resigns from a Boston club, so far as my experience extends, his correspondence is with one of his peers—the secretary of the club—who courteously regrets the occurrence. The metropolitan lack of ceremony possibly surpasses us in sincerity, but assuredly falls far short of our politer habit in the matter of urbanity.

Boston. C. E. F.

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS THE COLOSSAL SYMPHONY

Orchestra and Chorus Give Notable Performance of the Work.

A great audience again filled Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, repeated the admirable and impressive performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony given a little over a week ago. Every seat was taken and all available standing room filled. As before the orchestra was assisted by 350 singers excellently trained by Stephen Townsend, and this quartet: Florence Hinkle, who replaced Miss Hempel; Margaret Keyes, Arthur Hackett and Arthur Middleton. The performance began with "The Star Spangled Banner."

In his choral symphony Beethoven expressed great ideals, glorified universal love and sympathy, voiced his conception of the brotherhood of man. A gigantic work conceived by an Olympian mind. The music imposes extraordinary difficulties upon its executants. It would not be easy to imagine a finer interpretation than that given by Dr. Muck, the moving spirit of the performance. With an incomparable orchestra and a chorus skilled in execution and responsive in spirit at his command his interpretation was marked by nobility, dramatic force and artistic distinction, features that set his conducting apart, unrivalled. The audience was heartily appreciative.

Dec 4, 1917

Can anyone tell us about one Robbins, the hero of "Robbins's Lament"? The song was sung early in the 19th century to a tune called "The Galley Slave," written by William Reeve for his opera, "The Purse" (1794). We read the verses in "The Town and Country Song Book" published in Philadelphia by John Bioren in 1813. The song begins:

Ye sons of Columbia, O! think on my fate,
With you once I freedom enjoy'd,
With pleasure and hope, then my heart did elate,
But now even hope is destroy'd.

It appears from the song that Robbins, feeling the "sharp pangs of tyranny," rushed on his tyrants and slew them. A judge denied him a trial by jury, and sighed as he denied. The song then changes from the first person to the third.

To his blood-thirsty foes, given up as a prey,
When his claims were refused, he cry'd,
"'Tis thus," (his tobacco quid throwing away)
"'Tis thus many brave men have died."
'Midst the tears, sighs, and groans, and the sorrowful moans
Of some thousands who did him behold,
This poor captive of woe; with a strong guard did go,
As a lamb that for slaughter was sold.

To Jamaica, far over the turbulent wave,
Where the sun darts its vertical ray,
By executive influence, Robbins, the brave,
Was a sacrifice, borne away.
In the hands of his foe a sad victim of state,
As a martyr, he yielded his breath;
Ye sons of Columbia, O! think on his fate—
He resolved to have freedom or death.

Again we ask, who was this Robbins? Probably we should blush for our ignorance, but we were not well grounded in history at the public schools. For some years we were sure of three dates; of the first block-house erected in New England, of the Battle of Marathon, of the Battle of Waterloo, but now the last is the only one in the memory.

Dressed for the Part.

An English officer, commenting on the proposed change in the constitution of medical boards, said appellants from conscription would be more satisfied when examined by the new civilian boards. He added: "The military doctors will merely become civilians. They will not wear khaki but frock coats. They will be very much annoyed at the change and more austere." It is not given to everyone, however, to wear a frock coat with dignity. The man in the street has no longer any illusion about the costume of this or that profession. He is not impressed by the plug hat of a lawyer or banker; by the slouch hat of a musician; by the loose and flapping cravat of an anarchist or poet; chiefly because the followers of these callings no longer parade a distinguishing dress. The man that looks like a prosperous broker may be a writer of passionate sonnets or addicted to vers libre. Many musicians have their hair cut once a month. There was a time when a young physician despaired of obtaining practice if he could not grow a full beard. That was a time when it was unprofessional for a lawyer not to wear a stovepipe hat.

In England they are still conservative in the matter of the barrister's dress. He must not wear a white or fancy vest with his robe; only a white cravat may be worn beneath his bands; his buttonhole must be flowerless. In the matter of trousers the judges are adamant, as was young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy. "I listen," said Mr. Justice Byles to the late Lord Coleridge, when the latter was at the Bar, "with little pleasure to the arguments of a counsel whose legs are encased in light gray trousers."

The Homes of England

We were interested in a story of English married life—the happy homes of England!—told in the Pall Mall Gazette. Mrs. Constance Maria Coleman, a widow of 57 years, with an annuity of £2000 a year, having married a man of 34 years, who wore khaki but had been dismissed from the army, sued for a separation. "On the day of the honeymoon," it was stated in court, Mr. Coleman was the worse for strong drink; in fact, he did not come down to dinner. This happened last January. Not long afterwards he bit her on the shoulder, he bruised her body; he would vary this treatment by hitting her over the ears. In the larder he ordered her to sit in a chair, and asked if she were prepared to die, as he was going to electrocute her. She replied, the admirable woman, "Neither of us is." "I asked him to kiss me, and he would not, and then he played with the electrical apparatus, which I thought was dangerous." Not a restful companion, this Mr. Coleman, late of the army.

THREE BARRIE PLAYS AT HOLLIS

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—These three plays, each one in one act, by Sir James M. Barrie, were performed for the first time in Boston:

"THE NEW WORD."

Mr. Torrance....................H. E. Herbert
Mrs. Torrance....................Lucia Moore
Roger....................Philip Tonge
Lucy....................Mary Lena Wilson

"BARBARA'S WEDDING."

The Old Colonel....................Clifton Alderson
His Wife....................Mrs. Wallace Erskine
His Grandson....................Hugh Dillman
Karl....................Frank Grant Mills
Dering....................Percy Waram
Barbara....................Frances Curson

THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS.

Kate Dowey............ ...John Campbell
Mrs. Dowey........ ....Beryl Mercer
... ... n. ....Edward Broadley
.... Clara T Bracey
...Clossen n.t........ ....Adah Barton
....Rita Carlyle

Since the war broke out Barrie has written several little plays suggested by it; some of them trifling pieces that were designed only for an afternoon performance in aid of a soldier's fund; others, the more important, have crossed the Atlantic. "Barbara's Wedding," in fact, has been played in this country first. Of the three played last night "The New Word" is the oldest. It was brought out in London in 1915. "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" was produced there last April. It is the most elaborate and the most effective of the three.

Yet "The New Word," although it is called a comedy—so is "Measure for Measure"—is a pathetic little play. It shows the inherent and traditional reticence of English father and son. The boy of 19 has donned his uniform as second lieutenant for the first time. His mother is brave, smiling through her tears. The little sister is proud of him. But neither the father nor the son can express himself as the two are about to part. Their last talk is an awkward silence broken by commonplace or incongruous remarks. Neither one wishes to be "sentimental." Each one would gladly show affection. The father endeavors to find out what the boy really thinks of him—though there has never been the suspicion of a rupture. He tells his son a story about Gen. Joffre, hoping he will take the hint and possibly embrace him. Here we have humor and pathos skilfully blended. The father and son were admirably played by Messrs. Herbert and Tonge. Mr. Herbert's repose, his shy and veiled appeal, his shrinking into his shell at the very time he craves a loving word, his assumed indifference, his facial expression when he would sound by his son the boy's feelings, the pride he took in the lad intensified by the knowledge that he himself was too old for active service—these made the performance memorable. Much might be said of Mr. Tonge's revelation of the boy's character, as yet undeveloped—a brave lad who wondered if he might funk; rather cocky in some respects, yet ill at ease when alone with his father; ashamed of showing any natural emotion; secretly wondering how Gen. Joffre could embrace soldiers before they went on a perilous errand.

"Barbara's Wedding" is practically a long monologue of an old retired officer to whom the dead are still living, to whom the past is the present. The structure of the play is curious and not a happy one. The spectator is mystified at first. What is the German boy doing in the cottage? Why the rehearsal of the wedding with the grandson and Barbara crossing hands over the old man, then the stage darkened except for the strange light on the old man's head, and then Barbara married to an officer that had just appeared as a gardener? For the old officer had fancied that Barbara had married his grandson—but he had fallen in battle. Mr. Alderson depicted the old man that saw visions and heard strange sounds in a manner that did not allow boredom. The very vagueness of the opening taxed him, but he held the attention of the audience, which was no slight task; his glee in the scene with his wife when he thought he had been prudent in his speech, and his forgetfulness of the tragedy in the household in his desire to hear again Mr. Pickwick's adventure in the strange lady's bedroom were capitally portrayed. The play itself is unsatisfactory.

But in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" Barrie is on firmer ground. The main idea is fantastical; it is at the same time human. The old charwoman wishing to do her bit, mourning the fact that she had no son, inventing one to vie with her neighbors in accounts of his deeds—then the apparition of Private Dowey, famed finally by her pride in him and her sweetness. Then the simple but tragic ending; the little figure in black going out for her accustomed work, with the one sentence that the sword should not be sheathed until that for which it was drawn should be gained. Miss Mercer's playing of this part was profoundly moving; without a false note, without a distorting accent or gesture. Excellent was the virile characterization of Dowey by Mr. Campbell. Excellent, too, the charwomen of various types portrayed by Miss Bracey, Miss Barton and Miss Carlyle. A large audience greatly enjoyed Barrie's humor and was visibly affected by the pathetic scenes.

WILBUR THEATRE—"De Luxe Annie," a mystery play in three acts by Edward Clark, based on a short story by Scammon Lockwood. Produced at New Haven on Aug. 29, 1917. Presented at the Booth Theatre, New York, Sept. ... First performance in Boston.

Porter ....Frank Bowens
Doctor Niblo ....Albert Bruning
Hal Herbert....................Jack MacBride
Jordan Bell ....Robert W. Smiley
Frank North....................Russell H. Davis
Butler.........................John C. Leach
Jimmie Fitzpatrick ....George Anderson
De Luxe Annie..................Jane Grey
Cronin ....Walter Wilson
Hal H. Kendal ....Thurlow Bergen
Mrs. Archer ....Mary Hall
... .Minnie Milne
Cyrus Munroe ....Percy Pollock
Joe............................Jack MacBride

The piece opens with a discussion in the smoking compartment in a Pullman car. Dr. Niblo undertakes to refute the possibility of coincidence claiming that there is a deep and mysterious cause for every action. To illustrate his theory the physician tells the story of a case in which his services were required and after the manner of "On Trial" and other plays in which the same device has been effectively used. This story is acted before the audience in the scenes that follow.

From the first scene, however, the play is an exciting crook melodrama, rather than a study in abnormal psychology.

De Luxe Annie, a book agent, is plying her trade with a confederate swindler, Jimmie Fitzpatrick. Their headquarters are in New York. Annie meets Hal Kendal, whom she believes to be an architect, and determined to renounce her life of crime and promises to be his wife. A frame-up is arranged in which Detective Cronin confronts Annie and Fitzpatrick with the wife of a would-be victim. Incidentally Kendal is recognized by Fitzpatrick as the head of a detective agency.

The crooks escape to New Canaan, where Annie attempts to fleece Cyrus Munroe, wealthy proprietor of a hotel and flourishing hardware store. Munroe, however, is acting for the detectives. The crooks escape his bloodhounds by crossing the frozen river on skates. Taking refuge in a deserted summer cottage strange things happen. Annie shows an extraordinary familiarity with the house. Fitzpatrick grows suspicious. The arrival of the detectives completes the evidence. Annie, in reality Kendal's wife, has been suffering from amnesia. Robbed and hurt in a crook escapade, she became separated from her husband and, not recovering from the blow on her head, had drifted away and turned to crime as a means of livelihood. An operation restores her mind. Dr. Niblo assures his companions that not coincidence but her subconscious self working in the interest of a grave cause led Mrs. Kendal back to her own cottage when memories were aroused that led to the final awakening.

As a melodrama "De Luxe Annie" leaves nothing to be desired in the matter of thrills, old and new. There is the suspected dual personality of the heroine, the bottle of carbolic acid, the threat of pursuing bloodhounds, the flash of revolvers, the final round up in the deserted cottage. In the second act, too, there is the inevitable battle of wits between crook and detective. The material of the story has been ingeniously arranged. The network of accomplices in the capture of Annie is skilfully handled. The action is swift. Suspense and surprises are the rule.

The play is well cast. Miss Grey as Annie, not wholly convincing in the first act, was excellent in those that followed. She was pursuasive and seductive in the scene at Munroe's store, pathetic in her slowly dawning perceptions of the truth, when restored to her home and husband.

Mr. Anderson was a plausible crook, sincere in repentance. Mr. Berger played Kendal with requisite tenderness and solicitude. Miss Milne's Mrs. Archer was a capital impersonation of a loquacious country boarding-house keeper. Mr. Pollock's Cyrus Munroe, the aged and susceptible rural Croesus, was lifelike and amusing. Mr. Bruning as Dr. Niblo was benign and suave after the manner of physicians in melodrama. A large audience was interested and entertained.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First Time in Boston of "Upstairs and Down," a comedy in three acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, and produced by Oliver Morosco with this cast:

UPSTAIRS.

Antony Ives ....Fred Tiden
Nancy Ives ....Frances Ring
Robert Van Courtland...........Orlando Daly
Elsie Hunt.....................Roberta Arnold
Elizabeth Chesterton...........Mary Servoss
Alice Chesterton...............Ethel Stanard
Tom Cary ....Paul Harvey
Capt. Terence O'Keefe..........Robert Ellis

DOWNSTAIRS

Sprang.........................Arthur Elliot
Pierre.........................Herbert Farjeon
Rosalie........................Helene Sinnot
Nelly..........................Elaine Ivans
Craig..........................William MacDonald
Louis Le Tour..................Louis Christy

"Upstairs and Down" is ayear and a half old, but it is quite the most precocious offspring the American theatre has as yet acknowledged. It first saw the light of day on a June night, as Capt. Terence O'Keefe himself might put it, and the place of its birth was Los Angeles, where Mr. Morosco first presents all of his varied and colorful productions. It delighted New York audiences for an entire season, it has come to Boston after a prosperous sojourn in Chicago, and by the tokens of last night's reception and by the merits of its text, themes, treatment and portrayal, is to be reckoned as one of the choice theatrical exhibits in this vicinity for some time.

The Hattons have become, by seasoned efforts and successes, expert makers of light, fanciful, satirical comedy. They have a faculty for giving style and distinction to their plays, and they can build to fit the measure of no less an artist than ... Dietrichstein or in even more difficult stress, to encompass the composite gifts of a company of a dozen or more players. If their dialogue is not always original in thought, it has the merits of service in modish fashions, so that it smacks of novelty. At characterization, they are adept. Their workmanship is never careless or slovenly; if anything, it tends once and again to become over-elaborate, over-attentive to a certain scene or a certain situation.

"Upstairs and Down," according to the Hattons, was not written to point a moral, to turn any faction or element of society on the spit of ridicule or censure, to dissect and preach upon any problem of the social fabric. It was constructed in most playful manner, as a series of contrasts between the natures, speech, actions and codes of those fortunate enough to have access to the drawing-room and those who dwell below stairs, in mock humility, yet noting and comparing and reaching conclusions among themselves, and invariably holding to their own tenets of living. It is noteworthy for the introduction to the stage of a type frequently read of and encountered, known as "the baby vampire." This impish character, as developed by Miss Stanard, makes much of the interest of the comedy, for it is on her ultimate behavior and decision that the happiness of the two principal characters, Capt. O'Keefe and Betty, the debutante vampire's elder sister, must depend.

For the rest, the comedy is one of countless ludicrous lines and audacious situations, as witness the postures assumed by the ladies to whom the amorous Irishman makes his appeal; the idea of the moonlight bathing party, or "Porgie," as the horrified Sprang terms it. A substantial measure of the performance's success is due to the excellent band of players engaged in it. Mr. Ellis as the heart-breaking Irishman, Miss Servoss in a sentimental role less exacting than one expected, Miss Stanard in an evenly sustained mood of "vamping" barely removed from the nursery, Mr. Harvey as the clumsy giant of a millionaire, who loves the infant vainly until O'Keefe tells him the secret mode of conquest; Miss Arnold as the bedizened widow, who finds it too arduous to be emotional; Miss Ring as the childless hostess, who confesses at the eleventh hour to a great desire to be truly loved, if only by a butcher, and to have a dozen children—all are commended. And "downstairs" Mr. Elliot's temperate butler, Mr. Christy's comic valet, who perhaps has a bit too much of the stage; Craig, the chauffeur, with greater regard for domestic orthodoxy than his ways of earning gratuities; Nelly, the maid, who, though impressionable, has saving qualities; and Pierre and Rosalie, the chef and French maid, secretly married, yet keen for harmless adventures.

Upstairs and downstairs, each has his or her weakness, and as well his or her good quality. And through the three acts, played in any rich man's summer home on Long Island, the Hattons, laboring skilfully, keep these very interesting puppets dancing and drinking, loving and scratching, until all tire of the game. And when the game is played through, the spectator realizes that in the whole lot there is scarcely one whose life is worthwhile—that for two hours and more he has been hearing and laughing at petty personages who could not take a vital part in the great schemes of the world. The Hattons are more subtle than they seem. They disclaim any moral to their tale, yet there is one, deftly concealed.

BLOSSOM SEELEY HEADS LIVELY BILL AT KEITH'S

"Anything but a dull time," says Billy Sunday. Now, then, if the Rev. William were a theatre-going parson he would approve of the bill at Keith's this week. It is all entertainment, from A to K. No dull time—none, "a-tall."

Blossom Seeley is the headliner, assisted, encircled and enhanced by the Messieurs Fields, Salisbury, Davis, Lopez and Thorpe. Her act is full of effective color and—thanks to Blossom—inspired with ginger in wholesale lots.

The curtain raisers, Paul Gordon and Ame Rica, offer a brief but clever bicycle exhibition. Better go early, for this reason—and also because Helene Davis follows immediately with a quite proper disrobing act that is better seen than heard, although her voice is not by any means bad.

Joseph Bennett and Edward Richards present a blackface act which they call "Dark Clouds," but the clouds are not of gloom—rather are they the mist with which excessive laughter veils the eyes. Eddie Borden—supported by Sir James A. Dwyer, we are told—is a side-splitter. The dancing of Carl Randall and Ernestine Myers is well done, and it winds up with a fantastic conception of the modern fox trot as it might have been performed in the land of Egypt in the time of Moses.

Eddie Dowling won his audience the moment they caught sight of him last evening, and he did it in his street clothes. He is billed as "the international comedian," and his comedy is funny; but he is best in his pathetic impersonation of a Belgian child refugee.

The last number is a little musical comedy in the present-day style, a farce in two scenes entitled "The Naughty Princess," with a chorus of pretty girls that includes one beauty—the one with the old rose collar. It is worth seeing to the final curtain.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Harry Lauder in farewell tour, under the direction of William Morris. There was a surrounding vaudeville bill. Ivan Rudisill conducted. There was a large audience and at times the applause was vociferous.

There was much impatience on the part of the audience, for Lauder was in the air; thus they were kept in a state of anxious expectancy, for the comedian did not start his turn till 9:40. This does not mean that the vaudeville was not up to the mark; rather, the bill was excellent of its kind, nicely varied, and many of the numbers might take feature positions in a bill.

Mr. Lauder's appearance was the signal for a demonstration that fairly shook the house, and it was minutes before the comedian could proceed. But there he was, short, stubby legs and all, with a formidable cane, pibroch, kilts, tam-o'-shanter and with his face convulsed to the point of almost completely shutting off any view of his eyes. And when the welcome of the audience spent itself the Scotchman started one of the best pieces of his new collection of songs, "I'm Going to Marry 'Arry on the Fifth of Jan-u-ary."

The comedian's performance this time brings out another side of his versatility. He was something more than the singer of songs. There was a well defined attempt at the creation of types, and this is saying much when the comedian confines himself wholly to the portrayal of the Scot. But each was nicely differentiated. There were many subtleties brought out characteristic of each style, and above all each was in turn "earthy" and there was both pertinency of "business" and dress; nor did the comedian miss the opportunity to give local color to each song with an appropriate drop.

Perhaps the most noticeable departure of the comedian was his dressing and acting of "I Love to Be a Sailor." Nor would it be too much to say that had the actor chosen this for his first number the disguise would have been so complete that he would have fooled his audience. His sailor might have stepped from his vessel after a long cruise, lighted his pipe and been found sunning himself on the pier of any large city. The piece has a delightful rhythmic swing, which may be said of many of his new pieces, and there is the added advantage of clever orchestration.

Another type that showed the skill of the comedian was in "The Waggle o' the Kilt." This depicts the cocky style of Scotch soldier, a fellow who views himself with a certain self-congratulatory esteem. There is only one of these chaps in a regiment, and he might be picked by the most indifferent lay eye for his sturt and the swing of his kilt.

And then there was another Harry Lauder last evening—the Lauder who has felt the tragedy of the war brought home to his own door. And those who have laughed with the comedian were moved with his impassioned plea for the complete subjection of the enemy. In a talk that was a forceful argument for the destruction of the German propaganda, which the Scotsman said was still promoting its sinister influences in this country, he urged the filling of the coffers of the United States to overflowing, and renewed and unabated interest in recruiting both the army and navy.

Mr. Lauder had recourse to only one of his old songs, and this was by request from among the audience. Thus he sang again "The Wee Hoose Amang the Heather" without orchestral accompaniment. Besides the songs already mentioned above, the list of new songs sung included: "I Think I'll Get Wed in the Summer," "We A' Go Hame the Same Way," in which the audience joined in the refrain, and "The Lads Who Fought and Won." The latter is a stirring number, sung very effectively by the comedian, and there is a nice bit of sentiment injected.

The surrounding vaudeville bill included the Five Kitamuras, Japanese equilibrists; Bell and Grazer, dancers; Francis Renault, female impersonator; Arnaut Brothers, eccentric clowns and instrumentalists, and Cleo Gascoigne, diminutive vocalist.

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ROSHANARA AT WILBUR THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Roshanara, in company with Michio Itow, Thomas Allen Rector, Tulle Lindahl and other dancers, gave an entertainment yesterday afternoon at the Wilbur Theatre.

Miss Roshanara, an English woman who was brought up in India, made her first appearance as a professional, it is

sold, as the chief dancer in "Kismet" when it was produced in London in April, 1911. In the fall of that year she appeared for a time in some of the oriental fantasies of the Russian Ballet. In March, 1912 she performed her snake dance at the Palace Theatre, London. In September, 1913, she danced at the Vivoli London. In 1914-15 she made a tour of the Orient, dancing in cities of India, visiting Burma, and before arriving in New York in September, 1915, dancing in London hospitals for convalescent soldiers. In New York she appeared that fall at the Palace Theatre. Last August she and Mr. Itow were members of Adolf Bolm's Ballet Intime.

Yesterday afternoon she was seen in "On the Way to the Temple," a Hindu Fantasy in Silhouette; an incense dance, a Ceylonese dance of winnowing the rice; the Tragedy of the Festival of Lights, a Nautch dance, and a Hindu serpent dance. The Silhouette Fantasy in which others appeared is a striking mini-drama, in which the figures stand and move in black relief against a background of blue. In the incense dance a young widow purifies herself with incense before she dedicates herself to the temple. Graceful in these scenes the dancer was still more effective dramatically in the Tragedy of the Festival of Lights, the Nautch dance and the serpent dance. In the first of these a poor and humble temple maid steals a robe from the altar. Frightened she begs Krishna to lend it to her that she may please his eyes. She throws herself into his arms. The god comes to life. She woos him seductively in a dance, and when, inflamed, he kisses her, she falls dead. Jupiter and Semele. Then Krishna goes back to the altar to remain in contemplation until perhaps some other maiden will arouse him.

Miss Roshanara is richly endowed by nature. Fair of face, she has an exquisitely proportioned and lithe figure. She moves and dances with her brains as well as her body. Not too realistic her pantomime is eloquent. Bodily movements and facial expression are varied, always expressive. She is, indeed, a delightful apparition.

Mr. Itow was seen in the Fox dance; his own pantomine "A Little Red Shoe" with Miss Lindahl, Mr. Rector and a toy donkey; a marionette's expression of music (Delibes's "Pizzicato"); and the Golliwog Cake Walk (music by Debussy). His dancing is something more than grotesque, as the grotesque is understood by Occidentals. The angularity is not displeasing, while the synchronous rhythms of body and music show the remarkable control of the dancer over his body. Of the dances in which he was seen yesterday, the Fox was the most engrossing, the most dramatic. His art may well be observed carefully and minutely. In pure pantomime he did not make so strong an impression, but the pantomime itself was not interesting, although Miss Linhal, as a noble dame of the Court, was sufficiently coquettish. Mr. Spier's music for the piano was seldom illuminative. Mr. Lindahl was also seen in a pretty Japanese Cherry dance, if dance it can be called.

There was a little pantomine, "After the War" (Miss d'Walle, Miss Rhys and Mr. Rector), more conventional than Mr. Itow's, but amusing and charmingly performed. These two girls and the Misses West, Harmon, Palay and Link were seen in "Camouflage," a little ballet in the Isadora Duncan-and-her-pupils manner.

An unusual entertainment, one that deeply interested the audience. The company will be seen again this week at the Wilbur Theatre on Thursday and Friday afternoons.

Thursday, "On the Way to the Temple, Japanese Girl dance, "Invitation to the Dance," Harvest dance, "Little Red Shoe." Burmese Court dance, Sho Jo Burmese Boat dance, "After the War," "The Moon Flower," Fox dance, "Camouflage" Hindoo Serpent dance.

Friday "On the Way to the Temple," Sakuri-Sakuri, Fox dance, Classic Nautch, Harvest dance, "A Little Red Shoe." "The Moon Flower," Tori No Odori Warrior dance, "After the War," Hindoo Serpent dance, Marionettes, "Tradegy of the Festival of Lights."

Of the native music heard yesterday, Japanese, Ceylonese and Hindu, we may write later. The company is well worth seeing if only for the gorgeous and beautiful costumes and certain effects of light

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Pauline Danforth

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Pauline Danforth, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Dohnanyi, Rhapsody, op. 11, No. 3; Chopin, Polonaise, C sharp minor, Etude, F minor, Mazurka op. 6, No. 1; Debussy, Prelude, La Puerta del Vino, L'Isle joyeuse; MacDowell, Sonata op. 57; Ravel, Ondine; Gebhard, Romance elegiaque; Platt, Nocturne; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 15.

Miss Danforth, we are informed, studied in Boston and gave her first recital yesterday. Her program was well arranged, although it is questionable whether Chopin's Polonaise should have directly followed Dohnanyi's Rhapsody; a gentle, or, at any rate a less formidable piece, should have come between the two. The sonata was well placed, but it is of too dramatic and heroic a nature for Miss Danforth at present. It is the least interesting, the least impressive of the four.

Miss Danforth has a technical facility that shows her diligence as a student. She also showed yesterday musical intelligence. She has not yet acquired tonal sensuousness. Tone is now to her a matter of black and white. There was an absence of warmth; to her emotion was contemplation. As was natural, her interpretation often seemed studied, too deliberate, as in Chopin's Polonaise and Mazurka; also in the Sonata. On the other hand, her playing of Dohnanyi's Rhapsody had the right spirit. In the pieces by Debussy, she was more successful in her treatment of the Prelude than in her interpretation of the more subtle compositions. Debussy's compositions are not for every pianist. Famous ones, Mr. Paderewski among them, have made a mess of them, when certain pianists of lesser reputation have worked a spell. Miss Danforth's performance of "La Puerta del Vino" and "L'Isle joyeuse" was too objective, too circumstantial, too obvious.

At times in the course of the concert Miss Danforth's phrasing was squarecut, not well rounded, without regard to a graceful conclusion in lyric passages.

A very friendly audience was warmly appreciative.

Let us now end the discussion concerning "shall" and "will" with these letters. Let us in future use the words indifferently and gaily split infinitives. First of all let us read this triote to our correspondents:

Old Fogeys.

As the World Wags:

I am charmed with the direct frankness of Mr. Ahn in his comment on "Old Fogys," but he is rash, oh, far too rash. The older the fogy, the more dangerous; for his soul is thrilled at a challenge and he rejoiceth in controversy, and Mr. Ahn has probably aroused the whole clan.

I cannot yet hope to be called one. I am nothing so useful or valuable. I have, however, a profound respect and liking for genuine Old Fogys, and have sat at their feet in humble appreciation and learned much that is unknown to a "futuristic" philosopher such as I darkly suspect Mr. Ahn of being.

For counsel on such grave matters as the proper coloring of clay pipes, the compounding of rum punch and for many curios and romantic facts about Yankee customs and folk-lore, bodily ailments and the English language, I can never be too grateful to the Old Fogys who enlightened me. Therefore in this Thanksgiving season part of my praise goes up for them and "As the World Wags."

BENEDICITE EPHRAIM BUTTS.
Springfield.

"Shall" and "Will"

As the World Wags:

Apropos New England purists and the King James Version, have you ever noticed the lack of unanimity even among children in reciting "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever"? Did the Psalmist feel so certain of his control over goodness and mercy and also over his choice of a home? INQUIRER (not critic).
Wollaston.

As the World Wags:

Referring to noto of "B. H. W." it must be a surprise to many to read Mr. George Ticknor's statement, made in 1858, that he "never knew a person born among us—who was born here, or was bred in our schools—to make a mistake in the use of the auxiliary verbs 'shall' and 'will.'" Is it to be concluded, from this, that the offensive misuse of these, now so widely prevalent in America, has grown up during the last 60 years, in spite of all that schools have done in the interim?

It is said that the Cockney compensates for dropping the aspirate from some words by an excessively generous use of it in others, but this does not apply to the two maltreated auxiliaries. "Will" is used in excess, with no corresponding application of "shall." There is danger of the latter becoming atrophied from lack of use. J. S. H.
Beverley.

As the World Wags:

In the Herald and Journal of this morning, E. A. Haskell endorses the criticism of the "Church Magnate" by "Old Fogy" in his use of the auxiliary "will" as printed on the return postcard, "I will be present. I will bring —— guests." In order to substantiate his position he quotes this excellent rule: First person—'Shall predicts and will determines.'" He continues—"I think the return postcard of the 'State Street Magnate' was incorrect, grammatically, inasmuch as it was not a promise or a determination to accept the invitation to attend but simply a prediction that he would attend and bring —— guests."

Can any person imagine the "State Street Magnate" assuming the trouble and expense of mailing return postcards simply to receive in return a mass of predictions? He, himself, could have predicted, if nothing more was necessary, but the mere fact that he has sent those return cards evidenced his desire that he wished to determine, beyond a doubt, how many would be present in order to provide for them. Therefore, in accordance with the rule quoted by Mr. Haskell the auxiliary "will," expresing determination as employed by the "State Street Magnate" was correct.

He also agrees with "Old Fogy" in his use of "had" in the sentence: "Had we not better teach," etc. I am curious to know how Mr. Haskell would parse that sentence. After eliminating the adverbs "better" and "not" the sentence remains "had we teach," which is an absurdity, as the auxiliary "had" can only be employed with the past participle "taught." When "Old Fogy" ejaculates. "Is grammar a thing of the past?" had we not better teach the Rubric—"he" is seeking; without doubt, some remedy or power to prevent the continued abuse of the rules of syntax. The imperfect tense of the potential mood would express his thought without violation of any rule of syntax—might, could, would or should we not better teach.

I remember the article by Prof. Lounsbury, to which Mr. Haskell referred. He advanced the argument that "had" in that combination was sanctioned by common usuage, which should be considered a very unsound reason. If our speech is to be regulated by common usage instead of fixed grammatical rules—if we are upheld in saying "had teach"—why may we not with equal propriety say "had ought." A. R. W.
Rockland, Me.

As the World Wags:

Here are three rules to help your "will" and "shall" correspondents:

"Will," in the first person, should not be used to express simple futurity, that is, to foretell what is likely to happen.

"Will" should not be used at all in the first person in asking questions.

"Will" should not be used in the second person in questions, unless "will" is expected in the answer.

"Should," expressing obligation, is used in all persons, as "I, you, he should obey the law." J. D. K.
Boston.

Careless Correspondents.

This reminds us that special correspondents are remiss in not giving correctly the full names of the mad Russians that are now prominent! For example, what is the Christian name of Trotzky? A Bostonian, who was in Russia last summer, informs us that it is Bakdor, but we read a paragraph on Sunday in which Leon was given as Trotzky's "front name." What is Krylenko's name as given by his sponsors in baptism?

Daniel Doubted.

Here is another strange story told in The Pall Mall Gazette. Mr. Dunnett, the eldest son of a boot and shoe merchant, asked the court of session in Edinburgh to set aside a will which the defendants, his mother and nine brothers and sisters, said was the will of his deceased father. One of the brothers, Daniel, stated that he had seen his father in a dream three times. On the last occasion his father pointed to his coat pocket. Next morning he searched and found the will in the pocket. His lordship gave judgment for the plaintiff, and said that Daniel's story was a defense unique in law pleading. He regarded the story of the dream as a pure invention. Yet lost property has been found through dreams. The Daniel of the Old Testament was able to explain the dream of Nebuchadnezzar by means of a night vision, so that the King fell upon his face and worshipped Daniel, and commanded that they should offer an oblation and sweet odors unto him; made him a great man, and ruler over the whole province of Babylon. And later Daniel himself dreamed wonderful prophetic dreams. We fear that Lord Anderson is a sceptic.

Dec 7 1917

BURMESE DANCES

By PHILIP HALE.

Roshanara, Mr. Itow, Miss Lindahl, Thomas Allen Rector and others, Alexandre Sedan, musical director, gave the second of their entertainments at the Wilbur Theatre yesterday afternoon. The new dances were Mr. Itow's "Invitation to Dance"; a Burmese Court Dance for Roshanara; A Burmese Boat for Roshanara, Miss West and Miss Palay; "Sho-Jo" for Mr. Itow; an the "Moon Flower," a fantasy in pantomine for Roshanara, and five well set up young women. The two pantomimes were seen again; "A Little Red Shoe", in which Miss Lindahl is a charmingly coquettish figure; and "After the War," with handsome, manly Mr. Rector distracted for a time by the rival lures of Miss d'Walle and Miss Rhys. The Nautch Dance, Harvest Dance, Japanese Girl Dance, the Fox Dance, "Comouflage," the most conventional and least interesting of the dances, and the Hindu Serpent Dance were on the program.

The Burmese court dance gave Roshanara the opportunity to wear a curious and gorgeous costume of an ancient period in Burmese history. As has already been said, Roshanara visited Burmah not long ago and studied the manners and dances of that country. The movements of a Burmese dancer's arms and legs were faithfully represented, as a traveler in a neighboring seat informed us. He added that the absolute fidelity of the performance was somewhat impaired by the fact that Roshanara is lithe, comparatively tall and singularly graceful, while the Burmese women, though famed for facial beauty, are, as a rule, short, if not dumpy. The "Moon Flower" is based on the legend of the flower awakened by the moon. There was effective posturing. The Burmese boat was also a pretty picture, the effect of which was enhanced by an exotic melody sung behind the scenes.

In "Sho-Jo" Mr. Itow represented a youth who, plying himself with wine, sees in a vision a maiden whom he would possess. His attempt is futile, and at last, overcome by the rice-wine, he drops in sleep. Mr. Itow showed a fine control of facial expression. Yet his most remarkable performance so far is the Fox Dance. The fox figures prominently in Japanese folk lore. It is thought that the animal can become a human being, or at least enter into one. Is there any possible connection between Mr. Itow's wildly grotesque dance, in which he imitates adroitly the movements of the animal, and an old belief? It is said that a fox wandering in a lonely place will pick up a skull and put it on his head, and facing the north star, worship it. He performs his genuflections and obeisances slowly, but the motions soon become more convulsive and rapid and he leaps with astounding activity. However high he jumps toward the star, his skull-crown remains fast. After 100 acts of worship he is able to transform himself into a human being.

Roshanara and her companions will give two more matinees at the Wilbur; one this afternoon at 2:30; the other on Saturday at 11 o'clock sharp.

Menage is reported as saying—we quote from the third edition of "Menagiana" (1715): "I have read a fine passage in Pliny, where to show at the same time the invention and malice of man, he says in speaking of arrows that one has given them iron wings and thus made birds of them: Ferrum alitem fecimus. What would he have said, if he had come into the world after the invention of firearms, especially after these new bombs that one throws farther than a cannon can carry." The editor says that "Ferrum alitem" is not found in Pliny. That matters not; the idea of Pliny is well expressed by Menage. Now Gilles Menage died in 1692. What were these bombs, and how were they thrown?

De Morte.

As the year is dying let us consider our own ending. The old books urged us when in bed to review the actions and thoughts of the day; to remember those whom we had wronged in deed or speech; to confess to ourselves the weaknesses of the day, the glass too much, the greediness at table, the hasty and reckless word, the petty meanness, the advantage taken over the unsuspecting. Then there would be the firm resolve to be a blessing to the world on the morrow and not a curse. But the flat-dweller, going down the hill of life, knowing that he will soon be at the bottom, stretches his legs in bed and wonders if he will be comfortable in his coffin; wonders how unfeeling men will get it safely down the narrow stairs, or whether it will be lowered like a piano from a window, while small boys stand gaping on the sidewalk, hoping that the ropes will break. Thus does he woo gentle sleep.

A Boston Host

Not all Bostonians are cold and indifferent in their treatment of strangers. A huge Newfoundland dog is in the habit of sunning himself on the steps of a Beacon street house. He watches with majestic indifference the passing show—the rushing devil wagons, the short-skirted girls, who seem to have Smollett's "Ode to Independence" in their minds:

Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

He wonders at the frantic semaphoric gestures of the policeman of the cross-streets. Yesterday a Boston terrier came sidling along. As soon as the Newfoundland saw him he rose and began to wag his tail in friendly greeting. He even went down a step or two. The two

... ed of ... the ... manner of dogs. The geniality of ... was apparent to every passer. The terrier, at first a little shy, ... soon at ease. Soon the two turned their attention, no doubt with disparaging comment, on the men and women that strutted, pranced, shuffled or swaggered on the sidewalk.

In the sixties we knew half a dozen Newfoundland dogs in our little village, ... one intimately but we were on speaking terms with all of them. Every one was named Carlo. Why was the name then thought peculiarly appropriate to dogs of that breed?

"Los Angeles."

As the World Wags:

I have noted with interest the letter ... "California" giving the "correct" pronunciation of Los Angeles. I really must challenge his right to his nom-de-plume. If he were really a native of that fair city, as I have the honor of being, he would know that the "o" in "Los" is always pronounced by the native as is the same letter in the word "lost." Also, be it said, that the people who actually live in the city almost invariably pronounce "Angeles" with a soft "g," eliding the first "e" entirely and giving no more stress to the second than is absolutely necessary. Californians living outside the city make the ... distinction that they use the hard "g." A modified short "a" in "Angeles" is universal.

With the exception of a few times at the hands of students who had just acquired the pronunciation rules for real Castilian Spanish, never until I came to New England, did I ever hear anyone seriously contend that "Los" should have a long "o" or that the final syllable, "les," should sound as "lays."

Exeter, N. H. NATIVE.

GEBHARD GIVES RECITAL

Heinrich Gebhard gave a second piano recital last evening at Steinert Hall. His program included Beethoven's Sonata, op. 81a, and pieces by Gebhard, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Ravel and Albeniz. The possessor of an agreeable touch, technically well equipped, capable musicianly, Mr. Gebhard might also take his place in the hardy annual class of recital givers. A friendly audience of fair size enjoyed his performance.

Dec 8 1917

ROSHANARA ACT

By PHILIP HALE.

Roshanara, with her associates, Mr. Itow, Miss Lindahl, Mr. Rector and others, gave the third of her entertainments yesterday afternoon at the Wilbur Theatre. The program was made up of dances and pantomimes already seen, with the addition of a warrior dance and a bird dance.

It would be interesting to know how far the oriental melodies played for some of the dances have been modernized to suit occidental ears; also what has been done to take the place of certain instruments. The Burmese court dance, seen on Thursday, would probably have been still more effective if the native gongs, bamboo clappers and a species of flageolet had been employed. It is said that the music of the Nautch dance is a Hindu raga; that of the Harvest dance a Ceylonese song heard by Roshanara on her brother's plantation at rice-harvest time and noted for her by Doraswami, a native musician.

Mr. Griffes says that he has "developed" Japanese music for Mr. Itow's dances, keeping in mind the suggestion of quarter-tones, the use of the augmented second, and the pedal or "organ point," archaic characteristics of eastern music, towards which, with the scales of Japan and China, modern music is tending. Has not William Wallace in an audacious volume contended that we are only on the threshold of music? There comes up, of course, the question of instrumentation. In Mr. Griffes's scores for a full orchestra, the thematic material is given to flute, clarinet and oboe, substitutes for Japanese reed instruments, the harp, which represents the koto, and gongs and kettledrums.

Yet when all is said Delibes' music from "Lakme," which was used in the Hindu serpent dance, suggested forcibly the east and seemed singularly appropriate, more eastern, in fact, than the music provided by Doraswami and Mr. Itow himself, possibly because the eastern instruments were not employed in the music of these composers.

Of the music taken from western composers, that of Beethoven for "Camouflage" was the least effective. This mattered little, for the dance itself was a feeble attempt at the joyousness expressed by Isadora Duncan and her attendant nymphs when they first visited Boston.

The company will give an extra performance today at 11 o'clock sharp at the Wilbur Theatre.

In the December number of the Chronicle, the magazine published in New York by the "beau monde" for the "beau monde," a writer demands more than patriotism from the Metropolitan Opera House. "One must be interesting, and that the Metropolitan is not. Or rather, the Metropolitan has not been interesting so far this season. . . . We are confronted by another season of Farrar, an artist who traded her operatic birthright for a mess of 'moving-pictureage.' Each year, Farrar becomes more and more guilty of exaggerations, of self-assurance, of bombast, and, if one of her Italian colleagues can be believed, her leanings are still pro-German. Farrar is reactionary. She does not improve. She is not stagnant. She simply goes back. That segment of the public life which admires her is led by the siren song of the press agencies and gives no heed to a true art. Farrar would better return to 'The Woman God Forgot' class of entertainment to which she is most suited. There is no good pretending, the Metropolitan has need of a shake-up, new blood, a little revolution, or anything that will act as a crane to lift the institution out of its rut. There will be the apology, that the best is being alone, that singers and operas are scarce. The answer to this will be given when the Chicago Opera company, under Cleofonte Campanini, swings upon the scene early in 1918."

"By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words." Is this the voice of the horseshoe at the Metropolitan? Are the noble dames preparing to welcome Mr. Campanini and his host? As conductor with Oscar Hammerstein, he gave the Metropolitan Opera House a jolt. Perhaps again he will awaken it to new life.

Robbins's Lament.

As the World Wags:

You need not "blush" at not finding Jonathan Robbins (alias Thomas Nash) in your mental card catalogue of great criminals, for his fame is due merely to the coincidence of his arrest with a presidential election. Nash was a stout Irish bosun of H. M. S. Hermione, and ringleader of one of those successful mutinies that almost crippled British sea power in 1797. The mutineers killed their officers, carried the vessel into La Guaira, sold her there, and made their getaway. Two years later, while "under the influence" on shore-leave from another vessel at Charleston, S. C., Nash, now calling himself Jonathan Robbins, indiscreetly boasted of his exploits. He was arrested at the request of the British consul, and his extradition demanded under our treaty with England. At the hearing, Nash claimed to be a native born citizen of Danbury, Ct. But his rich brogue discredited this story, and two witnesses swore he was Nash. President Adams then ordered him delivered to the consul, and he was tried and executed at Jamaica, his body being hung in chains. The affair was immediately taken up by Democratic politicians. It made a beautiful case of "British influence" and "executive tyranny"—a native born Connecticut Yankee surrendered to the minions of King George without trial. Early in 1800 the Democratic leaders in Congress forced an "investigation" of the affair. The administration took the wind out of their sails by producing evidence that no Robbinses had ever lived in Danbury, and that Nash had confessed his crime just before execution, claiming, however, that he was driven to it by the cruelty of the Hermione's officers—which no one acquainted with conditions in the British navy at that time will doubt. John Marshall made a great speech in Congress defending the President's power to grant extradition, and the investigation proved a fizzle. Nevertheless, Nash or Robbins made a splendid political martyr for the election of 1800. The interesting poem you quote was doubtless a bit of campaign literature. Thomas Jefferson wrote "no circumstance since the establishment of our government has affected the popular mind more"; and as Jefferson was elected over Adams by as narrow a margin as Wilson over Hughes, he may well have been grateful to this "poor captive of woe."

There is a full account of the case in Senator Beveridge's Life of John Marshall. S. E. M.

Concord.

"Hoosegow."

The Journal Miner of Prescott, Ari. (Nov. 30), printed this heading: "Millionaires Tire of Life in the Hoosegow." Will some one rise to explain the origin of the unfamiliar word—unfamiliar at least in the "classic precincts of Boston."

MISS EDITH THOMPSON GIVES ANNUAL CONCERT

Shows Fine Tonal Quality and Spirit.

Miss Edith Thompson gave her annual concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Cyril Scott, The Garden of Soul Sympathy, Lotus Land; Debussy, Jardins sous la pluie; Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor; Chopin, Impromptus op. 36, 66, Etude, Valse op. 34, No. 1; Scriabin, Two Etudes; Mendelssohn-Liszt, On the Wings of Song.

Cyril Scott's music is too little known here. Ten years ago Mr. Fox played "Lotus Land." Two years afterwards Mr. Buonamici played "Pierrot." Mr. Cannon three years ago played the "Danse Negre" and "Lotus Land." Mrs. Gaines in 1909 sang two of Scott's songs. Mr. Ornstein in his series of concerts played a formidable sonata by Scott. No doubt there have been other performances, but the general public is not yet well acquainted with this Englishman's peculiar talent. Mr. Grainger might prefer the word "genius," even if Mr. Scott is not a "cosmic" person, to use Mr. Grainger's favorite term of praise.

These two pieces of Scott show his ultra-modern tendencies. They were appropriately followed by Debussy's impressionistic composition. Scott is more than a follower of Debussy; he has his own voice. His melodic phrases are more direct, also more sensuous. It is in the harmonic scheme that his music has the closest resemblances to Debussy. The group was poetically played by Miss Thompson, who here and elsewhere in her recital showed fine tonal qualities, spirit and understanding.

Dec 9 1917

RUSSIANS PLAY

By PHILIP HALE.

The Russian Symphony orchestra of New York, Modeste Altschuler, conductor, gave its first concert here last night in Symphony Hall. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Emma Roberts, contralto, and John Powell, pianist. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, Pathetic Symphony; Concerto for piano No. 1, B flat minor, Russian folk song (Soldier's Song), arranged for orchestra by Mr. Altschuler; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Indian Song from "Sadko"; Satz, Dance of the goat-footed Sylvians; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G minor, Songs for voice—Rachmaninoff, Keep the Pain, Russian folk songs, the Peasant Girl and Buckwheat Cakes, Rachmaninoff Cry of Russia Glazounoff, Paraphrase on the Allied Hymns, op. 96 (New Hymn of Free Russia, Serbian, Montenegrin, French, British, Belgian, Italian, Japanese and American).

This orchestra was organized for the purpose of acquainting the public with Russian music of the old and the new schools. Its first concerts were given in New York in the winter of 1904. Mr Altschuler, a graduate of the Moscow Conservatory, was known there as an orchestra player and soloist before he organized this society. He appeared in Boston as a violoncellist in 1898, and, if we are not mistaken, he has assisted in Kneisel concerts. Under his direction the orchestra introduced compositions by members of the young Russian school, whose names, more or less familiar today, were then not to be found in the ... musical dictionaries published outside of Russia.

The concert last night was given under adverse circumstances. The train from New York was late. A little after 9 o'clock Mr. Powell came on the stage and gave a thoughtful and brilliant performance of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques. After that the concert began according to the program. The orchestra brought over was probably not the complete one. There were four violas, four violoncellos, four double-basses, with eight first violins, yet these strings with the second violins in proportion were not overbalanced by the wood-wind and brass instruments. In the Symphony the walk of every part was well-defined. Mr. Altschuler gave an unusually interesting reading of the Symphony. While his interpretation was far from being academic, there was no attempt to procure sensational effects. There was a fitting wildness in the emotional expression; there was an exulting barbaric splendor in the third movement; there was the true oriental monotony in the trio of the Scherzo, with the wailing phrases against the constant drum-beat. The Scherzo itself was finely rhythmed. In fact, the whole performance was a stirring one. Of late years under different conductors, we have seen Tschaikowsky presented to us in a frock-coat, light trousers, high collar with black cravat and with hair neatly combed. But Tschaikowsky does not bear this prinking. When he is vulgar, let him be vulgar. To soften this side of his nature is to do him foul injustice. We once saw an edition of Rabelais for family use. It was a dreary book. No, let Tschaikowsky rave and scream and be sentimental. He was terribly in earnest; he was half-tamed; he shocked the German professors while he was alive. Mr. Paur realized all this when he brought out the "Pathetic" Symphony. Never shall we forget the gusto with which he conducted it. He believed in it; it moved him deeply; and, thus, mastered by the music, he impressed his enthusiasm on the audience.

Mr. Powell gave a virile reading of the concerto, which, too, of late has been played here in a feeble and genteel manner. Mr. Powell has the requisite strength for the full-blooded work. He has the dash, the sweep. He did not think it necessary to soften the brutality of certain pages. On the other hand the lyric measures were played with the requisite tenderness and grace.

Part of the program in consequence of the unfortunate and unavoidable delay ended about 11 o'clock. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

MISS ROSALIE WIRTHLIN GIVES A SONG RECITAL

Miss Rosalie Wirthlin, contralto of New York, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Frank La Forge was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Purcell, Fairest Isles; Macfarren, The Spring Is Coming; Leveridge, Love Is a Bauble; Storace, The Summer Heats. Bestowing; Arne, By Dimpled Brook; Grieg, Den Lenz soll mein Lied erklingen; Am Strome, Was ich sah, Lichte Nacht, Die Sennerin, Dein Rath ist wohl gut; Fourdrain, Sainte Dorothee, La-Bas; Bruneau, La Pavane; Bemberg, Du Christ avec ardeur from "Jeanne d'Arc," La Forge, Before the Crucifix, When Your Dear Hands; Carpenter, The Odalisque, To a Young Gentleman; M. Bauer, The Linnet.

Miss Wirthlin sang here for the first time a year ago last November. She then gave intelligent interpretations of songs widely differing in character, songs of various periods and various styles. Yesterday her program was again well contrasted. The group of English songs was distinguished chiefly by heartiness and joviality in the good old style. The songs of Leveridge were, as a rule, for men—he was a famous bass in his day—and some of them were not fit for ladies' ears. The Macfarren represented was the father of George A. and Walter, better known as a dramatist than a musician. His song was the least important of the group. It was a pity that Miss Wirthlin sang six songs by Grieg in German, a language that is not now pleasant to hear sung or spoken, but her eloquent interpretation of "Lichte Nacht" was a feature of an agreeable concert. In the French group, Bruneau's "Pavane" was the most conspicuous musically. Miss Wirthlin sang intelligently. The songs by Fourdrain are labored, ineffective, not a full expression of the poems.

Miss Wirthlin's voice of true contralto quality has a generous range. It was well displayed in florid passages, as in lyrical and dramatic phrases. Mr. La Forge, as is his wont, played helpful and musical accompaniments.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY — Boston Opera House, 3 P. M. Song recital by John McCormack. See special notice.

MONDAY — Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Evan Williams, tenor. Handel, Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing, Consider Fond Shepherd, Love Sounds the Alarm, from "Acis and Galatea"; Bach, Haste Ye Shepherds, from the Christmas Oratorio; Beethoven, recitative and air from "Christ on the Mount of Olives"; Protheroe, The Pilot; Stenson, The Perfect Prayer; Spross, The Day Is Done; Kernochan, And This Shall Make Us Free; MacFadyen, De Profundis; Clough-Leiter, Requiescat; Rogers, April Weather; Busch, The Eagle; Henschel, Morning Hymn; Speaks, Morning; F. L. Bartlett, Sweet Little Woman o' Mine; Bond, A Little Bit o' Honey; Flynn, Tim Rooney's at the Fighting.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Frances Nevin will read "General Post," a play in three acts, by J. E. Harold Terry. Olive Nevin, a cousin of Ethelbert Nevin, will sing these songs; Lalo, Chanson de l'Alouette; Poldowski, L'heure exquise; Thomas, Ma Voisine; Grieg, Madersorg, Tak for dit Rad; Ethelbert Nevin, Before the Daybreak, A Fair Good Morn, The Woodpecker, 'Twas April, The Nocturne; Frances Nevin, Our Motherland, a song of America.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital by Lella Holterhoff, soprano, assisted by Willard Flint, bass. Miss Holterhoff's songs: Bach, Gladly God Exalt Rejoicing; Old English, My Lytell Prettie One and Have You Seen but a Whyte Lillie; Monroe, My Lovely Celia; Mozart, A Warning; Liszt, Quand je dors; G. Faure, S' il est un charmant gazon; Old French, Les belles manieres; Debussy, Fantoches; Hageman, Do Not Go, My Love; G. Ross, Samurai Prayer; Butterfly, Fireflies; Carpenter, May the Maiden; Seiler, April. Mr. Flint's songs: Verdi, Eri tu; Halle, Vale; La Forge, By the Lake; Bourgault-Ducoudray, L'Angelus; Hammond, The Pipes of Gordon's Men.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland's second piano recital. Beethoven, first movement of the "Moonlight" sonata; Bach, Bourree, Sarabande, Passepied I., Passepied II.; Chopin, Etude, Mazurka, Valse, Ballade in G minor; Satie, Gnossienne; Debussy, Danse de Puck, Clair de lune, Prelude, Reflets dans l'eau, Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses, La Soiree dans Grenade, Poissons d'or; Spanish Dances, Albeniz, El Polo, Tango, Malaguena; Grovlez, Evocation; Laparra, Calesera (first time); Turina, A los Toros.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert of the Cecilia Society. Arthur Shepherd, conductor. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Estella Neuhaus's second piano recital.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighth Symphony concert (A). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Greta Torpadie, soprano. Handel, air from "Rodelinda"; Caccini, Amarilli; Bach, Air of Momus; Stenhammar, ... Sibelius, Ingalill, Sne; Grieg, God Morgen; Laparra, ...; d'Avril; Gaevert, Le Sommeil de l' Enfant Jesus; Loeffler, Les Paons; Saint-Saens, Guitares et Mandolines; E. Wolff, Alles Still; Alberion, Mit deinen blauen Augen; Schindler, Maiwunder; Kramer, Green; Rubner, Pierrot; Buzzi-Peccia, Sweet Suffolk Owl, Under the Greenwood Tree. Richard Epstein, accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighth Symphony concert (B). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Now that many have seen "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" admirably played at the Fifth Street Theatre—acted so well that the performance gives the lie to those who croak that acting is a lost art—it may interest some to know how London took "The Old Lady" when the little play was produced there last April with Jean Cadell as Mrs. Dowey and G. H. Mulcaster as Private Dowey. The most illuminative criticism was published in the Pall Mall Gazette:

"When a little piece of pure and sincere human love—which is always beautiful, no matter whether it be of parent, child, helpmeet or country—does manage to find its way through the blockade of stage difficulties and stage conventions from the heart of a playwright to the hearts of an audience, criticism has nothing more to do. Our job is really just to do our best to sweep the way clear of falsities for the real thing. When the real thing arrives we can, with a clear conscience, just laugh and cry like the other folk. And this is what happened with Sir James Barrie's latest little play. * * * The real new beauty at the heart of it all is that it reveals, as nothing else has quite done, how mother-love and patriotism are the same thing. The gradual drawing together of these two Scots—the poor, bent old spinster and the strapping 'Forty Twa' is based just on their profound pride in Scotland and their complete silent confidence in each other on that account. It is all done with exquisite delicacy, taste and unstrained pathos—the good humored pawkiness of the 'son,' who puts the old lady 'on probation', the trembling but unquenchable devotion of the old lady herself by whose childhood's home had run the 'frozen water'; the inexpressible poignancy of the parting; the little scene at the finish (one fancies it is an improvement upon a different original intention), where the old lady does not show her medals at all, save to put them away in a sacred drawer, for her 'son' had won them with his life."

The Daily Chronicle described the drama as "perfect Barrie; a human document so tenderly and faithfully transcribed that it seems to come straight out of the heart of 'the little people' of Mean street."

It is surprising to find that the Stage characterized the delightful scene where the three charwomen boast about their sons in the war and Mrs. Dowey shows her letters that are really only blank paper as "rather cheap fun, especially when it is remembered that they are set in relation to the war." The Stage particularizes: "Take, for example, the passage in which three of them try to score off each other through the doings of their sons at the front. The third caps the other two with the triumphant statement, 'My son has been wounded in two places.' The author get the loud laughter from the audience on which he calculated. Yet wounds are not pretty things to laugh over." And at the end the Stage has another objection: "No doubt it is poignant enough. But ought not a dramatist to remember how, by a scene of this character, he probes the raw place in many hearts in the audience?"

For the three charwomen to brag about their sons' wounds was the most natural thing in the world. Women in "higher circles" are never so happy, we are credibly informed, as when they are talking about their own diseases, the operations they have undergone and the ailments of their families. Did not a Boston woman exclaim at a luncheon where no male was present that she had not expected to attend an organ recital? What British or American woman of high or low degree would not be proud of her son's wounds?

We see and hear the fair charwomen now, the discussion over the pronunciation of Saloniki, the pride of Mrs. Dowey when she said that her son's letters began "Dearest Mother," after the other women had plumed themselves on "Dear Mother." Then comes the touch characteristic of Barrie: "It's that letter wrote in pencil as makes all women alike nowadays, whether they be in cream velvet or last year's alpaca dyed," no can Mrs. Dowey help thinking of women in hostile lands who get their letters for a time—and then they do not get them.

Finely pathetic in its restraint is the scene between the father and the son in "The New Word." We hear the father as he was feeling his way to Roger's heart, saying:

"This portrait of you as a child reminds me of a story I heard the other day of Gen. Joffre. I dare say it isn't true. He had asked his airmen for volunteers for some specially dangerous job, and the lot all stepped forward. Pretty good, that? Then three were chosen and got their orders and saluted and were started off, but he said, 'Since when have brave boys departing to the post of danger omitted to embrace their mother?' They did it then. Good story."

Roger (suspicious)—Why do you tell it to me?

John (dogged)—Because it's a good story.

Roger—You are sure there is no other reason? (John turns away, looks guilty.) You know, that's barred.

John (backing)—What's barred?

Roger—You know.

John (getting louder)—I know you're a young ass.

"Barbara's Wedding" left us cold in spite of the manner in which Mr. Alderson and Mrs. Erskine played the old couple. It has been said that the play is symbolical; that it is a vision of two generations. The fact remains that the audience is mystified. No, are the scenes between the young people anything but common place—we had almost written "tiresome."

We have written about "Azael the Prodigal" and its relationship with "The Wanderer." If "Azael" were to be revived would the audience take the stilted dialogue seriously? Let us quote from the playbook.

When the curtain rises Reuben, Jepthele (Reuben's niece) and the Domestics of the Patriarch are "discovered on their knees, their backs to the audience, in prayer—picture." There is opening music, a solo for Jepthele, duet and chorus.

Reub.—Why that sigh, dearest niece? What maketh thee sad?

Jepth.—He returneth not!

Reub.—He? Who?

Jepth. (mournfully)—Azael.

Reub (stifling his regret)—Grieve not on that account, my child. Of late, thou knowest, my son hath not, as formerly, returned to share our evening meal. Prepare it, nevertheless, he'll presently be here. No! alas! my boy, my only son, my Azael is of late much changed in manner; he no longer taketh delight in the affectionate discourse of his old father nor the sweet smiles of his betrothed Jepthele. The familiar home, the habitation of the shepherd hath lost its charm; that home in which he was once the happiest of Isaac's tribes.

The heroine in old melodramas, wandering in lonely places, sore distressed, suddenly exclaimed: "What is this I see? a piano? How it brings back to me my happy girlhood!" and then she broke out into song. Note how Reuben leads up to a song "adapted to the air, which air is a great feature in the piece." Nefte, the adventuress, has been extolling the dancing and the music at Memphis.

Reuben. Music: Give me the music of an honest heart. We also have our native melodies: Come hither, Aaron, sing the strangers that sweet song with which, yester morn, I heard thee driving thy peaceful flocks to the green meadows.

And so it goes through the three acts. Let us listen to Reuben welcoming his repentant son.

Reuben—Oh! my son! my son! had I discovered thee amongst thy reckless companions, revelling away thy young existence in the debaucheries of Memphis, deaf to the voice of virtue, and surrounded by voluptuousness, vice, then indeed, perchance, these lips had cursed thee; but heaven hath of itself forestalled my wrath. I read in those haggard looks, those weak attenuated limbs, thy punishment had been equal to thy crime. I will not curse thee. Tell me but thou hast not abjured thy father's faith.

Azael's first dress was a shirt of brown serge, bound with a girdle of leather, fleshings and sandals. His second dress was a long shirt of white and gold; tiara or bandeau of gold, gold sandals, girdle of precious stones. Jepthele wore a white dress trimmed with scarlet; turban to correspond; sandals. The costume of Lia, the dancing girl, was this: Light gauze dress, short, white, striped with silver; sandals, white silver; bandeau of silver and gems.

In "Azael" Nefte snatched Jepthele's scarf from the Prodigal. Azael lost at dice. Lia watched the game, seized the dice box from Nefte and showed Azael that the dice were false.

Azael—False dice! And in thy hand, Nefte! What perfidy. Thou that I believed so loved me!

Nefte—And thou canst not perceive that it was love alone induced me to aid in dispossessing thee of gold? Gold doth but expose thee to alluring snares, which win thee too much from Nefte. (She weeps).

Azael—Can I believe such devotion? Then have I indeed wronged thee? Oh, forgive!

(Lia, coming behind Nefte, snatches away the handkerchief which she holds to her eyes, and discovers that her tears are pretended. Enraged, Nefte draws a dagger to stab Lia, who flies away with her companions, as Azael forces away Nefte—a picture.)

Looking over some old clippings we found this story of a once popular song. The story was published in the New York Mail and Express, otherwise at the time known as the Mail in Distress. We think the year of publication was 1889.

It is now generally conceded that the man who can't sing "Down Went McGinty to the Bottom of the Sea" has no right to live. Every one rings it in, from the mayor to the bootblack. The verdant youth who answers the telephone gets it off, and subscription lists are out to aid the family of the unfortunate man.

No one knows who struck Billy Patterson, or what Dr. Johnson did with his orange peels, or in what name the Man in the Iron Mask chalked up the drinks. It would be hard luck if McGinty were added to that dismal list.

The song is being sung at the Fourteenth Street Theatre—Fox and Conroy do it. Jack Fox explained the origin of the song in this way:

It was in Boston, and I was going home rather late and I came upon a big Irishman leaning against a lamp-post.

"Hello, me lad," said he.

"How are ye?" said I.

"Like a bumble-bay on a daisy," said he; "an' me bhoy come and have a dhrink."

"Who are you?" said I.

"Faix," said he, "by the greet gun of Athlone, I'm the bhoy who lives up to his income!"

So we had a dhrink, and—without a word of a lie—we had more than one.

"Shore," said the big Irishman, "the day's breakin', an' by that same token I'm broke."

"And what's your name?" said I.

"Shore, it's McGinty," said he.

"And where are you going?" said I.

"Down goes McGinty to the bottom of the sea," said he.

Jack Fox took his cue from this, went home and wrote out the song. Since that time it has been sung from everywhere to the corner of O'Grady's lane in 'Frisco.

This classic gem of 19th century literature opens thus:

DAN McGINTY.

Soonday marnin' just at nine,
Dan McGinty dressed so fine,
Shtood lookin' up agin a high stone wall;
Whin his young friend, Pat McCann,
Siz, "Oi'll bet a foiver, Dan,
Oi kin carry yez to the top without a fall!"
So on his shoulders he took Dan,
And to climb the lad began,
An' 'twas very near he did to rache the top;
Whin McGinty, thinkin' thin
That the foiver he would win,
Let go his hould an' tuk an awful drop!

Chorus.

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the wall,
And tho' he won the foive,
'Twas more dead he was than alive,
Wid ribs and nose an' back broke from the fall—
Dressed in his best shoot of clothes!

From the hospital McGinty went home,
When they'd fixed ache broken bone,
To find he was the father av a choild;
So to celebrate it roight
Friends he wint out to invoite,
And soon was dhrinkin' whusky fast and woild!
As he wandered down the strate,
In his Soonday shoot so nate,
Wid head hould up as proud as John the Great,
In the sidewalk was a hole,
For to resave a ton av coal
That McGinty never saw till joost too late.

Chorus.

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the hole,
And the driver av the car-rt,
Bedad, he gave the coals a star-rt,
An' it tuk us an hour to dig McGinty from the coal—
Dressed in his best shoot of clothes!

After this Mr. McGinty's adventures take on a romantic flavor. He wants to be a pugilist, and smashes a truckman's head with a loaded brick, and "down goes McGinty to the jail."

The denouement is, of course, in the last stanza of this touching little song:

When McGinty, thin an' pale,
Wan foin day got out of jail,
He wid iove to say his hboy was nearly woild.
To his house he quickly ran,
An' to his wife—his hirdy Ann—
But she had skipper the rope an 'tuk the choild.
Then he gave up to despair
And plucked all his ripest hair!
Then in an hour he stood by the river shore,
An' knowin' well he cud not swim,
He did foolishly jump in.
Although water he had never tuk before!

Chorus.

Down wint McGinty to the bottom of the say!
An' he must be very wet,
For they havn't got him yet,
But his ghost is at the dock every marn at break of day
Dressed in his best shoot of clothes!

This is McGinty's song, and yet people say that America has no poets! We have! John Chenevix Fox, who wrote "Dan McGinty," is an American by birth.

Sessue Hayakawa, star in Paramount pictures and easily the most gifted oriental actor in the profession, recently uttered an aphorism that deserves a place with some of the sayings of those who have worn the sock and buskin through the ages of the drama. It was quoted recently by Florence Lawrence in a Los Angeles newspaper: "Dramatic art is the most difficult in the world—because to succeed you must never try to act."

Mr. Hayakawa proceeds by stating that it is necessary to "study concentration—concentrate your thought—concentrate your emotion. Feel! Feel! Feel!" Paris has acclaimed him, declaree the writer of the article, as its new idol of the screen. His play, "The Cheat" (a Paramount picture), ran for 38 weeks there, and La Vie Parisienne recently devoted two columns to a review of his work.

"When I first came to America," Hayakawa told the interviewer, "I studied your theatres. Your school of acting is not like ours, although we have introduced the modern or colloquial drama and use our historical plays but rarely. But I have found that some of your actors posed—some of them seemed determined to look handsome regardless of the thought of their part. Mere outward expression is too superficial for modern audiences, and today when the world plunges toward climatic hazards it is the spirit, the mind and the soul which must dominate rather than the body.

The interviewer asked Mr. Hayakawa about his lovemaking scenes: "Can you express a burning, but noble, passion without more fervid manner?"

Hayakawa's response was significant: "The true love of man for woman is not expressed with smiles, but rather with a pale countenance and trembling limbs. A man proposing marriage to a woman for whom he feels an inspired passion comes before her hesitatingly; he shivers with the depth of his emotion—which to be worthy must possess him utterly."—Dramatic Mirror.

To Mr. Faversham lamenting the fact that now young men of 20 masqueraded on the stage with whiskers to play old men of 60, while old men of 60, with wigs and false teeth, took juvenile parts, George Bernard Shaw replied: "Irving was echoing Talma when he said that it takes 20 years to make an actor. The last time I tried a perfectly acted play without an actor in the cast who had not been less than 20 years on the stage, it drew $150 a night. The same play, badly acted by really young people, had two roaringly successful tours in the States. Irving created a furore in London when he was quite the worst actor in the world technically. The last time I went to see him in his old theatre the man in the box office nearly fainted when I put down half a guinea for a stall. He had not seen money for years, poor fellow. The most successful performance of 'Candida' I ever saw was given in a provincial theatre, by ridiculous novices with hardly a week's experience. The audience laughed and cried like mad. My wisdom and skill were confounded."

Playgoers will be pleased to hear of a thoughtful proposal lately put forward by one of the most popular providers of light entertainment in town. In common with some other persons of his trade, Mr. George Arliss does not approve of using animals for the purposes of physiological and medical research. The bright thought has therefore come to him that soldiers would do just as well, and that "any physician or surgeon who seeks fresh knowledge in a sane, intelligent manner" should find "opportunity enough" on the battlefield. The guinea pigs, rats and other animals used at present in laboratories might then be spared.

It is hardly conceivable that Mr. Arliss will persuade his patrons to back him in this interesting suggestion. He tells us, indeed, that he has talked with "nearly all the heads of the profession"—the actor's profession—and the important conclusion he has drawn is that "the sentiment of the majority of actors and actresses is against vivisection." The opinion of "the profession" on this subject will, however, seem to most people about as important as the opinion of the haberdashers of New York on strategy or tactics, and unless Mr. Arliss's head has been badly turned by the well-deserved plaudits of the many audiences he has amused, he will surely understand that his undigested thoughts on such important questions as medical research cannot be taken very seriously even in Broadway.—N. Y. Tribune.

Our excellent friend, the Referee, in its contrast between the criticism of 1877 and 1917, has allowed itself to fall into a curious overstatement. The journalism of today is, no doubt, with a few exceptions, free from taint. But it is hardly fair, in the endeavor to prove so obvious a fact, to do so at the expense of the dramatic critics of 40 years ago. "Apart from the late Mr. Joseph Knight," says our contemporary, "there was hardly a single critic who was not a would-be playwright, or an actual one." This statement, qualified though it is by the "would-be," is wide of the mark. What about Mr. Ernest Alfred Bendall, now the joint examiner of plays, who is still with us, and can answer for himself if need be? Mr. Bendall was one of the prominent dramatic critics in 1877. His connection with the Observer dated from 1874 to 1912, when he was appointed to his present post. Mr. Bendall has neither written nor adapted a play. Then take the case of the late Moy Thomas. He was the critic of the Daily News. His criticisms were eminently just, and his Monday theatrical column was a model of what such things should be. But Moy Thomas was not a playwright.

It is true that, in his early days, the late Dutton Cook was guilty of writing a single—and successful—melodrama, but he was not a playwright, even by intention. His criticisms were intellectual treats. They appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette, 1867-75, and from the latter year until his death in 1883, when he was succeeded by Mr. William Archer, in the World. The various books written by Dutton Cook, including the reprint of many of his criticisms, are a treasure to the student of the stage. Then let us take a writer who is now on the staff of the Referee. Forty years ago the Standard was a leading morning journal in many things besides politics. Its dramatic critic was Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson. He joined the staff of that paper in 1872, and was its musical and dramatic critic for more than 30 years. He was not a playwright. And there were other critics of the time who were critics and not dramatic authors. Such names as Dutton Cook, Ernest Bendall, Moy Thomas, Alfred Watson and Joseph Knight stand for the integrity of

... not ... come a ... o years later, and Mr. Archer has ... ns at ... or adapted many plays, yet ... o sh... same a more honest critic?—The Stage.

Leonora Raines, the Paris correspondent of Musical America, in a letter dated Nov. 1, writes entertainingly about music in that city. Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" was played at a Sunday concert led by Pierne Oct. 28. It "attracted more attention than any piece on the program." The other compositions were by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Roussel, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

"Up to a short time ago it was thought the Grand Opera would not open this season or at least not till after the new year. Musicians are lacking, there are insufficient stage hands, the leading singers are in the trenches or in America, and, as for chorus, it is impossible to organize one with middle-aged men and women. If the Grand does proceed with a winter program then it is to be congratulated on a heroic undertaking."

Raymond Rose's opera "Jeanne d'Arc" was announced for performance Nov. 8 with Marthe Chenal singing Jeanne's music in English. Saint-Saens's "Henry VIII," however, was to open the season with Battistini in the leading part and the composer conducting. Lucienne Breval will sing in a revival of Rameau's "Castor et Pollux." "Goyescas," by Granados, will be produced, with scenery and costumes by Zuloaga. Debussy's ballet "Fetes Galantes" will be ... Debussy has come back from ... better in health, it is said. G... Faure's "Penelope" will be per... at the Opera Comique after Messager's new opera "Beatrice."

"'The Merchant of Venice,' produced at the Theatre Antoine, is drawing crowds just now, not only because of the lovely stage setting and originality of many features, but because of the music that accompanies parts of the drama. 'The Merchant' does not lose much by translation and the French ... e grasped rather well the Shakespearean idea. However, no matter how ...lically applied and acted, one must remember that the piece was supposed to have transpired at Venice, in the very heart of the Latins, and Latins probably have the right more than the Anglo-Saxon to construe the words and follow the lines in movement according to their interpretation.

"Henri Rabaud, who composed 'Marouf, Savetier du Caire,' has made the music for 'The Merchant.' It is de...ous throughout, with its deep suggestions of 16th century chansons, and in the scene where Antonio chooses from among the caskets, it is stirring and, even though one did not understand the plot, such music would force one to realize that something unusual and momentous were going on. 'The Merchant of Venice' so far is the only drawing card at theatres, and when one sums up the situation, one feels that the quaint, simple, harmonious strains of Rabaud ... o largely responsible for the success."

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

Jane Cowl has finished her part of the new play "Information Please" which she is writing with Mrs. Murfin. It is a comedy. Miss Cowl told a representative of the Dramatic Mirror in Baltimore that she and Mrs Murfin each wrote her own share of the manuscript and then exchanged portions for the other's revision Most of the work is done by correspondence.

So our old friend, "Les Cloches de Corneville," has found its way to the film. At the Alhambra there was a private view of the pictures taken by the British Actors' Film Company, and very pretty pictures they were, to be sure. The producing company went to Cornwall for their local color, and Mt. St. Michael stands for the haunted chateau within whose walls old Gaspard (very cleverly portrayed in the film adaptation by Mr. M R Morand) played his knavish tricks. The new version discloses a good many incidents of which the "Cloches" that we have known since those late '70s showed us nothing, and the music, "arranged by Lionel Monckton," did not, unless our ears deceived us, rely exclusively upon Planquette. The old tunes, by the way, wear extraordinarily well, and as we are never allowed nowadays to hear anything of Offenbach's save "Hoffmann," is there any reason why one or more of his delightful operettas (concerning which Mr. Northcote's new monograph is so informing) should not be filmed? Think it over, you "British actors" of this enterprising film company!—London Daily Telegraph.

Outside the Lambs' Club we met Wilton Lackaye, who told us that there was nothing in the world he wished more than the return to the stock company system of 30 years ago. "Why," said he very earnestly, "my wife and myself were in two different companies last year, and, do you know, we met only once. It was while rushing through a railroad depot going two different ways. My wife was hanging on the arm of the manager of her show, and I was carrying the valise of our soubrette."—Dramatic Mirror.

"The French Players" gave two ... in London on Nov. 18 "La Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement" by Prosper Merimee, is a little comedy of life in the Lima of the 18th century. A gouty and jealous old viceroy of Peru and his mistress, the leading woman at the theatre, are the characters. She wheedles him out of his coach and mules, used them as a weapon of offence, on the way to church, against a female foe and then presented them to the bishop for the use of the clergy. Jacques Normand's "L'Amiral" is a comedy of love, tulip mania, and the French invasion of Holland in 1795.

"To speak is one thing, to act is another. You cannot do both at the same time. Those who act hardly speak, they have scarcely the time, and those who speak rarely act—they haven't the time, either." This amusing distinction between speech and action was given by M. Maurice Donnay, the famous French playright and Academician, at a recent prize distribution in Paris. We think we know quarters where this definition would not be popular.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Dramatic Mirror asks: "Why do our one or two English actors on the American stage persist in this un-Shakespearean day in the use of the word me in the possessive sense? In that most modern type of farce, 'Losing Eloise,' we heard Charles Cherry use me instead of my in several instances."

At the opening concert of Croydon's Literary and Scientific Institution Mr. Louis Godowsky, we read, played "Saint-Saens's 'Broncho Capriccioso.'" Presumably the violinist's cheval de bataille.—London Daily Telegraph.

"Ben Hur" in its 19th season is making a successful tour in the South.

"Flo-Flo," a new musical comedy by Fred de Gresac (Mrs. Victor Maurel), and Silvio Hein was produced at Syracuse Nov. 21.

When Mary Garden appears as "Thais" in a motion picture, Aanatole France will come towards the edge of the picture and hand out of the imaginary frame the volume of his romance into Miss Garden's hand. A French moving picture photographer is intrusted with the task of visiting the author and filming him among his books.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter" will soon be released by the Empire All-Star Corporation.

The Pall Mall Gazette gravely announces that Mlle. Dithy Tarling while she was dancing at the Empire Theatre wore the toes clean out of her satin slippers at every performance, so the manager was obliged to provide more pairs of slippers weekly.

If our newspapers (including those devoted to music) were read in Germany, the German sense of psychology would probably sustain several rude shocks. And few things might appear more unaccountable to the German mentality than the correspondence which has arisen on the subject of the actual, or approximate, notes sounded by the Gothas that have flown over London. Punch's picture of the music enthusiast ecstatically exclaiming "B flat" as be pointed upward at the approach of enemy machines would be quite beyond any perception of humor possessed by the singers of hymns of hate, and almost unbelievable to them, surely, would be an article addressed to young folk on "Air Raids and Gothas" (see the Youth and Music supplement to this month's Music Student), setting forth the interest of our nocturnal alarums and excursions from the standpoint of people with sharp musical ears. At the same time the apostles of "frightfulness" would not be wide of the mark if they assumed that modern "German music" of this kind is no more acceptable here than any other kind. If not banned, however, it is effectively barraged.—London Daily Telegraph

Adele Hamston and Frank Armstrong on Nov. 18 played Tschaikowsky's first piano concerto on a piano and organ in London at a concert for soldiers, sailors and their friends.

Next Thursday the Birmingham Festival Choral Society are to produce, under the direction of Sir Henry Wood, "A Requiem for the Allied Heroes," by Alexander Kastalsky, a leader of the newer tendencies in Russian church music. Mrs. Newmarch, in the current number of the Musical Times, says the Requiem created a deep impression when produced at Moscow 18 months ago. The work should provide interesting hearing, for it seems to be on lines quite different from those of any other Requiem. For example, "the divine office is attended by representative groups of soldiers from the allied armies; funeral chants are heard, now from the Russians, now from the Roman Catholics, now from the Serbs, now from the English. One language alternates with another." Clearly this effect will be missed when the work is performed here. Curiously, the "Ingemisco" is for soprano solo based on a much disguised tune by J. B. Dykes from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern."—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 17.

It seems that unanimity has been a little disturbed by a recent article by Mr. Alfred Lugg in favor of development on trade union lines. In the long run actors will be obliged to adopt trade unionism if they cannot improve their position without it. But if they do they will only be following the example of the legal, medical and other professions, which are very strict trade unions.—The Stage (London).

Two preludes by Glazounoff were played in London on Nov. 17 for the first time in England. They are in memory of Stassoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff. The Times found both fine, the latter the more impressive. "It has larger lines and is of a more sustained richness of color, and there was more than one place where the composer seemed to be recalling with affection just that quality in Rimsky-Korsakoff's music." At the same concert of the Queen's Hall orchestra three Spanish dances by Granados, orchestrated by Sir Henry Wood, were played.

All the admiration which boldness arouses is deserved by Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson for his courage in setting three of Rupert Brooke's finest sonnets in the form of a short cantata. The sonnets chosen are "Peace," "The Soldier" and "The Dead," and the work, which is published by Curwin & Sons, is appropriately inscribed to all Rugbeians fallen in the war. One guesses immediately that Mr. Nicholson's labor was a labor of love. He has chosen a noble theme, which is half the battle; and in his treatment of it he has shown, at his best, much strength and imagination. The music, however, lacks polish in places; it is at times unnecessarily rugged. But sonnets are never easy things to set, and Mr. Nicholson's work is never trivial and often stimulating.—London Daily Telegraph.

Theatrical Affairs and Customs in India

Mr. S. B. Banerjea has written to the Stage (London) about theatres in India:

"Strange as it may seem, the native theatrical profession is looked down upon in India. It is mainly joined by the ne'er-do-wells. They do not get good pay; £1 to £5 is the usual monthly pay. Only exceptional actors get as much as £20, and they are about a dozen in number. Female native actors are mostly to be found in Bengal. They are not much encouraged in other parts of the presidency. At Bombay, the female parts are taken by males—boys of 15 to 20. The female actors are mostly women of questionable character. They get from £1 to £5 monthly as salary. Sometimes benefit nights are given. The gross amount from the sale of tickets is handed over to the actors or actresses, for whose sake the special performances are held. In Bengal an attempt was some time ago made to hold all-male performances, but it signally failed. Females are nowadays employed to play female parts. In certain places there is a strong objection to parts of Sita, Draupadi, etc., being taken by the female actors. At Lahore, recently, a well-known actress was not allowed to impersonate Sità. The people complained to the high police authorities, who stopped the performance. Of late some of the best actors and actresses have begun asking for premiums; one actress wanted some $1000 as premium, and a salary of $80 monthly before she would join a theatre. She obtained her terms readily. Premiums of $500 to $1000 are not rare.

"The plays in Calcutta are well patronized. The performances begin at 8.30 P. M. and conclude at 2 or 3 A. M. On Saturdays they conclude at about 6 A. M. Two or three—sometimes four—plays are staged. Occasionally variety shows are given, concluding with a cinema performance. The Bengali theatres, which are only four in number, sometimes give special performances in aid of institutions and to help some aged and helpless widow who has a daughter to marry. The usual performances are held on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays, and only on off days do special performances take place.

"The habit of holding all-night performances is often condemned, but without avail. The municipality has a law which prohibits performances after 1 P. M. It levies a heavy fine, but this is cheerfully paid. One theatre proprietor is prepared to deposit a sum of money with the municipal authorities, out of which they may draw the fines that may be imposed upon him. The scandal might be stopped if the scale of fines were made prohibitive. Be it said, to the credit of the Hindustani theatres, that they never hold all-night performances. They usually start at 9 P. M., and by 1 A. M their performances are over. They hold daily performances. The Indian theatres are owned privately, and very few of the proprietors take part in the performances.

"The theatres stage all sorts of plays—but religious dramas are best patronized. The scenes and dresses are remarkably good. Unsuccessful plays are not usually the rule. The acting is also good. The late A. N. Dutt was popularly known as the Irving of the Indian stage, the late G. C. Ghose was known as the Bengali David Garrick, and so on.

"The dramatists are very ill paid. They usually get the gross proceeds of the first night performances—nothing more. In exceptional cases the proceeds of the first and second night performances are handed over. Then, afterward, every piece of incomes goes to fill the pockets of the producers. Anybody is at liberty to stage the plays publicly or privately. The authors do not object, the first producers do not demand any fees, so that their plays become public properties, so to say. MS stealing is not rare. Clever dramatists, therefore, bring out their plays in book form first, and are thus able to establish their authorship easily. So much for the Indian theatres.

"The European-owned theatres are not many. The Empire, Calcutta, is the best and most up-to-date theatre in India. It is owned by Messrs Stephen and Bandmann. Mr. Bandmann is the most enterprising of all European theatrical managers in this country. It is due to him that we have an opporeunity of seeing the latest plays, revues, etc., here. He frequently brings out British actors and actresses. He owns the Bandmann Opera Company, who are Calcutta favorites. Mr. Bandmann has a rival in Mr. Warwick Major, who manages two theatres in Calcutta. He also receives good patronage. The Grand Opera House, the other European-owned theatre, is now lying vacant. The Howitt Phillips and other touring companies have performed there during the last few years. The European theatres pay their actors and actresses well. Performances start at 9:30 P. M., and by 11:45 are over. So far very few local dramatists have had their plays staged. We are treated to London and New York pieces only. Theatres yield good dividends. Touring companies also make good receipts.

"To touring companies, who may feel inclined to visit India, I may say that the best time for them to try their fortune is the cold season—say, from October to March. I do not advise them to come during the rainy season—say, from June to September. They should take care to employ only a smart, well recommended advance agent, upon whom their success depends to some extent."

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The New York Tribune published last Friday an editorial article concerning thin-lipped Americans. Englishmen and Frenchmen describing our soldiers characterize them as thin-lipped. The Tribune has a suspicion "that our being a clean shaven nation has something to do with the attention which is directed toward our upper lips—for it is the upper lip that counts most in the look of a mouth." The Tribune then asks "Whence comes the tight American lip," and answers its own question: "From Puritanism and the whole Yankee upbringing, we submit as a guess."

Is there an anthology of prose and verse about lips? If we were to compile one we should put on the title page for a motto this passage from the justly esteemed "Toilet and Cosmetic Arts," by the excellent Cooley.

"The beauty of the human mouth and lips, the delicacy of their formation and tints, their power of expression, which is only inferior to that of the eyes, and their elevated position as the media, with the palate, tongue and teeth, by which we communicate our thoughts to others in an audible form, need scarcely be dilated on here." Cooley hastens to assure the women readers that smoking is detrimental to the color and form of the lips. A cigar or a pipe should be placed in the centre of the mouth. "The practice of placing the cigar or pipe at the side of the mouth is unnatural and is regarded as 'snobbish' in fashionable life." "Lady smokers" should ponder this remark and not turn immediately to the recipes for lip salves—cacas, French, German, glycerinated, glycerine, Italian, Peruvian, red, rose, white.

Reading the Tribune's editorial article, we recalled two famous descriptions of lips. The first is from Thomas Hardy's portrait of Eustacia Vye, who is to be throned with Isopel Berners and Beatrice Esmond among the women of fiction. Now for Eustacia's mouth:

"The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cyma recta, or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswick with a band of Saxon pirates, whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles; yet behold! a specimen was here. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear. This keenness of corner was only blunted when she was given over to sudden fits of gloom—one of the phases of the night-side of sentiment which she knew too well for her years."

The other description is from Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding":

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin
Some bee had stung it newly.

Yet of the two women, Eustacia was the more to be desired. Ten to one. Suckling's heroine soon became blowzy and leaden-footed.

Indexes for Books.

As the World Wags:

As you say, "every book worth keeping should be provided with an index." The following extract from a letter written by Horace Binney, the di-

[illegible] Philadelphia lawyer, is pertinent to and in line with what you say on this subject: "I have come to regard a good book as curtailed of half its value if it has not a pretty full index." It is almost impossible, without such a guide, to reproduce on demand the most striking thoughts or facts that books may contain, whether for citation or further consideration. If I had my own way in the modification of the copyright law, I think I would make the extension of the privilege depend materially on its having such a directory. One may recollect generally that certain thoughts or facts are to be found in a certain book, but without a good index such a recollection may rarely be more available than that of the cabin-boy who knew where the ship's tea-kettle was becauso he saw it fall overboard."

Other than indexes which are verbal concordances (such as concordances to the Bible, to the works of Shakespeare, etc.), one of the fullest indexes that I call to mind is that to John Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century, which (nine volumes) consists of 5870 pages of text, and the index to which consists of 709 pages.

While it is desirable than an index should be minuto and detailed it is possible for an indexer to carry his desire to be exhaustive too far, as, for example, was done by the indexer who based the entry in the index, "Best, Mr. Justice, his great mind," upon a statement in the text that "Mr. Justice Best said that he had a great mind to commit the witness." ON-LOOKER.

There are other noteworthy indexes. Birbeck Hill's index of 323 pages for the five volumes of Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; the index in Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night"; the index of Bayle's Dictionary—Bernard, Birch and Lockman's translation; the index to the second volume of Godfrey Higgins's "Anacalypsis"—the index to the first is unsatisfactory. The indexes of Grimm and Diderot's "Correspondance Litteraine," edition of 1813, are to be commended.—Ed.

Right and Left.

As the World Wags:

Availing myself of reservation in item of Nov. 29, there is no invariable rule that men's garments close toward the right, women's toward the left, unless stress be put on the irrelevant detail of buttons. In India, for nistance, the garments of Hindu men overlap to the right, of Muhammedans toward the left. So a Japanese woman has her kimono fastened toward the left but once in her life—when she is dead.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Against Bores.

Lord Morley's picture of Herbert Spencer in company, drawing off in haste from serious topics as "fearing cerebral agitation," shows that the statesman was more fortunate in his experiences of the philosopher than Mr. Edward Clodd. The latter noticed the haste and the fear—and more. He dined with Spencer, who was magnificently wearing his ear-stoppers. "Probably some frivolous remarks of mine secured me this privilege," says Mr. Clodd, "for in the middle of the meal, Spencer, with fixed glance on me, pressed the spring which closed the hole of each ear."—London Daily Chronicle.

Out of His Own Mouth.

As the World Wags:

The following is taken from a recent study of William the Second.

"We Germans are superior to others in every direction," said a Prussian statesman some years ago to Prince Buelow, who was chancellor at the time. "But there is one thing in which we are lacking."

"What is that?" asked the chancellor, who himself refers to the conversation in his well-known book, "Deutsche Politik."

"We are perfect asses in politics."

Boston. CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

BIG AUDIENCE APPLAUDS THE McCORMACK PROGRAM

Famed Irish Tenor Responds Liberally to Recalls.

An audience that not only filled the auditorium of the Boston Opera House, but the stage as well, greeted John McCormack yesterday afternoon. While the tenor's selected program was well received, it was his encores, with which he was as ever generous, that awakened the real enthusiasm.

Opening with "The Star Spangled Banner," Mr. McCormack sang the recitation and air from "Joseph," a group of songs by Huc, Faure and Rachmaninoff, a group of Irish folk songs.

For encores he gave several pieces which have come to be closely associated with the singer, "O Little Mother of Mine," "Sleep, O Sleep," and "Mother Machree," during which he turned to that portion of his audience which was back of him upon the stage.

At the close of his scheduled program, so great was the enthusiasm that he sang the war camp ballad, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," which was so well received that the audience recalled the singer time and again until he gave the familiar "I Hear You Calling Me." Mr. McCormack was in excellent voice and his spirits were in accordance with his hearers.

Assisting him on the program was Andre Polah, violinist, who played selections from Weber, Corelli-Tartini, Vieuxtemps and Mendelssohn's Concerto. Edwin Schneider accompanied in his usual excellent manner.

Dec 11 1917

Do not knitters, the ostentatious and the modest, at concerts disturb the pianist, fiddler, singer? Mr. Manfred Malkin of New York wrote an amusing letter on this subject to the Tribune. He asked the "society ladies and all those who wish to appear to belong to that class" if they had no homes in which to do their knitting. "I believe the pianola is the only exponent of art which will not be disturbed by the knitting. Admission could be secured at the minimum price, and the money left over could be used for further activities, and the contributor's name would be displayed, just like her knitting. . . . I overheard a conversation the other day between a shoemaker and a tailor, who said that they enjoyed immensely the atmosphere in the Carnegie Hall factory and that they had almost decided to transfer their shops to the Carnegie auditorium, claiming that the noise from the stage would not disturb their work."

A letter from Angelina Comfort was published in the Tribune a few days later. She wished that managers of concert halls would request that knitting outfits be checked before admission to the hall was granted: "If this is impossible, could not the ushers be instructed to stop the knitting while the music is going on? These hysterical women who flourish their arms and hands and disturb every one by the clicking of the needles should be made to understand that true patriotism consists in self-sacrifice, not in seeking notoriety. Far be it from me to hinder the knitting—only let it be kept where it belongs, in the private home or place where it will not annoy others. The women of the revolution did not flaunt in public, nor did they have their pictures in the Sunday papers; they unselfishly did their part in silence and privacy. Cannot the women of today follow their example? Or must they continue to make exhibitions of themselves, since they cannot shine in any other way?"

A Post Mortem Declaration.

As the World Wags:

So be it. The Old Fogy, having had his splash, not unwillingly sinks under the waters of oblivion, but I am a lady (don't give it away, please) and, of course, want to have the last word.

Hoover's sentences are wonderful—the pink of bad English; but then, Hoover sounds like Hoosier, and there is, of course, no good English west of the Alleghanies, and mighty little west of the Connecticut river. Taft is just as bad as Hoover, and so is Roosevelt, and, for the matter of that, so is W——. No, I didn't say it, and can't be indicted for lese-majeste this time. The only man now in public life who habitually uses good English is Lodge, and he is said to know all of Shakespeare by heart. Pershing got it right in his dispatch the other day:

The Germans must be beaten;
The Germans can be beaten;
The Germans will be beaten.

Note the certainty and finality of that "will," as if he had said, "The sun will rise tomorrow."

As for "had better" and "would better," hear Othello:

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
I am sinking. Vale et valde.—I plunge.
And streaked with oil and grimed with ash,
The lukewarm whirlpools close.

Boston. THE OLD FOGY.

We cannot say with "Old Fogy" that President Wilson's English is had. His recent address to Congress was wholly admirable; remarkable in contents and in the concise, sinewy, unmistakable expression. We have received a letter from "Spectator" calling attention to "linguistic offences" committed by "our State Food Administrator Henry B. Endicott, of which his use of the expression 'much data was presented' is one example." Mr. Endicott is "on the job," as is Mr. Hoover, and, as far as we are concerned, either one can knock the English language into smithereens; say "be you?" "was you?" or "I was down to Marblehead." They are unselfishly doing a great, all-important work. What they write is intelligible and should be heeded and obeyed.—Ed.

Our Friend, the Subjunctive.

As the World Wags:

Why should Mr. Syntax or anybody in these days exhume the subjunctive mood, an art lost to most, and unobserved of all? True, if an "if" happen into the sentence, it will often give excuse and immunity for using "were" as the preterit of "is." If the mood's temper was explained to Mr. Syntax, did we understand? If another were to illustrate its subtleties, should we know?

Boston. LUX.

Take not away from us the subjunctive. It is dear to us through association with the Latin grammar. We remember only two rules laid down by the estimable Harkness. One is as follows: "Quod, quia, quoniam and quando take the subjunctive to assign a reason doubtfully or on another's authority." The other rule is this: "The name of a town used as the limit of motion is put in the accusative." Remembering these rules, we may pass for a man of liberal education, a well equipped Latin scholar. —Ed.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Furs and Frills," a musical comedy in two acts, by Edward Clark and Silvio Hein, made from the farce known as "Coat Tales," by Mr. Clark; performed for the first time as farce at the Castle Square Theatre, this city, Oct. 25, 1915; for the first time in its present fashioning at the New York Casino Oct. 9 last. The cast last evening:

Jones	Milt Dawson
Polly	Beth Smalley
Clyde Macey	Burrell Barbaretto
William MacTavish	Ernest Torrence
Mrs. Macey	Ferne Rogers
"Wally"	Royden Keith
Mrs. MacTavish	Harriet Burt
Butler	Ben Wells
Mr. Manheimer	Harry Miller
Deputy Sheriff	George Slade

When a play, whether it be melodrama, comedy or farce, has its little or long life, as fortune may swing, and then passes away into the land of the past productions, there generally must be some great and impressive reason for its reincarnation. It may be because of the historic value of the piece, the intrinsic merits of its story or dialogue or characters, or because of a popular cry for the reappearance of a beloved star in a well-tested role.

In the instance of "Coat Tales," the audience last evening was at a loss through the major part of the performance, to know specifically why even its most enthusiastic mourners at its demise could not have been allowed to cherish memories of a farce, which though shortlived, had fought the fight valiantly; why it had now become necessary to revive the corpse, give it a name, dress and setting and parade it, with all its deficiencies of sustained wit, humor and interest, to its own mortification.

Then, all at once, came the possible answer to the unvoiced question, in the exceedingly comic duet, thrust abruptly into fame through the clever treatment given it by Mr. Torrence and Miss Smalley, and cited on the program as "Always Take Mother's Advice." It was a zestful, mirthful, simply melodic recollection of an old-time form of ballad, once popular in the music halls and opera houses of the country. Old-timers instantly caught the humor of the thing; on others it impressed itself gradually, but with ultimate success. It was one of the bright spots of the evening.

"Coat Tales" concerned itself with the vicissitudes of a costly Russian sable coat and with the quandaries in which its successive possessors found themselves enmeshed. It was a light bit, briefly and quickly acted, and scarcely made two full acts of an evening's performance. Mr. Clark, in writing a book and lyrics for it as "Furs and Frills," strove apparently to reach merely a provincial audience. His dialogue is without distinction, his humor in speech and verse of no rare subtlety. Mr. Hein's score lacks the suave, quiet melodic inventiveness of his earlier years, and runs rather to brass and cymbals and the tricks of the snare drummer. There are several snappy numbers though, to give full justice, and the two which close the first act, "A Short Farewell is Best," and "Heart of My Heart," are most sharply suggestive of Hein at his former heights.

Mr. Torrence, who as "Bunky," the elongated Scot in "The Only Girl," aided with his earnest humor to make that musical comedy the great success it proved, is featured in "Furs and Frills" as the penurious Scotch composer; and in so far as he is able he gives the piece vitality. He is a finished workman, with methods which for intelligent application and effectiveness place him far above his associates. Miss Smalley, as the ingenuous stenographer employed by McTavish and his professional partner, Macey, likewise is worthy of commendation; she sang deftly within her limitations, which may not be said for all of her companions, and she revealed a quiet strain of comic ability admirably helpful to Mr. Torrence.

Tho others played with energy, if not with ease, their various parts. The choristers, of a type not usually to be noted in local theatres appealing to a discriminating public, were assisted by a sextet of girl violinists. Unlike the average musical comedy, this one is strikingly lacking in dances, not because of absence of opportunity through the medium of the score so much as through apparent lack of talent at hand.

The stage settings ran to violent colorings; the costumes undoubtedly would be very impressive in the smaller towns.

There was a large and encouraging audience, generous in its applause.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Theda Bara in "Cleopatra," a photo dramatization founded on history by Adrian Johnson.

Cleopatra	Theda Bara
Caesar	Fritz Leiber
Antony	Thurston Hall
Charon	Albert Roscoe
Charmian	Dorothy Drake
Iras	Dell Duncan
Octavia	Genevieve Hilinn
Ventidius	Herschel Mayall
Messenger	Hector V. Sarno
Octavius	Henri De Vries
Zephren	Art Acord

Miss Theda Bara, the celebrated vampire of the screen, was seen as Cleopatra in a photo dramatization founded on history at the Shubert Theatre last evening. It is said that during the filming of the picture 10 seamstresses were constantly at work on her costumes. Their skill in Hooverizing materials was apparently only equalled by their ingenuity in devising 50 daring changes of attire. Each transformation is enhanced by an accompanying set of jewels.

Miss Bara, a voluptuous creature, is not reticent in the matter of self-revelation. She appears to delight in the exhibition of Cleopatrian wiles. In the first part of the picture, from the moment she obtains access to Caesar by the clever camouflage of the costly rug, she is seen as a peril to soldiers, priests and statesmen. Caesar, Pharaoh, Antony in turn are immediately subjugated. The amours of the Egyptian queen have been given striking and elaborate settings by the producer, William Fox. There are interesting scenes in the desert, in the shadow of the Sphinx. The pyramids are seen.

The royal palace is sumptuous, with stately halls and luxurious chambers. The scenes of Caesar's assassination and Antony's funeral oration are impressive. The feast of Isis, Cleopatra's meeting with Antony, and the battle of Actium are other spectacular features.

SPECTACULAR SEA PIECE PRESENTED AT KEITH'S

Is Main Attraction on Bill—Pat Rooney and Marion Bent Well Supported by George Williams.

Langdon McCormick's melodramatic playlet, "On the High Seas," featuring Orris Howland and Edwyna Boyd, is the main attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was highly pleased.

The piece is spectacular and the principal scenes, the wireless room of an ocean trader and mobilizing of the United States battle fleet, are well presented. The latter scene is one of the most pretentious offerings of vaudeville and strikes a new note in stage mechanism. The whole fleet, seen at first in perspective, moves toward the audience head-on, to the booming of guns and the sizzling and sputtering of the wireless. The arrival of the fleet is the climax, and while it is interesting, the dialogue of the piece has been abruptly chopped off and the sketch lacks a satisfactory conclusion. Besides the principals the cast includes George Mackay, Max Mitchell, Ben Lamar, Alec Gibson, Herman Noble, C. W. Emerson, William Dresser, Don Mason, Fred Macalpin, Edward Smith and Robert Stevens.

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent were among the laugh-producers of the bill. Their act is new, but there is the same chatter and mannerisms that have characterized their previous visits. Mr. Rooney never misses an opportunity to employ the services of George Williams, the versatile utility man of the Keith staff, and this added to the enjoyment of the act. Miss Bent, charming of face and agile to the extent of keeping the fast pace of Mr. Rooney, was a pleasure in her comedy and dance numbers.

Other acts were Helen Trix and Sister Josephine in a singing and dancing act; Cole, Russell and Davis in a comedy sketch; Alfred Bergen, baritone soloist; Joe Boganny's Lunatic Bakers in a comedy acrobatic act; the Misses Chalfonte in a singing and dancing act and Robert Everest's Novelty Circus. An extra number, not included in the program, was the Countess Mazzuki, Red Cross war nurse, who is back from the trenches on sick leave. She was in the thick of the Marne battle and many other important engagements. She gave an interesting and instructive talk and aroused the keenest interest on the part of the audience. She is particularly adapted to the platform and has both a pleasing address and poise and talks as one equipped with the facts.

EVAN WILLIAMS GIVES RECITAL IN JORDAN HALL

Tenor Is Suffering from Cold Caught in Army Camps.

When Evan Williams, tenor, came on the stage at Jordan Hall last evening for his annual recital he asked the privilege of changing about his program to warm up his voice, as it were, with the lighter songs. He was suffering from a cold caught while singing at the war camps.

Notwithstanding his cold he sang a varied program of some 20 numbers with all his old time charm and stirred his audience as only Evan Williams can.

... response to repeated requests for extras he announced he would add to the program if his voice permitted. He closed by singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

THE NEVINS'S RECITAL

Miss Frances Nevin, assisted by Miss Olive Nevin, gave a pleasant entertainment last night in Steinert Hall. The former read "General Post," a war comedy in three acts, by J. E. Harold Terry, the part author of "The Man Who Stayed at Home." The play was produced Feb. 26, 1917, at Eastbourne, England, and played at the Haymarket, London, March 14. It is an agreeable little play, a story of love in war time and of a county tailor that became a general. Miss Nevin read it in a sparkling manner. Miss Olive Nevin, a cousin of Ethelbert Nevin, sang five of his songs, and songs by Lalo, Grieg and others, including Miss Frances Nevin's "Our Motherland, Song of America."

Dec 12 1917

Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine;
Not made of ale, but spiced wine.

Sack-Posset.

As the World Wags:

I am in much need of information regarding "sack-posset," and recalling illuminating articles which appeared in your column during the summer concerning rare epicurean drinks with strange bewildering qualities, I venture to ask what you can tell me of this one. I am puzzled, however, as to whether it should be classed as a drink; it was strongly impressed on my mind as such until I chanced to read again D'Avenant's "The Man's the Master," when all kinds of perplexities arose. Now, all that is certain is that it is served hot, seasoned with cinnamon, and requiring a spoon for proper consumption.

One must needs believe it stood high in Sir William's estimation, the warm appreciation throughout the play is convincing. Laura proclaims Sancho her "sworn brother over a posset," and the irrepressible Bettris and laconic Sancho commend it as follows:

Bettris. • • • There is nothing so sweet as midnight and sack-posset. Is there, Sancho?
Sancho. Yes.
Bettris. What can be sweeter in this bitter world?
Sancho. Buss and posset.

On the night of the feast Jodelet, unhappy at seeing so much of it wasted, takes Sancho to task in the following terms:

Jo. Signior Sancho, that sponge, your beard, sucks up too much of this posset.
Sancho. It doth.
Jo. I only civilly suppose it doth.
Sancho. All stay—
(He takes a huge knife out of his pocket, scrapes the posset from his beard, and then eats it.)

He evidently transgresses again, for Jodelet is led to remonstrate: "Signior Sancho, let us have fair play. Did you invite your beard to half the posset?"

The stage direction reveals a substance which passeth my understanding; however, its convivial qualities can be doubted by no one who reads the play.

Make known the recipe and we will all join Bettris in the chorus:

"Then let us have posset, and posset again,
And hey for the maids, and ho for the men!" G. S. W. K.

Newtonville.

In old times Englishmen "ate" liquids, as they "drank" tobacco. A writer on health late in the 17th century advised the "eating of milk." In Brand and Ellis's "Popular Antiquities" (edition of 1841), we read: "In the evening of the wedding-day, just before the company retired, the sack-posset was eaten." Yet the posset was a drink and a noble one, composed of hot milk curdled with ale, wine or other liquor, often with sugar, spices or other ingredients; formerly much used as a delicacy, and as a remedy for colds or other affections." (We are of the opinion that in this climate hot buttered rum is more efficacious.) It seems from a household book of medicine written by W. Buchan that the posset did not necessarily contain ale or wine: "His supper should be light; as small posset, or water gruel, sweetened with honey, and a little toasted bread in it." There were posset-bowls of pewter, silver and gold. But what was this posset recommended in 1747: "Drink a Quarter of a Pint of Allum Posset drink"? A sack-posset, of course, was a posset made with sack. There was a dispute for a long time over the precise nature of sack. The latest definition is: "A general name for a class of white wines formerly imported from Spain and the Canaries." The noun was often qualified with words indicating the place of production or exportation, as Canary, Malagar, Palm (Palma), Sherris or Sherry (Xeres). Drake thinks sack was sweet. A line in "The Country Wife" seems to confirm him: "Wine and women, good apart, together are as nauseous as sack and sugar." Sack and ginger was esteemed a delicious drink early in the 17th century. Sack with sugar in 1679 was called "Bristol milk," as we have Cape Cod turkey, Bombay duck, Welsh rabbit. Is it not probable that the word "Sack" had different meanings at different times? Venner in his "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" (1650) has much to say about the drink. "Sack is completely hot and of thin parts." "Some affect to drink sack with sugar, and some without, and upon no other good ground as I think, but that as it is best pleasing to their palate." This reminds us of the old epigram:

Jones likes his lettuces undrest.
D'ye ask the reason?
'Tis congest.
That is the way Jones likes them best.

To go back to Venner: "But what I have spoken of mixing sugar with sack must be understood of sherrie sack, for to mix sugar with other wines that in a common appellation are called sack, and are sweeter in taste, makes it unpleasant to the palat and fulsom to the stomach. And, therefore, what I have here written of sack in general is chiefly to be understood of sherie sack • • • Canarie wine is also termed a sack; but it differeth from true sherie sack." Sack and sherry were spoken of as different by Ben Jonson. Greene, exposing tricks of vitners (1592), says: "They can cherish up white wine with sacke." It was common to take a draught of sack before meals. Mr. Herkimer Johnson assures us that a flagon of ale before breakfast is an excellent preparative for the arduous labor of the day.—Ed.

Fame.

Hats for men in Paris now are labelled "The Lloyd George," "Sir Edward Carson," "The Balfour," "The Asquith." "The Asquith" is the highest priced, which should lead the ex-premier to think even more kindly of the French. The latter Gibus gave his name to the accordion opera hat; Kossuth, Hecker, Garibaldi were honored by hatters that coveted trade. Some of us remember the McClellan hat, a brigand's hat, conical, and with a slightly slouched brim. Which is the greater mark of popularity and esteem: a hat, or a cigar named after you? Henry Clay, Burns, Bryant—their names are daily in the mouths of many. A hat goes quickly out of fashion.

"Would" and "Should."

As the World Wags:

As you have closed the discussion of the distinction between the respective uses of "will" and "shall," I wish that you would now say something about the kindred subject of the distinction between the respective uses of "would" and "should." I am more bothered in discriminating between "would" and "should" than I am between "will" and "shall." In such expressions as "I should like to see you" and "I would like to see you," I suppose that the former is correct and the latter incorrect, and yet it almost "comes natural" to me to use the latter locution in such cases. Is there not, in expressions of that kind, a tendency towards using "would" instead of "should," and limiting the use of "should" to such expressions when they [illegible] an obligation, as in the expression "I should pay my [illegible] the[illegible] all due"; that is, ought to pay them? My inquiry does not have reference to uses in which the pronoun is in the second or third person. INQUIRER.

Brookline.

COPELAND GIVES HIS LAST RECITAL OF SEASON HERE

Artistic Performance Wins Plaudits of His Audience.

In Jordan Hall, last evening, George Copeland gave his second and last piano recital of the season before an enthusiastic audience that filled the hall. In his own city he is gradually gaining recognition due one of the few really poetic pianists of today. Opening with the first movement of the "Moonlight Sonata," his program contained Satie's "Gnossienne," groups by Bach, Chopin and Debussy, and Spanish dances by Albeniz, Grovlez, Laparra and Turina. Qualities characteristic of Mr. Copeland's playing, fleetness and clarity, and remarkably true sense of rhythm, were again in evidence, and interpretation gave ample evidence of creative faculty. In the delicately fantastic music of Debussy's small piano pieces he is incomparable. But praise of him as a Debussy player should not obscure recognition of his capacity in general. Last night the bright beauty of Bach, the serenity of Beethoven, Chopin's comparatively murky charm, and the heady spirit of Spanish dances, were differentiated in an artist's hands.

BLIND SOPRANO GIVES VERY PLEASING RECITAL

Leila Holterhoff, the blind soprano, assisted by Willard Flint, bass, gave a pleasant concert at Steinert Hall last evening. Mary Wells Capewell was the accompanist.

Miss Holterhoff's singing is both experienced and ingratiating. Her voice is light, pure and sweet in quality. She sang old English songs, Monroe's "My Lovely Celia" and Mozart's "Warning" with smoothness and attention to style. Later she caught the romantic spirit of Liszt's "Quand je dors." This song, given with fine phrasing and true sentiment, was the feature of the French group. Miss Holterhoff's enunciation in by Haile, La Forge, Bourgault-Du Coudray, considering her infirmity, her musical achievements are the more to be wondered at and praised. Her singing has a feminine flavor of delicacy all its own, while an attractive personality is not the least of her assets.

Mr. Flint, well known in Boston, and vocally well endowed by nature, sang intelligently and with expression an aria from Verdi's "Masked Ball" and songs by Haile, La Forge, Bourgault-Du Coudray, Hammond, Hageman, Ross, Carpenter and Seiler.

Dec 13 1917

ARABIAN NIGHTS

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance on any stage of "The Arabian Nights," a new play by Owen Davis.

King Shahryar	Henry Kolker
His Wazir	Frank Gillmore
The Ambassador	William Raymond
Shahrazad	Mrs. Hopkins
Dunyazad	Margalo Gillmore
The Bull	Edmund Gurney
The Ass	W. J. Ferguson
The Cock	Henry Stanford
The Dog	George Manning
The Husbandman	Frank Westerton
His Wife	Elizabeth Patterson
Harun al Rashid	Sam A. Meharry
The Wazir	Frank Westerton
The Man	Charles M. Harris
His Father	Lark Taylor
Masrur	Lloyd Neal
Nabighar	Henry Stanford
Talib	William Raymond
The Ifrit	Charles Hopkins
Ma'aruf	Robert Ober
The King	Edmund Gurney
The Wazir	W. J. Ferguson
Consul Merchant	Henry Stanford
The Princess	Carolyn Duffy

The author says that in making this play he consulted these editions of the "Arabian Nights"—Galland's, Scott's, Lane's and Burton's. He introduced at the beginning an ambassador from Shahryar's brother, who calls upon the King to check his slaughter of the brides for a night and preaches at so great length that the King orders him executed, with the hearty approval of the audience, although Mr. Raymond spoke his lines in a manly fashion. It is needless to say that this scene is of Mr. Davis's invention, wholly foreign to the spirit of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." Equally remote from the tales is the remorse of Shahryar, his confession to Shahrazad, his repentance. His story of his marital misadventure is necessarily softened, but the behavior of this stage Shahryar is absurd. It would be recognized as absurd by any child that knows the most deodorized version of the wondrous tales.

The first story, "The Bull and the Ass," is amusing on the stage and is appropriate to the Christmas season, especially for the youngsters, who will be amused by the animals cleverly represented. So, too, "The Story of the Three Apples" is interesting and well played. But the poetic flavor of "The City of Brass" is lost in the version, although the Ifrit is a spectacular figure, and the slaying of the greedy adventurer, who would rob the dead princess, is dramatic, owing to the ingenuity of the stage mechanism. "Ma'aruf Cometh into Fortune" was rightly played as a straight farce, but unfortunately through necessity only an episode in the tale was presented.

The scenery is effective, and there is more than the suggestion of the East in the various sets and in the costumes; but as a reproduction of the spirit of the Arabian-Persian tales this play is far inferior to "Kismet" and "Sumurun," two plays that were not derived from them. The remorse of Shahryan spoiled it all. No Eastern potentate would have acted as he did; least of all the monarch that listened to Shahrazad for 1001 nights.

There was no hint at the voluptuousness and little at the cruelty of life as depicted in the tales. Indeed, one cannot imagine Mrs. Hopkins as Shahrazad telling the stories in a straight version to the tyrant. She is not by nature suited to the part. Gentle, amiable, rather prim, she might have been amusing a Sunday school class in a New England village. Her mission was evidently to reconcile Shahryar with Allah, to bring back a lost sheep to the fold. Mr. Holker in the first scenes gave a vivid picture of an oriental despot. Messrs. Gurney, Ferguson and Stanford were amusing in the farm scene. We should have liked to hear more from the dog. Mr. Harris told his story well before Harun al Rashid; as Mr. Neal, the Masrur, told his. The leading characters in "Ma'aruf" were entertainingly portrayed.

There was special music composed by Maurice C. Rumsey. It lacked invention, was ineffective, wholly without oriental color, and generally uninteresting. There was a large audience.

CECILIA SOCIETY

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Shepherd conductor, gave its first concert of the season last night in Symphony Hall. The society was assisted by Mme. Julia Claussen, mezzo-soprano; Laura Littlefield, soprano; Wadsworth Provandie, baritone, and an orchestra of Symphony players. The program consisted of Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" and Chabrier's "Shulamite."

Chabrier's "Shulamite," performed here for the first time—the English version by Miss Louise Baum—is a lyric scene for mezzo-soprano, female chorus and orchestra. The poem was written by Jean Richepin. It is based on passages in the "Song of Solomon," but is Richepin's heroine the girl described by Renan, as "a young peasant, timid, reserved whom the poet presents to us as a model of fidelity, who, bewildered at the court of Solomon, dreams only of flight or of concealment"? Richepin's young woman, waiting for the loved one, knows what she wants.

The women ask her why she no longer shares their games, why her eyes are fixed on something afar off. The Shulamite says that she is looking for her lover. She describes him, his eyes, hands, hair, speech. Why, her companions ask, has he forsaken her? Does he no longer love her? She extols her own beauty, her blue eyes, sombre tresses, teeth like a flock of sheep that are even shorne, which come up from the washing. She knows her lover is true. He is also brave; no harm can befall him on his way. He is master of lions and birds of prey. She hears him, sees him. Then the chorus of women sing the joy of the couple embracing.

"The Shulamite" was first performed on March 15, 1885, at one of the Nouveaux concerts, Paris. Mme. Brunet-Lafleur was the solo singer. She afterwards married Lamoureux. The work was performed at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, Feb. 28, 1892, and at the Conservatory April 13, 1911.

The work when it was first heard shocked the conservative and excited the enthusiasm of the younger school. The orchestration is daringly brilliant. Chabrier emphasizes and illustrates the oriental imagery of the text, italicizes the languor and the passion of the expectant woman. The music of the Shulamite is extremely taxing. One is tempted to say unvocal at times. It must be confessed that the waltz-theme of the finale is common, as is one of the chief themes in his overture to "Gwendoline," common in spite of the ingenuity with which it is treated. And what has the fugato of the women mentioning the dangers of the road to do in a romantic work of this nature?

The performance last evening left the hearer unsatisfied, for it was lacking in the color and spirit wholly necessary to a fitting interpretation of the music. This indifference was chiefly noticeable on the part of orchestra and chorus, for Mme. Claussen, a Scandinavian, once a members of the Chicago Opera company, now with the Metropolitan forces, sang the Shulamite's extraordinarily difficult music with fervor and dramatic effect. The orchestra too often covered the soloist, but in less stressful moments there was the suggestion of vocal opulence and skill.

Far better as a whole was the performance of Wolf-Ferrari's beautiful "Vita Nuova." Owing to Mr. Middleton's illness, the baritone part was sung by Wadsworth Provandie. In this work chorus, soloists and orchestra acquitted themselves with credit.

The next concert will be in Symphony Hall April 18, 1918, when the "Children's Crusade" will be performed. Lambert Murphy will be the soloist.

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There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses by beginning at the roof, and working downward to the foundation, which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

A very necessary and honest art, did it not so much bewitch the minds of men, that there is no man scarce to be found, if his wealth will permit him, who does not wholly employ himself, either in rebuilding, or adding to that which is well and decently already done.

The House Builder.

As the World Wags:

I beg your assistance in clearing my mind of the perplexity which now exists as the result of considerable contemplation of a set of house plans recently published, together with a description of the building.

The sketches themselves are not particularly puzzling even to one unfamiliar to the modes of architectural expression, although I wonder if "entry" is the proper term for a 4x4 vestibule at the head of the cellar stairs, with no outside door leading therefrom. Does not "entry" imply an entrance? It is the description accompanying the drawings which incites this letter.

"The house . . . is designed from a style of the old English period."

What is the old English period? Is it that of William the Conqueror, or is it

[illegible] later [illegible] Lily and Lincoln and D[illegible] and the host of [illegible] of more or less Gothic [illegible] Or is it Queen Anne by the way we don't hear much of Queen Anne cottages [illegible] or perchance that somewhat [illegible] period which we used to see pictured on the stage—hunt breakfasts and military balls. (Cf "Liberty Hall," "Rosedale," etc.).

A little farther on we read: "Attractive landscape gardening with a few trees would add greatly to its attractiveness." Without commenting upon the desirability of using trees as material for landscape gardening I fully agree with the writer in this instance. He might have gone so far as to declare that almost any attractive feature would add to its attractiveness.

Now comes a statement that bewilders me.

"This home has a frontage of 35 feet and is three feet deep." These, I take it are outside dimensions. Assuming the thickness of the front and back walls to total a foot, that leaves two feet of available floor space. I'm sure that even an ordinary dining table would not fit in so small a room. Or are furniture dealers getting out furniture especially designed for cosey little suburban homes?

"The addition of the piazza," the writer continues, "is one of the pleasing novelties to be found in this dwelling." I had not realized that a piazza was a novelty. In fact, I have two on my own house; indeed, there is hardly a house in my street that hasn't at least one.

"It is carried out in the Japanese style and is decorated with hangings of this period." Perhaps this is where the novelty comes in. I admit that a Japanese piazza on an old English house is somewhat unusual. But what, again, is the Japanese period?

"The outline of the building is very pleasing and is constructed of cement stucco with gables of timber work." The outline?

The interior we are told, is strictly Jacobean. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

Englishmen often say that "Piazza" for "veranda" is an Americanism. It is true that "piazza" really means a public square or market place. The word was also, but erroneously, applied to a colonnade, or covered gallery, or walk, surrounding an open square or piazza proper, and hence to a single colonnade in front of a building. There is a curious use of the word in Lovelace's poem to Chloris

> Each humble princess then did dwell
> in the piazza of her hair.

Motley pooh poohed our use of the word. Writing to his wife he said: "He has put a broad verandah (what we so comically call a piazza) all around the house." Lowell probably agreed with Motley. "The captain was walking up and down the veranda of a country tavern." Surely "veranda," whether it be spelt with an "h" or spelled "viranda" or "voranda" or "feerandah," is the more sonorous sound. A dinky little "piazza" with room for only two chairs has grander proportions when it is called a "veranda."—Ed.

Falstaff a Cockney?

As the World Wags:

Apropos of J. H. S.'s reference to the fact that "the Cockney compensates for dropping the aspirate from some words by an excessively generous use of it in others." I should like to inquire whether Sir John Falstaff's use, in the first part of King Henry IV., of "Ebrew" in the expression "an Ebrew Jew" is to be explained on the ground that Falstaff was a Cockney and that his use of "Ebrew" instead of "Hebrew" in that expression was simply an instance of the Cocknevish practice of dropping the aspirate. By the way, what is an Ebrew Jew? How does a Jew of that kind differ from a Jew without the qualifying adjective "Ebrew"? QUERIST.

Hebrew in early English literature was spelled Ebreu, Ebrewe, Ebleu, and there have been many other variants. Shakespeare used the form "Hebrew" three times; once in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," twice in "The Merchant of Venice." In Milton's "Samson Agonistes"—the edition of 1671—Samson says to a Philistine officer: "Thou know'st I am an Ebrew." Modern editions of the tragedy have "Hebrew." In one of Milton's prose works he spells the word "Ebrew." In Tindale's translation of the Bible we find "Ebrew." No, sir. John was not a Cockney because he said "Ebrew." We suppose his expression "Ebrew Jew" was one merely of emphasis.—Ed.

A Hard Question.

As the World Wags:

Will you please enlighten me regarding the origin of the symbolic figure of Father Time? Did he have a representative among the gods of ancient mythology, or is he of comparative recent creation? D. H. W.

Boston.

This is a hard question. Time is personified as an old man, bald, but having a forelock, and carrying a scythe and an hour-glass. The first illustrative quotation in the great Oxford Dictionary is dated 15[illegible]: "So dainly came Time in breuiacion Whose similitude, I shall anone expresse Aged he was, with a [illegible]

bearde [illegible] In Shakespeare ("Comedy of Errors") he has a "plain bald pate." Addison in the Spectator represents Time equipped with an hour-glass in one hand and a scythe in the other. When was he first represented in art? But who was the Father William to whom the youth in the song put singularly impertinent questions? What was his surname?—Ed.

Dec 15 1917

Music for Ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," Splendidly Presented.

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the eighth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, which took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in E flat; Handel, Air, "Di ad Irene," from "Atalanta"; Ravel, second suite from the ballet music of "Daphnis and Chloe" (first time in Boston); Beethoven, Recitative and Air from "Christ on the Mount of Olives"; Balakireff, "Thamar," symphony poem. John McCormack was the singer.

The concert was a brilliant one. Mozart's Symphony may not be the equal of its two companions, but its purity of outline, its artistic simplicity, the tenderness with the tinge of melancholy peculiar to Mozart that characterizes the Andante—these keep it ever fresh and beautiful.

Two suites were made by Ravel from his music for "Daphnis and Chloe," a ballet produced in Paris by the Russian visitors in 1912. The first suite was played in Paris in 1911, for the music was written in 1910; it has been played in New York. The performance of the second suite yesterday was probably the first in this country. The music is taken from the latter half of the ballet, which is in one act. The day dawns. Daphnis is distracted by the absence of Chloe, who had been borne away by pirates. She returns, having been rescued through the intervention of Pan. Daphnis is told that the god did this, remembering his adventure with the nymph Syrinx, who, running away from his hot pursuit, was changed into a reed, out of which Pan fashioned his pipe. Daphnis and Chloe then relate in pantomime this adventure to shepherds and shepherdesses. He swears fidelity to Chloe on the altar. There is then a joyous, tumultuous dance, in which all join.

As a rule, music for a ballet suffers when it is played on a concert stage. It may be said, on the other hand, that when it is performed in the theatre the eyes are more occupied, more receptive, than the ears. In this instance the music, even without the little explanatory argument that accompanies the score, would be engrossing, if the only clue were "Music for a Ballet, 'Daphnis and Chloe,'" or only "Music for a Ballet." Not everyone in these days is acquainted with the pretty romance written by Longus, but any hearer with imagination would know from the music that it was for pastoral scenes and for delirious dancing.

Nor is this music effective only by reason of pronounced rhythms and ingeniously gorgeous instrumentation. There are entrancing melodic phrases; there are seductive harmonies; there is beauty, spirit, passion. The picture of daybreak is an admirable example of true program music; it is not photographic; it is not like unto an interlinear translation; it is something more than a sketch by a musical impressionist, while there is no undue fidelity to nature. The scene is pictured vividly with an artist's restraint.

The instrumentation is astonishingly brilliant; dazzling is the word for certain pages; but the composer never loses his sense of beauty. He charms the musician and every lover of the beautiful, but not for a moment does he strive to make the bourgeois sit up. While there are countless exquisite details, there is a breadth, there is a sweep, a swing to the whole, that we have missed in other works by this rarely gifted composer, who at times seemed a miniaturist, a cameo-cutter.

Appreciation of the music and the performance was immediate. The applause was spontaneous, hearty, prolonged.

Bostonians have heard Balakireff's "Thamar" in concert halls and as music for a ballet. As a symphonic poem it does not in imaginative qualities come up to the sensuous and cruel subject. Here is a case where music not designed for a ballet is glorified by scenery, costumes, mimes and dancers. Balakireff thus fares better than Rimsky-Korsakoff, whose "Scheherazade" suite was sadly perverted by the employment of it for incongruous stage scenes and adventures.

Mr. McCormack sang an air from an Italian opera by Handel, the great melodist, and a Recitative and Aria from Beethoven's early and forgotten oratorio. He sang neither in Italian nor in German, but in English. By his distinct enunciation and fine diction he made us [illegible] that English [illegible] a [illegible] able and eloquent tongue when it is not clipped, smeared, snuffed, barked. Mr. McCormack sang with a breadth, a fervor, a differentiation in emotions that surprised even his warmest admirers. Very seldom do we hear singing of so marked excellence at Symphony concerts or in opera.

The concert will be repeated this evening. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Cherubini, overture to "Anacreon"; Chausson "Poeme" for violin and orchestra; Saint-Saens, Havanaise for violin and orchestra (Mr. Noack, violinist); Beethoven, "Pastoral" Symphony.

It hath reached me, O auspicious King, that when the Keeper came to Ibrahim Khasib-son in the Garden he said to him, "Rise, O my son, and go up into the arbour; for the slave-girls are come to order the place and she cometh after them. So beware lest thou spit or sneeze or blow thy nose; else we are dead men, I and thou."

Of Sneezing.

One of the rules of the high school in Columbia, Pa., is that pupils must not sneeze in the room during sessions. A sneeze must be suppressed. A girl, obeying the rule, caught her nose between her thumb and finger. She has since been blind. "It is believed the optic nerves were ruptured by holding her nose shut." And this was in Columbia, the home of the free!

This school teacher should have let the girl and all other pupils sneeze. She should have shouted a resonant "God bless you." It is true that according to the Rabbis, God, not long after the creation, decreed that man should sneeze but once, and at the instant of his sneezing his soul should depart without previous sickness. Jacob, protesting, wrestled a second time with the Lord and gained exception. "All the princes of the universe, being acquainted with the fact, unanimously ordered that, for the future, sneezing should be accompanied with thanksgiving for the preservation, and wishes for the prolongation of life." This custom obtains in many parts of the earth, the most remote. When the King of Mesopotamia sneezed, acclamations were made in all parts of the kingdom. The gloomy Tiberius performed the rite punctiliously. Repeated sneezing is a happy omen among the Persians. Mohammed liked sneezing because it is accompanied by lightness of body and openness of pores; he said: "If a man sneeze or eructate and say, 'Alhamdolillah' he averts 70 diseases of which the least is leprosy." There is one old English proverb: "He hath sneezed thrice; turn him out of the hospital." According to Aristotle, "the first men prepossessed with the highest ideas concerning the head, as the principal seat of the soul, that intelligent substance governing and animating the whole human system, carried their respect even to sternutation, as the most manifest and most sensible operation of the head." Hippocrates declared that sneezing cures the hiccups and is good in lethargies, apoplexies, catalepsies and comas; but in diseases of the chest it is too exagitating, and women about to undergo their "pleasing punishment" should beware of sneezing.

There is a storehouse of lore on this subject. We cite only a few remarks of the ancients to show how reprehensible and immoral is this school rule in Columbia, Pa. The Emperor Claudius made a humane decree with regard to bodily behavior in his presence when he learned that a noble youth had died in consequence of his respectful self-restraint. A school teacher is often more of a tyrant than those on imperial thrones.

Women and Profanity.

Miss Elizabeth Waldron in a letter to fellow suffrage workers says that she is opposed to "blasphemous swearing," but the other forms of profanity never troubled her, "as used by men, I mean." She adds: "I do not advocate the adoption of such words by women, but I see no objection to their occasionally hearing them. . . . If any woman is offended by a man's expressing his honest opinion in vigorous but plain English she had better return to her fireside and embroidery."

This reminds me of a story. A sister of the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury said to him: "Now that you have come into the title, you must learn to swear. Your father always did, and gained great respect by it in the county."

Why should women not swear at political meetings? We are informed by men that delight in afternoon teas that it is not uncommon to hear young women of "our best people" swearing as freely as any stable boy or Maine guide. There have been women as famous for profanity as for ability. Queen Elizabeth swore like a trooper. Queen Anne had "many a crabbed word." If any young woman, zealous for "the cause," wishes to take lessons in the art, let her frequent our theatres. There are few melodramas in which the name of the Deity is not recklessly invoked. There are few comedies in which "damn," and "hell" are not frequently in the mouths of the actresses and actors.

Muskrat Flesh.

It is said in Winona, Minn., that muskrat flesh, which can scarcely be distinguished from chicken, will be recommended to the national food administration as a substitute for meats now in use. Muskrat has been offered for sale in Winona at from five to seven cents a pound. We have understood that muskrat has been served for years in Baltimore and Washington and also exported, as terrapin, which, when it is genuine, is a greatly overrated dish.

Buttons Again.

Notes and Queries of November published an article by W. Farrer of Over Kellet which should interest those wondering why buttons on men's coats are on the right side.

"Men were buttoning their doublets from left to right at least as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The right-hand being used in buttoning or unbuttoning, it was natural that the left-hand fold of a garment should be arranged to overlie and be buttoned on to the right-hand fold. When, however, at a much later date, women of fashion began to affect buttons on their dress, the fold was reversed and the buttons were placed on the left-hand fold, probably because the buttoning and unbuttoning of the female garment was usually performed by the lady's maid. The buttoning by deputy would require the reverse arrangement of fold and buttons to that of the masculine garment; which was usually buttoned and unbuttoned by the wearer himself."

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Mr. Davis in his play, "The Arabian Nights," follows closely the original version of "The Bull and the Ass" and "The Tale of Three Apples." The motive of "The City of Brass" is preserved, but it is impossible to translate the wild poetry of the original into a stage play. Here is the scene of Emir Musa coming upon the Ifrit of the Jinn after the Emir had rubbed the hand of the brass horseman on a high hill. We give Burton's translation:

"Then they came upon a pillar of black stone like a furnace chimney wherein was one sunken up to his armpits. He had two great wings and four arms, two of them like the arms of the sons of Adam and other two as they were lion's paws, with claws of iron, and he was black and tall and frightful of aspect, with hair like horses' tails and eyes like blazing coals, slit upright in his face. Moreover, he had in the middle of his forehead a third eye, as it were that of a lynx, from which flew sparks of fire, and he cried out, saying, 'Glory to my Lord, who hath adjudged unto me this grevious torment, and sore punishment until the Day of Doom!'"

Mr. Hopkins was a formidable Ifrit, but look at the picture of Dahish in Lane's edition of the stories. There the Ifrit is in the top of a very tall pillar, high in air, while the wondering Emir and his companions look up from far beneath. The stage forbids this effect.

When in the play two cast themselves to the ground from the wall and perish, one would think that they were overcome by the beauty of the city; but they saw ten maidens, as they were houris of heaven calling to them with their hands. They were the brides of the treasure. The City of Brass did not have many towers; only two of Andalusian brass, which appeared to the beholder in the distance as they were twin fires. This city with its 25 portals was "as it were a piece of a mountain or a mass of iron cast in a mould and impenetrable for the height of its walls and bulwarks; while nothing could be more beautiful than its buildings and its ordinance."

In the palace near the couch of the dead princess Tadmurah stood two statues of copper representing slaves, one white and the other black. The first held a mace of steel and the second a sword of watered steel which dazzled the eye. There is no fight between Musa and the Wazir Talib in the story. The Wazir insisted against Musa's protest on taking the jewels from the body of the princess. Then the mace bearer smote Talib and the other statue lopped off his head. "Quoth the Emir, 'Allah have no mercy on thy resting place! Indeed there was enough in these treasures; and greed of gain assuredly degradeth a man.' Then he bade admit the troops; so they entered and loaded the camels with those treasures and precious ores."

Mr. Davis's "Ma'aruf" is only an episode in the last and long story told by Scheherazade. This Ma'aruf, a cobbler of Cairo, was nagged cruelly by his worthless hag of a wife. One day, as he was weeping in a lonely place a Marid appeared who asked him why he disturbed him by his cries. Ma'aruf begged him to take him to a country where his wife could not find the way. Flying from supper-tide till day break, the Marid set him down in a fair city a year's journey from Cairo. There Ma'aruf met a Cairene. They were playmates in boyhood. This Cairene, named Ali, clothed Ma'aruf's handsomely, gave him 1000 dinars, a she-mule to ride and a black slave, and proclaimed about the great wealth of the stranger. He did not discourse as the Wazir in the play on the advantages of pretence and self-puffery. He merely quoted the

proverb: "The w[illegible] and the land w[illegible] wot-teth there [illegible] what they like." Then followed scenes [illegible] way. Ma'aruf finally married the Princess Dunya, one of the finest characters in "The Thousand Nights and a Night." He told her his story, for the Wazir, always suspicious of Ma'aruf and in love with the Princess, urged the King to find out the truth. Dunya advised him to flee the kingdom. She gave him money, promised more, and looked forward to his return. "And if we die, thou or I, and go to the mercy of God the Most Great the Resurrection shall unite us." How Ma'aruf wandered distracted; how one day ploughing for a ploughman that had befriended him he came upon a souterrain full of gold and precious jewels; how a [illegible] ring of gold when rubbed made him master of Jinns, Marids, Ifrits and Satans, who gave him enormous wealth; how the Wazir plotted successfully for a time against him and the King, but was foiled by Dunya; how she died begging him to be careful of the ring; how his Cairene wife found him and was slain by his son as she was about to steal the ring—all this was told by Shahrazad, who ended the tale on the 1001st night.

We spoke last Thursday of the wholly absurd twist given to Shahrazad's character by Mr. Davis, who represents him despairing, tortured, ready to curse Allah. Equally extraordinary is his invention of the king's brother and the sending of the ambassador to bid him refrain from slaughtering the brides of a night. The brother, King Shah Zaman, had for three years been doing the same thing, taking a damsel of his kingdom for the night and doing her to death in the morning.

Unfortunately the Shahrazad of the play has not the physique or the carriage dear to orientals. When she and Dunyazad came forth at their wedding feast, "their cheeks were rosy red and their necks and shapes gracefully swayed and their eyes wantoned like the gazelles."

Miss Theda Bara enjoys the reputation of being the prize vampire of the screen. She does her best in a clumsy fashion to turn Cleopatra into a vampire: but Cleopatra was not that sort of a woman, and Miss Bara can no more mimic her than she could mimic St. Agnes or Florence Nightingale.

In the first place, she could not represent her physically, even if she should go into training, walk 10 miles a day in a rubber sweater, and live on lemons and lettuce. Cleopatra was of Greek descent and had no taint of African intermixtures. Plutarch tells us. "Now her beauty (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view [illegible] with her, but so sweet was her company and conversation that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant, for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her." We quote from Sir Thomas North's translation.

[illegible] Collier spoke of her as having [illegible] genius, "and withal the [illegible] and most pompous lady of the whole world."

George Bernard Shaw, however, who [illegible] to run counter to any tradition or [illegible] historical fact, does not feel bound [illegible] that Cleopatra was well educated. He argues that she was of a [illegible] character. "It must be borne in mind too, that Cleopatra was a [illegible] and was, therefore, not the typical Greek-cultured, educated Egyptian [illegible] of her time."

[illegible] may be sure, Cleopatra [illegible] than mere bodily dis-[illegible]

[illegible] world did the writer of the scenario learn that Charmian, the [illegible] of Cleopatra, was in [illegible] queen? Where did he find all this business of Pharon and the other priests of Isis?

Little can be said of the male actors in the film play. Mr. Mayall as Ventidius was the most effective, but here again is a curious perversion of facts. In the play Ventidius, Antony's messenger, is a stern Roman, who looks upon her merely as a foreign and rebellious vassal. Let us see what Plutarch had to say about this message: "The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her was called Dellius; who when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself that within few days she should be in great favor with him. Thereupon he did her great honor, and persuaded her to come to Cilicia as honorably furnished as she could possible, and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord than any that she had ever seen." Now this Dellius afterward left Antony's court; and in his history, for he was a historian, he [illegible] Cleopatra's physician told him that she [illegible] come secretly to kill him. "F[illegible]more he had Cleopatra's displeasure because he said one night at supper that they made them drink sour wine, where Sarmentus at Rome drank good wine of Falerna." This Sarmentus was a youth whom Augustus loved. The celebrated Mr. Bayle has a curious note on this passage: "The comparison went far, and since Cleopatra was offended by it, it is a sign that Dellius complained because this queen nourished badly those who made her enjoy love's pleasure. This is very extraordinary; for when one has the means of buying for such persons the most succulent meats and the finest beverages, one furnishes them very willingly." And so this Dellius, shrewd in observation when he first saw Cleopatra, was singularly indiscreet in his table talk. And although Plutarch puts him among the flatterers of Cleopatra, he also says that her flatterers drove him away.

Some deep thinker said that he had learned history from the plays of Shakespeare. It is not safe to learn history from the photo-plays. Yet Shakespeare's Richard III. is probably no nearer the original than Miss Bara is to Cleopatra.

Looking back on "Cleopatra" we remember gladly the pictures of the desert; the impressive scenes in Rome, with the agitated crowd in the Forum; the long distance view of Cleopatra in her palace, and above all the crowd rushing to the water side in welcome of Cleopatra and her barge.

There is something more in "Cleopatra" than the monotonous posturing of Miss Bara, her waving arms aloft with an eager showing of armpits, her anxiety to display all portions of her too solid flesh. The modestly draped Charmian was a thousand fold more attractive.

The minor characters in "De Luxe Annie" are well portrayed. For instance, there is the butler impersonated by Mr. Leach, just the servant for the blackmailer's flat, shrewd, confidential, apparently secretive, knowing the value of many doors and secret exits. When he telephones Cronin after Fitzpatrick has announced his departure with Annie, some in the audience murmur at his "treachery." Is he in Kendal's employ? Does he know who Kendal was? These questions are not answered by the dramatist, who probably has this curtain line for further mystification. Dr. Niblo can hardly be called a minor character. Mr. Brunning by his poise, his gentle authority, his suggestion of profound medical and psychical knowledge, his rich humanity, makes the part conspicuous. Memorable, too, is the performance of Miss Hall as Mrs. Archer, the reformed adventuress with a delicious sense of humor. We should like to meet Mr. Archer of Perth Amboy—is not that his home?—not to discuss Mrs. Archer with him, for he would be furiously indignant, but to see what manner of man he is. We fancy him as highly smug and respectable, a man of committees, probably a warden in the fashionable church; a good liver, too, for Mrs. Archer would not abide a thrifty soul. Is she, too, in Kendal's confidence? Perhaps there is a little too much exposition in the bungalow of New Canaan; certainly the scene drags for a few minutes. The play is an entertaining one, written frankly to hold the attention and keep the audience in suspense, while the talk about "coincidences" and the subconscious mind is thrown in to please those who "like to think" when they are in the theatre. In one respect, however, the dramatist is sadly amiss. What became of Jimmie Fitzpatrick? He, the doctor, the butler and Mrs. Archer are the most sympathetic characters in the play. Toward the end of the performance we wished that Kendal would die and Jimmie marry Annie. He surely did not go to jail. Perhaps they made him cashier of a bank. He had a clear knowledge of human nature. Perhaps, wishing a quiet country life, he went into business with Cyrus Munroe, the store keeper, so amusingly portrayed by Mr. Pollock.

Some curious old programs have been added to the Allen A. Brown collection in the Boston Public Library. Years before the Apollo Club of male voices was founded, concerts in Boston were given by the Apollo Society. These concerts have been overlooked or ignored by writers about music in the city, and they were given too late to receive attention in Mr. Sonneck's invaluable book about early concert life in this country.

The concerts of the Apollo Society were given in 1824-25-26. The collection of programs is not complete, for the first one preserved is of the second concert, and other programs, a few, are missing. It appears that an orchestra took part in all of them, a "full orchestra," the programs state. Music by Rossini, Mayr, Stevenson, Gilfert, Paer, Weigl, Winter Boieldieu, Mozart, Fleischman, Witt, Kromer, Haydn, Beethoven, Mehul, Nicolo, was performed. It is not easy to determine whether "sinfonia" meant an overture or a movement of a symphony, or a whole symphony. On these programs "finale" sometimes means the finale of a symphony; notes in ink on some of the programs give assurance. There were piano solos by Mrs. Ostinelli. She was Miss Hewitt, a daughter of James H. Hewitt, music dealer and publisher. She was organist of the Handel and Haydn Society, beginning in 18[illegible] and holding the position for 10 years. She came before the public when she was seven, sang in concerts in New York, her home, until 1816. A contemporary said of her: "Her piano playing is plain, sensible and that of a gentlewoman; she neither takes by storm nor by surprise, but she gradually wins upon the understanding, while the ear, though it never fills the other senses with ecstacy, drinks in full satisfaction." Much later, one that remembered her described her as "the leading professional pianist of Boston, whose performances at the Apollo Society were received with as much enthusiasm as those of Joseffy and his peers by modern audiences." When Charles Zeuner succeeded her as organist of the Handel and Haydn there was great indignation. In a letter signed by 32 members, it was said that she ought not to be dispossessed by "a German professor of music, a foreigner to whom many of us are strangers, and whose qualifications for the situation, however scientific may be his acquirements, cannot, we presume, be placed in comparison with one who has presided so long and faithfully, and with so much satisfaction to a majority of the society." Her husband Ostinelli was for a long time the best violinist in Boston, active in theatre and concert work. Their daughter was Mme. Biscciantl, the opera singer, whom we had the pleasure of knowing in Rome in 1883, when she was old but still vivacious, still teaching music. At these Apollo Society concerts Mrs. Ostinelli played pieces by Kalkbrenner and Calkin, and accompanied her husband.

The solo singers were Miss and Master Ayling, Miss Brown, Mrs. Greene, Miss Mallett.

Messrs. Taylor, Williamson, Greene and some modest persons entered as "an amateur." Mr. Kendall played several clarinet solos, and there were solos for violin, French horn, flute, harp. Miss Ayling sang at nearly all the concerts. While they were not reviewed as a matter of course in the newspapers, more than one letter was published commending her voice and art. It is interesting to note that on Dec. 27, 1825, in Concert Hall, she sang "Italian song—Adelaide. Beethoven." The French horn player was Papanti.

There is this announcement on the program of Jan. 24, 1826: "The Apollo Society beg leave respectfully to introduce to their subscribers, Mr. Willis, from the Academy at West Point, who has kindly volunteered his services for this evening's concert." This Mr. Willis played "Variations to the Dolce Concento on the Kent Bugle," his own composition with orchestral accompaniment. He also played his "Fantassia (sic)—on a new instrument invented by Mr. Willis, called the Vox Humana." Pray, what was this instrument?

An advertisement in the Evening Gazette late in 1824 gave this information: The terms were $6 for six concerts. There were three tickets for each concert, for a gentleman and two ladies. "None but subscribers' tickets will be admitted, nor can a gentleman be admitted with a lady's ticket." Asa Warren was the secretary. The tickets were sold at Hewitt's shop in Market street.

An admirer of these concerts wrote to the Evening Gazette of Feb. 12, 1825, urging still greater support from music lovers: "And they will be convinced that there is implanted in the breast by nature a chord which will vibrate in unison with good music, and will feel that it has not been implanted there in vain."

The world went very well then.

The Music Student (London) of November publishes "A Hint to Lady Concert Artistes."

"Here is sound advice for lady concert artists who visit the armies in France, Greece, Egypt or India:

"Don't assume that the young officers' applause means that you have sung or played well, or given the men the music they love. Remember that a large part of your audience may have hardly seen an English girl for six, 12 or 18 months. They are probably not clapping you as a musician, but (bless their hearts) as a representative of British womanhood.

"Don't assume that the young officers who flock around you after the concert are necessarily in love either with you or your music. Once again, you are being welcomed as a representative of your sex and nation. Every girl who comes out to perform to the troops gets the same welcome.

"Don't think that because applause comes so easily you need not practice. If you perform poorly the men will clap you all the same, but as they go away they will say to one another—'D—d rotten show tonight!'

"Take your audiences seriously and remember that (1) as a singer, your performance has to take the place of all the fine music the men used to hear in days gone by, and that (2) as a woman you stand to the men as the substitutes for mother, sister and sweetheart at home. Your opportunity is a noble one! Seize it!"

How many children are there who today know Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder World"? With Hans Anderson, Grimm and the great library of English nursery tales they are, of course, familiar; that they take an equal interest in Greek mythology may be questioned. There is matter [illegible] to spare, nevertheless, in Hawthorne's volume for many an hour of enjoyable reading. In it also Miss Rose O'Neill has discovered material for a fairy play which is to be produced by Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. J. Bernard Fagan at the Ambassadors on Thursday, Dec. 20. The piece is fashioned very much on the lines which the author himself adopted; in other words, each of the three stories selected for treatment will be preceded by an introductory scene introducing the members of the famous party of little folks assembled at Tanglewood at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Pringle.

Here, then, we shall meet in the flesh those amazing children, Primrose, Periwinkle, Dandelion, Huckleberry and so on, and, in addition, Eustace Bright, whose business it will be to entertain the company with his own version of the famous tales of ancient Greece. For her own purposes, Miss O'Neill has chosen three of the best-known fables, namely, "The Golden Touch," "The Paradise of Children" and the pretty legend of "Philemon and Baucis," entitled "The Miraculous Pitcher." The first, of course, is the story of King Midas, and of how, in answer to his prayer, everything he laid his hand upon was turned to gold, not even his own daughter, Princess Marigold, being excepted, until the unfortunate man was driven in despair to entreat the gods to annul their request. "The Paradise of Children" is the tale of Pandora's Box, and of the surprising results occasioned by its opening. In the production—for which Mr. Fagan is responsible—there will be, needless to say, plenty of singing and dancing, and all sorts of high jinks dear to the hearts of young people.—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 22.

The late Mr. Kendal was always a sound and reliable actor, content enough to be overshadowed on the stage by his brilliant wife. As "G. B. S." once humorously put it, Mr. Kendal's only chance was to "get divorced." In criticising one of Grundy's plays, Mr. Shaw lamented that such a capital comedian as Kendal could only steal one laugh in the first act. "For the rest, he outrages his nature and genius faithfully in support of his wife, in a hopeless part; an the audience, if not delighted, is at least moved by the melancholy dignity of the sacrifice."—London Daily Chronicle.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen celebrated her stage jubilee in Chicago last week when she appeared in vaudeville. She made her debut in London 50 years ago as Blanche Galton in "Turco the Terrible." So says the Dramatic Mirror of Dec. 8. "Who's Who in the Theatre" (London) says that Mrs. Whiffen made her first appearance at the Royalty Theatre, London, in November, 1865—not 1867. She afterward made a short tour with her aunt, Louisa Pyne, a famous singer in her time. On Aug. 31, 1868, George Wood opened Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre in New York. It was at 1221 Broadway, west side, and was first known as Banvard's Museum. We remember this theatre well, for, released from a school for boys—Colton's "Yale School for Boys"—in the neighborhood, we snatched a fearful pleasure in watching the entrances and exits of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company which made its first appearance in America late in September, 1868, in "Ixion." On Aug. 31 at the opening of Wood's Museum at 11 A. M., living curiosities were shown, among them the Siamese Twins, Sophia Ganz, a dwarf, and Gen. Grant, Jr. The theatrical show began at 2 P. M. P. T. Barnum made an inaugural address. The operettas "Married by Lanterns" and "Sixty Six" were sung by Susan and Blanche Galton, Mary Pyne Galton and Thomas Whiffen. Mrs. Whiffen was born in 1845.

The Etude urges that at 9 A. M. on Christmas day all Americans should join in a great chorus singing "America." Instrumentalists should join and the bells of all churches should ring out. The song should come from fireside, training gound, chapel, battleship, trenches, hospitals, streets, cars

Among the new carolsc on the carol list for vesper services at the Central Congregational Church in Boston are these.

No Candl was there and no fire—Breton folk-song.
The Ox he op'neth now the Doore—Old English.
Listen, Lordlings unto me—Gascon 16th Century.
There is joy for every age—Plae Cantiones 1582
They leave the land of gems and gold—Old French Carol.
Whence comes the rush of wings (Carol of the birds)—Bas-duercey.
Night has closed the gates—French Psalter 1647.

Mr. Joseph Hollister of Pittsfield wrote this sensible letter to the New York Sun:

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: The plan of dramatic criticism and review offered by "H. E. D." has some merit; but it lays insufficient stress upon the value of first impressions—always important, almost invariably lasting. A critical review written at the time of performance is certain to be vivid. It has the atmosphere. Not infrequently it is drenched with "the spirit artistic."

Suppose the critic defers his criticism for a week. In that time he meets, or

[illegible] though it be, the impressions, the [illegible] of pl[illegible] before [illegible] ground [illegible] Coldness supersedes enthusi[illegible] Contrariwise, he is liable to over[illegible] that which is meritorious, [illegible] The result is that what he pro[illegible] when he actually begins to write, is not an individual opinion at all, but, [illegible] or unconsciously, a sympo[illegible] of others' views. The element of [illegible] is lacking.

[illegible] that lends value and charm to the editorial articles of our news[papers] is their freshness, their vivid[ness], their evidence of immediate im[pression] [illegible] originality of diction [illegible] of occasion. [illegible] landscape [illegible] garret to reduce the view to canvas. He has to dwell side by side with his subject as he dabbles in his oils. I am afraid that if our daily reviewer of plays delays [a] week, the later product will be stilted, didactic, academic, tame, compared to the bright, sparkling, quickmoving, often lilting critique which captivates us all the morning after. It may not always have Cassandra quality, calculated to withstand the ravages of time and the world's harsh judgments, but it serves a highly useful purpose, nevertheless, and at least sincere.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

An annonymous play "Loyalty," was produced at the St. James, London, Nov. 21. The Times said there was no individualty no art in the play. The author had "thought and felt for himself, no doubt, but as his thoughts and feelings are, in the nature of the case, identical with those of the vast majority of his countrymen, the effect is as though he had dished up so many leading notices from the newspapers during the last three years and doled them out among his players." These commonplaces, simple and superfluous were welcomed at the St. James with thunders of applause. "The fact is, on such occasions the artistic interest is overwhelmed by the practical interest, the question of expression becomes altogether subordinated to the question of subject-matter. Desirable as it is that a play should be a work of true art, that merely aesthetic desire becomes of minor importance when the play happens to be, as this one is, a vehicle for fervent love of country. Because the author had embodied this fervent love in his 'nice' people, we all listened to them enraptured, and forgave the farcical exaggeration of his 'nasty' people, the pacifists, the philo-Teutons, the incorrigible party-men e tutti quanti. Mr. Aubrey Smith, explaining that he was a Home Ruler not merely for Ireland but for England, that the term democracy covered something wider than manual labor, and that it would be time to talk about disarmament when we could talk about dispensing with the police, was loudly cheered. So was Mr. Randle Ayrton when he got his views of the pacifist crowd, in his own phrase, off his chest. And when Mr. Fisher White told once more the appalling tale we have all read of the treatment of British prisoners in German camps the house was hushed into a deep and, you might almost say, a tragic silence." A pacifist editor is played by Lennox Pawle. The proprietor of the journal returns after two years, a broken man from captivity in Germany, where he had seen his wounded son tortured. The Daily Telegraph said the play was only a piece of rhetoric. "After all, in the theatre, it is human things which touch the mind, not opinions, however just, not argument, however forcible. And it happens unfortunately that in human things the play is lacking. We had eloquent points of view, we had bold caricatures, we had passionate pleading, none the less effective if it was pleading, for the most part, to the convinced, but men and women we did not find."

"The Spoiling of Wilson," a new play in one act by R. J. Purcell, was produced at the Abbey, London, on Nov. 13. Thomas Costello, a clerk, is dismissed after long service, for he is suspected of having given away trade secrets. He thinks Wilson, who informed against him, is the traitor. Flora, the betrothed of Wilson, calls on Costello's wife and chatters about her private affairs. "Crissie, the housemaid, rushes in to say that a man has been run over outside the house and that the police are lifting him in. Such a convenient man! for he is none other than a messenger conveying a £100 bribe from the knave company to the aforesaid Wilson." Costello telephones for Sir Richard, who had dismissed him, puts him behind a screen, telephones for Wilson and confronts him with the £100. Virtue is rewarded, and Flora, who was pushed behind the screen earlier, now knows the character of her lover. "There is not much to say, save that the audience was interested and pleased. It was a relief to see even a tolerably good play away from the peasant tradition." Fred O'Donovan played Costello.

"Speechless," a play in three acts by H. B. O'Hanlon, was produced at the Hardwick Street Theatre, Dublin, Nov. 13. Westray, an artist, finds everybody kind to him. They must pity him for some calamity that approaches. From the strain he loses his sight and goes a little mad, as his father went before him. His sister is dying in the house of tuberculosis, but he must not know it, so Constance impersonates her and does sisterly offices. Now Westray in his sane days loved Constance passionately. He pines and sickens for want of her, believing her dead, while she, ministering to him, endures agonies. When she does tell him the truth, Westray, overjoyed, dies in his chair. "The author makes a fairly successful attempt for about half of the play. Then the repetition of 'high-brow' talk, in which even the man-servant of the hero indulges, kills the drama. . . . It is a play packed with possibilities. There is in it proof again of the 'hardness' and strength that Mr. O'Hanlon showed in 'Tomorrow.' But it destroys itself with 'speeches.' All the passages are steeped in 'psychology' and 'ethics' until it becomes merely a pose."

On the withdrawal of "The Wonder Tales" at the Ambassadors Mr. Cochran has decided to return to a very old order of things, presenting a double bill consisting of two historic examples of the transpontine school of the early Victorian period. These are "Sweeney Todd, the Barber of Fleet Street, or the String of Pearls," and "Maria Martin, or the Murder in the Red Barn." The very announcement is sufficient to make the Fat Boy rub his hands in grim delight. Mr. Cochran states that he has been moved to this measure "by the existing vogue for plays dealing with the communication of the living with the dead." Whether he will be able to induce the present generation of playgoers to accept these revivals in the spirit of serious interest shown by their ancestors must be left to time to show.

Kipling's "The Naulakha" is filming for a special feature of Pathe. The scenario, written by George B. Seitz, has been read and approved by Kipling. The cast will include Doraldina, the Hawaiian dancer; Antonio Moreno, Warner Oland, Helene Chadwick and J. H. Gilmour.

Another announcement of moment to those who care for the literary side of the stage is that made by the Incorporated Stage Society. The society has in view a performance of "Manfred," Lord Byron's three-act choral tragedy, which will be given in its entirety, together with Schumann's incidental music, for the rendering of which Sir Thomas Beecham will be responsible. "Manfred" has a notable association with the stage, as it was with this play that Samuel Phelps began his seven years' engagement at Drury Lane. In 1863 that historic theatre was under the management of Edmund Falconer and Thomas Chatterton. Phelps, for seven years, was the main support of Old Drury. He produced "Manfred" on Oct. 10, 1863, with great artistic and financial success. The play was well cast, and it enjoyed, for those days, a long run. "Manfred," published in 1817, had been brought out at Covent Garden in 1834, and when Phelps revived it there were many playgoers who remembered the Covent Garden production. As showing the difference between the wants of playgoers nowadays and in the "early sixties" of the last century, it may be mentioned that "Manfred"—which began at 7:45 and finished at 10 o'clock—was preceded by Brough and Halliday's farce, "My Heart's in the Highlands," and followed by Oxenford's farce, "Beauty or the Beast."—The Stage, Nov. 22.

The report of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for the year ended June 30, shows that operations resulted in a loss of £5901, to meet which £5000 has been taken from the reserve account. After allowing for £283 brought forward, a debit balance of £648 is carried forward.

It is said that Lady Tree has offered Mr. Scotti, the baritone, the leading part in "The Great Lover," created in this country by Leo Ditrichstein. Sir Herbert Tree had intended to play it.

Mrs. Lloyd George is at the head of a matinee which will take place at the Shaftesbury, London, some time in the near future, in aid of the memorial to the soldiers of North Wales who have fallen in the war. A prominent feature of the program will be a pageant of the Ancient Britons, by Louis N. Parker. By the aid of the Welsh bards, Cadwallo, Urien and Myrddin, he will summon from the mystic past the gods of Cambria and make them indulge in prophetic speech.

The Lambs' Club, New York, displays a service flag with 190 stars.

"On the outer walls of the Royal Victoria Hall (the 'Old Vic') in the Waterloo road will shortly be placed a tablet recording the names of actors and musicians who have given their lives to their country. Already the list numbers 130—mostly actors. There must be many more, and also a great many musicians, not recorded. The promoters also hope that the sons of actors and musicians may be included in the list. Most of the names are those which have been recorded in the columns of The Stage. But so many actors have joined up under their own names—more often than not different from their stage names—and have disappeared into the army, that it is probable that many may have made the great sacrifice without the knowledge of those who were their comrades in work before the war. In order that as many names as possible may appear on the tablet outside the Old Vic; we shall be glad if relatives and friends who think a name has been omitted from the lists appearing in The Stage will communicate with us, giving full particulars."

Jane Houston, admired here as the Fotheringay in "Pendennis," after being leading woman in "The Old Country," produced unsuccessfully by Mr. Faversham, is now playing with Margaret Anglin in Philadelphia.

The cast engaged to support Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady of the Camelias" includes Conway Tearle, Rose Coghlan, Walter Ringham, Arthur Lewis, Mary Hampton, Leonard Mudie, Edith Campbell Walker, Wallace Erskine, Mary Worth, Charles F. Coghlan, Noel Haddon, John M. Troughton and Shirley Aubert.

Charles Martin Loeffler's songs "Le Son du Cor," "La Cloche felee" and "Serenade," with viola and piano accompaniment, were sung by Helen Rootham in London Nov. 13. The Daily Telegraph called them "beautiful." Despite their great worth these songs are almost entirely neglected, and Miss Rootham is to be congratulated on bringing them forward." At the same concert a setting by Cyril Rootham for voice, string quartet and harp of a song from the 15th Idyl of Theocritus was performed.

Mr. Stroesco, formerly of the Boston Opera Company, gave a recital in London on Nov. 20. The Times said that he puts a good deal into a song. "We cannot say definitely that it ought not to be there, because, although the composer may not have intended these additions, he often knows little about the possibilities of his own compositions. But one has a suspicion that Mr. Ireland meant something much simpler by 'Blind,' and perhaps deeper, and that Boito intended his 'Dal Campi' as a quiet Mozartian melody, not as a raising, but as a setting at rest of a debatable point. Hectic emotion was, however, as much in place in Chausson's 'Colobri' as was springtliness in Hahn's 'D'une prison' and espieglerie in Ravel's songs about 'Anne' throwing snowballs and playing the spinet."

A comedy suite "To a Love-sick Mannekin," for clarinet and piano, by Herbert Howells, was played in London, Nov. 8. "The blend of the humorous and the serious is particularly happy."

Edwin Evans in a lecture on "Modern English Song" in London, made the inevitable distinction between songs and ballads. "His aim was to show that the advancement of British song suffered from a public which was less interested in songs than in singers, and from a lack of the genuine literary critical faculty in composers who had not sufficient reverence for their own language, and hardly recognized any responsibility to their material." Among the songs sung in illustration "Morrison's 'The Lake of Innisfill' was preeminently fascinating."

Priv. Louis Pecskai played Saine-Saens's Rondo Capricioso, and by his rhythmical treatment made it sound quite a fine work.—London Times.

Genevieve Vix, soprano of the Paris Opera, made her first apeparance in this country at Chicago Dec. 1 as Manon in Massenet's opera.

On Dec. 6 Isidor Philipp gave in Paris the first of three piano recitals of American music. The program included pieces by Carpenter, Foote, MacDowell and Strong.

"We cannot interfere with the decision of the local (Islington) tribunal in this case," remarked the chairman of the Guildhall section of the London Appeal Tribunal today to the military representative, who had appealed against an exemption of four months granted to Mr. Fred Bentley, classified B 1, a musician and composer, who said he had a delicate wife and four children. He did the housework in the daytime and his professional work at night after the children had gone to bed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A new sonata for violin and piano by Gustav Strube, formerly of Boston was performed in Baltimore Nov. 2[illegible] "A work that is colorful and strangely conceived as to tonal scheme." It was played by George F. Boyle, pianist, and Joan C. van Hulsteyn, violinist, at a concert of the Baltimore String Quartet.

Over 50 per cent. of the new Birmingham (Eng.) orchestra were trained in the Birmingham School of Music, which now has more pupils than at any time during the preceding 13 years.

MISS GRETA TORPADIE GIVES SONG RECITAL

Soprano Pleases Audience in Jordan Hall.

Miss Greta Torpadie, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Richard Epstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, Air de "Rodelinda"; Caccini, Amarilli; Bach, Air de "Momus"; Stenhammar, Meansken, Aftonstemning; Sibelius, Ingalill; Lie, Sne; Grieg, God Morgen; Laparra, Le Temps, Propos d'Avril; Gevaert, Le Sommeil de l'Enfant Jesus; Loeffler, Les Paons; Saint-Saens, [Guitares] et Mandolines; Wolff, Alles Still; Atherton, Mit deinen blauen Augen; [Sc]hindler, Malwunder, op. 1, No. 1; [K]ramer, Green, Rubner, Pierrot; Buzzi-Peccia, Sweet Suffolk Owl, Under the Greenwood Tree.

Miss Torpadie uses a light voice skillfully. Her control of breath is secure, her phrasing fine. She brings imagination, finesse, subtlety to the interpretation of varied composers.

Her program was interesting and unconventional. Certain songs were in themselves striking or made appealing by reason of the singer's interpretation. These were Loeffler's "Les Paons" and "Ingalill," by Sibelius; Caccini's "Amarilli," and "Le Temps," by Laparra, chiefly known in Boston by his fascinating and macabre opera, "La Habanera." This composer, with his American wife, is now living in New York.

Miss Torpadie, whose singing is particularly effective in songs of a gentle, tender, pathetic, fanciful or spiritual nature, should not allow her work to be marred by a mistaken abuse of mezzo voce. Lie's "Soft-footed Snow," for example, was over-refined by her until it was barely audible, and there were other instances when miniature tonal effects were not telling because of their frequency.

M[r.] [Ep]stein played delightful accompaniments, and intensified by his art the presence of Mr. Loeffler's exotic peacocks with spread fans. Miss Torpadie gave pleasure to the audience by adding to the program.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Halifax benefit concert. Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor; Mme. Melba; Mr. Kreisler. See special notice.

Tuesday—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Yolande Mero, valse intermezzo; Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie organ concerto; Schumann, Davidsbuendlertaenze; Debussy, Jardins sous la pluie, Clair de lune; Rachmaninoff, serenade; Merkler-Mero, valse intermezzo; Dohnanyi, rhapsodie in C minor; Liszt, Liebestraum, polonaise in E-flat major. The proceeds will be given to the fund for the Halifax survivors.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Song recital of Laura Littlefield, soprano; Mrs. Fitts, accompanist. Messager, Pastourelle from "La Basoche"; Ropartz, La Route, Sous Bois; Dupont, Chanson des Noisettes; Poldowski, Enet de Neige, serenade, Colombine; Schneider, The Cave; Spalding, Come hither, lyttel childe; Homer, The Bairnies Cuddle Doon; Fiske, The Bird, Reve du Midi; Endicott, Her Songs, To a Dancer; Massenet, Chanson d'Avignon from "Griselidis"; Chabrier, Villanelle des petits canards; Ebell, Voici des fruits; Koechlin, Le The; Vuillermoz, Jardin d'Amour; Pierne, Hymne d'Amour.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Ninth Symphony concert (A). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ninth Symphony concert (B). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

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CONCERT FOR HALIFAX RELIEF

By PHILIP HALE

A relief concert for the benefit of sufferers by the catastrophe at Halifax was given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The hall was crowded. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, Mme. Melba and Fritz Kreisler, all gave their services. Maj. Henry L. Higginson gave the use of Symphony Hall.

The program was as follows: Sullivan, overture, "In Memoriam"; Mendelssohn, Violin Concerto (Mr. Kreisler); Duparc, "Phidyle," song with orchestra (Mme. Melba); Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Scheherazade." Symphonic Suite; songs with piano: Chausson, "Le Temps des Lilacs," "Les Papillons"; Bemberg, "Les Anges Pleurent" (Mme. Melba); violin pieces with piano: Pugnani, Prelude and Allegro; Mozart, Rondo in G major. Frank St. Leger accompanied Mme. Melba; Carl Lamson, Mr. Kreisler.

Sullivan's overture was played, not on account of its intrinsic worth, which is very slight—although an enthusiastic biographer, H. Saxe Wyndham, characterizes it as "glorious" also "a work of genius," but because a memorial composition by an Irish-Englishman seemed appropriate to the occasion. Sullivan wrote the overture in memory of his father, Thomas Sullivan, a bandmaster at Sandhurst, and professor of the Brass Bass instruments at Kneller Hall, who died in 1866. It was performed at the Norwich Festival of that year. In 1879 Sullivan came to Boston and conducted his "Prodigal Son," at a Handel and Haydn concert (Nov. 23). The overture was then played under his direction. This was the first appearance in the United States of a composer whose fame will rest on a number of delightful operettas. Rimsky-Korsakoff's suite is familiar to all through performances in concert halls and by its perversion for the ballet first made known to us by Gertrude Hoffmann at the Shubert Theatre in February, 1912, and later by Diaghileff's Ballet Russe at the Boston Opera House in January, February and November, 1916. Frequent repetitions do not tarnish the gorgeousness of this music or break its spell [illegible] as rhapsodic in the spirit of the

... are the wondrous ... lives. Nor is there an attempt at li... al portrayal of any particular t... except in the music that paints the ... through which Sinbad sailed and the shipwreck off the magnetic mountain. A Kalandar tells his story, but which one of the three that met with strange and perilous adventures? Who were the young prince and the young princess that the composer had in mind? Were they Kamar al-Zaman and Budur? Rimsky-Korsakoff smiles and answers: "They are in the book of tales and in my music. There are so many princes and princesses in 'The Thousand Nights and a Night.'"

Mme. Melba sang "Phidyle," a song by Henri Duparc, music to Leconte de Lisle's poem. Duparc, asked when it was composed, answered that he could not give the exact date: that all his songs were written before 1885, for since then his poor health has forbidden composition. Surely Duparc is to be reckoned among the greatest of modern song writers, although his songs are few in number. This may account in n measure for their excellence. Duparc orchestrated the accompaniment of "Phidyle," "Chanson triste," "Invitation au Voyage," "La Vague et la Cloche." Do they gain by the transference of the accompaniment from the piano to the orchestra? Composers have not always been fortunate with this experiment. Hugo Wolf's "Er ist's" is more effective when it is sung with piano accompaniment. It is an open question whether songs of Shubert have been improved by the labors of Liszt, Mottl and others. But there can be only one answer to the question in the case of "Phidyle": the instrumentation is exquisite in its delicate support and embroidery of the melody, its fine poetic feeling. There is no superfluity of invention. The various instruments in their allotted say speak significantly.

Singer, violinist and orchestra vied in art. Mme. Melba sang charmingly. Mr. Kreisler played the hackneyed concerto as though it were a new and fresh work, not turning the Andante into sentimentalism; playing the Finale with rare vivacity and in the spirit of Mendelssohnian lightness and grace. The orchestra gave a magnificent performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite. Long as the program was there were additions to it by the soloists.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given several concerts for the benefit of a city or a fellow-member. The two conspicuous concerts of this nature were the one for the benefit of the San Francisco fund, April 29, 1906, when Mr. Gericke conducted and Mme. Samaroff was the pianist, the other for the Chelsea relief fund, April 27, 1908, when Dr. Muck conducted and Harold Bauer was the pianist.

These concerts were in time of peace. The concert of yesterday will be still more memorable in the history of the orchestra, not only because of its extraordinary nature and its pecuniary success, but because it showed that the highest humanity knows no national boundaries, no political differences. They that volunteered their services gave generously to a sorely afflicted town. They that formed the great audience also gave generously.

We have received a letter from "Roger [illegible]," a former contributor to this column, who is now an officer of the United States army somewhere in France.

"I invited Frank Sibley to come to my [illegible] several miles away and, with appropriate ceremony, open and deplete a can of Pittsburgh beans 'ex 57 unum,' but business of an urgent nature recalled him to Paris, and the can of [illegible]-sauced Pittsburgh fabricated [illegible] remains untouched until more [illegible] times. They are in my hav[illegible] where I put them as an emergency ration against lean times. Beans [illegible] an appropriate environment like [illegible] doors and winding streets with [illegible] breeze' or a tang of salt air. Can any of your contributors recall the beans (and pies) served on the counter at the 'Hole in the Wall,' which disappeared when the Old South office building was erected? We hear of tobacco funds, Red Cross funds, and so forth, but has any fund been started to provide the necessities for bean eaters?"

Poor Ruskin.

As the World Wags:

While we are on this subject of good English and otherwise, cast a look on this sentence from one of Ruskin's letters, quoted in the Christmas Scribner's, [illegible]: "I . . . found your nice three sheet letter laying on the table beside the dear woodfire." I've always regarded Ruskin as a source of English undefiled. Must I give him up. I find in this another excellent reason for not printing a dead man's letters unless he had first prepared them for publication.

Boston. W. E. K.

"Hoosegow."

As the World Wags:

In your issue of Dec. 8th you ask for an explanation of the origin of "hoosegow." After living some time in Spanish-speaking countries most Americans add a few Spanish words to their routine English vocabulary. This, to a lesser extent, is also true in the southwestern part of the United States, due to contact with Mexicans, and everyone ... [illegible] knew the meaning of "rodeo," "lariat" and "amigo." Other words have been corrupted by the cowboys, e.g., "chaparreras" to chaps, "mesteño" to mustang, "caballerango" to horse wrangler, etc. Hoosegow furnishes an analogy, as the Spanish word "juzgado," defined as a tribunal or court of justice, is pronounced without the "j" by the average Mexican (whose cacocpy is the principal part of his Spanish) to give a combination described perfectly by the word you ask about.

We take it that in this case the Journal Miner referred to the courts and prison in general, but why not have so stated in English?

Cambridge. TROPICAL TRAMP.

In re "Sack."

As the World Wags:

"Nooks and Corners of English Life," by John Timbs.

"London, 1867." page 251-252.

"Corporation Accounts of Congleton, co. Cest."

1619 "A banquet bestowed on Sir John Savage, being a gallon of sack and a sugar loaf, 5s."

1655..................on Sir F. G. Moon Bt.

Bowls of sack ** "two-handled flagons" * * "count cakes" * * ginger-bread, etc.

"The brewage of the sack was entrusted to Joseph Speratti, who boasts that he alone possesses the true receipt."

Sounds like Zabbaglione! !

"Two-handled flagons"——? Caudle-cups?

Boston. Z. Y. X.

What are "count cakes"? The great Oxford Dictionary fails us, but we find a description of them in Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary":

"Count Cakes, Cheshire. Three cornered cakes, peculiar to Congleton, used at the corporation meetings. A raisin is inserted in each corner of the cake. These raisins are supposed by some to represent the mayor and two [illegible] who were the governing body under the charter of James I. By others they are supposed to symbolize the Trinity."

Dinglehole.

As the World Wags:

The disquisitions in your column upon the word "dingle" remind me of the fact that Dinglehole is the name of one of the most impressive topographical features of the town of Millis, Mass. The spot is of gloomy, weird and fearsome aspect, and enjoys considerable local celebrity as a natural curiosity. Dinglehole is about a mile north of the railroad station in Millis village. The following description of it is on page 13-14 of Rev. E. O. Jameson's History of Medway, Mass., of which town what is now Millis was a part till 1885: "In the olden time it was supposed to be the rendezvous of witches and the Evil One, the place where Satan met with his disciples, who there pledged themselves to his service. Unearthly sounds were heard, and strange lights were seen glancing about in the uncanny place. A tall pine tree, with its topmost branches strangely woven and twisted together into a fantastic crown, was supposed to mark the trysting-place. This Dinglehole is like a large pit, with black, stagnant water of uncertain depth at the bottom—a scary place, and famous in the legends of the neighborhood on account of the many curious incidents and marvelous adventures which have happened there. It is reported that in the early days many strange apparitions were seen and noises heard in and about Dinglehole, to the great annoyance and disquietude of the good people of Boggastow in their lawful callings and accustomed avocations. Dinglehole, in its form, is thought very much to resemble a goose-yoke, but its name is undoubtedly derived from the dingling or tinkling of a bell, which was frequently heard there on dark, misty summer evenings, and by the neighboring inhabitants supposed to be rung by the hobgoblins of the place, and thence called the 'spirits bell.'"

Brookline. SUBURBANITE.

Dec 18 1917

There is no trade, no employment, no social observance, without its peculiar etiquette. There may be no printed "Etiquette of the Bar-room," but there are traditions that are rigorously observed. There are rules of conduct for users of tobacco. A western newspaper, the Independence Examiner, warns its readers that it is no longer considered proper among "our best people" to bite a chew of tobacco off a borrowed plug. The writer, quoted by the Kansas City Times, gives these directions: "When a friend hands you his chewing tobacco in these days of germs and rheumatism the correct procedure is to grasp the plug firmly by the small end between the thumb and fingers of the left hand. Then with the thumb and forefinger of the right hand carefully twist off one corner a piece large enough to make a comfortable chew and hand the larger piece back to the owner."

This reminds us that the question was recently raised in the Herald and Journal whether a pipe should be smoked at dinner. The questioner did not ask whether the smoking should be permitted between courses, or with and after coffee. We are aware that many persons, male and female, young and old, smoke cigarettes between courses. We do not approve, unless the dinner is unfit to eat. If the victuals are good, why blunt the palate? To smoke a pipe between courses is not to be recommended, first of all because there cannot be full enjoyment of the pipe. Yet Dr. Venner (1650), mentioned the custom of taking tobacco "at meales between the eating."

Jorevin de Rochefort's "Travels in England" were published in 1672. He had much to say about English family life. "The supper being finished, they set on the table half a dozen pipes and a packet of tobacco for smoking, which is a general custom, as well among women as men. . . . It is a custom in England that when the children went to school they carried in their satchel with their books a pipe of tobacco, which their mother took care to fill early in the morning, it serving them instead of a breakfast; and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book, to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw in the tobacco. . . . I have known several who, not content to smoke in the day, went to bed with their pipes in their mouths; others who have risen in the night to light their pipes."

A pipe at breakfast, that is, immediately after breakfast, especially on Sunday morning, reconciles one to this life that is so daily. The excellent Archbishop Sancroft used to take for his breakfast two small dishes of coffee and a pipe of tobacco. It would appear from a passage in Dr. Venner's "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam" that in the middle of the 17th century the smoke was not emitted from the mouth. He mentions "a twofold manner of taking tobacco. . . . The first is the detaining of the fume only in the mouth and thrusting it forth again at the nostrils. . . . The other is receiving it into the stomach and lungs, for consuming and deturbing of crudities and windinesse that shall offend in those parts."

In boyhood days we wondered at a man in our village—parents looked at him skew-eyed for he wore a white plug with a weed around it, fancy waistcoats and a case of ivory toothpicks served as a watch-charm—who could emit smoke from his nose, also his ears. We tried the experiment later with sweetfern and rattan, but in vain. We could not blow rings, nor could we spit through our teeth, projecting a fine fanlike spray, and as we could neither skate nor swim, as we were always "it" at duck or yard-sheep-run, we were held in low esteem by our school-fellows.

We see no reason why Jones should not smoke a pipe after dinner at home—with the permission of Madam Jones and Miss Eustacia—at clubs, at stag dinners. We prefer a T. D. to any other.

Here is a question for amateurs of pipes. Face, in Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," commends Abel Drugger for furnishing him good tobacco not sophisticated with sack-lees, oil, nor washed in muscadel and grains, nor buried in gravel, nor wrapped up in greasy leather:

But keeps it in fine lily pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.

What was a Winchester pipe? It was thought that a coal of juniper, if covered over with its own ashes, would retain its fire for a year. In another comedy of Jonson's a pipe is described as bearing "the true form of a woodcock's head."

Pipe smoking in the street is only for day laborers at work with shovel or pick axe. A young man going to his office in winter or summer with a pipe in his mouth is not a pleasant object: he is self-conscious: he seems awkward, uncomfortable. The fact that he thinks he is doing the correct thing does not console us.

MODELS PARADE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Lady Duff-Gordon in her pantomimic musical fashion revue "Fleurette's Dream at Peronne," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair sized audience.

The act was a disappointment from the theatrical standpoint for the piece, nothing more or less than a fashion parade that takes in the entire wardrobes, would be much more interesting were she to eliminate the feeble attempt at a story. The first scene depicting the dream of Fleurette in the cellar during the bombardment of Peronne was far from convincing, the pantomime was meaningless and there was [illegible] ... of the curtain, which was [illegible] hung too near the [illegible] drop.

Lady Duff-Gordon appeared [illegible] for a few minutes during the prologue, and spoke apologetically of the afternoon performance and had a few words to say for her interest in the performance—the raising of funds for the unfortunates of the devastated regions of France.

As a fashion show the act is indeed a bewildering one. The mannequins employed are of the willowy type and many are not without charm.

Few of the gowns appeal in their simplicity. Many are bizarre, wildly incongruous, and not a few have as a motive the war in underlying scheme. They are all worn with an elegance, an authority, that sets them off in no uncertain fashion.

Phyllis Francatelli was seen as Fleurette, and the assisting mannequins were Mlles. Dinazarde, Hildred, Claire, DeLys, Mauricotte, Jean Corisande, Anangaraga, Sovia-Moria, Bonita, Iseult and Majanah.

Other acts were Meehan's celebrated leaping canines, one of the best performing dog acts in vaudeville; Joe Morris and Flossie Campbell in an aviation sketch; Kaufman brothers, in a burnt-cork act; Nat Nazarro and company, in an excellent acrobatic act, in which they combined some delightful comedy; Bertie Beaumonte and Jack Arnold, in a military sketch; Jennie Middleton, fiddler, and the Darras brothers, in an act on the flying trapeze.

Dec 15 1917

When Cn. Pompeius, Marcus Cicero (saith Plutarch) and many noble men in the summer came to see Lucullus, at supper Pompeius jested with him, that it was an elegant and pleasant village, full of windows, galleries and all offices fit for a summer house; but in his judgment very unfit for winter: Lucullus made answer that the lord of the house had wit like a crane, that changeth her country with the season; he had other houses furnished and built for that purpose, all out as commodious as this. So Tully had his Tusculan, Plinius his Lauretan villa, and every gentlemen of any fashion in our times hath the like.

Architecturitis.

As the World Wags:

"Architecture became his ruling passion . . . he caused to be erected a stately mansion, which he at first intended to be a model of purest simplicity, but his taste luxuriating as the work went on, he relieved the severity of the Gothic pillars, which supported the piazza, with its richest Corinthian entablatures, and added many fantastic devices of his own to crown the symmetrical arch of the windows, which descended to the floor in front, and opened into a yard, whose velvet green was beautifully contrasted by flights of white marble steps. . . . But . . . he had studied architecture more deeply than economy, and was confounded when he found his purse was not as inexhaustible as was his genius. The workmen became importunate, creditors clamorous; he heard his taste ridiculed, his madness condemned; ruin glared him in the face, and unable to sustain all these accumulated horrors, the reason, whose suggestions he had slighted, utterly forsook him. He became a brainstricken wanderer amid the shade of the valley, and fled from the companionship of men, to hold fellowship with the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, while the monument he had built in his pride became famous in the surrounding country by the name of 'Lovell's Folly,' derived from its unfortunate owner."—Caroline Lee Hentz: "Lovell's Folly" (Cincinnati, 1833), chapter I.

"Faulkner's Folly was the realized dream of the architect who had been its original owner. It was a perfect example of the type known in England as Georgian and in our own country as Colonial, a style inspired by the Italian disciples of Palladio, and as developed by Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren. It had seemed to James Faulkner to possess the joint qualities of comfort and dignity that made it ideal for a home. The house was enormous, the rooms perfectly proportioned, and the staircase had been the architect's joy and delight. It showed the wooden wainscoting, which was handed down from the Jacobeans; broad, deep steps with low risers, large, square landings, newels with mitred tops and rather plain balusters. But the carved wood necessary to carry out the plans, the great problems of lighting, the necessity for columned galleries and long, arched and recessed windows, together with the stupendous outlay for appropriate grounds and gardens, overtaxed the available funds, and Faulkner's Folly, in little more than two years after its completion, was sold for less than its intrinsic value.

"James Faulkner died, some said of a broken heart" . . . —Carolyn Wells: "Faulkner's Folly" (New York, 1917), chapter I. J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster.

Kimono and Buttons.

As the World Wags:

I note that Mr. Aab (who has Abou

[illegible] at the [illegible] "A [illegible] kimono fast [illegible] but once in her [illegible] dead.' This has just [illegible] to make it pass. In [illegible] kimono, whether of a [illegible], doesn't fasten at all, [illegible] held by an obi. In the second [illegible] as well as corpses have [illegible] from right to left.

Boston. S. B. W.

Unfortunately we know little or nothing about Japanese manners and customs. We are informed that an "obi" is the brightly colored sash worn about the waist. But what was used for a [illegible] in old times? We read that at the beginning of the Tokugawa era the [illegible] most elaborate form was "a [illegible] and looped behind and hanging almost to the heels."—Ed.

PIANO RECITAL BY MME. YOLANDE MERO

Remarkable Performance of Concerto by Bach.

Mme. Yolande Mero gave a piano recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the sufferers in the Halifax catastrophe. The program was as follows: Bach, concerto for organ; Schumann, Davidsbuendlertaenze; Debussy, Clair de Lune, Jardin sous la pluie; Merkler, Valse Intermezzo; Rachmaninoff, Serenade; Liszt, Liebestraum; Polonaise in E-flat major.

The pianist began with an extraordinary performance of Stradal's arrangement of Bach's concerto for organ. Organ music arranged for the piano is seldom satisfactory. The player is tempted to sacrifice tonal beauty for volume. There are heroic efforts to create the illusion of the instrument for which the work was written. Mme. Mero, however, at once established a sonority and depth of tone seldom heard and which was sustained with grandiose effects throughout the entire composition.

Her tone, warm, rich, vivid, brilliant, is, in fact, a distinguishing feature of her playing, while she is otherwise gifted with a substantial technic and a keen sense of rhythm. The spontaneous and emotional quality of her playing makes a direct appeal to the hearer. She is always interesting and there is no desire to leave the hall before the conclusion of the program.

She was a pleasing interpreter of the Davidsbuendlertaenze, with their kaleidoscopic moods, and in these there was an opportunity for her to display variety in touch and color. Rachmaninoff's charming serenade and Liszt's pieces were brilliantly played, while an audience lacking in discrimination insisted upon a repetition of Merkler's showy Valse Intermezzo, the latest distinguished work on the program.

Mme. Mero will give another recital in March.

CONCERT TONIGHT FOR ARMENIAN RELIEF FUND

Six hundred members of the famous "festival chorus" will group themselves around the Parkman bandstand on the Common this evening and present from 7 to 7:30 o'clock a community sing of Christmas carols, under the direction of Prof. H. Augustine Smith of Boston University. Then, led by a group of Syrian shepherds in costume, they will proceed to Tremont Temple to give a concert in behalf of the Armenian-Syrian relief fund.

The parade will be illuminated with torchlights and headed by a tableau of the Magi, who will be depicted as following the sacred star. The concert, which will begin at 7:45 o'clock, will include a number of ensemble songs by four antiphonal choirs; piano, organ and violin solos, songs by double quartets. It will be featured by solos by Mme. Marie Sevasly, the Armenian soloist.

LITTLEFIELD

Mrs. Laura Littlefield, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last evening. Mrs. Fitts was the accompanist. The interesting program included songs by Messager, Ropartz, Dupont, Poldowski, Chabrier, Massenet, Koechlin, Endicott, [illegible] and others.

The singer has a pleasing voice, fresh, spontaneous, well trained. She sings easily, with intelligence and a certain authority. To few Americans is given the art of interpreting French songs, of expressing the subtle flavor of text and music. Two of the songs last evening, those by Dupont and Chabrier, were exquisitely performed here not long ago by that admirable artist, Mme. Povla Frijsch. Ropartz's "La Route," a song of infinite possibilities demands a singer supremely versed in the art of creating atmosphere by the coloring of tone.

On the other hand, singers often become commonplace in their performance of songs in English, and in this respect Mrs. Littlefield triumphs. The songs by Schneider, Spalding, Homer, Fiske and Endicott were all sung eloquently and with distinction. In certain cases the significance of the text was enhanced by fine diction. Mr. Endicott's effective "To a Dancer" was repeated. An audience of good size was heartily appreciative.

Dec 20, 1917

Notes and Queries has for some time been published in London monthly instead of weekly, but the curiosity of questioners is still keen and in some cases as foolish as ever; foolish in the eyes of Mr. Gradgrind and his highly respectable family.

Thus Miss Louise Imogene Guiney wishes to know if "Hab" in former times was ever used commonly as a nickname for Edward.

"Several members of the Garrick Club would like to know when the present evening dress for men was introduced into England." The wise, all-knowing answer: "The introduction of black for evening dress is generally attributed to the influence of Bulwer Lytton's 'Pelham,' published in 1827." How this novel was attacked for its "snobbery"! How misunderstood it was, even by Thackeray and Carlyle! Read today, it is an amusing satire, containing a deal of worldly wisdom.

The Rev. St. B. S. Sladen wishes to know the author of this quotation: "In an Elizabethan or Jacobean house I throw my hat down on the hall table; in a Queen Anne house I carefully hang it up; and in a Georgian house I wait for a servant to take it."

Mr. G. A. Anderson asks the origin of the idea that to wear a cork about one's person will keep off heart attacks. We looked into a large dictionary of folk lore hoping to find the answer. "Heart" is not in the index. We found "Cork," but the entry is this:

"Cork: riot at, in 1833, on account of St. John's Fires." This is not helpful.

No one has solved this riddle:

What though some boast through ages dark
Their pedigree from Noah's Ark,
Painted in parchments nice?
I'm older still, for I was there,
And before Adam did appear
With Eve in Paradise.
For I was Adam, Adam I,
In spite of wind and weather;
But mark me, Adam was not I,
Nor was Mrs. Adam I,
Unless we were together.
Suppose then Adam and Eve were talking
With all my heart, but if they were walking
There ends my simile.
For though I've tongue and often talk,
And though I've legs, yet when I walk
It puts an end to me.
Nor such an end but that I've breath,
Therefore to such a kind of death
I make but small objection.
For soon I'm at my post anew,
And though a Christian oft, 'tis true
I die by resurrection.

Why is Old Nick called the Deuce? The Oxford Dictionary thinks the word is derived from the German "daus"; "the deuce at dice (where 'two' is the lowest and most unlucky throw), the gender being changed when the gambler's exclamation of vexation 'the deuce!' was metamorphosed into a personal explctive." But Mr. John B. Wainewright in Notes and Queries quotes from a sermon of Jean Boucher (1594) noted in Southey's "Common-Place Book." We translate from the French: "The Devil also is double, and Pythagoreans have characterized him by the number 'two,' which, they say, is the principle of all evil." Now let us quote from the "Numbers" of Pythagoras: "The number 'two' or the dyad, origin of contrasts, is the symbol of diversity, inequality, division and separation. 'Two' is, then, a bad principle, a number of evil omen, it symbolizes disorder, confusion, change." Wedgewood derived "deuce" from Thurs, the name of a Scandinavian demon; Skeat, from the Latin "deus," God, borrowed from French usage, being found as an interjection in early English works. Deuce take the lexicographers and etymologists.

Was it ever a custom in New England to cut off the hair as a preservative against headache? Kumagusu Minakata of Tanabe, Kii, Japan, says it is a common practice of the Japanese to shave clean the head or clip the hair very short as a remedy or preventive for headache. We at once consulted the wisdom of the ancients and found this valuable advice in the third book, fourth section of Paulus Aegineta: "On headache from wine. If the wine remain undigested, we must procure vomiting by tepid water; but if the headache remain after digestion, we must use cooling and repellant applications, such as rose oil alone and with vinegar; or the juice of ivy, or of cabbage. And the leaves of cabbage infused in warm water, and applied to and bound to the head naturally counteract intoxication. They must also eat boiled cabbage. Dried lentil is also beneficial, particularly to those who have a loose belly. They ought likewise to eat alica, pomegranates, apples and pears and drink water."

"E. L. P." was puzzled by this sentence in Mr. Gerard's book: "Count Montgelas seemed rather rattled." "E. L. P." says: "The word (rattled) in this connection is strange to English ears and is not quoted in our dictionaries. Is it an Americanism? And if so, is it an obsolete English word? The word arrests attention as being somewhat expressive."

A block-book of the Apocalypse, middle of the 15th century, consisting of 48 xylographic blocks, is for sale in London; price only £4000.

In Case of Fire.

As the World Wags:

So a deputy fire chief of Boston has recommended that slippers and a good warm bathrobe be kept handy against a time of need, has he? It remains to be seen how this will work out in actual [illegible]. Ten to one, when the loud clang of fire sounds, th' embattled householder will, as usual, light out by the nearest window, with the bird cage in one hand and the coffee grinder firmly clutched by the other, leaving slippers and bathrobe to the mercies of the fearless flame fighters and the flames themselves. People do strange things under press of circumstances.

Boston. CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND.

"Ebrew."

As the World Wags:

Your reply to "Querist," on a point raised in a recent note by the present writer, makes it sufficiently clear that Sir John Falstaff's use of "Ebrew" in place of "Hebrew," has nothing to do with the Cockney use or suppression of the aspirate. The early English spelling, in various unaspirated forms, is confirmed by later German usage, clearly dissociated from modern slipshod English pronunciation. In Schiller's "Die Sendung Moses," the forms "Ebraeer" and "Hebraeer" are used indiscriminately, and writers of the Wilhelm Hauff period followed the former spelling. Whitney's Dictionary (1877), gives "Ebraeer" as being "same as 'Hebraeer.'" J. S. H.

Beverly.

Dec 21, 1917

G. K. Chesterton, the author, was summoned into a London court early this month under the Defence of the Realm Act for not shading a light in his bedroom. For once he was at a loss for a brilliant paradox. He simply said: "It is a very bad light. I am sorry." He further said that a high wind had separated the curtains. The magistrate did not suggest that Mr. Chesterton was perhaps talking at the time. A fine of 10 shillings was imposed. Mr. Chesterton paid it like a man and a patriot.

A Briton in Russia's Court.

The Daily Chronicle hopes that for the safety of Russian bones there is no Bowes among the British whom Trotsky proposes to intern. It remembers the adventures of Sir Jerome Bowes, Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador to the Court of Ivan the Terrible. When two courtiers were sent up the stairs before him to the Tsar, he did not go until the two were dragged down by the legs. Their heads knocked on every stair until they were dead. When his sword was demanded, he put off his uniform and marched up to the Tsar, clad in nightshirt, night cap and slippers. Ivan, thinking to impress him, caused a man to leap to his death through a window, whereupon Sir Jerome remarked that his Queen took better care of the necks of her people; then he threw down his gauntlet and dared the whole nobility of Russia to take it up in defence of the Tsar against Elizabeth. Ivan thereafter treated him with respect as a man after his own heart.

"Crack in the Wall."

As the World Wags:

In reply to Roger Askem's inquiry as to whether any of your contributors can recall the beans and pies served at the restaurant on Washington street which he speaks of as bearing the name of "Hole in the Wall," I will say that I am one of those who can recall those comestibles. I think, however, that the nickname of the restaurant was "Crack in the Wall," not "Hole in the Wall." I never heard it called "Hole in the Wall," but often heard it called "Crack in the Wall."

INTERMITTENT READER.

Brookline.

As the World Wags:

Of course I recall the beans and pies served at the "Hole in the Wall" (in "the Crack," as we used to call it), one door south of Spring lane in the Seventies. But does "Roger Askem" recall the tragic tale of the lanky cook of this establishment who, indulging too freely in the succulent product of her own slender hands, was so inflated thereby that she could not thereafter squeeze through the door of her contracted domain and was forced to spend the remainder of her days therein until released by the demolition of the old buildings? Well do I remember being told this fearsome tale by the clerks at my father's store adjoining, and always thereafter did the very small boy keep his eyes open for a sight of the imprisoned and constantly swelling cook.

Boston. C. H. C.

Speaking of Style.

As the World Wags:

Could the erudite Mr. Herkimer Johnson enlighten us as to the probable or actual education and racial inheritance of one H. Remsen Whitehouse, which led him, in a volume on the Princess Belgiojoso to write apropos of a revolutionary journal, the following specimen of masterly style?

"Speedily unmasked, it was ruthlessly suppressed towards the close of 1819; not, however, before the subtle poison of its cleverly edited essays had permeated deeply the strata of political apathy which overlay the embers of patriotism in the breasts of [illegible] a lambent dreamer." H. J. B.

Wellesley.

We showed your note to Mr. Johnson of Blossom court, who was injured in a political discussion in front of a polling booth last Tuesday morning. He thinks that Mr. Whitehouse must be of kin to that voluminous author, Hiram Falutin (known more familiarly as Hi Falutin), and of Sir Boyle Roche. As Mr. Johnson smelt strongly of firewater, and his speech was rather thick, we do not put much faith in his statement. His enthusiasm for the Honorable Andrew J. Peters was undoubtedly genuine, not merely alcoholic.—Ed.

Mr. Hogg.

"M." wrote on Dec. 5 to the Halifax Chronicle, complaining of a "supposed joke" in the "ordinarily considerate" Boston Transcript, "in which was set out an imaginary conversation with one named Hogg for the purpose of bringing in the crude witticism, 'Hogg bristled up.'"

"Those of the name of Hogg," writes "M.," "have had to endure 'smartness' of this kind ever since people on this side of the Atlantic decided, of their own bats, to call their swine 'hogs.' The word 'hog,' in the Old Country, is not applied to swine, but to a classification of sheep. The name Hogg is not associated in any way with the name of either animal. Nor is it pronounced 'hog'—that is another bad American 'guess.' The name is spoken 'Hogue.' If one were to call a man 'Hog' when Hogg was meant in northern England or southern Scotland, the home of the name, he would not be understood."

Yet we remember a farce, "Mr. H——," by one Charles Lamb, in which the humor depends on the name "Hogg," pronounced "hog." "M." is wholly wrong in saying that "hog" in the "Old Country" is not applied to swine, unless by "Old Country" he means Scotland. It is true that in Scotland and in some English dialects the word is applied to a young sheep of about a year old, but in dialect "hog" also means shilling, also a mound in which potatoes are kept. It is a term used in curling and in peg tops. Nor is "hog" pronounced "hogue" in England. "Hog" is a surname taken from swine, as are Bacon, Purcell (little porker) and Hoggesflesh. (See C. W. Bardsley's "English Surnames.")

Dec 22, 1917

Cherubini Overture and the Beethoven "Pastoral" Feature the Program.

By PHILIP HALE.

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon" and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. Mr. Noack, the second concert-master of the orchestra, played Chausson's "Poeme" and Saint-Saens's "Havanaise."

The names of Cherubini and Beethoven go well together on a program. Beethoven held the Italian at Paris in great respect. Not only did he declare him to be the greatest composer living—probably with a mental reservation in his own favor—but he once wrote to him about his own great Mass in terms almost obsequious. This overture to "Anacreon" is over 100 years old, but it is still heard with pleasure; not only on account of its classic workmanship, but by reason of its inherent grace and nobility. The word "nobility" is loosely used, too frequently applied, no doubt; but here it is no out of place; for the music of Cherubini, even when it is less important than his better overtures, his requiem in C minor, his Coronation Mass, is written in the grand style and with the cunning simplicity of the artist. It is said that as a man he was cold, austere, forbidding; but his music does not show it. This generation might not listen patiently to his operas, "The Water Carrier" and "Medea," yet there are dramatic strokes in them worthy of Gluck.

The musical season is so arranged that overtures entitled "Spring" are played when the ground is covered with snow and the wind bites furiously. Thus, too, may be said of the "Pastoral" Symphony with its murmuring brook, jovial country folk, thunder storm and thankful peasants. But the music is welcome at any time when it is played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The violin pieces chosen by Mr. Noack were played at these concerts for the first time. Chausson's "Poeme" has been heard in Boston several times, but with piano accompaniment. Even when thus performed by Mr. Ysaye or by Mr. Thibaud the music suffers in a way, for the "Poeme" is really an orchestral piece with a solo violin. Chausson was rich, happy in his family, a man of fine

tastes, which he could gratify. He has all, blessed with warm friends. Why is much of his music so sombre, so profoundly sad? Had he a premonition of his untimely and tragic ending? This "Poème" is steeped in melancholy. Beautiful in its sadness, it needs a contrasting piece, if the violinist is anxious for popular success. Mr. Noack chose the "Havanaise" of Saint-Saëns, constructed on the rhythm of the Habanera. The charming music has been played here with piano, also at Pop concerts. Yesterday it might have been more effective if Mr. Noack had taken the habanera measures at a little faster pace, and not played the episodes so quickly that at times some of the notes were hardly audible. Mr. Noack has a pure, fine tone. Technical difficulties do not daunt him. There is, however, a greater depth of feeling in Chausson's "Poème" than was disclosed yesterday, and the "Havanaise" admits of more dash and brilliance in the performance.

The word "Anacreon" on the program reminded us that the old English tune "To Anacreon in Heaven" was borrowed or lifted, in this country to fit the words of "The Star Spangled Banner."

The concert will be repeated this evening. The orchestral pieces to be played next week are Brahms's "Tragic" overture, Saint-Saëns's "Swan of Tuenela" and Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony. Mme. Melba will sing a recitative and aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; Voi che Sapete" from "Nozze di Figaro" and Lia's air from Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue."

It is said that the late Nat M. Wills of vaudeville fame astonished hearers in strange towns by his apparently intimate knowledge of persons and places in each town and its neighborhood. He accomplished this by employing a man to precede him, who picked up the town gossip and then wrote a batch of telegrams from "prominent citizens" which Wills would find on his arrival and read to the amazement of the audience stuffed with civic pride. Long before 1870, when Wills was born, politicians stumping would pump travelling companions, the tavern keeper and the postmaster about men and things. Sometimes from loss of memory or a confusion of names, these stump speeches were funnier than Wills's monologues. We are credibly informed that the practice is not now unknown to spouting politicians.

High Prices in 1779.

As the World Wags:

Now that the high price of living is much discussed, this letter cited below may be of interest. It is one of Abigail Adams's letters, written June 8th, 1779:

"I have been able to supply my own family sparingly, but at a price that would astonish you. Corn is sold at four dollars hard money, per bushel, which is equal to eighty at the rate of exchange. Labor is at eight dollars per day and in three weeks it will be at twelve, it is probable, or it will be more staple than anything else. Goods of all kinds are at such a price that I hardly dare mention it. Linens are sold at twenty dollars a yard; the most ordinary calico at thirty and forty, broadcloths at forty pounds per yard; West Indian goods full as high; molasses at twenty dollars a gallon; sugar four dollars per pound; Bohea tea at forty dollars; and our own produce in proportion; butcher's meat at six and eight shillings per pound; board at sixty dollars per week, rates high." O. R. C.

Boston.

The Case of Mrs. Mapps.

As the World Wags:

This dismal obituary has only recently come to my notice—it is in the London Daily Post of Dec. 22, 1737:

"Died last week, at her lodgings, near the Seven Dials, the much-talked of Mrs. Mapps, the bone-setter, so miserably poor that the parish was obliged to bury her."

It is sad to think that one who benefited mankind so materially should have died under such depressing circumstances. Her success was at one time the talk of London, and it is said that it was her custom to drive into the city once a week in her coach-and-four, returning with canes and crutches as evidences of her marvelous skill.

Her cures were truly remarkable. It is reported "she straightened the body of a man whose back had stuck out two inches for nine years, and a gentleman who went into the house with one shoe-heel six inches high, came out again cured of a lameness of 20 years' standing, and with both legs of equal length." It is only reasonable to suppose she had an occasional failure. One Thomas Barber, tallow-chandler, saw fit to issue a warning against her, of which the following is an extract: "This is to give notice that any person afflicted with lameness * * * will be welcome any morning to see the dressing of my leg, which was sound before the operation, * * * and to whom I owe my present unhappy confinement to my bed and chair."

Such cases must have been rare, for so great was her fame, if it was known she was to make one of the audience the theatre favored with her presence was crowded to excess. A comedy given at the Lincoln's Field Theatre, called "The Husband's Relief, or the Female Bone-Setter and the Worm-Doctor," celebrated her achievements in verse. One stanza is sufficient:

You surgeons of London who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches and purchase estates;
Give over for shame, for your pride has a fall,
And the doctress of Epsom has outdone you all.

This was in 1736, but how fickle are the smiles of fortune may be seen by her deplorable condition at the time of her death. Requiescat in pace.

Newtonville. G. S. W. K.

Ruined Jests.

As the World Wags:

Scene: A summer cottage at Chocorua. Persons: the hostess; Paul Ross, a local octogenarian "character"; William James, who was an M. D. as well as a great philosopher. Ross was telling that his wife's last illness was complicated with fits. Prof. James, hoping to arrive at a diagnosis, asked several questions and finally, "Did she gnash her teeth at night?" The reply was, "I dunno. She never slep' in 'em."

Recently an alleged draughtsman of so-called drawings of putative jokes resurrected this classic in the stress of daily necessity and rendered it: "He never wore them to bed." Is there no law, no penalty attached to the dulling of points? If mayhem or malicious mischief does not fit the crime, how about lese-majeste or sacrilege? G. P.

Brookline.

Stephen Burroughs.

As the World Wags:

On pages 201-214 of the Magazine of History for June, 1916, there is an article by Joel N. Eno of New Haven, Ct., on "The Adventures of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs." The article says that Burroughs was born in 1766 at Killingly, Ct., where his father, the Rev. Eben Burroughs, was pastor of a church from 1760 to 1771. In the published sketches of him which give the time and place of his birth he is generally stated to have been born in 1765 at Hanover, N. H. Eno's sketch of him says that late in his life, after his removal to Canada, he repented and joined the Catholic church; that in his old age he became dependent upon his two sons, of whom one was a merchant at Montreal and the other a prominent lawyer in the same city, that one of his two daughters was a teacher, and that at Three Rivers, where he died, the other daughter was Sister St. Clair in a convent. SEAWELL.

Brookline.

"Mrs." in Signatures.

As the World Wags:

The fashion among Boston women who write for newspapers of signing themselves "Mrs." has lately come so to prevail, and is in such flagrant violation of a commonly recognized rule of correspondence among well-bred people, that I write to ask you whether you know any justification or apology for it. For a woman to sign her letters "Mrs. James Brown Jones," instead of Mary Jones, has always in my experience been the mark of gross ill-breeding, and I have yet to learn that it is anything else. A maid in a house I call to mind, of, lately seeing a letter her mistress had received signed "Mrs." So-and-So, remarked promptly: "Well, that woman is not a lady, whatever her standing in society may be." E. A. W.

Boston.

It is annoying, however, to receive a letter signed "Jenny Jones" or "Nancy Louise Higginbotham" when the woman is unknown except by her letter. How is she to be addressed in answer: "Miss" or "Mrs."?—Ed.

Dec 23 1917

"Peter Ibbetson," the play, has a curious history. The story itself was the first one that Du Maurier wrote. He was nearly 60 years old when he became known as an author of something more than the dialogue for his pictures in Punch. It is said that walking with Henry James one night, he sketched his story of "Trilby," and gave the idea to James for a novel, but James urged Du Maurier to write the story himself. At home that night Du Maurier sat at his desk and wrote the first two instalments, not of "Trilby," but of "Peter Ibbetson." The story was published as a serial in Harper's Magazine in 1890.

It is doubtful whether Du Maurier ever thought seriously of "Peter Ibbetson" as a play. He gave away the dramatic rights of "Trilby" for about $250, but Sir Herbert Tree generously gave back the rights, when the play turned out to be a great success. Du Maurier, however, did advise John N. Raphael in the dramatization of "Peter Ibbetson."

Raphael, who died in February, 1917, at Paris, was a journalist and playwright. Born in 1868 and educated at the Charterhouse, he was the Paris correspondent of the the Daily Express, Evening Standard and Referee, all of London. He wrote books about Paris. Among his adaptations from French plays were: "The Jesters," "Madame X," "The Uninvited Guests," "Ma Gosse." Raphael wrote the stage version of "Peter Ibbetson" more than 20 years ago, but could not find in London any manager who had the courage to produce it. They all were afraid of a dream story.

Finally on July 23, 1915, Miss Constance Collier brought out the play at a matinee for the Allied Forces' Base Hospital at Etapes. The gross receipts were over $5500. We learned from the Daily Chronicle that "the critics foregathered humbly in a commoners' corner of the stalls, bereft of rank and dignity! But had not even we the privilege of receiving a program (from 2s. 6d.) from some courtly hand, or an autographed 'book of the play' (at 10s. 6d.) from either Lady Tree or Lady Alexander?" The chief characters were thus taken: Peter Ibbetson, Owen Nares; Col. Ibbetson, Henry Ainley; Maj. Duquesnois, O. R. Clarence; Mary, Duchess of Towers, Constance Collier; Mrs. Deane, Lilian Braithwaite; Mme. Seraskier, Clara Butt, the contralto, who then made her first appearance in a speaking part. Queen Alexandra, and Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses galore were in the audience.

The critics were amiably disposed, although they were more hearty in praise of the novel than the play, though they cheerfully admitted Mr. Raphael's ingenuity. The Pall Mall Gazette headed its review with a quotation from the novel:

"Oh, now you are dreaming true. It's quite easy—my father taught me. You have only to go to sleep with your feet crossed and your hands behind your head. You must never leave off thinking where you want to be in your dream, and when you fall asleep you get there."

The Daily Chronicle said that the performance was memorable for more than social eclat. "No one who has read 'Peter Ibbetson' can ever forget it. If there be one book in every human being, this was certainly Du Maurier's. For to Peter he lent all his own mysticism and most of his creed. It is the story of a shy and lonely spirit's battle with the world of affairs; of its utter defeat and ruin; and of its final solace in a strange dream life, more vivid than reality."

Miss Collier, having faith in the play, brought it to New York, where it was produced at the Republic Theatre, April 18, 1917. Peter Ibbetson, John Barrymore; Col. Ibbetson, Lionel Barrymore; Major Duquesnois, Wallis Clarke; Duchess of Towers, Constance Collier; Mrs. Deane, Laura Hope Crews; Mme. Seraskier, Mme. R. Bogislav. In this production Mme. Nina Varesa (Mrs. Henry Russell) took the part of a sister of charity. When the play was revived at the Republic Theatre in September the part of Mrs. Deane was played by Alice Johns. The run was interrupted because John Barrymore had a contract to play in certain motion pictures.

A ballroom scene in Mrs. Deane's house introduces most of the chief characters in the first act. The Schottish and Varsoviana are danced. In the second act, in the Tete Noir Inn at Passy, Peter, revisiting the home of his parents, has a vision of his childhood and finds his lost Mimsey in the Duchess of Towers. In the third act, in Col. Ibbetson's rooms, Peter learns from Mrs. Glyn of the libel directed against his mother by his uncle, the colonel, whom in a quarrel he kills. The remaining scenes are in the chaplain's room in Newgate and in Peter's cell 40 years later.

"The Boomerang," a comedy in three acts, by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, was produced at Long Branch, N. J. After a few performances there and at Asbury Park, it was brought out by Belasco at his theatre in New York, Aug. 10, 1915. The cast was as follows: Dr. Sumner, Arthur Byron; Budd Woodshire, Wallace Eddinger; Preston de Witt, Gilbert Douglas, Henrich, Richard Malchlen; Hartley, William Boag; Mr. Stone, John Clements; Virginia Kelva, Martha Hedman; Grace Tyler, Ruth Shepley; Marion Sumner, Josephine Parks; Gertrude Ludlow, Dorothy Megrew; Mrs. Woodbridge, Harriet Otis Dillenburgh.

Mr. Eddinger soon after the play was produced stated that it was several years in the process of incubation. "It was when I was playing in 'The Only Son' that Winchell Smith conceived the idea of 'The Boomerang.' You know Mr. Smith and I have been closely associated for a long time. The first time he ever went to the theatre as a youth in his native Massachusetts town, from the vantage point of the gallery, he saw me on the stage, a boy actor."

When the play was produced in London at the Queen's, May 11, 1916, the story was described as follows: "A young doctor tells a lovelorn youth that the way to win his lady-love, or at any rate to recover from all attacks of the malady of love, is to make out that he does not care, and, whatever happens, never to let himself get down in the dumps through jealousy. The young doctor is, indeed, so sure of the cure that, having given the young man a 'spoof' injection of pure water, he guarantees that he will be heart whole after a month's treatment, particularly if he has a pretty nurse to look after him. Above all, the young man is never to allow himself to worry about jealousy. Before long the doctor himself, who falls in love with the pretty nurse, gets just as bad a fit of jealousy as his patient. In fact, he finds his own wisdom recoiling upon him exactly in the way suggested by the title. However, all turns out blithely. The pretty nurse proves to be a long-lost heiress, and really loves the doctor so much that merely to know that he is in the house makes her feel like birds singing." Stanley Logan took the part of the doctor; Kenneth Douglas that of the patient, and Fay Compton that of the nurse. The Times gathered from the play that love is a kind of measles, "of which the main symptom is jealousy and the crisis is a kiss."

In January, 1910, Lilia Longson of Brooklyn, N. Y., appeared in court and complained that "The Boomerang" was based on a piece she wrote called "The Choice."

"The 13th Chair," a drama in three acts by Bayard Veiller, was produced at New Haven, Ct., Nov. 16, 1916. So newspaper clippings of the day after assure us, yet the Stage Year Book of 1917 gives the date and place of first performance Oct. 16, 1916, Schenectady, N. Y. The first performance in New York was at the 48th Street Theatre, Nov. 20, 1916. It is a story of mysterious murders. There are blind alleys, baffling mazes, red herrings drawn across the trail—a most exciting drama according to all accounts. "The foundations of the dramatic structure," said the New York Evening Post, "are laid with no little cleverness. * * * in the first act, where nearly all the dramatis personae are introduced in bulk, at an evening party, which is soon to be converted into a spiritualistic seance. The heroine, a humble secretary, has just been betrothed to the son and heir of the millionaire master of the house. General congratulations are offered except by Edward Wales, who darkly hints at an impending discovery of a startling nature. He, it appears, is responsible for the suggestion of the seance and for the medium, in whom he expresses the most profound confidence. She will, he believes, reveal the name of the unknown assassin who years before had driven a knife into the back of his dearest friend. Presently, on the darkened stage—the usual hocus-pocus is employed—the voice of the supposedly entranced medium is heard detailing preliminaries of the ancient crime, and is about to pronounce the name of the murderer when there is a sudden commotion and outcry, and when the lights are turned on, Wales is exposed lying dead on the floor, stabbed through the back to the heart, as his friend had been killed before. Of the fatal weapon there is no trace." Suspicion falls on the heroine. The second and third acts are devoted to a police investigation. Margaret Wycherly took the part of the old medium, Rosalie La Grange; Katherine La Salle, that of the heroine; Harrison Hunter played Donohue, the detective. It is the 13th chair at the table that is emptied by the use of the knife.

When the play was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre, London, Oct. 16, 1917, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the medium; Hilda Bayly, as Helen O'Neill; James Carew, the detective, Mr. Walkley of the Times, saying that the audience at once set guessing, admitted that he guessed wrong. "We guessed it was the butler, because (1) though not in the room, he was only just outside; (2) he had a thoroughly homicidal countenance; (3) he would know better than anyone else where the carving-knife was kept; and (4) nobody suspected him for a moment—a highly significant circumstance in all murder mysteries. But to our chagrin, the butler left the play without a stain upon his character."

On the other hand the New York Times reviewer plumed himself on the fact, that, like the boy in the song, he guessed right the very first time. "A gluttonous devouring of detective stories through many years tends to train the suspicions so that you become expert at telling whether the crafty author is leading you or misleading you. You become ever so foxy."

The critic of the Daily Telegraph (London), one that has seen many plays, was more modest. "Until within a few moments of the final fall of the curtain no clue to the identity of the real murderer is afforded, although several are suggested. The revelation is affected by means of an extremely ingenious and thrilling device of which, we venture to say, not one person in the whole of last night's audience foresaw even the possibility. Not for long, in short, have we had such a genuinely sensational drama or one more cleverly constructed, the spectators remaining throughout on the tenter hooks of expectancy."

"The Man Who Came Back," a play in five acts, was based by Jules Eckert Goodman on a magazine story by John Fleming Wilson. The play was produced at Stamford, Ct., July 10, 1916 when the chief players were Mary Nash,

Frank A. Thomas, M... Frenyear, Hubert ... John Davidson, Lewis Edward ... Carter. The first performance in New York was at the Playhouse, Sept. ... Miss Nash played Marcelle; Henry Hull, Henry Potter; Ernest Lawford, Capt. Trevelan; Maud Campbell, Olivet a cabaret performer. Charlotte Granville, Edward Emery and Wright Campbell were all in the play.

The important Potter of Wall street sends his spendthrift son, Henry, from home, hoping that he will go to work and earn his living. In the second act Henry is in San Francisco, preferring the cabaret to work, forging his father's name on many checks, known and esteemed by the crowd as a genial and a wine-opener and flirting with the cabaret singer, Marcelle. She is in love with him, but when she learns that he does not purpose to marry her, she leaves him. A sea captain in old Potter's employ shanghales Henry to China. The third scene is an opium den in Shanghai. Marcelle, who has taken to drink and dope, meets Henry in tho den. At first he thinks of killing her. Then he repents. The two determine to lead a better life. One year later they are in Honolulu. Henry and Marcelle are man and wife. She is happy. Henry, having himself, is a pineapple farmer. Along comes Capt. Trevelan, who urges Marcelle to elope with him, but she rebuffs him. Henry's aunt arrives from New York. Old Potter is in poor health, ready to forgive the boy. She tells him he must leave Marcelle. To test his love, Marcelle pretends that she is again hitting the pipe. When she learns that he is truly loyal, she explains that she was only acting and insists that he should go home. Henry returns to New York, to be in business and in society. Meanwhilo Trevelan, who is really a detective hired by old Potter, tests Marcelle, who at last is welcomed into the Potter family.

This old story of the prodigal is retold by Mr. Goodman, according to the New York Times, with effective directness. The critics were loud in their praise of Miss Nash's impersonation. "Her entrance into the opium den," said the Tribune, "is one of those incidents which has the true tingle of tho theatre."

"Rambler Rose," a musical comedy in three acts, book by Harry B. Smith, music by Victor Jacobi, with an interpolated song, "The Poor Little Rich Girl" by Irving Berlin, was produced by the Charles Frohman company at Atlantic City, Aug. 28, 1917. It was brought out at the Empire Theatre, New York, on Sept. 10, 1917. Julia Sanderson, Ada Meade, Joseph Cawthorn, John Goldsworthy, Stewart Baird and George E. Mack were in the company.

It has been said that "Rambler Rose" came down from Pierre Weber's "La Gamine" through "The Runaway." The scenes are a rose garden in England, a studio in Paris on the night of the Quat's Arts Ball, and a terrace at Deauville. Rosamond Lee, chafing at school life, wishing to ramble, makes her way into a Parisian studio. There she awakens the interest of a painter, winning him by pretending to love his ...um. Rosamond's aunt wished her to marry a bashful, awkward fellow, Guppy, played by Mr. Cawthorne, but Rosamond prefers the artist and pursues him to Deauville. Guppy develops into a sport. The music is said to be appropriately sentimental and whimsical, somewhat in the Viennese manner. Mr. Cawthorne "this time, dialect and all, is a make believe sculptor, who measures his patrons as tailors measure customers for their new fall suits of clothes."

William H. Bartholomew, who delighted us years ago as a pantomimist, died on Nov. 5 at the Edwin Forrest Home at Holmesburg, Pa. He was 86 years of age and had been at the home for 11 years. He was last seen on the stage in "The Eternal City." He played the part of Father Pifferi in it at the Majestic Theatre in August, 1904.

Someone should write the history of the Theatre Comique in Boston, which was at 240 Washington street. When it was opened, Oct. 2, 1865, under the Wentworth management, Bartholomew was billed as acting manager.

He and James S. Maffitt, long his stage companion, had appeared as pantomimists at the American Theatre, New York, in April, 1863. This theatre was first known (1850) as Fellow's Opera House and Hall of Lyrics. Soon afterwards it was called the American. Christy and Woods gave minstrel shows at this theatre, which was burned in 1854. They had another hall, 472 Broadway, but the old theatre, 414 Broadway, was rebuilt. The place was practically given up to minstrel shows. Christy and Woods, Buckley's Serenaders, Peel's Campbell Minstrels, Hooley's Minstrels, Eph. Horn, G. W. Moore ("Pony" Moore, who afterwards went to London), Unsworth, Billy Birch, D. S. Wambold played and sang there with Budworth and many others. But early in 1860 the house, greatly altered, became a regular theatre, the Broadway Boudoir. Robert W. Butler opened the theatre in 1860 as the American. During 1860-61-62 there were "pretty walter girls" in the theatre, but Butler turned them out when he opened his season of 1864-65. Dave Braham was the musical director. The company included Tony Pastor, Charles White, Nellie Seymour, W. H. Bartholomew, Annette La Point and others more or less famous. Maffitt was a member with Bartholomew when the last season began Aug. 17, 1863.

The playbill of the opening of the Theatre Comique in Washington street is an entertaining one today. Would that we could see the show!

Grand national overture. A. Muller and orchestra.

Double clog dance, Lancashire Boys.

Comic duet "a la opera" (sic). Frank Lacy and Florence Reynolds.

Grotesque Cossack dance, Master Winter Ravel.

La Boquet (sic) Mazurka. Sig. Constantine and Mlle. Angeline Zanfretta.

Dutch dance and Holtzschutanz (original), Maffitt and Bartholomew.

Gariezellla! Kate Pennoyer.

Signor Martini Chiriski in his great act upon the wire.

Comic vocalisms. J. P. Johnson.

La Madrilienne. The Infant Ravel (The wonder of the World, only 2½ years old).

Tho Nerves. Frank Lacy and Florence Reynolds.

Grand evolutions on La Corde do Tendue, Angeline Zanfretta.

Pas de Chinois. Infant Ravel and Master Winter Ravel.

Budget of Fun. J. P. Johnson.

Pas de Militaire. Kate Pennoyer.

The performance concluded with tho laughable pantomime "Le Statue" Blanc.

Busybody, a clown	J. S. Maffitt
Mons. Antique	W. H. Bartholomew
Colin	Sig. Constantine
Frippeau	Frank Lacy
Sambo	George Warren
Sculptor	L. Donnelly
Fanchette	Angeline Zanfretta

Admission was 30 cents, reserved seats 50 cents, orchestra chairs 75 cents.

Think of the pantomimes produced at this theatre while Maffitt and Bartholomew were in their glory. Quatres Amours, Les deux Fugitives, M. Dechalumeau, Nicodemus, Robert Macaire, Simon's Mishaps, Jeannette and Jeannot, The Rival Artizans, Vol au Vent, Frolics of Coco, The Young Recruit, Kim-Ka, Jocko the Brazilian Ape, Mazulme the Night Owl, or the Black Raven of the Tombs, Old Dame Wiggles, Don Juan, or the Libertine Destroyed, Godensky, or the Skaters of Wilna, the Woodcutters, Jack and the Beanstalk (we saw this pantomime in March, 1866, a memorable night; there was a ballet, Fleur d'Mai; there were other dances and the dancers were Juliette Bronner, Sig. Cardella, Kate Pennoyer, Annette La Point, Eviline Lehman; we see today a young man with slushed hair who sat directly in front of us, and stared at one dancer through an opera glass, and said "That girl has a fine figure." Coming from our quiet village we thought him a wicked young man); Old Dame Trot, The Magic Flute or the Coopers, The Milliners, Little Red Riding Hood, The Magic Trumpet, Tho Red Gnome, Barber and Beadle, Magic Pills, The Soldier for Love, Imp of Darkness (the Black Imp), The Green Monster, Aladdin, The 40 Thieves, Granny Grumpy, The Devil's Auction. Coco, Bicheau Bois (Nov. 9, 1867), Adventures d'une Grisette (with Mlles. Morlacchi, Blasina, Ricci; they all danced the can-can in January, 1868, "accompanied with cymbals and triangles"); The House That Jack Built, Hickety Pickety, Lurline, Satanella (ballet pantomime), See Saw Margery Daw.

The character of the performances changed in the summer of 1868. "The Grand Duchess" was performed in English with Eva Brent as the Duchess and M. W. Fiske as Gen. Boum. The Lingards took possession Jan. 1, 1869. "David Garrick" was performed for the first time in this country Oct. 11, 1869, with E. L. Davenport as David. The name of the theatre was changed more than once. As the Adelphi it saw Maffitt with Imre Kiralfy, Bolossy Kiralfy, J. K. Kruger and Mlle. Haniola in a version of "The Black Crook." There was a time when the Worrell sisters drew the gilded youth. In December, 1869, the theatre was the Adelphi Theatre Comique. In August, 1870, the Worrell Sisters Adelphi. In 1870 the name of Maffitt appeared as manager. In February, 1871, the theatre was burned.

Bartholomew had a benefit at the Boston Theatre on March 25, 1876, but as bad weather interferd with the receipts another benefit was given on April 1 of that year, when Charles F. Atkinson recited "The Vagabonds" and Charles H. Yale sang and danced "The Funny Old Gal." At the same theatre on July 12, 1876, Maffitt and Bartholomew appeared in the pantomime "The Young Recruit" at a benefit for George H. Tyler. In March, 1881, Bartholomew was with the Daly Brothers, Richard Golden, Dora Wiley and others in "Pour Prendre Conge," an imitation of "La Voyage en Suisse."

Mr. Benjamin Kimball recently read a voluminous work entitled "The German Sectarians of Pennsylvania," by Julius Friedrich Sachse (Philadelphia, 1900). "It is a curious German muddle of 1000 pages, including John Eliot's Indian Bible and German reprint, the Dunker's Creed—very rational, decrying infant baptism, faintly recognizing hell, etc., Sauer's printing press, Benjamin Franklin, Moravians and a wild confusion of other things. But I find a letter from Peter Miller, a fellow member of the American Philosophical Society, to Benjamin Franklin, dated Oct. 10, 1786, on music, vocal and instrumental, calling it a grand mistake to join all sorts of instruments with the vocal music: 'for thereby the dignity of the human voice is eclipsed; and I am of Opinion that among all musical instruments none would insinuate itself better with human voices than Your Excellency's new-invented Glass-Organ.'

"Peter Miller was Prior Faeltz, the principal of the Society of Dunkers. An account is given of his visit to General Washington at Valley Forge."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 27 published tho following editorial article on the entertainment tax:

"At a time when the mental refreshment which the theatre and other forms of indoor entertainment afford is more essential to the national well-being than ever before, everything should be done to promote and nothing to check its provision. Consequently, when we hear on all sides complaints that the entertainment tax is having disastrous effects upon the businesses which come under its provision, something must be done to relieve purveyors of entertainment from a burden imposed upon no other form of enterprise. Does any one now seriously believe that recreation is a luxury and not a necessity as great as any for which human nature craves? Not only is entertainment necessary for the soldier home from the front, it is also necessary for the war worker and all who are suffering from the strain of the war, and it would be a most serious thing for the country if those institutions which cater for us in our brief leisure hours were crippled, or perhaps in many cases crushed out of existence. If something is not done, and done quickly, this is what will happen. At yesterday's meeting of the shareholders of Drury Lane Theatre the chairman declared that the entertainment tax had hit the theatre very hard, and if a great house like Drury Lane has suffered we may be sure that other houses must have suffered more. Recently our theatrical contemporary, the Era, made a systematic inquiry throughout the country with the result that in every district, except a few in which war industries had brought the people an unaccustomed wealth, there were serious and well founded complaints that theatres and other places of entertainment were being ruined by the tax. In view of these facts we call upon Mr. Bonar Law to set up an inquiry to ascertain the truth of these statements, and if they are confirmed to relieve the situation by either modifying or abolishing the tax."

Has the ordinary concert-goer ever asked himself whether the singer or player to whom he is listening is "appropriately" garbed? And how many frequenters of concerts, one wonders, have ever troubled themselves over the question of whether an artist is dressed in a fashion suitable to the music interpreted? Obviously, aesthetic considerations of the kind could only apply to singers, etc., of the fair sex, and we confess to never having attempted to appraise any artist's taste and judgment in such a delicate matter. But apparently there is room for "dress reform" on the concert platform. At any rate, in Musical America, the question has been solemnly asked: "What shall women wear on the concert stage?" And quite a number of more or less well-known singers, pianists, and so forth, considered the subject sufficiently worthy of discussion to air their views upon it. And from those views one gathers that here is not merely a question of whether white, or green, or gray, or purple is the color best suited to this or that artist. No, nothing as simple as that. The whole problem, in short, is of subtleties compact.

Thus you may learn on the authority of a pianist who has clearly given the subject the most serious thought that the musical "atmosphere" aimed at by a recital-giver should be "emphasized in the dress worn by the artist—harmony of color and tone." Who would have suspected it? But, in case you be skeptical, listen to this: "I played," said this authority, "the romanticists—Schumann, Schubert, Chopin and Liszt—at five recitals in Europe. For each of these recitals I wore a gown which conveyed the spirit of the composer I was interpreting, so that when I appeared upon the stage the audience could at once grasp what my mental interpretation of Chopin and Liszt was."

Here, surely, is a point of view that opens out undreamt-of possibilities. But read on, "In interpreting Schumann one would wear a dainty silver gown, abundant in flounces and strewn with rosebuds. A dark, dove-gray, intermingled with flaming orange, would be of assistance in interpreting Chopin, and a sombre black" (what, asks the mere man, is a "sombre" black?) "rhapsodically embroidered with silver, would be in harmony with Liszt's compositions." No doubt feminine instinct in such matters is infallible. But the question may suggest itself to the less discriminating male: What is to become of pianists of the sterner sex if "sombre" blacks "rhapsodically embroidered with silver" come to be accepted as essential to the proper interpretation of Liszt, and if Chopin be held in future demand for the full enjoyment of his music its association with "a dove-gray, intermingled with flaming orange." On this subtle question it would be interesting to have the opinion of that arch-humorist, Mr. de Pachmann. His appearance in "dove-gray, intermingled with flaming orange," even if it did not add to the accustomed hilarity of his audience, would certainly astonish them.—London Daily Telegraph.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

Stuart Robson, having joined the army, is with the medical department base hospital at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Boston Grand Opera Company, which abandoned its tour in the middle West, gave these reasons: It was difficult to obtain traveling accommodations and tho draft lessened its membership.

"Just Women," a satire played by the Players Club of San Francisco, was written by Colin C. Clements, who studied with Prof. Baker at Harvard University.

O. P. Heggie will play the leading male part in J. Hartley Manners's "Happiness," to be produced with Laurette Taylor about Jan. 1.

Arthur Hammerstein has disposed of the Australian rights of "De Luxe Annie."

In regard to the names of plays, Harold Chapin's comedy, "Art and Opportunity," would have been presented under a new title had the management possessed less interest for the wishes of the author. It is said that the title of "The Window," which was believed to be suggestive of the transparent character of the heroine of the play, had been selected as more suitable than that of "Art and Opportunity." However, Mr. Chapin, it is said, was particularly fond of his title, and out of respect to his memory—he lost his life in the battle of Loos—it was retained.—Dramatic Mirror.

A new revue, "Here and There," was produced at the Empire, London, Nov. 29. "Mr. Lew Kelly, the new American comedian, is very welcome and an evident intelligence. His vein seems to be the quietly oracular lunatic, but he shows himself able to do anything that needs a dry manner and command."

Pauline Chase made her appearance since her retirement from the stage at a matinee in London for the Belgian Red Cross, Dec. 4.

Smoking is allowed at the performances of "Pamela," a musical comedy, at the Palace, London.

Our old friend, Rodolfo Fornari of the San Carlo and Boston Opera companies, took the part of Nevers in a performance of "The Huguenots" by the Chicago Opera Company Dec. 4, when Arnoldo Conti conducted. The Chicago correspondent of the Musical Courier did not enjoy this performance except for Rosa Raisa's Valentine. "Myrna Sharlow was again the page, which she sang agreeably, but acted abominably. Could not the new stage manager, Emil Merle-Forest, who hails from the Grand Opera in Paris and who has had much experience in the old as well as the modern repertoires, tell this young artist that a page would not have pranked at any European court as she does on the Auditorium stage? Miss Sharlow should know that a page is a young boy, generally a poor nobleman's son, and that modesty and savoir faire are required from the incumbent of such a position. Jessie Christian was also satisfactory vocally, but left much to be desired otherwise. At the first performance, at the reception at the court of the Queen, whom she represented, she appeared minus the customary crown. Having been rebuked for that omission, she came forth at the second performance with a little crown which reminded one of that worn by Raymond Hitchcock in 'King Dodo,' or that made famous by Happy Hooligan."

Mme. Galli-Curci has been heard in Chicago this season in "Romeo and Juliet," "Dinorah" and "Lakme." Mr. Baklanoff sang in the latter opera.

The program of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra's concert on Nov. 30 included Smith's overture "Prince Hal," Palmgren's second piano concerto, "The River" (Arthur Shattuck, pianist), and Stanford's "Irish" Rhapsody. The program of Dec. 14 included Widor's "Salvum fac populum Tuum," Prelude for organ, three trumpets, three trombones and kettle drums, and two Indian dances by Skilton, who was born in Northampton. Mme. Povla Frijsch sang the Air of the Archangel, from Franck's "Redemption"; two arias of Handel, and songs by Duparc, Saint-Saens and Moussorgsky.

A piano sonata by Medtner, played in London, Dec. 1, proved that the composer has "arrived at more individual style than was discernible in his earlier works, good as these undoubtedly were." A violin sonata by Catoire on the same day "is inspired with a romanticism that combines elegance with real feeling."

Here is amiable criticism from the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 23. Maud Delstanche, a violinist, was described as a clear, but somewhat frigid player who rarely rouses the listener's emotions. "Mme. Alvar, on the contrary, the vocalist who assisted her, allows emotion to upset the steadiness of her voice, so that a Pergolesi aria, for instance, lost all its admirable melodic design in a maze of sentimental slush. If the two artists had pooled their qualities the program would have been better interpreted."

Edwin Evans's remarks on Scriabin at his Jordan Hall lecture-recital Tuesday were mainly aimed at dispelling the impression that the great Russian composer, who died two years ago, was a musical anarchist, or even a revolutionary. He deprecated the tendency to seek acquaintance with a composer through his most advanced works, and asked what would have been the contemporary opinion of Beethoven had the musical world first heard of him as the composer of the later quartets, which puzzled the critics for some years after his death. A progressive study of Scriabin's works, commencing with the early preludes, and continuing with the poems of the middle period, would soon convince the earnest music lover that he was in presence of one of the most orderly minds in modern music. The problem of the later works would then be approached in a spirit very different from that which arose from the "excès de scandale" of "Prometheus." In accordance with this view of the composer, Miss Lilias MacKinnon's program consisted largely of early preludes, studies and the third sonata, which dates from 1898. Later developments were, however, represented by two pieces, "Desir" and "Caresse dansée," and by the "Poem-Nocturne" of 1913, which is very characteristic of Scriabin's writing after "Prometheus."—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 24.

Sir Frederick Bridge, who today passes the 73d milestone of a life devoted to music is noted for his wit as well as his learning. One of his stories concerns the new Wesleyan hymn-book, in connection with which he acted as adviser to the editorial committee. The committee submitted to him a tune thought to be of Handelian derivation, but which he declared would make Handel turn in his grave every time it was sung. The committee, however, were not to be denied, and submitted the tune once more, suggesting that it might be marked pianissimo, "so as not to disturb Handel."—London Daily Chronicle.

Certain singers have recently pleased the London critics. The Times said of Miss Collignon: "It is a long time since we have heard anything so finished and graceful, and at the same time so natural." The voice itself gives rather a slender thread of sound, but it is enough for her purpose. She believes in her songs and loves them, and no audience in the world could help agreeing with her." Miss Rosowsky's singing, the Times says, is admirably certain of itself. "We admire the clear attack, the poised phrases, the clearness of intonation, everything, except, perhaps, the enunciation, which is a little vague; but we do not think of them. We think of the song not its details." On the other hand Miss Rene Maxwell, an Australian soprano (Dec. 3), having a fresh and charming voice, accurate ear, and no mean interpretive gifts, had a pronounced tremolo. "In 'Caro Nome,'" said the Daily Telegraph, "otherwise delightfully sung, every note seemed to have its trill." Lula Juta (Nov. 28) was announced as "the South African dramatic soprano." She over-emphasized emotion to live up to the announcement. These songs that pleased Londoners might please Bostonians: John Ireland's "Blind" and "The Cost"; Duescq's "Aux damoyselles paresseuses" and G. Veroli's "Elegie."

Edwin Evans has been lecturing in London on French songs. "He exposed the popular fallacy that folk songs grew among the peasantry much as wild flowers grew in the country. Many of the songs attributed to the folk came from the Church, many were aristocratic in their origin, and all betrayed the presence behind them of genuine composers who were not the less composers because their names were unknown. In England folk songs were not regarded as national property. They belonged to the collectors, whose views on suitable settings were trumpish.

Mr. Evans also gave a lecture, "Ivertance to Music." "A particularly interesting portion of his program was the inclusion in it of illustrations of the various viewpoints from which different composers had approached the same poem. There were settings by Faure and Debussy of 'Green,' by Florent Schmitt and Debussy of 'Il pleure dans mon coeur,' by Chausson and Hahn of 'La lune blanche,' and by Faure and Deodat de Severac of 'Le ciel est par-dessus le toit.' As Mr. Evans observed in the course of his address, the French composers excel in the close and loving attention which they give to their own language."

Mme. Nivette, formerly of the Boston Opera Co., is now with the Paris Opera. She sang in Gabriel Faure's "Requiem" at the "Manifestation Musicale Franco-Americaine" last month in Paris. "The Star Spangled Banner," orchestrated by Paul Vidal, and "Dixie," orchestrated by Ganaye, were sung by Abbey Richardson of the Opera Comique. "Zal," a Persian legend, by Blair Fairchild, was performed for the first time. It comprises an "Idylle" and "Feto Persane." Mme. Bobina Johnson and chorus sang "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Native Land"; John Byrne, "Suwanee River" and "Battle Hymn of the Republic." There were compositions by Frenchmen on the program. The concert was for the benefit of war victims. We quote from Musical America:

"Marthe Chenal makes more than a hymn of the 'Marseillaise.' She forgets the audience, her whole body quivers, and with her you become a part of the music. Marthe Chenal marches about the stage, she cries, she almost sobs, she waves her body and her whole self calls to arms for defence of country. That is the manner in which a war hymn should be sung to be sincere and call for action. Certainly after Chenal has given it, the piece has a new signification. We have listened to our own American patriotic hymns given here since the outbreak of war, and while sung in musicianly fashion still not for a moment could the artist forget that she or he is a perfect lady or gentleman, and that any outburst of feeling might appear undignified. Our allies admire 'The Star Spangled Banner' even though they do find it complicated, but it is now the 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' that is their favorite. With them it was a case of 'love at first sight,' and just as soon as Byrne had finished the first verse at this concert, the audience 'swung' with him. When he came back after cries of 'Bis, Bis,' they all joined in the chorus."

Wright Symons, known in Boston, has been singing in Paris; so has Felia Litvinne.

Copley Theatre—The Henry Jewett players in "Fanny's First Play," a comedy in three acts, with an induction and an epilogue, by George Bernard Shaw.

Characters in the induction and epilogue:

Footman .....Ernest Locke
Cecil Savoyard.....Leonard Craske
Count O'Dowda.....H. Conway Wingfield
Fanny O'Dowda.....Doris Sawyer
Mr. Trotter.....Cameron Matthews
Mr. Vengoo.....Edwin Cushman
Mr. Gunn.....Nicholas Joy
Flawner Bannal.....J. Casler West

Characters in the play:

Mrs. Gilbey.....Adah Barton
Mr. Gilbey.....Fred W. Permain
Juggins.....N. Murray Stephen
Dora.....Beatrice Miller
Mrs. Knox.....Viola Roach
Mr. Knox.....Leonard Craske
Margaret Knox.....Jessamine Newcombe
Monsieur Duvallet.....Frederick Annerley
Bobby Gilbey.....Leon Gordon

The Copley Theatre resumed the drama of the humanities last evening when the Henry Jewett Players began their regular season and were seen for the first time in "Fanny's First Play," by Bernard Shaw.

This entertaining play was first presented here in March, 1914, at the Park Theatre, when Miss Eva Leonard Boyne gave a vivid performance of "Darling Dora Delaney." The Henry Jewett Players have already shown their ability to cope gracefully with the Shavian dialogue and they again commanded admiration for their excellent performance of a play in which the characterization depends rather upon skillful reading of lines than sheer acting.

Shaw's uncompromisingly realistic picture of the snobbery of England's middle class holds its own in the matter of entertaining qualities with the best of his other plays known here. Perhaps the fastidious may quibble at the antebellum stage portrait of the Frenchman, Duvallet,—"Fanny's First Play" was brought out in London in 191[illegible] who, although married, is a friend of dancers, good-natured, flippant, ready for an adventure. Yet as an individual he is amusing in his loquacity and unconscious satire.

Certain impersonations were conspicuous. Chief among these was Miss Miller's Dora. Her irrepressible spontaneity, her laughter, her facial play, her serene familiarity with the Gilbeys, her offhand treatment of Juggins, enhanced every line of the text, nor did she at any time overact. Miss Newcomb's Margaret, pleasing in many ways, in girlishness and exuberant spirits, lacked sincerity in the first scene with her mother. Her tears should not, like Mrs. Knox's, be comic to the audience, nor should the actress portraying a stifled spirit in revolt pitch the character in so loud a key that there is the suggestion of a virago.

The two fathers, Gilbey and Knox, were well acted by Mr. Permain and Mr. Craske, who doubled the part of the manager, Savoyard, with consummate versatility in the matter of voice and make-up. Nor should Mr. Dingfield's elaborate elegance as O'Dowda be overlooked.

No doubt "Fanny's First Play" at the Copley Theatre will become known to a new public as well as give pleasure to old friends.

On Monday evening, Dec. 31, "General John Regan," a comedy in three acts, by George A. Birmingham, will be played for the first time in Boston.

Dec 24 1917

John McCarthy, a London taxi-cab driver, conveyed Sir Maurice and Lady Anderson and a coffin containing a dead pet dog belonging to Lady Anderson for burial. For "conniving with Lady Anderson in putting sickly sentiment before patriotism," he was fined £50 under the Motor Spirit Restriction Order. But what has been done to Sir Maurice, who engaged the poor devil of a taxi-cab driver?

For the Bored.

When any one at the Porphyry insists on telling you long-winded stories, when you wish to read a newspaper or meditate on spiritual things over a pot of ale, ask him if he ever heard of Talleyrand and his carriage companion. The two were driven in street after street in Paris. Talleyrand was bored to distraction by his seat mate who poured story after story into his ears. Now there were many sentries on guard. One, as they passed him, yawned. "Hush!" said Talleyrand, "we are overheard!" There is a danger connected with the relation of this anecdote: The bore may ask you: "What were they talking about?"

The Horrors of the Cape.

As the World Wags:

It may be known with regard to the liquor question, that there has been made no decided improvement since the United States government has taken upon itself to prohibit whiskey in any bar-room of the United States. Some of those venerable men of our nation, who have been known to spend all their hard-earned money upon that terrible drink called whiskey, are still seen staggering up the street in a way that frightens young ladies, makes sensible men look grave, and boys shout with laughter at the free show. Looking into the matter more thoroughly it has been found that the men that cannot be downed are now drinking witch hazel, pure alcohol, and lastly, fermented cider. It seems then, that all our loyal Prohibitionists who thought they had conquered at last, will have to again bow their perplexed heads in deep thought to overcome the new obstacle that presents itself to them. R. S.

Sandwich.

Yes, yes. We have seen stout Cape Codders joyous on flavoring extracts, overcome by bay rum, and whooping under the influence of a patent medicine.—Ed.

"Rattle."

As the World Wags:

As to whether "rattle" is an obsolete English word.

The Rev. Francis Marbury was haled before the recorder of London by the bishop of London in 1592 in order to make some complaint about his religion. Mr. Marbury was as acute as his daughter, Anne Hutchinson, and turned on the bishop, who demanded that he should not try "to rattle me up."

It was used. Whether obsolete or not in England is another question.

I remember as a boy I often used the expression "I clean forgot" and supposed it was a New Englandism, but I find it common in old English and not obsolete in modern English. And "new-fangled" is old as the hills. M. J. C.

Boston.

But did Marbury use the phrase "rattle me up" in the sense of "confuse me"? The Oxford dictionary gives this meaning to the quoted phrase: To scold, rate, or rail at, volubly. It quotes Latimer (1547): "Peradventure ye will set pen to paper, and all to rattle me up in a letter." "Off" was also used with "rattle" as in Arbuthnot's "John Bull": "She, that would sometime rattle off her servants pretty sharply." "Rattle" was also used for "to stir up, to make lively," nor is it obsolete in England.—Ed.

Dig the Graves

As the World Wags:

I noticed in the Herald and Journal that there is a grave ready to receive the individual who frequently refers to "those kind of people." Why not dig graves for other persons, those who commit such common crimes as "for you and I," "do like I do," "I wuzz (was)," "New Orleens (New Or-yanz) "New Orleans" and "cantone-ment" for "cantonment." F. A. W.

Boston.

Is "F. A. W." cock-sure about "cantonment"? Is the accent on the second syllable with "Oon"? The dictionaries differ. Some prefer "Kan-tun-ment" with accent on the first syllable. As for New Orleans, it would be affectation to pronounce the last word as if it were French. Any one pronouncing "Prairie du Chien" or "Des Moines" as a Frenchman would pronounce the name of the town would be laughed at by the inhabitants.—Ed.

Sumptuary Laws.

As the World Wags:

Since the chief prosecuting officer has publicly charged a man with wearing a red necktie I have carefully avoided being seen with one upon my more or less manly bosom. I did not know that it was a crime or even a vice to wear a cravat of this color. I ask for your elucidation. POSTUM COFFEY.

Boston.

For many years there has been a prejudice against red cravats. We have risen above it. Whenever our spirits are depressed, or the weather is lowering, we sport one gaily. We shall continue to do this, although we may be jailed for it by some minion of the law.—Ed.

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS SINGING OF "THE MESSIAH"

Handel and Haydn Society to Repeat Oratorio Tonight.

The Handel and Haydn Society gave "The Messiah" last night at Symphony Hall to a large audience. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, with H. G. Tucker as organist. The soloists were: Soprano, Marie Stoddart; alto, Alma Beck; tenor, Reed Miller; bass, Henri Scott.

The audience was keenly appreciative. The performance will be repeated tonight, with the following soloists:

Soprano, Marie de Kyzer; alto, Merle Alcock; tenor, Reed Miller; bass, Henri Scott.

Dec 25 1917

'Peter Ibbetson," Drama of Dreams and Mysticism,

By PHILIP HALE.

Shubert Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Peter Ibbetson," a play in four acts and five scenes based by John V. Raphael on George Du Maurier's novel, produced by the Messrs. Shubert.

Characters in the play:

Characters in the Play.

Peter Ibbetson.....John Barrymore
Colonel Ibbetson.....Edmund Elton
Major Duquesnois.....Wallis Clark
Mr. Lintot.....Montague Weston
Raphael Merrydew.....Leo Stark
Crockett.....Eric Hudson
The Bishop.....Alexander Loftus
Charlie Plunket.....Cecil Clovelly
Achille Grigoux.....Jules Epailly
The Prison Chaplain.....Lowden Adams
Mary, Duchess of Towers.Constance Collier
Mrs. Deane.....Alice John
Mrs. Glyn.....Alice Butler
Madge Plunket.....Catherine Charlton
Lady Diana Vivash.....Barbara Allen
Victorine.....Martha Neel
A Sister of Charity.....Nina Varesa

CHARACTERS IN THE DREAM.

Mme. Seraskier.....Ruano Bogesi
M. Pasquier de la Mariere..George Somnes
Mme. Pasquier de la Mariere.....Mercedes Desmore
Rogo.....Master Arthur King
Mimsey Seraskier.....Ethel Downie

It is no wonder that managers for many years refused to put this play on the stage. Not that they were blind to the merits of the romance itself; not that Raphael did his work in a bungling manner; but they doubted with good reason if an average audience would grasp the mysticism; they feared lest Peter the dreamer would perplex prosaic persons, who are in the great majority, fortunately, perhaps, for the daily routine of the world.

The dramatist, who died after the play was produced at a charity matinee in London, was obliged to choose a strong scene, to be approached and to be vital for the following acts. He naturally chose the unpremeditated murder for the "Scene a Faire." Anyone that has not read the novel might wonder how an uncle's revenge for Peter's unwitting exposure of his vanity could lead him to risk the forfeiture of Mrs. Deane's esteem by admitting his own baseness in writing. Anyone might wonder why Mrs. Deane in the Colonel's room did not stop her mother's chatter, or at least snatch the letter from her hand.

It is needless to say that no dramatist could transfer the peculiar charm of Du Maurier's style to the dialogue of the stage, or put the stage people in the atmosphere of the romance. The novelist's drawings might furnish hints for the costumes; the schottisch and the varsovienne might be danced as they were danced last night, but, while the costumes and the dances brought back the society of a certain period, the spectator, entertained, might be seeing any drama, any comedy of that period, not inevitably the characters in the novel.

The scene of the party in her house is pleasing to the eye, but in the hubbub of conversation little of the exposition reaches the spectator. Yet the characters are introduced, the entrance of the Colonel and that of Peter are well contrived, and the promise of the letter to be carried by Peter himself arouses expectation. In the second act at the inn at Passy, Peter learns from a dream that the Duchess is his little playmate Mimsey, and the cause of the Colonel's hatred of Peter is made clear. Here the fantastical has full play. In many respects the dream scene is the one closest to Du Maurier in spirit. The act also gives opportunity for the admirable impersonation of old Maj. Duquesnois by Mr. Clark.

The third act has the dramatic moment of the killing. The scene between the two women and Peter is theatrical rather than real. As the play stands—we are not speaking of the romance—Mrs. Deane, from what we know of her in the preceding and following scenes, would not have permitted Peter to see the letter debasing his mother.

Mr. Barrymore in the chaplain's room at Newgate, brought back certain scenes in "Justice." But the dream takes us again to Du Maurier. The final scene, in which Peter, an old man, dies, affords clever effects of lighting, but in itself it is of little dramatic significance; in fact, it is rather in the nature of an anticlimax.

The play is an unusual one; it will interest chiefly those to whom the novel is a favorite book. Yet those who know it not may be fascinated by the dramatization, if they themselves are given to dreaming, and look on actual life as only the shadow of a dream.

Mr. Barrymore was fortunate in his impersonation of Peter. It was thoughtfully considered, with due regard for a long crescendo of effect. The dreamer was suddenly transformed into a man of action. He was still a man before he learned of his reprieve. Then he became again the simple lad, remembering Passy, a child at heart even to the end. Mr. Barrymore succeeded in making even his dreams more than plausible.

... performance ... blend ... with the ... time.

Miss Collier ... sympathetic, loving Du... The character is not a complex one, nor does it call for the display of varied emotions. Miss John played admirably the part of Mrs. Deane. Mr. Elton, who succeeded Lionel Barrymore as the malignant and contemptible Colonel Ibbetson, gave a painstaking, creditable, but not a brilliant, performance. We see the Colonel a little more jaunty, a little more elegant, more of the beau in former years. We have already mentioned Mr. Clark's excellent characterization of the Major. The minor parts were adequately taken. The children in the dream scenes were not too sophisticated. Peter had every reason for defending his mother in the shape of Miss Desmore.

The drama is beautifully mounted. One of the pleasant features of the production is the character of the incidental music, which has been appropriately selected. An audience of good size was interested. The waits were short. There were comparatively few curtain calls.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn in "Rambler Rose," a musical comedy in three acts. Music by Victor Jacobi. Book by Harry B. Smith. First performance in Boston.

Rosamond Lee	Julia Sanderson
Joseph Guppy	Joseph Cawthorn
Gerald Morton	John Goldsworthy
Marcel Petipas	Stewart Baird
Timothy Briggs	George E. Mack
Willis	George Egan
A Farmer's Boy	W. H. Bentley
Angele	Ada Meade

Miss Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn without their erstwhile comrade of recent musical comedy adventures, Donald Brian, but with Stewart Baird, hovering unfeatured and at a respectful distance in his stead, began an engagement at the Colonial Theatre last evening.

Miss Sanderson and Mr. Cawthorn have many friends in Boston. Their annual visit is looked forward to with pleasure.

Their dramatic setting this season calls for little but praise, although the music is merely amiable with a vain striving after the school of operetta and one striking melody that remains within the reproductive ability of the hearer after leaving the theatre—"Come to Gypsy Land"—sung by Miss Sanderson and the chorus.

The music is, as it were, an accompaniment for the romantic little story which sustains a friendly interest until the final curtain. Perhaps it is due to its origin, "La Gamine," a play by Veber and De Gorsse, played in Paris by the seductive and unfortunate Lantelme, known and acted in this city as "The Runaway" by Miss Billie Burke, that the plot is something more than a conventional musical comedy story.

The adaptation is free. The heroine is an American girl, Rosamond Lee, or Rambler Rose, as she is known at school owing to her preference for that flower. She has no stern aunts, but instead a schoolmistress who is something more than a demon chaperone.

Rambler Rose loves the painter, Gerald Morton, to whom she is but a school-girl, and is beloved in turn by the eccentric Joseph Guppy, who to please her fancy would turn sportsman, sculptor, rake. Miss Lee runs away from her boarding school at Plymouth, England, and seeks Gerald in his Paris studio. Here she is jealous of the actress Angele, pursued by Guppy, but aided in winning her heart's desire by Marcel Petipas, Gerald's sculptor friend.

Guppy's rich uncle from Brazil soon gains Angele's interested affection, while Petipas's feigned passion for Rambler Rose arouses the desired jealousy in Gerald's breast. There is a happy ending.

In the original comedy the painter is 60. The girl does not marry him, but his friend Sernin. In "The Runaway" the heroine marries her painter, but his age is lessened by 10 years. Last evening the painter, Morton, as played by Mr. Goldsworthy, was young, attractive, clean-cut, masterful. There are other alterations, but the theme of the pursuing female and the reluctant male remains the same.

Miss Sanderson, who has patented the art of impersonating ingenue femininity, sang unusually well. She also smiled in her familiar and engaging manner and danced prettily. Her performance radiated the customary archness and elegance.

Mr. Cawthorn, with a triumphant and almost complete obliteration of his familiar accent, was constantly amusing by the bluntness of his repartee. Discarding shop worn mannerisms, which have for many years excited the laughter of the irresponsible, he played with true instinct for comedy and gave the good-natured, blundering Guppy genuine and plausible vitality without exaggerated clowning. Thoughtfully provided with two songs, one treating of marital trials, the other of the sadly restricted life of the poor, little rich girl's dog. During the second song the comedian apostrophised and caressed a fluffy white pet, nearly as large as the bow on its collar, a well behaved little dog ... in Mr. Cawthorn's sheltering arms, or yawned nonchalantly at the audience.

Mr. Baird was well groomed, debonair, always in the picture. Miss Meade wore becoming gowns well and strove with labored ebullience to be the life of the party at the studio. Minor parts were well taken and the settings were attractive. A large audience was entertained and appreciative.

LEW DOCKSTADER LEADS B. F. KEITH'S PROGRAM

Uproariously Funny Monologue —Kaiser Does Not Escape— Several Other Excellent Acts.

The bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week is conspicuous for the number of acts that are entitled to headline classifications. Not the least among these is the act of Lew Dockstader. Last evening there was a large audience that was highly pleased. Miss Blanche Ring, the musical comedy star, home for the holiday, entertained a group of friends in a box.

Mr. Dockstader's act is something new. His monologue is uproariously funny and pertinent. He has brought much of it up to the minute. He speaks of the attitude of the Kaiser in the news of the day, "Of course he wants peace—a piece of France, Belgium and Italy."

Stella Mayhew, in a repertory of songs, was another feature that scored heavily. Besides there was an added interest in the display of a service flag, denoting the absence of Miss Mayhew's husband, Billee Taylor, who is now with the American expeditionary forces in France. Miss Mayhew has always excelled in the subtlety of her Negro dialect. And while she has clung to this style as the main feature of her program, she sounded a new note in her versatility in the excellence of her simulation of intoxication in her talk over the cup of champagne.

Other acts on the bill were Maud Lambert and Ernest R. Ball in a singing act that included many of the successful compositions of the latter; the Flemings, in artistic posings; Maryon Vadie, dancer, and Otto Gygi, fiddler, in a dancing and instrumental act; Grace de Mar, in a clever monologue, with a fling at the feminist; Le Roy, Talma and Bosco, magicians and illusionists; Chief Caupolican, Indian orator and vocalist, and Francis and Ross, in a dancing act.

Dec 26 1917

THE BOOMERANG

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Boomerang," a comedy in three act, by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, produced by David Belasco.

Dr. Gerald Sumner	Arthur Byron
Budd Woodbridge	Wallace Eddinger
Preston de Witt	Gilbert Douglas
Heinrich	Richard Malchien
Hartley	John N. Wheeler
Mr. Stone	John Clements
Virginia Xelva	Martha Hedman
Grace Tyler	Ruth Shepley
Marion Sumner	Mary Elizabeth Forbes
Gertrude Ludlow	Louiszita Valentine
Mrs. Creighton Woodbridge	Kathryn Keys

When this comedy was produced at the Belasco Theatre in New York on Aug. 10, 1915, Mrs. Dellenbaugh took the part of Mrs. Woodbridge; Josephine Parks that of Miss Sumner; the minor parts of Hartley and Miss Ludlow were taken, respectively, by William Boag and Dorothy Megren.

The play has been a long time in coming here. London saw it in May, 1916.

While it is called a comedy, it is in fact a farce; farcical in its treatment of the subject; farcical in its dialogue and situations; and, although Mr. Belasco's hand has been that of a polisher, so that the farce is played for the most part in the spirit of comedy, the comedians at times inevitably play the piece with the exaggeration that befits farce.

There is nothing more amusing than a capital farce. We say this because in the minds of too many theatre-goers of today farce is necessarily the exhibition of a mugging mummer with gags, wheezes and topical allusions. "The Boomerang," in comparison with pieces of this nature, may justly be entitled a comedy.

It was long in coming here, and it was worth the waiting. It is a most amusing play acted with unusual briskness and finesse, not merely by two or three comedians, but by all the members of the company. It is true that the motive is old, one that has been often used by playwrights of different countries. The humor and the charm of "The Boomerang" are in the manner of treatment.

Budd Woodbridge is desperately in love with Grace Tyler. She is now sympathetic, now cold. Budd's mother insists that he shall see Dr. Sumner, who has plenty of money but no patients. An attractive young woman, Miss Xelva, applies for the position of nurse. The doctor sizes up Budd's case, promises to cure him of his jealousy—for Budd could strangle De Witt, whom Miss Tyler favors—prescribes vigorous exercise, avoidance of all social meetings, gives him injections of distilled water, telling him it is filled with beneficent germs, and, to crown all, puts the nurse in charge of him.

Budd thrives under this treatment, but he is still in love—not with the nurse—but with the adorable and only Miss Tyler. Meanwhile the doctor unfolds his theories about love and jealousy to the nurse, who is now in love with the physician. Advising Budd at a birthday party to feign devotion to the nurse, he in turn suffers pangs of jealousy, thinking that she is betrothed to De Witt. The complications can easily be imagined. In the end Budd is happy with Miss Tyler, and the doctor, with the nurse, who turns out to be an heiress.

This bald recital of the story, which, as we have said, is not novel in its theme, gives no idea of the humor of the comedians, who would infuse vitality in a less inherently amusing play.

The impersonation of the depressed, hopeless, frantically jealous, childish Woodbridge by Mr. Eddinger cannot be too highly praised. The simplicity of Budd—who now and then seems almost a boob—his skepticism in medical art, then his blind faith for a while, his alternations of hope and despair, were shown with an honesty, a sincerity that not only made him irresistibly comic, but excited sympathy. This Budd was much more than a comic character, he was intensely human, a man in every day life, portrayed without a touch of caricature, with a wealth of artistic detail, with a rare consistency throughout.

Mr. Byron was also amusing as the mercurial, happy-go-lucky physician, a part that easily admits of exaggeration. He played it with unflagging vivacity; with a marked control of facial expression, and a due sense of the value of the spoken word.

Miss Hedman was a charming nurse, whose foreign accent suited well the part. She acted gracefully, with unfailing humor, and with a delightful demureness. Miss Shepley, a comely Miss Tyler, even when she turned her back on poor Budd, was a pleasing weather-cock in her affections, displaying the requisite lightness and girlishness. The other comedians joined in the excellent ensemble. Miss Keys as Mrs. Woodbridge played the mother with refreshing naturalness.

An audience that filled the theatre laughed uproariously and constantly, even when there were moments on the stage not calculated to excite laughter. The play is well worth seeing.

Winter.

Winter has come
To Europe.
From Baltic flats and fens
Miasmas,
Murk,
And fogs
Have overtopped the Dolomites
And blotted out the sun
Of Italy.
But yet again Athena pours
Into Achilles's breast
The nectar and ambrosia
Of the gods,
And as his heart grows strong
The crescent
Grows more pale
Above the Bosphorus.
The bear, bleeding and famished,
Dazed,
And still half-drunk
With the sweet honey
Ripped from the hollow trunk,
Limps to his den
To hibernate
And find sobriety
In sleep.
The cock,
Fierce-eyed, high-hackled,
Beak out-thrust
Like point of bayonet,
Still side-steps,
Feints
And leaps,
Hot-foot from frozen ground,
Coupling his golden spurs
In the vile carcass
Of the vulture
Masqued
In eagle's plumes.
Tho Eagle,
Once imperial,
Double-crowned,
Turned subject to the obscene bird,
Threatens its keeper,
Screaming at its lot
To have two mouths
To feed.
The Lion
Roaring loud against the gales,
With mighty paw
Crusted with mud
And blood,
Fixed firm
On what he has,
Unsheathes his claws
And grasps
Still more,
And holds to that.
So fares the winter
On the earth.
Soon will come
The spring,
And then the heavens themselves
Will come
To judgment.
Out of the west
Bright singing constellations
Shall appear
To meet
The rising sun
Out of the east
Its blood-red orb
Shall sweep
To meet the stars
And when they meet
That which may be
Between them
Shall be crushed.

RICHARD D. WARE.
Amherst, N. H.

A Hard Winter.

Some months ago Prof. Stenzel—he has nothing to do with pianos, we understand—said that the world was approaching a hard winter. Rigorous weather would be felt early and continue until April. The winter will be the most severe that Europe, at least, has experienced for many years. He attributed the severity to sun spots. Yet Mr. Maunder, after 40 years at Greenwich Observatory watching the sun all that time, recently said: "At present we are without any clue which will enable us definitely to connect the variations in our weather with the variations of the conditions of the sun's surface." Sir Norman Lockyer, having studied the problem at South Kensington and in India, is of the same opinion. Sun spots, or no sun spots, the German professor is thus far correct in his prognostication; so is our old friend the Indian in the Northwest.

Small Houses

Where is the smallest dwelling house in Boston? In London the smallest is No. 10 Hyde Park place. It has a street door guarded by an iron gate, but there is only one room in the house. The Daily Chronicle informs us that this queer building was erected about 50 years ago by an old woman named Jupp—a farce-comedy name—for one of her servants. Mrs. or Miss Jupp lived next door, but had a number put on the street door of the room. "The Doll's House," acquired by a member of a New York family now fighting in France, is the smallest house in Mayfair.

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Man Who Came Back," a melodrama in five episodes, by Jules Eckert Goodman.

The cast:

Thomas Potter	William Masson
Henry Potter	Henry Hull
Charles Reisling	Richard Clarke
Captain Trevelan	N. St. Clair Hales
Mrs. Gaynes	Charlotte Granville
Marcelle	Laura Walker
Olive	Etta Bryan
Captain Gallon	Thomas Magrane
Gibson	Louis Frohoff
Griggs	Frank Howson
Sam Shew Sing	Allen Atwell
Binksie	Richard Clarke
Walter	Bernard Nedell
Tommy	Oliver Hall
First Girl	Juliet Freemont
Second Girl	Sophia Allen
A Jap	Oliver Holmes
Cabaret Girls	Blanche Wallace, Yvonne Murdock and Beulah Mack

When a man starts sliding down hill he always finds, as Josh Billings sagely noted, everything greased for the "occashun." It is so with Henry Potter, whose dissipation, degeneration and reform Mr. Goodman presents with lively entertainment, whatever may be thought of any moral supposedly extracted. There is nothing parochial in Mr. Goodman's vision. New York, San Francisco, Shanghai and Honolulu—his characters travel like Cook tourists, and everywhere sample life characteristic of the place. Be it further said that the dramatist displays a quality of incisive characterization that makes his episodes more than scenic displays.

John Fleming Wilson suggested this play with a story of what happens to a millionaire's unappreciative son. Instead of training for profiteering in Wall street he spends his days in bed and his nights with habitues of bars and card rooms and the cabaret. The pained parent sends him forth to the discipline of harsh experience. But again he disappoints by declining to work while he can forge his father's name on checks. He finds San Francisco hilarious and Marcelle, a music hall singer, temporarily adorable.

The imperious Potter's secretary offers the son his choice between arrest for forgery and a voyage to China on one of the Potter ships. Marcelle will save him from both with money hoarded in her stocking. But there is a hysteric explosion when she learns the little flat he speaks of is to be a nest of the unmarried. Gently shanghaied by a few of his father's sailors, Henry next appears in China, a tattered wreck. He meets Marcelle again in an opium den, where she "hits the pipe" and is very disheveled. Pressed for an explanation, she admits she ruined herself to punish him. He thinks it kind to murder her, but does not complete the job. There is yet hope, for she is still a "good girl." Together they will face the world.

The scene in the opium den is one of considerable tensity, and there are high pitched moments on a Hawaiian planta-

... when M... a reformed H... drug to t... st ... fi... He is ... aunch, and sh... se... de hi... ther, wh... gives his l... g Henry i... the ... Marcelle ... h a private detective qualified to play ... othario. For complete satisfaction in Mr. Goodman's dramatic demonstration of the cleansing power of love, some points should not be closely analyzed. Marcelle's preservation of chastity seems as miraculous as Henry's strong will for good—after his serial demonstration of spinelessness. But entertainment is provided though logic goes lame.

Henry Hull, who played young Potter through a New York run of 57 weeks, still has the role. A young actor of engaging personality, he is con... uously successful in denotement of the prodigal's native sweetness for which much is excused. Laura Walker plays Marcelle, so speedily wrecked and as quickly renovated, most effectively in her degradation, with fair simulation of a drug victim's light petulence, a certain cloudiness of manner. In the opening scene of the good cabaret girl her profession of tender regard for Henry ... a bit stilted. In William Ma...son's acting of Potter the elder was deft suggestion of tenderness peeping from irascible exterior. Etta Bryan and A... n Atwell were respectively effective ... a little cabaret drab and the keeper of ... Mongolian dive.

With other virtues may be mentioned the fact that five scenes are advanced to the final curtain at approximately 10:30. Last night the theatre was crowded. No doubt the piece will have a successful run.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"The 13th Chair," with Margaret Wycherly, a drama in three acts, by Bayard Veiller. First performance in Boston.

Helen O'Neill	Eileen Van Biene
Will Crosby	William David
Mrs. Crosby	Martha Mayo
... Crosby	Harry West
... Wales	Perce Benton
... stwood	Saxone Morland
Helen Trent	Sarah Whiteford
Grace Standish	Noelle Richard
... Fre...	Charles Laite
Howard Standish	Reynolds Evans
Philip Mason	Noel Leslie
Elizabeth Erskine	Gertrude Dalton
Pollock	A. T. Hendon
Rosalie La Grange	Margaret Wycherly
Tim Donohue	Harrison Hunter
Sergeant Dunn	F. Le Roy Sutton
Doolan	James Gordon

A large audience was in turn mystified and thrilled by the first performance of "The 13th Chair," at the Hollis Street Theatre last evening.

Mr. Veiller's play, based on the exciting theme of a double murder and the search for the mysterious assassin is a marvel of ingenious construction. The investigation is carried on in an unusual manner, and the aid of a medium, the aged Rosalie La Grange, is involved, but in the darkness which the proceedings demand, a second victim is laid low. From that moment the suspicion of guilt is tossed from one to the other with extraordinary cunning.

At least three women and a man or two behave queerly and arouse doubt of their innocence in the mind of the spectator. How much does Mme. La Grange know about the murder of Spencer Lee and of his friend Edward Wales? Are her spirit messages merely fakes or has she some mystic power? Inspector Donohue makes certain enlightening statements, but the clue to the real murderer is not found until much later.

It would spoil the pleasure of many who will visit the Hollis Street Theatre in search of thrills to name the murderer or give a detailed account of the manner in which the important discovery is made, but anticipation may be whetted by the knowledge that a package of compromising letters, a shielding friend and a ruined life are elements of the denouement.

The character of the clairvoyant, Mme. La Grange, admirably acted by Miss Wycherly, is shrewdly drawn for hardened sceptics of occult matters are pandered to by the exposition of certain well-known tricks of the trade, while the faith of those who put their trust in spirit messages is not utterly put to confusion. This is not the first time that Miss Wycherly, an admirable actress, has given a remarkable simulation of old age. In 1914 she was seen here as Mrs. Mary Burke in "The Force," by A. E. Thomas. An actress highly gifted with subtleties of voice, gesture and facial play, Miss Wycherly's impersonation is the feature of the performance. Her wit, her sincerity in emotional moments, her bodily eloquence when simulating a trance or trembling for her daughter, made the character realistic and appealingly human.

Mr Hunter, a seasoned actor, played the police inspector with requisite coolness and asperity. Miss Mayo, as Mrs. Crosby, was handsome, well bred, distinguished. Mr. David was manly as young Crosby. The other members of the cast were efficient but not remarkable.

The single setting was conspicuous for its elegance. Certain details of stage management were excellently carried out.

Dec 27 1916

Lewis J. Seymour, a music-hall performer, sued the publisher and printers of George Moore's novel, "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," for an alleged libel. R... of the book, published ... 30 years ago under the title of "The Modern Lover," ... that the hero was a ... unsavory character. The plaintiff said that while he was in the trenches he received an anonymous postal card "'Lewis Seymour and Some Women.' Can you send me their addresses?" He also received letters of a chaffing nature. His wife was "very curt in the tone of her letter." His comrades would shout to him when he was on guard: "Cheero, Seymour! What price the girls?" Mr. Moore, called for the defence, said that when he wrote the book, he was not aware that there was such a person as Lewis Seymour in real life. He took the name from Seymour street and put the name Lewis in front. Counsel for the defence asked what authors were to do. Were they to use letters of the alphabet? Then there would be passages like this: "B came into the room and placed his arm round the waist of the beautiful heroine. 'Darling,' B says, 'will you be mine for ever?' D came into the room at an inopportune time by E door. F called her coachman and drove away with G. H. I."

Mr. Justice Darling said that an author could hardly write any combination of names which were not similar to those of some person. Many men had been named Tom Jones. There was a Pickwick the proprietor of stage coaches. Dickens probably traveled in one of his coaches from London to Bath, but this Pickwick did not sue Dickens. Counsel said Moore's novel has passed into 15 editions. Mr. Justice Darling: "I can see 15 more editions after this." Mr. Moore, cross-examined as to the popularity of his works, said: "Some people like to be read by every kitchenmaid. I don't." He thought the name selected was "soft and euphonious and suitable to the character." It was shown that there were three other Lewis Seymours in the London directory. Judgment was entered for the defendants with costs.

His Pomegranate.

As the World Wags:

I saw a pomegranate in the market yesterday. At once I thought of the allusions to the fruit in the song of songs, which is Solomon's. I remembered that the high priest of the Jews on solemn occasions wore a dress trimmed with bells and pomegranates, as did the kings of Persia, who were priests as well as kings. It also flashed through my mind, Did not some of the rabbis insist that a pomegranate was given by Eve to Adam on a melancholy occasion? Sir Richard F. Burton had informed me of at least three kinds, one of which, especially juicy, was the size of an infant's head. Then I remembered that Mr. Henry Russell, the impresario, which in Italian, means undertaker, delighted in pomegranate seeds for a dessert. So I bought the blamed thing, although it was small and far beyond my means. (Subscriptions for my colossal work "Man As a Political and Social Beast," elephant folio, have come in slowly during the year now dying.)

When I reached my rooms in Blossom Court I eagerly cut the pomegranate open. There was a little juice. I scraped out the seeds, tried to eat them, and found them like bird shot. Should these seeds be cooked? The books on cookery are all insufficient. If I had invested the money in bird seed, I should have had a more nutritious meal. Perhaps some gourmet may enlighten me.

Boston. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

In the Chair.

As the World Wags:

From the time that I was old enough to be shaved I have been going to Mr. Tony Leo, to have him perform the much-needed cleaning up to my face. Mr. Leo is a pleasant barber, he never talks much while he is shaving me. Instead, he is just the other way, he keeps on smiling. If I should try to speak with him he just shortly answers "uh-huh." No doubt he tries to be particular because he knows that I will tip him; I often think while I am reclining in his chair what a splendid chance he would have to slash my throat with his sharpest razor (if he has one). But Mr. Leo is congenial. I don't believe he owes me an ill-will. Yet this is the climax he reaches, and what I can't understand is: Why he makes me twist and squirm in his chair, after he is finished shaving me, by putting a hot towel over my face? I am not so cold-blooded that he should resort to this inhuman treatment.

And, mind you, all the time he is doing this he is still smiling. What a sweet disposition he has! I went to him this morning, and I thought that I should have pity for myself by telling him that I had a bad cold, and not to wet my face with the hot towel. But believe me, sir, when he had finished shaving me, on went the hot towel, with a grin. After he had finished his usual contortions on my face, he covered it up with bay rum, and a little perfume. I gave him his tip and walked out because I was too cowardly to tell him what I thought about him. L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

Boston.

Dec 28 1916

The holiday season does not check the fury of the purists.

A correspondent, who is not inclined to sign his name—possibly because his objection would carry less weight if his name were signed—underlines the phrase "but we doubt not that," which appeared some days ago on this page, and adds: "Officer, shake up the straw in a dismal cell! A convict approaches."

Our old and esteemed friend, Dr. W. E. Crockett, to whom we wish the compliments of the season, wishes to know whether the common phrase "quite a few" should be used. "Quite," first of all, means completely, wholly, altogether, to the fullest extent or degree; but it is also used in the sense of actually, really, truly "implying that the case or circumstances are such as fully justify the use of the word or phrase this qualified." Thus we have "quite handsome," "quite sick," and in this sense it may precede the indefinite article as "quite a comfortable house," "at quite an early hour," "quite a large party," "quite the largest."

"B," of Brookline quotes from one of Dickens's Christmas stories, "The Awful Touch": "But some of the swell mob, on the occasion of this Derby, that I refer to, so far kiddied us as to," etc. "B." asks: "Is it all 'old stuff,' " referring probably by "it" to modern slang. The verb "to kid," meaning to quiz, coax or wheedle, to cheat, is over 100 years old. At first, it seems, that it meant to amuse or divert a man's attention while another robbed him. Later it had the present meaning; as in a story by Jefferies: "While the fisherman was telling me this woful story, I fancied I heard * * * voices that said, 'Ho! Ho! Go on! you're kidding the man' "; as in one of Milliken's " 'Arry Ballads' ": "He was kidding me." But to kid oneself is to be conceited.

Names That Are Lyrics.

As the World Wags:

I note that Mr. Burrill rebukes the Herald's wrong guess at the first name of "F. Skiddy von Stade." But really what can it matter so long as the precious "Skiddy" remains unsubmerged? The whole is a name to be thankful for—I mean for the public to be thankful for; I suppose the wearer is well enough content, since he so arranged it. Names suggest personalities, some of them. This one to me suggests a blond young German (although I suppose the name is Dutch) with a faint mustache, one of those rosy-cheeked, tow-headed, slim young Prince Karl chaps, impetuous, likable, but liable to develop into a burly Von Tirpitz as years and beer fill him out. This particular Von Stade appears to have creditable American ancestors, according to Mr. Burrill. But that name is service enough for any one man's career.

All hail, F. Skiddy von Stade!
We drink you in flagons of toddy.
Your ancestral fame and your glamorous name
Have captured us all, soul and body.

Roll on O Skiddy but Steady:
We had guessed that your forename was "Freddie":
But if Burrill says "Francis," why, then the strong chance is,
Acceptance will find us all ready.

Brookline C. T.

On Sable Island

As the World Wags:

A few days ago my wandering thoughts hit upon the herd of wild horses on Sable Island, and I began to wonder as to their origin. The Encyclopedia Britannia says the herd (originally Portuguese ponies) was established by the Portuguese in the 16th century. They have now become a distinct breed known as Sable Island ponies. Then I remembered that there was something about the Portuguese in an old thesis that I had prepared years ago on French Shore Claims at the behest of Silas MacVane in History 13. Having dug this from its dusty resting place I find that Prowse in his history of Newfoundland says the Portuguese fishermen were on the banks in 1501. An English skipper, one Anthony Parkhurst, told Hakluyt in 1574 that that season there were 50 sail of Portuguese on the banks; and in 1585 somebody else said something about them but I don't know what it was, so that we can locate them in the vicinity of Sable Island all through the 16th century. If the Encyclopedia Britannia is correct, this herd of horses may lay claim to forming the oldest continuous settlement of Europeans in North America. But why did the Portuguese put them there; and where does the Encyclopedia get its authority for the statement? I know that in all the time I burrowed in the stacks of old Gore Hall in preparing the thesis I found no reference to attempts on the part of the Portuguese to found a settlement in that part of the world, nor to their carrying horses upon their fishing vessels. If they thought to establish a supply of provisions, why horses instead of cattle, and why the almost inaccessible Sable Island? The first mention of these horses I have found is in the Essex Journal and the New Hampshire Packet of 1788, which has the following account: Moses Gerrish, a Newburyport skipper, was shipwrecked on Sable Island on a homeward voyage from the banks Nov. 9, 1787. He and his men were forced to remain there for the winter, enduring many hardships. The provisions which they saved, and a number of young seal which they killed, lasted them about 60 days when "we had recourse to the horses which were put on the island for the sustenance for whoso should have the misfortune to be cast on shore. The number of horses was about 300; we killed and eat 13 of them. We found one dead, him by reason of the heavy weather we were obliged to eat—after the flesh was gone we broke the bones and mad... them. Being without amm... were obliged to dig pits t... the horses, it being impossible to get them in any other way." He was reached on the 18th of April by Capt. Nathaniel Preble of the schooner Betsy.

Newburyport. MIKROS.

Dec 29 1917

TENTH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The 10th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The orchestral pieces were these: Brahms, "Tragic" overture; Sibelius, "The Swan of Tuonela"; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor. Mme. Melba sang the aria, Zeffiretti Lusinghiere" from Mozart's "Idomeneo"; "Voi che sapete," from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," and Lia's air from Debussy's "Prodigal Son."

The orchestral selections were well suited to the mood of the dying year. The overture of Brahms, which was read in a singularly dramatic manner, is one of that composer's greatest works in spite of a few pages where the elaboration of the material is without significance, as if Brahms, thinking that they should be filled in orthodox fashion, merely trod water. German and deep thinkers, as Reimann, Deiters et al., have expatiated on the "meaning" of the music; how it follows the principles of tragedy laid down by Aristotle and Lessing; while others have associated the overture with "Hamlet." Possibly Brahms had only this in mind: to write an overture of a sombre nature. It is certainly tragic, but it is romantically tragic. We have never heard a performance of this music so impressive as that of yesterday: music that is now sad, now defiant, now funereal, now hopeless. Dr. Muck conducted it with intense force, as though the overture were the speech of the distracted world.

"The Swan of Tuonela" is a highly imaginative composition of unearthly melancholy. This swan in Finnish mythology moves majestically on the river of black water that surrounds the Kingdom of Death. His song is one of unmitigated sadness. By the mournful melodic beauty, by the admirable strangeness of the orchestral expression, by the steady maintenance of mood, this little symphonic poem is one of the fullest expressions of Sibelius's indisputable and markedly individual talent.

This symphonic poem was played with fine poetic feeling, while the performance of Tschaikowsky's Symphonie was extremely brilliant even for this orchestra. To our mind the symphony is the one of the six most characteristic of the true Tschaikowsky. Certain writers, discussing Russian music, are inclined to dismiss Tschaikowsky with the reproach that he was a cosmopolite. In this symphony, at least, he shows himself an Oriental. Not because he uses a Russian folk-song in the Finale. He reveals himself a man of the East in this symphony by his fondness for the monotony of repetition, by the childishness of his ornamentation—as in the first movement; by the recklessness of his fancy; by inconsequential joining of fascinating episodes; by barbaric rhythmic fury; by delight in wild orchestral din. What symphony more significant for the year now glad to die, yet anxious about the future? For this symphony Tschaikowsky wrote in a letter to Mrs. von Meck an elaborate program. Fate thwarts man in his pursuits of happiness; but, says Tschaikowsky, if a man finds no pleasure in himself let him go to the people, gay on a holiday. There is real happiness to be found. Well, Russia has gone to the people. Is there happiness in treachery and anarchy? How ironical the words of the composer seem today!

Mme. Melba sang carefully the aria from "Idomeneo." She was more herself when she sang Cherubino's Canzona, for the charm of her middle tones is still incomparable; the sureness and the beauty of her vocal art are still the envy of her younger sisters. Remembering her exquisite singing of Duparc's perfect song not long ago, one wished that she had sung it at this concert instead of Debussy's aria, which, written before he had found his ravishing idiom, is only in the manner of Massenet, and not Massenet at his best.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week is as follows: Shumann, overture to "Genoveva"; Dohnanyi, concert-piece for orchestra with violoncello obligato (Mr. Warnke, violoncellist); Handel, concerto Grosso in D minor, No. 10, op. 6; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4, C major; Ravel, "Daybreak, Pantomime, General Dance" from the ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

During the Revolutionary war there was a scarcity of all imported articles. There were many plans for native sugar making. The substitute most strongly urged was maple sugar. Dr. Benjamin

[illegible] that W[illegible] [illegible] than the [illegible]d. Experi[illegible] in Philadelphia wit[illegible]. Half a pint of syrup was [illegible] by [illegible] boiling the [illegible] of a melon that [illegible] pounds. Capt. Jonathan [illegible] Castle (Saipre), on [illegible] manufacture of molasses from [illegible]. In Massachusetts Timothy P[illegible] of molasses made from [illegible] which, although he admitted that he had never tasted it, [illegible] well enough for family use. A [illegible] had informed him "that it would not be difficult, by forming [illegible] of sweet apples, to supply [illegible] for the general consumption of the United States.

"Hab," "Hogg" and Gov. Rusk.

[illegible] World Wags:

In connection with the use of "Hab" as a nickname, "Hub" is so used today in parts of rural New England for Herbert. Doubtless Mr. Herkimer Johnson [illegible] recall such use of names in Vermont.

"Herb[illegible]" is the pronunciation which I have heard given for the name "Herbert" by an aged New Englander—evidently the form of pronunciation in his boyhood (1816-30). In a manuscript diary of the 18th century I have met frequent references to a certain "Har[illegible] Pride." A safe guess for New England would seem to be that "Hab" like "Har[illegible]" might be a variant for "Harb."

The name "Hogg" was borne in the mid-eighteenth century by a Scotch settler in New Hampshire. He died suddenly about 1760, leaving a large family of small children, who were adopted into three different families of the neighborhood. These children took or were given three different surnames, much to the confusion of amateur genealogists of a later day. Would such a general renaming have been probable unless there had been a prejudice against their own family name as pronounced in the first generation in which it was represented in this branch of the family in America?

"Are we then so soon forgotten?" The Herald and Journal of the 19th inst. attributed editorially the heroic phrase: 'I seen my duty and I done it.' to Davy Crockett. Perhaps it may have been used by Robinson Crusoe or by the Ancient Mariner, but it was always associated 30 years ago with Governor Rusk of Wisconsin and his prompt action in the suppression of riots in Milwaukee in '86. SHAWSHIN.

New Hampshire.

"Political" and "Diplomatic."

As the World Wags:

In perusing an old thesis rather an interesting thing came to light. I had just been reading Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, in which he says: "We may remark that the phraseology of the Company's servants still bears the traces of this state of things." To this day they always use the word "political" as a synonym with "diplomatic." In the thesis occurs this quotation from a letter which Lord Bolingbroke wrote in 1712 to Matthew Prior, at the time secretary to the English committee negotiating the Treaty of Utrecht: "For God's sake, dear Mat, hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with, to the blunders of thy countrymen who are not much more politicians than the French are poets." Here there is no question, but that "politician" means "diplomat." The Century Dictionary says of the word "political": "(1) Relating to politics or the science of government; treating of polity or government. (2) As possessing a definite polity or system of government. (3) Relating to or concerned in public policy and the management of the affairs of the state; of or pertaining to civil government, or the enactment of laws and the administration of civil affairs." Is it possible that Macaulay made the error of supposing "political" for "diplomatic" was a colloquialism found only among the servants of old John Company, not knowing it had been [illegible] in England years before with the [illegible] meaning? What can be said of the Century Dictionary's definition?

Newburyport. MIKROS.

The great Oxford Dictionary gives this [illegible] of "political": "(1b) Of persons engaged in civil administration; civil, as distinct from military; spec. in India having as a government official, the function of advising the ruler of a Native State on political matters, as 'political agent, resident,' etc."—Ed.

Dec 30 1917

Some have read that "General John Regan," by "George A. Birmingham" (Canon J. O. Hannay), which will be played here for the first time tomorrow night at the Copley Theatre, is a dramatization of his novel. On the contrary. Canon Hannay told a London reporter in January, 1913, that the idea of writing the play never entered his head until it was suggested to him. "I wrote this in three nights, using diagrams to place the characters, and, with the exception of the introduction of a new character, very little alteration has since been made in it. It is not a dramatized novel, but a novel founded on it will be published next autumn. The central idea of it has been used by me in a short story I wrote years ago." This story was published in Harper's Magazine.

The play was brought out at the Apollo Threatre, London, on Jan. 9, 1913. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Lucius O'Grady	Charles Hawtrey
Timothy Doyle	Leonard Boyne
Major Kent	Frano Stoney
Thaddeus Golligher	W. G. Fay
Horace P. Billing	Henry Wenman
C. Gregg	I. R. Tozer
Sergeant Colgan	S. Grenville Darling
Constable Moriarty	Patrick Quill
Tom Kerrigan	Bernard Crosby
Rev. Father McCormack	Edmund Gurney
Lord Alfred Blakeney	A. Vane-Tempest
Mrs. De Courcy	Gladys Ffolliot
Mrs. Gregg	Dorothy O'Neill
Mary Ellen	Cathleen Nesbit

The comedy met with uproarious success. "It is all sheer buoyancy and fun," said the Times. On May 21, 1913, the 150th perfomance took place. The public and the critics were for once heartily in accord. Alan Dale, when the comedy came to New York, wrote: "I saw 'General John Regan' in London. It was one of the bright spots in a ghastly season. It was produced by Hawtrey. It was a huge success. Later, he tried to get away from it, for the sake of something newer. He was driven back to 'General John Regan.'"

The story is as follows: An American, Mr. Billing, motoring through Connaught, comes to a little coast town, Ballymoy, and finds it asleep, yes, dead. He determines to wake it up. "Where," he asks, in a trembling voice, "is your town statue of your illustrious son, General John Regan, liberator of Bolivia?" The tavern keeper Doyle has never heard of him; nor has Golligher, the newspaper man; but Dr. O'Grady would not confess ignorance. He promptly invents a birthplace, finds a site for the proposed statue, invents a character and a career for the general, of whom he had not heard before. The doctor thinks he can get something out of this stranger. He persuades him to subscribe handsomely, and persuades the whole town to join in the game; he even persuades the lord lieutenant to visit the town and unveil the statue. But when the day comes for the ceremony there is no lord lieutenant, for neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian Library knew anything about this general. The doctor is not dismayed. He blarneys the aide-de-camp into accepting the address prepared for his chief and into the making an address from the pedestal. When the American tells the people they have been hoaxed, the doctor rises to the occasion. Who can deny the existence of a man whose statue is there before their very eyes? There is general rejoicing. "The Wearing of the Green" leads to uncovering of heads; the aide-de-camp, not having an ear for music, uncovers, thinking he is listening to the national anthem.

When the play was produced at the Apollo, there was a curtain raiser, "Through the Post," adapted by Athol Stewart from the French of D. Riche; played by Mona Harrison, George F. Tully and Edgar B. Payne.

"General John Regan" was first played in the United States at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, on Oct. 27, 1913. It was produced at the Hudson Theatre, New York, on Nov. 10, 1913. The cast was as follows:

Dr. Lucius O'Grady	Arnold Daly
Timothy Doyle	Harry Harwood
Major Kent	A. G. Andrews
Thaddeus Golligher	W. G. Fay
Horace P. Billing	Frederick Burton
C. Gregg	Frank Arundel
Sergeant Colgan	Richard Sullivan
Constable Moriarty	John M. O'Brien
Tom Kerrigan	J. Rice Cassidy
Rev. Father McCormack	Oliver Doud Byron
Lord Alfred Blakeney	Lionel Pape
Mrs. De Courcy	Alice O'Dea
Mrs. Gregg	Jessie Ahott
Mary Ellen	Maire O'Neill

The Evening Post spoke of the "delightful surprise," and said that the comedy proved to be one of the brightest and most entertaining Irish comedies seen here in a generation, full of characterizations and bubbling humor worthy of Charles Lever or Samuel Lover.

But when, on Feb. 4, 1914, a company produced the play at Westport, County Mayo, Ireland, a mob of 400 rioters broke up the production, smashed the scenery, attacked the comedians, and later besieged the hotel and broke windows. The crowd believed that Canon Hannay, who was rector of Westport for 20 years, had held the village and the villagers up to ridicule. The play had been doing good business in other Irish towns on the first nights, but at later performances the audiences were small, for the Irish did not relish the harmless joke. Yet does not the doctor say in the play: "These American tourists are all the same. So are the English. They come over here hungry to be told lies about Ireland, and the more you tell them the better they're pleased."

The riot at Westport began with the third act. As the stage was stormed, the curtain was lowered. The company visited Westport only as a compliment to Canon Hannay. Edward Fitzgerald, Hawtrey's business manager, said: "I am an Irishman, and I can easily understand the danger of taking a play like 'General John Regan' into a place like little Westport. We Irishmen have much less sense of humor than we are often credited with. I am pretty certain that the people of Westport, seeing in Ballymoy an exact copy of their own town, fancied they saw also certain prominent townsmen caricatured." It may be said here that "Bunty Pulls the String" was pronounced an excellent comedy in the north of Ireland; it was well received in Cork; it was hissed in Tralee.

The Midland Reporter, published at Mullingar, printed a savage attack on the Canon, his play and his novel. The play was "stupid, senseless, destitute of any shred of real wit or humor, written for the purpose of ridiculing in a feeble way Irish provincial life, shiftless doctors, unscrupulous hotel-keepers, dirty servant girls and tippling parish priests. * * * Canon Hannay is typical of the 'Abbey' clique in Dublin, who have made money and a certain reputation for themselves by the most blatant advertising of each other. * * * We once bought one of Hannay's books, entitled 'Spanish Gold.' We were told that there was a laugh in every page, and that it radiated with wit and humor. It was the first and last shilling we ever spent on Hannay's productions. From beginning to end it was a Sahara of dull, blatant stupidity. There was not a gleam of humor or of originality between its covers. It was the most wretched production we ever saw foisted on the public. We tried once to read through Synge's 'Playboy.' It was on a level with Hannay's 'Spanish Gold.'" Was there no one in Mullingar to examine the editor's bumps?

Inspector Neylon of the Royal Irish Constabulary claimed £1000 compensation for injuries received in the riot. He admitted that he was unpopular in the town and believed the object of the crowd in breaking up the play was to wipe off old scores they had against the police. Medical witnesses for the defence swore that the only injury Mr. Neylon suffered was the loss of a tooth.

A hoax, not unlike the one invented by Canon Hannay, was played by the newspaper L'Eclair of Paris in January, 1914. There was a proposal to celebrate the centenary of "Hegesippe Simon," an author who never existed. A letter was sent out in the name of the "Organizing Committee of the Centenary," and on it was printed this noble thought, taken from the works of Simon: "When the sun rises, darkness vanishes." The men to whom the invitations were sent were so flattered that they expressed their joy in being invited to take part in the celebration. Some, answering, expressed their deep respect for the author. Fifteen senators, nine members of the Chamber of Deputies and three municipal councillors were thus taken in.

Canon Hannay came to the United States in the fall of 1913. Some may remember him as a lecturer. His chief novels are "The Seething Pot," "Hyacinth," "Benedict Kavanagh," "The Red Hand of Ulster," "Spanish Gold," "The Search Party," "The Major's Niece," "Bad Times," "The Northern Iron," "Lalage's Lovers," "The Simpkins Plot," "Priscilla's Spies." A writer for the London Chronicle thus described him: "He is a Protestant clergyman, born and reared in Ulster, but at the same time an ardent Home Ruler and a still more ardent Gaelic Leaguer. A man of much charm and sensibility, alert, tolerant, cultivated, and practical, he has none of the prejudices either of his class or his profession. When he speaks he speaks out, with a sincerity at least as great as his humor. He has plenty of idealism and a sustained power of enthusiasm, but very few illusions, and none whatever about Ireland or the Irish. He knows the country through and through; not a single stich in the many reams of Irish life and politics has escaped his cool, clear gaze. Yet he never despairs either of the land or its people. Beneath the caustic and unfaltering writer there is the worker and the patriot, hopeful, indefatigable, and undismayed." The article from which this characterization is taken was published on Jan. 9, 1913.

Not the least interesting feature of "Peter Ibbetson," as performed at the Hollis Street Theatre, is the dancing of the schottische and the varsovienne in the first act.

Schottische—the word takes us back to our little village of the sixties. Our dancing teacher, who played the fiddle, was impatient and irascible. He taught only the lancers and the schottische, for "round dances" were frowned on by the straitlaced parents. We well remember how they were shocked when a natty person from Springfield, with slushed hair, waxed mustache, smelling of strong perfumes, announced that he was prepared to give instruction in the art of waltzing. There was talk at first of calling a town meeting. Surely the selectmen should do something. But the younger generation looked kindly on the audacious stranger. At first there were only a few pupils. Little by little the professor from Springfield had his way. Parents were obliged to console themselves by reading Byron's diatribe against the waltz.

We schottisched in those innocent days, not gracefully, but after the manner of Mark Twain: "I polked and schottisched with a step peculiar to myself—and the kangaroo."

The dance in "Peter Ibbetson" differed slightly from the one with which we were once acquainted; but there was more than one form of the dance; there was the "Scottish valsee," the "Scottish ave [illegible] galop et valsee." Why was the [illegible] called the "Scottish"? The books [illegible] give no answer. The schottische, derived probably from the polka, was introduced into Paris about 1849; first introduced in England in 1848. It was called by some the "polka tremblante" and it was said to come from Bohemia. A writer in the Athenaeum (1862) said that Cellarius brought it out in Paris in 1844; but we prefer the statement of Desrat, who in his dictionary says that the English dancing the schottische jump, while the Germans glide in "waltzing it." He gives elaborate directions, explaining the different ways of dancing it, and adding that the dance has been out of fashion for some time. (The dictionary was published in Paris in 1895.) In 1892 E. Scott in "Dancing Art" wrote: "The Scottische is very seldom danced now in its original form. * * * The dance consists of two distinct parts * * * The first part may appear to bear a certain resemblance to the polka; but there is a considerable difference in the nature of the movements." The "Barn Dance" was called in England the "Military Scottische." It was practised in the United States long before it became popular in England. It has been stated that the Croat peasants have danced the schottische from immemorial time.

Gaston Vuillier writes that the Schottische was created in Paris by Markowski, who, coming from Poland at the age of 18, very poor, gave lessons in schools, carrying his kit under his arm. In 1848 he opened a dancing school at the Hotel de Normandie and became famous. He made a fortune which soon slipped through his hands. Having afterwards created the El Dorado, he lived in luxury, but again, from 1851 to 1857 he was wretchedly poor, lodging in a garret and sleeping on shavings. Returning one night, hungry, from a charity ball, where he had danced, the soles of his boots came off as he waded through the mud. Yet during this time of poverty and racked with a cough that clung to him after that night, he created "the Schottische, the Sicilienne, the Friska, the Lisboninne and, above all, the Mazurka, the success of which was nearly equal to that of the Polka." At last one M. Covary gave him 3000 francs to arrange rooms in the Rue Buffault. Markowski at once spent 60,000 francs. His creditors dunned him. He gave his farewell entertainment in 1863.

Was the varsoviana, or varsovienne, of French origin, but resembling some of the Polish national dances? A writer in 1860 spoke of dances "from the dexterous hornpipe to the quiet varsoviana." The year before "Habits of Good Society" stated that "the schottische, hop waltz, redowa, varsovienne . . . and so forth have had their day."

Desrat describes it as a modern dance in the form of a waltz, composed about 1853 or 1854 by a young Spanish teacher, who introduced it at the public dance house in the rue de la Chaussee-d'Antin, Paris. "Francisco Alonso made the dance and the music of the varsoviana and the two produced an agreeable effect on eyes and ears." But why did Don Francisco Alonso look to Warsaw for a name?

We spoke last Sunday about W. H. Bartholomew's death and the pantomimes at the Theatre Comique. There is an account of his early life in M. B. Leavitt's "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management." According to Leavitt, Bartholomew came from Philadelphia. "When he was 12 years old, and about to attend the high school, his brother-in-law offered him a position in a jewelry store, which he accepted. Of his initial payment there, Mr. Bartholomew, in a recent letter to me stated: 'How well do I remember the first week's salary, and the pleasure it gave me to place it in my dear mother's hand, and to receive 50 cents for spending money.' The first time he ever acted was in 1850 at a benefit in Norristown, Pa., when he played Francis in 'The Stranger.' He remained in trade until 1852, when, through the efforts of William Reed (a brother of the late comedian, Roland Reed), he obtained a position in a dramatic stock company under the management of Mrs. H. Lewis, at the Eagle Theatr, Sudbury stret, Boston. In the spring of 1856 he went on a southern tour with the well known actor and manager, the late W. H. Crisp. His next engagement was at the Halliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., then managed by John T. Ford, where he first met Maffitt, from which place at the termination of their contract there, they went together to the Pittsburgh Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., managed by Charles Porter. It was at this house they first played together in pantomime and after that engagement became partners. They appeared with great success in 'Robert Macaire,' 'Jack, the Giant Killer,' 'Old Mother Goose,' 'The Green Monster' and the original 'The Devil's Auction.'"

After the Theatre Comique was burned in 1869 Maffitt and Bartholomew went to the Howard Athenaeum, managed by Isaac B. Rich. Barftholomew left the stage when he was 77 years old. Maffitt, his partner for 35 years, died at Baltimore in 1895 at the age of 64.

The following poem, "A Chop in Player and His Audience," is from Louis Untermeyer's volume of poems, "These Times," published by Henry Holt & Co., New York:

His fingers press upon the keys as though
His hands were dripping thick and heavy
sirup.
The sweetness does not cloy; it seems to
stir up
All sorts of greasy sentiments that grow
Maudlin and morbid. Tears begin to flow;
Young girls breathe heavily or sob
unchidden;
Matrons and spinsters dream of things
forbidden. * * *
He piles the pathos on—adagio.

The concert ends. The powder-puffs come
out.
A dying buzz—and people go about
Their idleness or drudgery as before. * * *
And in his taxi no one hears him say,
"I'll have to dye my hair; it's almost gray.
There was a time they used to weep much
more."

Miss Katharine Russell Bleecker, "the first woman theatre manager on Broadway," began her work last week. We are glad that she does not call herself a "manageress." When Rosa Leland took charge of the leading theatre in Albany, N. Y., the Leland Opera House, there was much talk because she insisted that she should be known as a "manager." Recent remarks of the London Daily Chronicle are now pertinent:

"Isn't it about time that we rid our speech of the feminine 'ess'? We made an end of 'postess' long ago, and 'authoress' (almost more dreadful) followed it. By the way, did women writers ever describe themselves as 'authoresses' on their title pages? Wasn't it usually 'author of' so and so? But 'manageress' and 'proprietress' still unbeautifully linger, and 'conductress' is creeping into common speech. Why not 'girl conductor' if we must define the sex? The French 'ette' tacked on to a noun is a mere abomination, and finds its apotheosis in the vulgarism 'novelette,' which can be defended on no grounds whatever. There is no objection to the feminine affix 'ess' in its right place—that is, attached to words imported direct from the French with the termination 'esse.' Thus 'princess,' 'abbess,' 'duchess' and other words in the category have not only the sanction of custom, but are correctly formed. In no other case should the ending be used, although in some instances the error is firmly established and has high authority to back it. 'Proprietress,' for instance, is used by old L'Estrange, licenser of the press under the later Stuarts, while ever that master of good English, Dryden, dubs—inaccurately in more than one sense—Mrs. Anne Killigrew a poetess."

To the Editor of the Herald:

The recent death of Henry C. Barnabee recalls to my mind the old Mercantile Library Association, first at its rooms on the easterly corner of Bromfield and Province streets, and afterwards at its more extensive quarters on the corner of Summer and Hawley streets. The "M. L. A.," as it was called for short, was a popular institution in its day, and among the features that contributed to the favor in which it was held were the lectures which were given under its auspices by distinguished public speakers and the declamation exercises in which many of its younger members took part to the apparent great enjoyment of large numbers of invited guests. In looking over some programs of the latter exhibitions which I have brought to light from an almost forgotten pile of old papers, I find the names among the performers of some who afterwards adopted the stage as a profession. Conspicuous among them are E. W. Danforth and H. L. Bascomb. The former was employed on the Boston Transcript when I first knew him, and the latter was a messenger for Kimball's Mercantile Agency. Danforth died when he was still quite a young man and Bascomb lived to be an inmate of the Forrest Home for Infirm Players, near Philadelphia. Neither of them attained the distinction before the footlights that was anticipated. Another disappointment was James Dickson Wyman, who was a schoolmate of mine, and who was nearly related to the Powell family, so prominently identified with the early days of the acted drama in Boston. He did not fulfil the promise of his youth, though he became a leading man in southern and western theatres and was at the head of Lon Morris's dramatic company when that minstrel managed the Continental Theatre, which he had reconstructed from the old Apollo Garden. George F. Ketchum was another of the Mercantile Library amateurs who chose to be a real player. He was reasonably successful in a droll, farcical way. William E. Sheridan, who was a clerk for Benjamin F. Loring, the formerly well-known stationer of State street, from a declaimer at the M. L. A. became a tragedian of note. George B. Ford, the father of Mrs. Hibbard, another of the old guard of speakers at the "Mercantile," attained some distinction as a public reader, though he was never seen on the legitimate mimic stage.

But the most successful of the embryo players of the time and place of which I write was Henry C. Barnabee. The first mention that I find among the speakers is a program of the closing literary exercises for 1855 and 1856, wherein he is set down as a reciter of N. P. Willis's poem, "The Scholar of Ben Kharat." This does not indicate that he was to become a singing comedian of crescent note. Later on, however, at the entertainments at the "M. L. A.," he exhibited and developed his humorous talents and I find that at the final declamations of 1856-57 he rendered the character of Sampson Slasher in the farce of "Slasher and Crasher," and took part as the chairman of the declamation committee in the delivery of a humorous valedictory written by J. F. Gleason. I can recall only a couplet of this production. It ran as follows:

When Thalia, goddess of the comic glee,
Desired success, she said, Let Barnabee!

Still, even after this he did not give up the assumption of serious characters for I find him announced the next year as John Mildmay in "Still Waters Run Deep," although to concluds the entertainment he loomed up in the title part of "Poor Pillicody," one of the best of the old-time Morton farces. Even in those far-off days he was singing "The Cork Leg," for he was the first to spice the declamatory efforts at the M. L. A. with musical selections in which many favorite vocalists took part with my old friend and fellow pupil at the Adams school, Howard M. Dow, at the piano.

A cheery fellow was "Hen" Barnabee in those days when he was still selling dry goods with C. F. Hovey & Co., and as stout-hearted a friend as the King of the Commons, which he interpreted so well in his amateur days when I had the pleasure of being his Lord Seton. Always his last words after rehearsals preceding public exhibitions were, "Gentlemen, con your parts!" The mentor has now gone to join the great majority and so, too, with one or two exceptions, have those who listened to his careful admonitions.

"Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

"Charity," a play in one act by Randal N. Lamb, was produced at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, Nov. 25. It deals with the Dublin slum question. The scene is a one-room tenement. Jimmy Doyle, already "invoiced for death," has been dismissed in his old age by his employer. The rent is due. The collector, who keeps a pub, has no mercy on teetotalers. So he orders the surrender of his room; but Doherty brings in the required sum, and Larigan, the landlord, is hooted out. "Also defeated with him are the insipidly good Samaritan, Mrs. Forbes, and her son, two of the dilettante types who peep now and again into the tenements on aristocratic 'welfare' missions and other such missions of sympathy as the poor most resent. The play should have a better curtain."

"The Beauty Spot," a musical play, book adapted by Arthur Anderson from the French, music by James W. Tate, was produced at Manchester, Eng., Nov. 26. Only the first act was praised. "The music is for the most part bright and catchy. The concerted items rarely reach beyond the phrasing of ordinary ballad music."

On Dec. 12 "A Little Bit of Fluff" was played for the 1000th time without a break at the Criterion, London. "Charley's Aunt" had 1466 performances; "Our Boys," 1362; "A Chinese Honeymoon," 1075. "Peter Pan" and "Peg o' My Heart" in the course of revivals have been played over 1000 times.

Arthur Collins proposed for the costumes in his production of "Aladdin" for the Christmas season in London, "the early part of the 17th century, when quaintness of coloring and design was a predominant feature of the costumes." How about China and the time when the wondrous tale was written?

"Alice in Wonderland," "Charley's Aunt," "Blue Bell in Fairyland" and "Peter Pan" were chosen for the Christmas season in London. The first was produced in 1886; the second in 1892; the third in 1901, and "Peter Pan" in 1904, when Nina Boucicault was the first Peter. Fay Compton will be Peter during the present revival.

"Friends," a new play in one act, by H. Farjeon, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Nov. 20. Donagan and Dr. O'Flaherty, in the interest of their callings, have led the village to believe they are enemies. On the fair day as they sit by the roadside and tell the story of their "divilry," Fr. Murphy leans over, hears them, and runs to tell the villagers how he has found them out; but when the villagers arrive on the scene they find the two in a genuine fight. So the doctor and the undertaker are dragged away to be a laughing stock. "It certainly is a curious small play, and the quite brilliant staging of it makes it worth while. For, with a back curtain only and a minimum of lighting, the grouping and movement of the villagers are the best manoeuvred scheme yet at the Abbey. The play itself is reminiscent of Lady Gregory's dialogue in its phrasing."

A new musical sketch, "Master Wayfarer," by J. E. Harold Terry, author of "General Post," was produced at the Apollo, London, Dec. 4, in aid of the Belgian Red Cross. It is a slight thing, "sentimental in the gallant fashion of the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie." Hayden Coffin played as an actor who has been with Garrick and Sheridan and left the stage to go on the road with a Punch and Judy show in search of an errant wife. The music of the songs is by Howard Carr. At the same matinee Pauline Chase, who retired from the stage when she married, played Columbine in Barrie's "Pantaloon," and Lady Forbes Robertson sang southern plantation songs.

Draycot M. Dell has turned Ibsen's "Ghosts" into a novel, which is published by Jarrolds, London, at 2s. 6d. net. The Pall Mall Gazette, describing the novel as "very powerful and moving," adds: "We should imagine that in this form the story will appeal to a far wider audience than does the play. Mr. Dell opens his story in Paris, where we find Oswald Alving living in the Latin quarter with a group of artist friends. He offered marriage to Virginie Dormeuil, and then makes the discovery which cuts him off from marriage and career and sends him back to his home. There the story follows more or less closely the lines of the play. It should be said that Mr. Dell has dealt reverently with Ibsen's work, and there is no liberty taken with the text or plot to which the most enthusiastic admirer of the great playwright could possibly take exception."

Sydney Paxton's "Stage See-Saws: The Ups and Downs of an Actor's Life" has been published in London by Mills & Boon, Ltd., at 6s. net. The stage says the dedication—"To my wife, who for over 20 years has bravely shared the struggles and disappointments of an actor's life," is illuminating. "We say illuminating advisedly, for there can be no question that a few, at any rate, of the trials and ups and downs undergone by the present much-esteemed hon. sec. of the Actors' Association have made the irons of disappointment burn deep into his nature. Only in this way can one reconcile the convincing sincerity and generous warmth of Mr. Paxton's tributes to Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, and the conductors, past and present, of this newspaper, for instance, with the caustic and bitter references made to Laurence Irving and his wife, Richard Barker, formerly of the Savoy, and Mr. Martin Harvey, and to the circumstances attending the close of his most spirited and enterprising management of the Grand, Southampton. The writer also is apt to obtrude his opinions on political subjects and sectarian matters. This said, one may give hearty praise to Mr. Paxton for the frank and uncompromising records of a life that began in 1860, and of a professional career that started in September, 1880, at the Cambridge Hall, Southport, with Arthur Lloyd's concert party, and that has included successful appearances in 'Walker, London,' and 'Charley's Aunt,' visits to America in 'The Night of the Party' and 'Fanny's First Play,' a connection of seven years with Compton Comedy company, numerous pantomime engagements, business management with the Zancigs, and honored labors for nine years on the council of the then young A. A., and on the committee of the Actors' Benevolent fund." Paxton, whose name is Samuel Paxton Hood was born in 1860. His father was a celebrated noncomformist preacher.

I might easily have thought myself at the first night of a brilliant success rather than at the last performance after a brief run of a play that really deserved a better fate. There was a crowded audience, enormous enthusiasm, and the curtain fell at last only after speeches had been delivered by Mr. Aubrey Smith and Mr. Harold Owen, the author, who then for the first time admitted the paternity of the play. I believe that "Loyalty" will be seen again as soon as a theatre can be found for it.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 10.

Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" was revived at the Coliseum, London, Nov. 26, when Irene Rooke played the old lady. The Times published this singular criticism: "The play is still a little over long, thanks to the three 'comic relief' Cockney women, whose chatter more than fills the gaps in the action; but it is much improved by being lopped of that final scene, in which we learned of the soldier's death." If the play is overlong it is in the scene between Mrs. Dowey and Private Dowey. The delightful "chatter" is all too short. Nor do we think that the play is "improved" by the omission of the 'indescribably pathetic scene. The Stage said that Miss Rooke's portrayal, "it inclined to a little overweight upon the sadder or wistful side, is in many respects one of the most artistic things she has yet accomplished." This excellent actress was seen here as Nan in Masefield's tragedy.

"Gunpowder Gertie of Gambler's Gulch" was the title of a "sketch in two thrills," a wild burlesque by Sergt. Leslie C. Gray and Gunner R. C. Hicks at Summerdown Convalescent Military Hospital, Eastbourne, Eng., Nov. 19.

"Beatrice," a lyric drama in four acts, book by Flers and Caillavet, music by Messager, was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, on Nov. 21. The librettists — Caillavet is dead — based their book on a work of Charles Nodier, but the story is an old one, treated by Boccaccio, John Davidson, Maeterlinck and others. In this instance, Beatrice loves Lorenzo, the prince who figures in one of Musset's plays. She is about to enter a convent, and she prays for Lorenzo's safe return from the war. Lorenzo appears and carries her off. The Blessed Virgin comes to take her place. Beatrice, finding Lorenzo unfaithful, goes to the bad. In a revel a sailor chasing Beatrice is killed by a rival. She hears the chanting at the convent and returns. The other novitiates have not known of her absence. The Blessed Virgin gives back to the repentant woman her place. Yvonne Chazel took the part of Beatrice. She is a new-comer. Charles Fontaine was the Lorenzo. Messager conducted.

Johannes Brahms, whose famous "Requiem" will be sung at Southwark Cathedral this afternoon, would be a composer infelicitously selected for the present moment if music were not international. He was a perfervid Pan-German and to emphasize this fact styled the work by which he is best known here as the "German Requiem." Moreover, he hated England hardly less ferociously than his friend, Prof. Treitschke, in whose company he was created a Knight of the German Order. About 1877 he refused to visit Cambridge to receive the honorary degree of Mus Doc., which was conferred on him in absentia. — London Daily Chronicle. These statements about Brahms's hatred of England have been vigorously denied by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford.

Louise Homer, soprano, daughter of Mme. Homer, has been singing in Philadephia. Her voice has been described as sweet and clear, if somewhat immature.

Albert Spalding, the violinist, who enlisted last June as a private soldier in the aviation corps of the signal service, and is now in France, has been made a first lieutenant.

New songs that pleased the London Daily Telegraph when they were sung this month: Colin Taylor's "Pastoral"; Frank Bridge's "Love went riding"; Roger Quilter's settings of three poems by Blake.

The London Times, speaking of Miss Bristol's clear-cut method, said that some piano pieces of Debussy benefited by it: "There is no harm in our knowing what exactly it is that an author has to say; it is much better than making a mystery of him." The Daily Telegraph complained of this method in the case of Schumann's "Carnival," "As orthodoxy and the 'Carnival' have little or nothing in common, so Schumann suffered accordingly, in spite of the fact (for because of it) that every 'i' was dotted, every 't' crossed."

"A California Suite" by Frederick Jacobi was played by the San Francisco Symphony orchestra on Dec. 6 and 9. There are four movements, including "Carmelo," "Dolores," an elgy; "Fiesta in Monterey" and "Easter Sunday at Santa Barbara." Jacobi is only 26 years old. His first suite was based on the "Pied Piper" legend.

"Ranga," a symphonic phantasy by Emerson Whithorne, was performed for the first time by the St. Louis Symphony orchestra Dec. 21, 1917. It is founded on a Hindu tale by F. W. Bain. Whithorne, born at Cleveland, O., studied in Vienna, lived in London for several years. He wrote the music for the Japanese play "Typhoon"; has also written chamber music, a tone poem "The City of Ys," "The Rain" for orchestra, songs, piano pieces. He was for a time the husband of the pianist Mme. Leginska.

Otto Floersheim died at Geneva, Switzerland, on Nov. 30. For many years he was known as one of the editors of the Musical Courier and its Berlin correspondent. His symphonic poem, "Consolation," was played here at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1886; his "Elevation" in 1888; his "Scherzo" in 1890; and a Prelude and Fugue in 1892.

At the Concerts Rouge in Paris last month Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade" was accompanied on the screen by a story from "The Arabian Nights."

Louise Edvina was expected to appear as Thais at the Paris Opera Dec. 6.

Gabriel Faure's second and new sonata for violin and piano was produced in Paris at a concert of the Societe Nationale de Musique Nov 10.

The street Richard Wagner in Passy is renamed rue Alberic Magnard, the composer who lost his life early in the war when he was defending his home.

Charles Lefebvre is dead. He was born at Paris in 1843, the son of the painter. At first he studied law. Entering the Paris Conservatory, he took the Prix de Rome in 1870. In 1884 and 1891 he took the Prix Chartier for chamber music. Since 1895 he taught at the Paris Conservatory. The catalogue of his compositions includes the operas "Zaire," "Le Tresor," "Djelma"; choral works, "Judith," "Melka," "Eloa"; masses and other sacred works, a symphony in D major, chamber music. A Prelude from "Eloa" was played here under Mr. Longy's direction by the Orchestra Club in January, 1901. An Intermezzo Scherzando was performed at a concert of the Longy Club in December, 1905.

Mme. Donalda, soprano, who is now divorced from Paul Seveliliac, sang recently at Bordeaux with Clement in "Carmen." She will sing at the Opera and at the Opera Comique, Paris, this season.

Talking of German conductors, it is a melancholy reflection — but not altogether an inopportune reminder of those bad days of the Teutonic domination in our midst—that only a few years ago there was, for a time, actually only one theatre in London devoted to musical plays at which the services of a British

re retained. The thing may ... credible. Yet such, undeniably, ... fact. The solitary exception ... period we have in mind was provided by Mr. Robert Courtneidge—all honor to him'—who installed Mr. Arthur Wood at the Shaftesbury for the run of "The Arcadians," and his subsequent productions. (It is a secret now known inside the profession that a certain German conductor who was then in charge of the orchestra at another musical comedy house only just contrived to slip away to his precious Fatherland in the nick of time when war broke out, there being ample evidence upon which to convict him as a Hun spy.)—London Daily Telegraph.

Edward Evans, lecturing in London on Scriabin, said that the composer was scarcely heard of outside Russia until his later and somewhat iconoclastic methods focussed attention on him and was a sort of succes de scandale. "Of the steps that led up to this practically nothing was known, and it was as though Beethoven's contemporaries first made their acquaintance with him through his late quartets." Mr. Evans spoke of Chopin's influence on the earlier phases of Scriabin's mentality.

Frederick Norton, asked about his tunes for "Pamela," brought out at the Palace, London, answered that it ought to be popular, "for most of them resemble some four or five thousand other tunes of other composers, not to mention several of my own in 'Chu Chin Chow.'" "Well, if they prove as pretty," said the Daily Telegraph, "nobody is likely to complain of the reminiscence—except, possibly, one or two of those critics who are under the quaint delusion that it is still possible to evolve a new tune."

The Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 29 said of the singer, Mme. Zola Rosowsky: "Her readings have always been of the kind the French call 'cerebral'—of glittering intelligence and small emotional persuasion. But one of the cerebral functions is control, which needs strengthening."

G. W. Robinson is now the sole owner of Vert's Concert Agency, London, which is said to be the oldest institution of its kind in the world.

Ernest Newman, the musical critic, has expressed himself as follows: "I can never see 'The Bing Boys' without wondering why there does not grow out of the best of the music hall elements a genuine English popular opera. Few would deny that the music hall is the most representative institution we have. The reproach is often levelled at the music hall song that it does not live. As against that it may be asked how much of the serious music of any year survives its little day. Where are now the hundreds of new works that have been produced at the provincial festivals and at Queen's Hall during the last half-century?"

The Daily Telegraph of London says of the Kennedy-Fraser arrangements of "Songs of the Hebrides": "Here we have the living thing, not the long-dead museum specimen, here is poetry and humanness in every line. What is finer in 'folk-song' than 'The Seagull of the Land,' more fascinating than 'Milking Croon,' more exquisite than 'Milking Song,' more pathetic than 'Rannoch Herding Song'? They are wonderful."

A new ballet suite, "Nursery Rhymes," by John Ivimey, was produced in London Dec. 8 "In this novelty was a fundamental error, in that while the composer had designed a kind of scenario based on 'Baa, baa, black sheep,' 'The North wind doth blow,' and so on, he utilized tunes of his own making, so that a page of Bradshaw or of Johnson's Dictionary would seem to have been equally apropos as basis. Imagine a new tune to 'There was a little man,' or 'Where are you going, my pretty maid?' Horrible! This apart, the music was impeccable, but unconvincing, graceful, and entirely unambitious."

It was rumored early in December that Percy Pitt, composer and for many years musical director at Covent Garden, will be director of the Beecham Opera Co.

It is to be presumed that Mr. Ezra Pound had some idea at the back of his mind when he wrote his "Blue-grey and White," and it is further to be presumed that Mr. Adolph Mann understood it, as otherwise he would not have attempted to set it as a part song, with accompaniment for violins and harp. For our part, we should not care to hazard an opinion as to what that meaning may be, and it is possibly a compliment to Mr. Mann to say that his music is as hazy and mysterious as the words. At any rate, it implies that he caught as much of their spirit as was evident after a painstaking study.—London Daily Telegraph, Dec. 8.

Joseph Speaight's "Fancies" quartet was played in London for the first time Dec. 7. "We, with becoming modesty, would humbly suggest 'Firelight Fancies' as an appropriate title, having regard to the obvious reference—more than once—to 'Feuer-Zauber.' There is a good deal of fancy in the tiny work, but not much that is new, and we do not feel that the composer has found much to say on this musical postcard that he has not already said."

Apropos of a series of four "Pops" in Queen's Hall, London, a critic asks: "Why not revive the old custom of the 'platform in the middle of the hall?'"

The London Times said of Elgar's music to Binyon's poems, "Spirit of England"—the introduction "'The Fourth of August' was heard in London for the first time Nov. 24, that it contains wailing melodies arranged with the witlessness that rounds art. "Elgar gives to tones that nameless touch that women give to colors in materials or flowers, when it is more difficult to say what has been done with them than to see when anything is wanting."

"Tipperary"! La Scala (Milan)! Truly extremes meet. Can you imagine without a prodigious effort the singing by hundreds of voices of the time-honored and laurel-crowned "Tipperary" within the operatically and historically sacred precincts of the Mecca of Italian opera? Yet the thing has happened! About a week ago an amazing demonstration was held in La Scala, at Milan, to welcome the British and French forces now on the Italian front. There was much speechifying, much music, a huge multitude of people and flowers galore. These last rained down upon the poilu, Thomas Atkins, Esq., and a number of disabled Italian soldiery. After the true ceremony was over each of these groups sang, the one their War Song, the next "Tipperary," the third the Hymn of Mamali. I will wager that not even at the production of "Falstaff," not on any previous occasion has enthusiasm reigned in such magnificence—a blood-brotherhood, with a vengeance! It was magnificent; it was also the war.—London Dail Telegraph, Nov. 24.

It is a touching spectacle to see the British troops passing through the Italian villages, while the church bells attempt a strange imitation of "God Save the King" and other British national airs. Those exciting the most attention are the kilted soldiers. Many of the villagers have naturally never heard of such a uniform, and gaze at them in undisguised amazement, some of them even seeming undecided as to whether the stalwart Highland laddies were men or women. One old peasant observed, "Fancy, women as well as men go to war in that country, and yet they look as though they would make mincemeat of the Germans into the bargain." The only English phrase known to the children, "Good-bye, old chap, good-bye," comes in very useful.
—Pall Mall Gazette, Nov. 24.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by John McCormack for the American Red Cross. Andre Polah, violinist; Edward Schneider, pianist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert for war service under the auspices of the conference board of Jewish women's organizations. See special notice.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Emilio de Gogorza, baritone.

Thursday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Chamber concert by the American String Quartet and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist. G. Faure, piano quartet in G minor, op. 45; Debussy, sonata for violin and piano (Miss Marshall and Mr. Gebhard); Franck, piano quintet.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Third Tremont Temple course concert. The Adamowski Trio will play Allegro and Scherzo from Rubinstein's Trio in B flat major; and the Andante and Scherzo from a trio by Mendelssohn. Mme. Szumowska will play Chopin's nocturne in C minor, etude in F minor and Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody No. 2 Mme. Leveroni will sing an aria from "Gioconda," Foote's "Tranquillity," Rogers's "Star," Ronald's "A Little Winding Road" and Beach's "Just for This." Timothee Adamowski will play his own "Mazur" and Paderewski's "Melodie."

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eleventh Symphony concert (A). See special notice.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eleventh Symphony concert (B). See special notice

1. 31 1917

Persons one would not like to meet in a street car, drawing-room, bar-room, church sociable or at the Porphyry.

The Ancient Mariner.
The Boy that stood on the burning deck.
Wagner's Wotan.
The Harper in "Mignon."
The man in Poe's "Raven."
The list can be extended to suit individual prejudices.

For the Red Cross.

As the World Wags:

I fancy the Red Cross people might double their recent receipts by setting up the hideous icons that served to mark the progress of their enterprise as a cock-shy, at so much a crack, for the relief of public feeling. I never knew a well-meant device of such gratuitous and atrocious ugliness, or one that was so cordially loathed by all beholders. What might and should have been a work of art was given over to the joint endeavors of an iron-worker and a property man. Too bad.

I understand the Cockney version to be appropriately enough—"Gott mit Huns." ABEL SEAMAN.

Boston.

"Budge."

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson's taste in dramatics I don't know anything about although I suspect that he really prefers smoking concerts, the new London Belles and the place where there's always something doing, 1 to 11, to Drama League convocations and Workshop 47 handicraft. I ... when ... of Max Mueller ... rousing cheers to Whitney, Richard Grant White and Noah Webster, can explain all the abbreviations in the Century dictionary hand running, and dates the events of his life as so many weeks before or after the appearance of volumes of the new English dictionary—besides, he wouldn't be an earnest student of sociology if he wasn't interested in the basis of sociology, viz., words—uplift, social consciousness, survey, background, reaction. So, it is with confidence that I come down to the flood and ask you to have Mr. Johnson explain why Barrie overlooked such an obvious bet as "budge" in "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Over here in East Boston we always use "budge" as the bulging place in the upper front part of dress, blouse, coat or suit, the place where there is enough looseness of cloth to make room for a small bundle, such as a pocketbook, handkerchief, lap dog, package of jewels, letter, etc. According to Barrie, the infallible test of the social stratum where Miss Thing belonged was the place where she put her money, in her pocket or her "blouse." Now I have heard my old grandmother, who lived in Carver street when it was pretty with lawns and trees and sweet neighborliness, and had no Animal Rescue League and families with dark eyes, speak often of putting this or that in her "budge," and my grandmother's brother, an Englishman of the seas, used to tell us of putting things in his budge.

A woman who puts things in her blouse may put them at the waistline, in front or in back or at the side. I feel sure that Our Policeman meant "budge" when he said blouse, and that Miss Thing was precisely the sort of woman to say budge instead of blouse if Barrie had given her an opportunity, and Barrie is such a clever beggar with his words that I can't for the life of me understand why he used the generic "blouse" in preference to the specific "budge."

Just the same, I'm baffled. I find no authority in the books for the use of "budge" as meaning the upper part of the chest when covered by clothing. I have looked in the Providence Journal Almanac for 1910, the A-Cono volume of the Century Dictionary, the Dictionary of Phrase and Fable and the latest census report on women's clothing. I find nothing worth while—of course, the word budge means sheepskin or lambskin dressed with the wool outward, but that isn't enough.

Possibly, sir, information will bourgeon in Blossom Court.

NODDLE ISLANDER.

East Boston.

Is "budge," a contraction of "budget," meaning a pouch, bag, wallet, usually of leather? Philemon Holland in his translation of Suetonius uses "Budge" for leather bag. Is it a corruption of "bulge," meaning wallet, bag, pouch, purse? "Budge" is used curiously in English slang: a pickpocket; an accomplice that gains access to a building during the day for the purpose of being locked in to admit fellow thieves after dark. "Budge" is also an old term for drink; "budgy," drunk; "budger," a drunkard. ED.

A Havana Shop.

As the World Wags:

A half dozen years ago, I bought at a small jewelry store in Havana, two inexpensive brooches. Each was in a case; and on the satin lining of each case was printed in large letters the name and address of the store thus:

"The Hole in the Wall.
"110 Obispo 110
"Habana."

"Obispo" was the name of the street. There is no guesswork about the name of the store in this instance because the two cases are before me as I write. EUGENE B. HAGAR.

Boston.

BIG AUDIENCE HEARS McCORMACK RECITAL

Popular Tenor Sings 23 Numbers in Red Cross Benefit Concert

The concert by John McCormack for the benefit of the Red Cross, under the auspices of the Boston Metropolitan chapter, in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, must have netted a handsome sum towards the $100,000 which the popular singer has volunteered to raise. The standing room was all taken and the stage was filled with seats.

The audience was very appreciative. Mr. McCormack, although down on the program for 14 songs, sang no fewer than 23, between "The Star Spangled Banner" with which he began, and "I Hear You Calling Me," with which he ended. The encores included such favorites as "Mother of Mine," "One Hour of Joy," "Mother Machree," "Land of My Dreams" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

The violinist, Mr. Polah, won much favor, and responded also to the demands of his hearers, who especially appreciated the "Meditation" from "Thais." The program included a song by the accompanist, Mr. Schneider, which gave the audience an opportunity to show its liking for his work both as pianist and composer.

Acknowledgements were made from the stage for the services rendered by many persons in making the concert a success.

JEWS GIVE WAR WORK CONCERT

More than 2500 persons attended the concert for the benefit of war work at Symphony Hall last evening under the auspices of the conference board of Jewish women's organizations.

There was an elaborate program, the contributing artists including George Copeland, pianist; Mme. Cara Sapin, contralto; Ignace Norwicki, violinist; Philharmonic trio, of which Louis Bresser is violinist; Alfred Denghausen, baritone; Louis Dalbeck, 'cellist, and James Ecker, pianist.

Commonwealth Pier Band Plays.

The Commonwealth Pier Band furnished a patriotic prelude previous to the concert. Rabbi Harry Levi of Temple Israel, Commonwealth avenue, gave an address on the part that the Jewish women in Boston are playing to help America win the war. A series of motion pictures of the Russian revolution closed the evening.

The ... proceeds of the concert will

[illegible] 1918

"Nothing but the Truth" at Plymouth Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

Plymouth Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Nothing But the Truth," a farce in three acts based by James Montgomery on a novel of the same title by Frederick Isham. Produced by H. H. Frazee at the Longacre Theatre, New York, on Sept. 14, 1916. Produced here by G. M. Anderson and L. Lawrence Weber.

Robert Bennett	William Collier
E. M. Ralston	Rapley Holmes
Richard Donnelly	Charles Walton
Clarence Van Dusen	Ned A. Sparks
Bishop Doran	Arnold Lucy
Gwendolyn Ralston	Betty Wales
Mrs. E. M. Ralston	Lillian Lawrence
Ethel Clark	Ione Bright
Mabel Jackson	Mary Harper
Sable Jackson	Gretchen Thomas
Martha	Mabel Godding

Is this the farce that was produced at the Shubert Theatre at Newark, New Jersey, March 13, 1916? The authorship was then attributed to Mark Swan. What is it to the Infinite, as Victor Hugo asked with relation to the battle of Waterloo. Mr. Collier is now in Boston and that is good reason for popular rejoicing. The program stated that Messrs. Anderson and Weber "have kept the original company intact." The statement is not true. In New York the parts of Donnelly, Gwendolyn, Mrs. Ralston, Mabel and Martha were played, respectively, by Mr. Coman, Miss Brainerd, Miss Gordon, Vivian Wessell and Theresa Michelena. Miss Harper, who has been substituted for Miss Wessell, then took the part of Sable.

We state this only for the sake of the record. For Mr. Collier is the one entertainer, and to him the others are quick feeders. Not that Mr. Holmes was not reasonably amusing as Ralston; Mr. Lucy was a Bishop with a voice of sanctity and a keen business sense, while Miss Lawrence was a dignified hostess, easily jealous for farcical purposes and so easily satisfied that her husband never lighted a cigarette for Mabel in his office.

The farce is admirably suited to Mr. Collier's personality and art as a comedian. The story is simple. Robert, shocked by the manner in which his partners rid themselves of worthless stock, maintains that in business it pays to tell the truth. In order to win $10,000 he wagers $10,000 which Gwendolyn has given him to invest, that he can tell the truth without evasion, answering all questions that may be put to him, for 24 hours. He makes this wager with his partners and with Van Dusen, a farce comedy character played in a laborious, mannered-fashion and with a rasping voice by Mr. Sparks. It is easy to see that Robert by his truth telling gets into difficulties in the office and at Ralston's country house, where, because he is scrupulously honest in speech, he insults a foolish little guest, leads Mrs. Ralston to think of divorce, and nearly loses his Gwendolyn.

The first act is the best; it is funny throughout, and here Mr. Holmes seconds Mr. Collier in a breezy, jovial manner. The second act drags a little.

[illegible] on the stage for [illegible] as Mabel of the Varieties. The third act is better, and not only because it is refreshing to hear Mr. Collier [illegible] rushingly as a relief after his ordeal of a day.

The success of the farce, and it has been successful for a year and some months, is a tribute to Mr. Collier. His quickness, alertness, neatness, the quiet manner in which he makes his points, giving the audience credit for some intelligence, and not taking it by the throat and roaring into its ears; the conviction that the comedian himself is making the comedy, speaking as if thoughts came to him spontaneously; his facial play, which is never exaggerated, but, suiting the occasion, hardly needs words for emphasis; the sobriety of his gestures, his struggles with inanimate things, in his moments of perturbation; these, with a keen sense of proportion in the management of trivial "business," are proofs, if proof were needed, of his skill as a comedian.

A large audience in holiday mood laughed from the rise of the curtain to the going down of the same. After the second act Mr. Collier made a modest little speech in which he referred deliciously to certain managers that talk with their hands.

Painting is accompanied with the Arts, Statuary, Plastick, Casting, and Engraving: The Inventious of Laborious Wit * * * But all these Arts, together with Painting were merely invented by the Devil, for the nourishment of Pride, Lust and Superstition; the Authors were those who first, according to the words of St. Paul, "Chang'd the Glory of the Incorruptible God into the likeness of Corruptible Man, of Birds, of Beasts, and of Serpents." * * * Of whom the wise man saith: "The Idol is curs'd; and be that made the same, together with the thing made, shall suffer Torments."

As the World Wags:

I am in very great need of a divining rod and a small kerosene oil stove. My need arises in this way. The "Society for Pressing the Trousers of Public Statues" was incorporated, as you well remember, this summer, and it happened that I was the first victim of their attentions.

They requested me to allow my trousers to be pressed, and as I have never been satisfied with their appearance, I consented. The first efforts of the society were devoted to attempts to press my trousers in situ, but that was bound to be inconvenient and painful, and did not give good results, so it was decided to send them out to be pressed. On commencing to remove them, I found that the sculptor had unfortunately omitted to provide me with the proper underclothing, and on making this discovery, I very naturally declined to proceed, as my position is a rather public one.

The Society for Pressing the Trousers of Public Statues would not, however, listen to reason, but asserted that it had been incorporated for a specific purpose and that it proposed to carry out the object of its charter. An unseemly struggle thereupon ensued and was only terminated by the fortunate advent of a sympathetic trustee of the Art Museum, who called a couple of policemen and enabled me to return my garment to its proper position.

About a month later the society obtained permission from the mayor to carry out its chartered purposes, provided it erected a frame work or screen around such statues as it wished to improve. Unfortunately, the society has no funds, but one of their members, a competent second-story man, after consulting the "Burglars' Blue Book," i. e., the Brookline tax record (that town requiring all taxpayers to furnish a list of jewelry and other valuables to the tax office) was able to locate several pieces of property which seem suitable for converting into cash. For reasons, which it is unnecessary to go into, he failed in this, and a compromise was arrived at by which the owners of the property were to furnish the boards and other material for the screens on condition that they were finally returned to them, it being stipulated that the boards were to remain until the trousers had been pressed, and, to insure this, the jewelry was not to be returned until all operations were completed.

As you will observe, some of these screens have already been erected and my trousers were sent out. They were to have been returned on Dec. 13.

However, the second-story man of the society above referred to was called in by the draft, and having described himself to the authorities as an upper-deck hand, was shipped as such on one of the transports, and the only thing that has been heard from him since is a wireless message, stating that he had received my trousers from the presser and had left them and the jewelry in a secret hiding place which he described by wireless as "in a bunker on the only unmistakable hole on the golf course." On my appealing to the society, since the weather is extremely cold and the presence of the loosely joined pine boards seems to add to the uncomfortable draught, it declined to take any further steps, and informed me that if I wanted the trousers I must procure them myself.

After spending three interminable and chilly nights on golf courses in the neighborhood, endeavoring to locate and excavate my trousers, I was obliged to give the matter up on account of rheumatism, and as the matter stands now there seems to be no hope of obtaining them for several months, as I understand the transport carrying the second-story man has been ordered to the Mediterranean.

Under the circumstances you will, I feel sure, give publicity to this situation in your column and will endeavor to persuade any friends you may have to furnish me with a small oil stove temporarily, also a divining rod.

UNPLICATUS.

MacGill's Bed

Mrs. MacGill's readings from her husband's work has enabled her to endow two beds, named "The London Irish" in memory of his regiment, and "The Patrick MacGill" in the King Edward Memorial Hospital, Ealing. Over the last named are these lines, written by MacGill:

This is your bed, and I hope you'll be gay in it;
Peace and contentment be yours while you stay in it;
This wish of mine will be yours, I've no doubt of it,
Soft be your bed, but I wish you well out of it.

Query

Why in certain parts of Sicily is it considered improper for women to use umbrellas even in a pelting rain?

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "General John Regan," a play in three acts by George A. Birmingham. First performance in Boston.

Horace P. Billing	Nicholas Joy
Timothy Doyle	Cameron Matthews
Mary Ellen	Doris Sawyer
Sergeant Colgan, R. I. C.	N. Murray Stephens
Constable Moriarty, R. I. C.	J. Lesler West
Thaddeus Golligher	Fred W. Permain
Major Kent	Leonard Craske
Dr. Lucius O'Grady	H. Conway Wingfield
Mrs. Gregg	Viola Roach
Mrs. DeCourcy	Jessamine Newcombe
C. Gregg	Edwin Cushman
Rev. Father McCormack	Frederick Annerley
Tom Kerrigan	J. Lesler West
Lord Alfred Blakeney	Leon Gordon

This amusing picture of life in an Irish village and the testing of the spirit of the community by an astute American looking for entertainment and willing to pay for it, might well be ranked among some of the most delightful productions made known here by the company from the Abbey Theatre.

The charm of the piece lies in its dialogue and its characterizations, chiefly masculine, for Mary Ellen and the wrangling ladies, Gregg and DeCourcy worried by the usual provincial question of precedence, play but a small part in the development of the theme. Dr. O'Grady, a royal liar; Timothy Doyle, the hotel keeper, a curious blend of shrewdness and nonchalance; Thaddeus Golligher, editor of the Connaught Eagle, choleric and richly endowed with the gift of gab, Fr. McCormack; Maj. Kent, an impassioned arguer—all of these are rare types. Their meeting in the coffee room of Doyle's Hotel when final arrangements for the erecting and presentation of the statue were discussed, provided unusual entertainment.

The Jewett Players were excellently cast. Mr. Wingfield as Dr. O'Grady was suave, unfailingly resourceful, convincing in his untruthfulness. Mr. Mathews, with a rich and genuine brogue and a capital make-up, was a realistic Doyle. Mr. Permain's explosive Golligher and Mr. Annerly's Fr. McCormack were clever character studies that would with difficulty be improved upon. Nor should Miss Sawyer's Mary Ellen, blunt and unabashed, be overlooked, while Mr. Gordon gave an admirable impersonation of a bored diplomat utterly lacking in sense of humor. The scene of the unveiling of the statue was well contrived.

Last evening there were special features to celebrate the occasion of ladies' night and New Year's party of the Pilgrim Publicity Association. Men from the United States naval service were guests. Between the first and second acts selections from the Pilgrims' Song Book, led by Amos E. Russell, were sung, while James C. Higgins later gave recitations from newspaper poets. Following the play there was a buffet supper and dance.

Next week Maugham's "Land of Promise" will be presented.

D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" a Striking and Magnificent Spectacle.

D. W. Griffith's striking and elaborate film spectacle, "Intolerance," was shown for the first time in Boston at the Globe Theatre yesterday afternoon. Those who had heard rumors of the picture's magnificence were not disappointed.

Depicting love's struggle throughout the ages, Mr. Griffith has displayed extraordinary cunning in linking the revelry and warfare of the ancients with conditions of modern life. Throughout two acts and a prologue practically every phase of intolerance, the curse of humanity, is represented, including the intolerance of nations, religions and individuals.

The theme is told in four stories. In the modern story Mr. Griffith shows the external conflict between capital and labor and the unhappiness brought about by the hysterical methods of reform. In the Judean story Christ is seen performing miracles, preaching love and tolerance, lashed by the Roman soldiery, crucified. France in the middle ages is the setting of the third story. Catherine de Medicis brings about the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Henry of Navarre and Coligny are seen at court. The fourth story, the most superb in the matter of accessories and gorgeous settings, concerns ancient Babylon. The romance of Belshazzar with the Princess Beloved, the war with Cyrus the Persian.

While in the first story Mr. Griffith has shown his usual skill in the management and grouping of large numbers of men and women, as in the strike scenes, while the scenes at the court of France are regal and impressive, his treatment of the fourth story baffles description and defies criticism as an achievement in the art of motion photography. The religious ceremonies connected with the worship of Ishtar, the feast of Belshazzar with dancing girls and sswaying priestesses, the extraordinary views of Babylon itself, the scenes of deadly warfare carried on between Belshazzar and Cyrus the Persian, delight and thrill the spectator. Camels and elephants appear in this story, while another feature is the reproduction and clever manipulation of cumbersome implements of war. Mr. Griffith, a master of details, has also triumphed in the costuming of the Babylonian tale.

An excellent cast, including well known film actors and actresses, Walter Long, Tully Marshal, Alfred Paget, Robert Lawler, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Vera Lewis, Miriam Cooper, Constance Talmadge and Seena Owen, interpret the picture with full dramatic significance.

'FOREST FIRE' BACK AT KEITH'S

Langdon McCormick's spectacular melodrama of the Northwest, "The Forest Fire," featuring Sylvia Bidwell, is the headline attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased. This is the third presentation of this act at this theatre, and with the exception of Miss Bidwell and Mart Hickey, who plays the role of the Northwest mounted policeman, the cast is entirely new.

The Watson sisters, Fannie and Kitty, are back again with a lot of new chatter. This is the team that has often been accused of padding their act with an abundance of gush, much of their "business" is passed off with the attempt to create the impression of extemporaneous comedy and is now an old story, yet last evening an unlooked for feature occurred when Fannie measured her length—and she is of the Amazonian type—to the four points of the compass on the floor.

One of the most interesting features on the bill was the act of Sam Mann and company in Aaron Hoffman's philosophical farce, "The Question." The piece is played with the requisite lightness and speed so essential to farce. Mr. Mann is a comedian who knows the value of restraint; he does not force things and believes that something should be left to the imagination of the audience.

Other acts were Bob Matthews and company in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; Rockwell and Wood, in one of the best laugh getters on the bill; Grace Carlisle and Jules Romer, in an instrumental and vocal act; Caites brothers, in a dancing act, with the assistance of the indispensable George Williams, and the Eddy duo, entertainers in mid-air.

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A writer in last Sunday's Herald strongly recommends goat's milk, and adds that the goat can easily be housed in a dry goods box. If there is not room for the box in the kitchen or in the parlor, it might be put on the roof. If it is possible, procure a goat of Cepalenia, for these goats, according to Aristotle, Myndius and Aelianus drink only once or twice in six months. "They turn themselves to the winds or cold air of the Sea and by yawning suck into their mouths or bellies that which serveth them instead of water." A word of caution: Galen, the justly celebrated Galen, wrote that if goat's milk be drunk without honey, water and salt, it curdleth in the belly of a man like a cheese and strangleth him. Whether goats breathe through their ears, as Alemacon and Archelaus maintained, is still a disputed question. The Sardinians, wearing garments of goatskin, insist that these skins warm them in winter and cool them in summer: "The hairs growing upon those skins are a cubit long, therefore the man that weareth them in Winter time, turneth the hairy side next to his body, and so is warmed by it; and in Summer, the ray side, and so the hair keepeth the Sun from piercing his skin and violence of heat." We note an experiment of Albertus Magnus: "If goat's blood be taken warm, with vinegar and the juice of hay and the like be boiled with glass, it makes the glass soft like paste, and it may be thrown against a wall, and will not break, and if the aforesaid be poured into a vase, and the face anointed with it, strange and horrible things will appear, and the man will think that he must die."

Mr. Holworthy Hall

Dear "As the World Wags":

I am a girl who works, but I read your column, though I don't always understand what you and your friends mean. Holworthy Hall is a writer recommended to us girls who like love stories, but in a recent number of a popular magazine I find this: "The conversation with her mother had set her inhibitions in concrete." I have looked up "inhibitions" in the dictionary and find it means "restraint," "prohibition," and of course I know there is another kind of concrete besides the Portland cement kind. This sentence has caused me great distress. Am I more ignorant than other girls of my kind, or is Mr. Hall catering to a higher class of intelligence than mine?

Anyhow, I should like to know what it means, so would you or some of your learned contributors please translate?

MARGARET MERLEY.

Boston.

P. S.—My aunt, who used to be a school teacher, says she never heard of anything like it.

Bores

As the World Wags:

Your prescription for getting rid of bores may be a good one, but I have never tried it, so I cannot speak from personal experience. When I am bored till further endurance is impossible, I ask the bore whether he has ever read John G. Saxe's poem entitled, "My Familiar." He generally answers, No, and I then tell him that it is a gem and proceed to read it to him, of which the first stanza is as follows:

Again I hear that creaking step—
He's rapping at the door—
Too well I know the boding sound
That ushers in a bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But Heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes—but never goes!

Unless the bore is duller than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, the reading of that poem to him gives him to understand that his room is considered better than his company and he betakes himself to fresh woods and pastures new. SPECTATOR.

Brookline.

The Gravedigger

As the World Wags:

While digging graves for the "ungrammatical Huns" who murder the English language, why not save a large corner plot for the "equally as" and "no other alternative" barbarian?

Cambridge. F. N.

The One Foundation

A Banff lad at the front sends to the Banffshire Journal an amusing episode of the great war. The padre of a famous regiment wished to hold a service, and had secured the willing help of the men in erecting a rostrum. The usual set of miscellaneous articles, mostly ration boxes, went to its construction. On the opening hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," being given out, a broad grin in the front row of the congregation rapidly communicated itself to the rear. The bewildered chaplain descended to inquire, when a sympathetic Scot pointed to the inscription on the leading box of the platform—"Johnnie Walker Whiskey, born 1820, still going strong."—London Daily Chronicle.

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Thoreau himself, and in spite of his protestations, is an instance of even extreme research in one direction; and his effort after heroic utterance is proved not only by the occasional finish, but by the determined exaggeration of his style: "I trust you realize what an exaggeration I am—that I lay myself out to exaggerate," he writes. And again, hinting at the explanation: "Who that has heard a strain of music feared lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever?"

Lost—A Hound, a Bay Horse and a

Turtle Dove

As the World Wags:

Lately I have been rereading Thoreau as a relief from the depressing stock market reports, the European war, the cold wave and the sugar shortage. Thoreau had the high cost of living beaten to a frazzle. For two years he lived on the shores of Lake Walden in Concord in a cabin which he built with his own hands at a money cost of $28.12½. His profits from his little farm the first season were $8.71½, which is better than many New Hampshire farmers did last year. His total living expenses for eight months were $8.74. In addition to what he raised and bought, he sometimes shot and cooked a woodchuck, or caught a mess of fish in the lake. His wood he stole. Thoreau lived an ideal life from the point of view of a man who is fond of his own society.

In "Walden," the most read of his books, the product of his journal while he lived a recluse in his cabin on the shores of the lake by the same name, occurs a paragraph which I never have fully understood. It is this:

"I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken to concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who have heard the hound, and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

I read the above extract to my son, who is in grammar school, and he said it presented no difficulties to him. It meant just what it said. Mr. Thoreau had lost a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove. The proper thing was to advertise for them in the papers, and offer a reward to the finder. This reply of my son convinced me that he had never met with a loss similar to Thoreau's, and so could not give me any light on the subject.

Among the contributors to your department are men and women of culture and of mighty minds. There is Mr. Herkimer Johnson, clubman, sociologist, member of many learned societies. I do not look for help from him. He seems to me a Gradgrind, a man of vast erudition but of limited sympathies; his eyes are turned to the earth and not to the stars. But you have among your contributors men of wide and diversified interests, men who have sailed the seven seas, men who remember the days of their youth, men in whom adventure, romance and speculation are not atrophied. I look to them for help. Perhaps Dr. Crockett in his travels may have caught sight of the hound, the bay horse and the turtle dove, and can tell me all about them. TIMOTHY SALTMARSH.

Hampton, N. H.

Mr. Saltmarsh in a paragraph that he struck out—we therefore do not feel at liberty to quote it in full—suggests that Thoreau was referring to his youth. Thoreau was not old when he wrote "Walden"—"yet something had gone out of his life." "The hound, bay horse, and turtle dove are clearly symbols. But symbols of what? And why a bay horse? The hound may symbolize the freedom of youth, the bay horse its strength and fearlessness, the turtle dove its innocence. . . . Now I do not feel fully satisfied that my interpretation of Thoreau's symbols is correct." The passage quoted has long fascinated us. We, too, as no doubt many others, have wondered what it means. Mr. Saltmarsh asks why the horse was a bay horse. Walt Whitman wrote: "And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me." Why again "bay"? The line was written in 1855. "Walden" was published in 1854. Was not the Morgan horse then reckoned the best of horses? Or did the sound of "bay" appeal to the two more than the word black, gray, dapple? Mr. Saltmarsh does not know Mr. Herkimer Johnson, whose head is often in the stars. Let Mr. Saltmarsh read carefully the marvellous sentence in Hazlitt's Essay on Coleridge (the third essay in "The Spirit of the Age"), one of the longest, if not the longest sentences in English literature, occupying nearly five pages in the first edition (1825). Then he will understand the myriad-minded John [illegible]. Mr. Herkimer Johnson has also busted himself with "Vibrations and vibratiuncles and the great law of association that binds all things in its mystic chain"; he is deep-read in Malebranche and Cudworth; he has summered and wintered with Proclus and Plotinus, "entered the third heaven with Jacob Behmen, and walked hand in hand with Swedenborg through the pavilions of the New Jerusalem"; he has socked with Socrates and ripped with Euripides; he has "bathed his heart in beauty, and gazed at the golden light of heaven, and drank of the spirit of the universe, and wandered at eve by fairy stream or fountain." A wonderful man, this Mr. Johnson; we are proud of his acquaintance; he honors us even when he "touches" us. —Ed.

"Political" and "Politician"

As the World Wags:

Referring to the note by Mikros on the use of the word "political," it seems possible that Macaulay had no intention of exhibiting it as an East Indian Company colloquialism for "diplomatic." There is, in England, the analogous use of "politician," meaning a student of history, a person acquainted with, and, interesting himself in, past and contemporary political events—widely differing from the American application to which more or less odium attaches.

In this way, Bolingbroke, in the cited passage, may have been simply urging his correspondent, Matthew Prior, to bring his recognized skill as a politician, in the meritorious English sense, to bear on the problems confronting him at Utrecht.

An Englishman does not "go into politics" when he becomes a candidate for or member of, one or more of the numerous governing bodies for which he is eligible. J. S. H.

Beverly.

Jan 7 1917

GEBHARD PLAYS WITH QUARTET

By PHILIP HALE

The American String Quartet (Gertrude Marshall, Ruth Stickney, Adeline Packard, Hazel l'Africain) and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, gave a concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: G. Faure, piano quartet, G minor, No. 2, op. 45; Debussy, sonata for violin and piano (Miss Marshall and Mr. Gebhard); Franck, piano quintet in F minor. There was a large audience.

The less familiar compositions were those by Faure and Debussy. The program stated that the latter's violin sonata was played in Boston for the first time. The statement was incorrect. The sonata was played here by Messrs. Nowieki and Copeland last Sunday night in Symphony Hall. It has been performed, we understand, by Messrs. Eichheim and Charles of this city in New York and other cities.

Admiring Debussy as we do, knowing that in the history of music he will stand out as one of the great innovators, we find little interest and still less beauty in this sonata. The three movements are serappy, not rhapsodically compelling. Not one of them has a sustained mood, short as the movements are; not one of them contains hints at a mood. There are those who swoon at the name of Debussy, or at least roll their eyes skyward, and believe in his plenary inspiration. It seems to us that of late years, possibly on account of his dangerous illness from which he is now recovering, it is said, he is running to "emptins"; that while he preserves his idiom, his music is only a faint echo of that which has gone before; or that he writes as one imitating Debussy, copying the mannerisms, speaking with the composer's voice, but without musical ideas.

Faure's piano quartet is now over 30 years old, but how modern it is, as modern as music of Couperin, pages of "The Marriage of Figaro," or Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," for modernity in art is not a matter of the years. Vincent d'Indy has said of Gabriel Faure that his "melodic-harmonic" invention is such that the melody, being closely bound to its subtle harmonies, can not be easily disengaged. This is hardly true of the quartet, for the four movements abound in ravishing and haunting themes, which must appeal to anyone that has any aural sense of beauty. The second movement has a wild, a demoniacal spirit that one is not accustomed to associate with Faure's music which, as a rule, is of intimate nature, the work of a singularly sensitive musician, whose refinement and elegance are aristocratic. In this quartet there are repetitions, however, which would become wearisome, were it not for the sheer charm of the subject that is repeated, a charm that masters the composer himself. What will the world think of Faure 50 years from now? We doubt if his music will ever be popular in the odious sense. There is a popularity that soon varies the one overpraised. We believe that in the years to come Faure will be recognized as one of the chief originators of the French school as it exists today; that his exquisite talent will excite the admiration of those who will be deaf to music that now excites the crowd, if by chance that music is then heard, even in "historical concerts."

The quartet was most sympathetically performed.

Adamowski Trio Again Appears in Concert

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, pianist; Timothee Adamowski, violinist; Joseph Adamowski, cellist, and Mme. Leveroni, contralto, give a concert at Tremont Temple last evening. The program was as follows: Rubinstein, trio, B flat major; Ponchielli, aria from "Gioconda"; Chopin, nocturne C minor, etude, F minor; Liszt, Hungarian rhapsody No. 2; Paderewski, Melodie; Adamowski, Mazur; Foote, Tranquility; Saar, The Moon and the Star; Ronald, A Little Winding Road; Beach, Just for This.

The members of the Adamowski trio, accomplished both as soloists and players of ensemble music, now devote their time largely to teaching and are seldom heard together in public. The opportunity afforded last evening was therefore the more enjoyable. The program was attractive, well chosen. The trios by Rubinstein and Mendelssohn were played with understanding, spirit and distinction.

Mme. Szumowska's playing of Chopin's music has besides crispness and elegance a certain feminine charm of its own. She gave a brilliant but not too thunderous performance of Liszt's rhapsody. Mr. Timothee Adamowski, who accompanied by his brother played Paderewski's Melodie and his own Mazur, easily convinced the audience by the beauty and emotional quality of his tone and his sound technical equipment that he should be heard more often.

Mme. Leveroni, a reliable singer, also gave pleasure. An audience of good size was appreciative and the program was lengthened.

It all started with the question of a correspondent concerning the placing of buttons on the right side of a coat. Contributors wrote about the symbolism and folk-lore of buttons in New England, Old England, and finally surveyed the Japanese at home.

In Old Japan

As the World Wags:

Pray pardon my delay in answering your questions in re girdles vs. buttons, frogs, et als. in Japanese dress.

To make assurance doubly sure for the sake of the wagging world, I submitted my facts to the head of the Japan and China department at the Museum of Fine Arts, and his statement is so complete that I send it bodily instead of my own.

A haori is a man's outer garment, thick or thin, coming to the knees only. It hangs loose outside the girdle, is not crossed, and in the present day is fastened, 99 times in 100, by two heavy pieces of silk braid, or cord, about six inches long, tied in a knot as definitely conventional as that of a cravat with us.

A hifu is the corresponding ladies' garment. A kappa (the two p's pronounced separately, as in Italian) is a raincoat. Both these latter are habitually fastened nowadays by a loop and a button or frog.

The fact that all three are always worn outside the girdle, or old-fashioned sword-belt, is perhaps the reason that the old pictures sometimes look as if there was no girdle at all. W. S. B.

Boston.

"What you say about kimono, obi, etc., is, I believe, correct. In A. D. 719 an imperial order was issued to the effect that the people of Japan should close their garments from left to right, and from the rule then laid down they have never varied except, as you say, in the cases of convicts and corpses, though the practice in regard to convicts has, apparently, become less uniform of late years. Judging by some of the crude, clay figures which have been found in prehistoric graves, there was a time—long before the introduction of Chinese culture—when the Japanese fastened their garments by means of buttons, or frogs, and loops, just as a haori, a kappa or a hifu is fastened nowadays; but the use of the obi in one form or another is of unknown, remote antiquity, and there is no indication that the kimono was ever held together by any other means. In this connection you will, of course, remember that the ideograph tai by which the word obi is expressed in writing, is quite general in meaning, and may be used to denote a girdle, sash, belt, bandage, scarf, tape, ribbon, etc., without reference to the material—leather, silk and the like—of which any one of them may happen to be made. In form, the obi has varied from a cord to a strip of woven fabric, or sash, 12 inches wide, and these variations have been controlled both by changing fashions and by fixed traditions governing the dresses worn on ceremonial occasions.

"Does the foregoing information cover your point? I hope so.

Boston. J. E. LODGE, Curator."

The Household Doctor

As the World Wags:

I have just run across "A Treatise of the Great Antidoto of Paracelsus, Van Helmont and Cronlim and by them called the Elixir Proprietatic." The elixir is composed of equal parts of myrrh, aloes, and saffron kept at a gentle heat for two months and distilled them in an alembic. The virtues of all natural balsams are contained in this wonderful medicine, and it doth above any other medicine keep back old age. It cures the obstructions of the lungs, called asthma, palsy, atrophy, tabes, all agues; and a man that had taken the Holy Sacrament and the extreme unction, being so far wasted with the third day ague, was cured by this medicine in a few days. It prevents popular infections and infectious airs and pestilential fevers, removes all pestiferous humors in the stomach and bowels, and cures all pains there; takes away the obstructions of the brain, curing vertigo, meagrim, the dimness of sight, comforts the memory, prevents the palsy and gout, quickens the intellects and all the senses, breaks the stone in the reins or bladder, comforts the heart and expels melancholy, and takes away that intolerable pain in the belly called the iliacus passio; carries away salt humors invisibly and all surfeits from intemperance of diet or drink; cures the third day ague and the hectic fever, and brings forth congested blood and speedily heals inward wounds; further, all diseases proceeding either from heat or cold, this medicine doth by an occult property heal.

The treatise goes on and gives a number of cures that seem to me to recommend it highly, and I should like to try a bottle. The statement is made that the elixir can be procured at Cronched Fryer's near Tower hill. This I presume is in London. Sea-voyages, however, are not now approved by physicians. The medicine seems to be a proprietary one. Is there any place in Boston where this "Great Antidoto" can be bought? M. J. C.

Boston.

"Mrs. Vashti Skilton"

As the World Wags:

Horrors on horror's head accumulate! As if the world was not already full enough of misery and woe, some careless, at least, if not ignorant, women have wounded the tender sensibilities of "E. A. W." by using the prefix "Mrs." in signing their communications to the newspapers. In his "experience it has always been a mark of gross ill-breeding," which, as Truthful James would say, "is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts." I venture to say that some at least of these offending ill-bred women would never carry their ill-breeding so far as to call attention to so trivial a solecism, using the word in one of its meanings. I have always found in my experience the well-bred woman glossing over such breaches of custom, etiquette or what not, certainly never calling attention to them. Servants reflect the manners and breeding of the household wherein employed. A maid in a thoroughly well-bred household if known to have made about guest or correspondent the remark quoted by "E. A. W." would have been sharply reprimanded, if not dismissed and serve her right. H. H. S.

Providence, R. I.

Jan 5 1918

SYMPHONY GIVES 11TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 11th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schumann overture to "Genoveva"; Dohnanyi, concert piece in D major for

orchestra and violoncello (Mr. Warnke violoncellist); Hendel, Concerto Grosso in D minor op. 6, No. 10; Ropartz, Symphony No. 4 in C major; Ravel, Second Suite from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe."

The introduction of Schumann's overture is still impressive, music hinting at a tragedy, music that puts the hearer in a sombre, yet expectant, mood. The Allegro that follows is below it in invention and in workmanship. There is a striving after passionate expression, but the pashion is fitfully feverish, not deep-rooted. The music is not dramatic, in the sense that other opera-overtures suggest the stage, as the overture to "Don Giovanni," the great overtures of Beethoven, the overture to "Der Freischutz," to name only classic examples. Schumann's genius was lyrical, not dramatic, and in this Allegro there is not the rushing, spontaneous flow of high-strung feeling. That his instrumentation is thin, ill considered, in the nature of patchwork, is an old story.

Concertos for the violoncello are as a rule abomination in the sight of the Lord and in the ear of the hearer. There are a few exceptions, as the first one of Saint-Saens. We should like to hear Mr. Loeffler's again. Dohnanyi is to be thanked for writing his concerto in the form of an orchestral piece with violoncello obligato and without the arbitrary divisions. The stopping-places for violoncellists to wipe their manly brows and bow gracefully in recognition of the awaited applause. Dohnanyi is also to be thanked for treating the solo instrument as a purveyor of melodic passages, not as a showman of florid measures. Walt Whitman, hearing the violoncello, then heard the "voice of the young man's complaint." The violoncellist too often does not remind one of Werther or Chateaubriand's hero suffering from romantic melancholy and premature disillusionment; he delights in the bravura display that Hanslick of Vienna compared to the chasing of flies up and down the instrument. Now Dohnanyi has written music that does not obtrude preposterously the violoncello. Its entrance is here welcome; its visits are of discreet length. It has something to say; its speech is agreeable, at times poetic. These are fine things in this concert piece. There is also at the end "linked sweetness (too) long drawn-out." Mr. Warnke played in a warm and eminently agreeable manner.

Handel's Concerto, as Max Seiffert arranged it, was played here last season. Again Dr. Muck, as a pianist (the piano taking the place of the cembalo), played and conducted. It was a pleasure to hear this sturdy music, with allegros essentially English, music of roast beef and strong ale, music that is stirring, great in its simplicity and rhythmic force. And in the Air is revealed Handel. The melodist, the born melodist, to be ranked thus as a favored child of nature with Mozart, Rossini, Schubert—one is tempted to add Oppenbach.

The symphony of Ropartz made a deeper impression than it did three years ago, when the influence of Cesar Franck was perhaps unduly considered as its chief characteristic. There are many pages of individual feeling. There are others that seem labored, perfunctory, not essential. It is a question whether a work in this from does not suffer from the length of continuity. "To be played without pause" may reassure some that are secretly timid at concerts, but ears need rest for a moment, especially after a serious composition is the fourth on a program.

Ravel's charming, dazzling, exciting Suite was played for the second time this season at the request of many.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week.

It is a pleasure to know that Marie Corelli has ben fined $250 and $100 costs for hoarding sugar. Miss Corelli has made herself conspicuous since England went into the war by writing hysterically in the Pall Mall Gazette against wasteful, extravagant women. She defended herself by saying that the sugar was to be used in making jam. If she had been called before Mr. Justice Darling, who should be a writer of traditional English burlesques, he would undoubtedly have replied: "Jam satis."

There are women in Boston who have no sense of shame, turning deaf ears to Mr. Hoover, Mr. Endicott and the many patriotic housewives. When there was such a shortage of sugar here that only a little could be doled out, and in many instances none could be had, we heard a young unmarried woman boast that she had procured 100 pounds through "personal influence." She plumed herself on having done a smart thing. It would be interesting to know who the person was that accommodated the young woman.

For Miss Merley

As the World Wags

I am sorry my brother Holworthy's English has caused Miss Merley such perplexity. The horrible thing about it is that it is Miss Merley's higher education and not Holworthy's, that has caused all the trouble. Judged from her letter, she seems to be a very estimable young woman of naive common sense—fun loving, perhaps even capable of a practical joke at times. At any rate, a happy contrast to the wizened purists who invade your columns with their shuddering horrror at "equally as" and "the fact that" and "who and whom" and "what and which."

But here she has curiously fallen into the pit of her own pedantry. If her erudition had not led her away from the common or garden variety of concrete all would have been well. Holworthy assures me that the concrete he refers to is the Portland cement kind, none other. He also says that he used "inhibition" in the sense of "restraint," not of "prohibition"; that although his heroine was a total abstainer, still she had no narrow convictions on the subject. He adds that he might have said: "The conversation with her mother had solidified her restraint," but it would then have lost its Masonic significance.

On learning of the incident he begged me to convey his regrets and apologies to Miss Merley and her worthy aunt, and explained the matter to me as I have set forth above. I trust this explanation will set her mind at rest.

Cambridge. HOLLIS HALL.

Governor Rusk

"Shawshin" wrote about Gov. Rusk and the saying attributed to him: "I seen my duty and I done it." Mr. L. R. Robinson now writes: "I attended the jubilation meeting in Milwaukee, was seated not far from Gov. Rusk, and he actually made those remarks in exactly the language quoted. I presume you New Englanders think old Jerry Rusk was uneducated. Not on your life. There are certain old-timers who employ homely language when talking with neighbors, while they themselves are educated to a high degree. This custom prevails in Kentucky perhaps more than elsewhere. Rusk was a man of deep learning. I've even heard him pronounce 'chiaroscuro' (I wonder if I've spelled the damn word correctly), and he understood what it meant, too."

Lady and Piazza

As the World Wags:

Apropos of our discussion last summer of "lady"-wife, I have within a few weeks run across two instances so modern that they rather surprise me. One occurs in Horace Bleackley's Life of John Wilkes, just published. Unluckily I failed to note the page, but it is in the very early part of the volume. The other instance is in T. Russell Sullivan's Journal, also just published. Under date of June 25, 1895, he says: "Passed this night at Nahant to say farewell to 'Senator Lodge and his Lady,' who go abroad for six months next week" (p. 140). You will observe that Sullivan uses quotation marks. In another place (p. 195) he speaks, when in Washington, of "Cabinet Ladies." Obviously "Cabinet Ladies" are the wives of members of the cabinet. Possibly it is the custom in Washington to speak of the "ladies" of senators and representatives. You asked whether I really supposed that, when Smith registered as "John Smith and Lady," Smith was aware that a century or more ago a wife was commonly called "lady." No, of course not, but nevertheless, as it seems to me, his use of the word is merely a survival—just as, in a recent editorial in the Herald, a writer pointed out that Christian festivals, like Easter, etc., were survivals of pagan times. Of course, there is no doubt about the fact, though the "man in the street" is not aware of it.

A short time ago you spoke of our use of "piazza." A full account will be found in the New York Nation of June 1, 1899, lxviii., 416. That was written before the section of the Oxford Dictionary was published, but too late for the examples there quoted to be used in the dictionary—except some that I had already sent Murray. The earliest instance I have of the peculiarly English use of the word occurs in Act ii., Scene i., of Thomas Nabbes's "Covent Garden: A Pleasant Comedie: Acted in the yeare MDCXXXII." (probably January, 1632-33) and first printed in 1638:

Susan. Who? Mr. Spruce? but have you challeng'd him?

Warrant. Yes, with all due forme and circumstance. The weapon single Raplor; the place the Piazzi; the time this moone-shine night presently before supper.

The evolution of our meaning of the word is certainly curious. A. M.

Boston.

THE Henry Jewett Players began their repertory season at the Copley Theatre with a performance of "Barry's First Play," that even hardened theatregoers pronounced excellent. Mr. Jewett manfully withstood the temptation of making up the critics in the prologue so that they should resemble in face and arrangement of hair the young and old lions of the Boston newspapers.

The second play was "General John Regan," by Canon J. O. Hannay, known as "George A. Birmingham." Its dramatic quality is slight. The worth of the play is in its vivid characterization of Irish villagers of great and less local importance and in the racy dialogue. We have not seen the printed play. Did Mr. Joy, who took the part of the hustling American, introduce slang of this country? The motive of the drama is of universal application. If the villagers, the high officials and the British Museum had never heard of Gen. Regan that was no reason why the "liberator of Bolivia" should not have a statue in his honor. As one of the villagers remarks: There are many statues erected to men whom nobody knew or knows. Tom Corwin said to his son, calling his attention to a statue: "My son, statues are erected to solemn asses." Corwin knew that he had suffered politically from his wit, as did "Sunset" Cox, and later Thomas B. Reed. It is true that the committee for the Regan monument bought a statue of a graveyard sculptor that had been ordered for another man than the general; but did not some years ago a statue stand in the Public Garden of Boston in honor of a soldier in our civil war; a statue that came from a stone cutter's yard and did not bear the slightest resemblance to the soldier commemorated? The performance at the Copley Theatre was excellent. Certain parts stood out because they were inherently the fattest. Mr. Permain's Golligher, the flamingly patriotic editor, was admirably conceived and carried out. No one will soon forget his conviction that he had heard the tune of "Rule Britannia" before, or his behavior when he mistook "The Wearing o' the Green" for that British anthem. Capital, too, for its lightness and plausibility was the impersonation of the astonishingly resourceful Dr. O'Grady, by Mr. Wingfield. Mr. Matthews's Doyle was appropriately and unctuously commercial. Mr. Gordon was the bored and officially ignorant gentleman from Dublin to the life. Miss Sawyer was pretty even in her dirt and tattered garments. The other women of the company had little to do. Miss Roach, an attractive Mrs. Gregg, should carry herself better. In a standing position she was unnecessarily stiff and awkward. Why did not Miss Newcombe, as Mrs. De Courcy, present the illuminated address in the scene of the unveiling? Was her absence from the stage on Wednesday night in accordance with the dramatist's intention? She was a dashing figure in the first act when she entered with her well-behaved dog.

Return of "The Land of Promise"

Beginning tomorrow night, the Henry Jewett Players will perform "The Land of Promise," a play in four acts by W. Somerset Maugham.

This play was produced at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Ct., on Nov. 26, 1913. The chief parts were thus cast: Norah Marsh, Billie Burke; Edward Marsh, Lumsden Hare; Gertrude Marsh, Lillian Kingsbury; Frank Taylor, Shelley Hull.

The play was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Dec. 25, 1913.

It came to Boston (Hollis Street Theatre) on March 2, 1914, with the same company, except for the substitution of Vincent Sternroyd for Henry Warwick in the part of James Wickham. Gwladys Morris then took the part of Dorothy Wickham. Was this not the Miss Morris that afterward joined the Henry Jewett Players?

The first performance in London was at the Duke of York's Theatre, Feb. 26, 1914. Norah Marsh, Irene Van Brugh; Edward Marsh, C. V. France; Gertrude Marsh, Marion Ashworth; Frank Taylor, Godfrey Tearle.

There was a revival in London at the New Theatre on Feb. 9, 1917, when G. H. Mulcaster took the part of Taylor.

Did Mr. Maugham write the play for Miss Billie Burke? If he did so, he must have written with his tongue in his cheek, for the part of Norah is a strongly dramatic one, wholly unsuited to the bubbling and bounding Miss Burke, who in her better momenta reminds one of a bottle of ginger pop. Miss Burke belongs to the class of actresses that are admired by some as "possessing a pleasing personality." She may romp about in an effervescent manner in a girlish, hoydenish way; but she is not a well schooled actress, and is utterly incapable of emotional display.

"The Land of Promise" aroused hot discussion in London. The Daily Chronicle (Mr. Littlewood) spoke of it as "a really fine, strong, sincere, big play—a play that makes one forget all the varnished artificialities he was wasting his time over in the first tempting years of success—a play worth writing." The Daily Telegraph said: "Every inch of it is clever in its choice and its handling of material, and much of it comes with the excitement of a vivid picture of strange life, and some of it has about it the force of real fighting wills." The Pall Mall Gazette (Mr. Walbrook): "Mr. Somerset Maugham has broken a long silence with the best play he has written, and perhaps the most real seen on the London atage since Sir A. W. Pinero's 'Mid-Channel.' * * * The real drama—we had almost written the tragedy—came in the third act, and nothing more poignant has been seen for years." The Times (Mr. Walkley) was rather shocked, but not to so great an extent that the critic forgot to weave into his review phrases in Latin and French, after his customary manner. It will be remembered that Norah, on her brother's farm in Manitoba, having quarrelled with her envious and nagging sister-in-law, marries Taylor the hired man, in her desperation. The Times said of this: "Of course it is only out of the frying pan into the fire. For once embarked on a career of theatrical violence, there is no holding in Mr. Maugham. It must be the exciting open Manitoban air! He shows us the young household playing Katherine and Petruchio with the gloves off. Petruchio forces Katherine to kiss him, uses his brawny fist as ultimate argument, frightens the poor woman out of her life, and finishes up with insisting on his full conjugal privileges against his poor victim's will. The inevitable happens—the inevitable in all these Katherine-Petruchio stories, Katherine comes to heel and is not only tamed by brute force, but taught to love her lord. If you protest that this is an old story, Mr. Maugham can retort: 'Yes, but look at my local color.'" Nor was the delicate Mr. Walkly consoled by the sentimental love scene in the last act. He returned to the attack when the play was revived. "No doubt the first duty of drama is to be dramatic, and Mr. Maugham's play is dramatic enough to blow the roof off. The situations hit you bang in the eye, almost hard enough to leave a bruise. Its violence racks your nerves and takes your breath away. Nothing pleases playgoers, for the most part a soft and sedentary race, so much as to be buffeted about in this way, and there is a tempest of applause after every act. * * * The culmination of violence in this play is reached when a delicate, refined woman is shown cowering under the fist of a brutal savage and driven in sheer physical terror to the consummation of a marriage which she had supposed to be a mere form. Does not such a scene overstep the limits of art?"

The Era thought that discussion of the play would concentrate on two points: "(1) Would a rough diamond such as Frank Taylor, Canadian born, of decent instincts and enormous strength of will, force a woman whom he knows holds him in detestation to permit him the full exercise of his conjugal rights? (2) Would any woman, however old-maidish and vixenish, who had reached more than years of discretion, go into voluntary exile on the Canadian prairie with a great big brute of a man and expect him to treat her with the courtesy and consideration of an exquisite of Mayfair?"

The Pall Mall Gazette published this supplementary note: "Whatever may be the fate of 'The Land of Promise,' it has certainly set people talking. During the intervals at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday night Mr. Maugham's play appeared to be almost the only topic of conversation, and very strong views indeed were being expressed. Some were saying it was libel on men, others that it was a slander on women. There were those who said it was so scandalous a misrepresentation of Canadian character as to warrant the agent for the dominion making an official protest; and there were those who protested against the disgraceful travesty of Tunbridge Wells in the first act. And against all these were others who held the diametrically opposite opinion; but among all the controversialists there was not one who said it was a dull play. It was brutal, it was false, it was splendid, it was true, but nobody said it was stupid and every one acknowledged that it was splendidly acted. All of which rather suggests that the public will go to see it and form their own opinion."

It may be added that the Evening Post of New York, admitting that the story was original in the commonly accepted sense in the arrangement of its incidents and personages—found that it awakened "many reminiscences of earlier dramas so widely diverse as 'The Climbers' of Clyde Fitch, 'The Great Divide' of Moody, and 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" The critic took a kindly view of Taylor, describing him as "unsophisticated but sterling."

The London Daily Telegraph of June 16, 1914, published a note from its Paris correspondent stating that the play had been bought by the actress Bertha Bady, "who will bring it out at the Gymnase next season." The war broke out; the play was not produced at the Gymnase in 1914 or in 1915.

Repertory Theatre and Stock Company

Boston has under Mr. Jewett's management a repertory theatre. Some confound a theatre of this nature with a stock company. Anyone that wishes to know of what advantage a repertory theatre is to manager, actor and audience should read the chapter entitled "The Future of Repertory" in Mr. John Palmer's instructive and fearless book "The Future of the Theatre." Speaking of the present prevailing system, he says that the best actors and the less competent are spoiled and artistically degraded. "The system of long runs spoils the best actors, not only by the necessarily fortuitous system of its recruiting, but by the mere fact that it is a system of long runs. A young actor comes into notice. He is cast for some part at a West end theatre. The play

[illegible] What is the [illegible] of the player's art? At [illegible] should be continually [illegible] continually changing his [illegible] in his power to keep [illegible] cycle, to fight against the [illegible] tendency of every artist to become stereotyped and fixed in his manner he is invited to appear night after night in the same piece, to fix for a whole year the tones of his voice and the conduct of his person; to run himself into the same mould. How disastrous this is appears in the fearful examples swarming in the English theatre today of players once of infinite promise, now little better than walking compendiums of tricks and mannerisms from which the life has long since departed—walking caricatures of their dead selves. What a contrast is presented in the system of repertory! . . . Parts will continually be re-allotted. The members of the company will be friends and fellow-craftsmen. The theatre will be their school as well as their stage. Every symptom of that fatal tendency to inelasticity, to the stereotyping of the art of this man or that, will be watched and corrected. As soon as A shows the least sign of being able to play Polonius in his sleep he will be put into Claudius or Laertes. The greater the actor, the more he stands to gain by the change. The introduction of the repertory system means the total abolition of the present conception of a company of players as a group collected about an actor-manager in roles decorously subordinated to his in length and importance." Substitute "star" for "actor-manager" and the remarks have greater force.

Mr. Palmer, whose book was published in London in 1913, has this to say about the stock company: "An interjection is necessary here for the benefit of reverend playgoers who remember the days of the old stock company. The old stock company corresponds in time with the era of the lowest degradation of the English theatre. Believers in the long run, and in the continuous reshuffle of companies responding to the needs of our captains of theatrical industry, may justly argue that their way is at any rate an improvement on the way of Crummles and Nicholas Nickleby. But we cannot allow them to infer from this that their way is better than the repertory or stock company of the future. It is true that the old stock company had a repertory of plays, that runs were short, and the bills frequently changed. But the old stock company had no true resemblance to the new. The old stock company had got, in name, a repertory of plays; but it had not got a repertory of parts. All the plays were the same, and all the parts in the plays. The actor who played old men walked out of 'The Murder of Alice' into 'The Blood of the Innocent.' It was the same play and the same part in the play. M. or N. always played the villain of the piece; and, immediately M. or N. appeared, the audience, as well as he, knew precisely where they were. There was nothing wrong in the old repertory system except that there was no repertory. The remedy for this state of things was the appearance of an English author who could write plays. The degradation of the English theatre of Crummles had nothing to do with the merits of repertory as against the merits of actor-management. The only great periods of English drama have been periods of the stock company. Burbage's company was a stock company; the Globe in Southwark was a repertory theatre. Betterton's was a stock company; the King's House and the Duke's House were repertory theatres."

The Passing of "Barty" and "Barney"

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

The month of December saw the passing of two old Boston favorites, W. H. Bartholemew and H. C. Barnabee, or "Barty" and "Barney" as they were known to their intimates.

I last saw Bartholemew in Philadelphia during the spring of 1907. He had been an inmate of the Forrest Home there but a short time and said that he felt as if an uncle had died and left him a million dollars, and he was enjoying the benefits of his inheritance.

He told me how it happened the Maffitt and he became pantomimists. They were both in John Ellsler's company at Pittsburg, he doing the lighter roles, while Maffitt was playing such parts as the King in "Hamlet." Every evening a farce was played after the principal drama, and in the course of the season their repertoire of farces was about worn out. Bartholemew suggested to the manager that they should try short pantomimes for a change. He could do the pantaloons. When the manager raised the question as to who should be the clown, Bartholemew, much to the manager's surprise, advocated offering Maffitt the chance. The experiment was tried and the partnership of Maffitt and Bartholemew followed, lasting many years.

It is strange that though Henry Clay Barnabee was by birth, breeding and natural inclination a Yankee of the Yankees, he never [illegible] in any way identified with a New England play. The hero of "The Cork Leg" was a Dutchman, Sir Joseph Porter and the Sheriff of Nottingham were Englishmen; Alonzo the Brave and the Tall Young Oysterman were of undefined nationality, but in no case was his role that of a Yankee.

Somewhere about 1870 I remember a performance at Institute Hall in Roxbury of "Snowbound, or Too Late for the Train," presented by Mr. Barnabee, George M. Baker, Wm. H. Lee and Julia Gaylord, all semi-professionals. It would be hard to equal their performance today. George M. Baker afterward became the play publisher. Wm. H. Lee went on the stage shortly afterward, but did not remain long. He was at one time one of Boston's police commissioners. Julia Gaylord went to England and was for years the prima donna of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The following lines were read at the service in the cemetery at Portsmouth, N. H., on December 19th:

HENRY CLAY BARNABEE.
1833—1917.

He who has quickened multitudes to mirth,
Who won their frank applause, their hearty laughter,
Has made a final long farewell to earth,
And sought the pathway to the grand hereafter.

He who so quietly lies here today,
Amid the loving thoughts expressed in flowers,
Already in the blissful faraway,
Has joined the sharers of triumphant hours.

'Twas his to smooth the furrowed brow of care,
By joyous song or droll impersonation,
He made men's troubles easier to bear,
ation.

The long, long life employed in giving joy,
In easing others' woe, at last is ended.
No grief can reach him now, nor pain annoy.
The ties once severed here again are mended.

Where ashes blend with ashes, dust with dust,
Where shines the sun on grass and tender flowers,
We lay him down to rest, in perfect trust
That all is well with him, this friend of ours.

Brookline. QUINCY KILBY.

Notes About the Stage, Music and Musicians

"His Throwbacks," a comedy in three acts by Gerald McNamara, was produced at Belfast Dec. 5. McCart, a shopkeeper in an Irish country town, interested in ancient history, believes that he is descended from King Cormac. Coffey, a book agent, sells him books on the subject and encourages him. Dan Hart, a tramp, brings in an old urn filled with ashes. "An Irish inscription on the urn which McCart, with the aid of Shamus Burns, interprets, reads that whoever inhales the fumes will live for 24 hours in the flesh of his ancestors A. D. 256 in the reign of Cormac. The second act takes place in Tara's Halls in the year 256. The tramp is now King Cormac, while McCart is a slave, rejoicing in the name of Anty, McCart from Ballymacart. At a convention Chief Shenacky (Mr. Coffey, the book agent) discovers a love potion, and with it drugs the delegates' wine. The effect is electrical, and instead of wrangling all is love and harmony. The characters in this act are the ancestors of those appearing in the first act. The characters are now transported back to McCart's shop, where preparations are made for McCart's funeral, but he reappears and relates his experiences during the past 24 hours. Everyone thinks him mad, and more wrangling and recrimination take place. Then Shamus Burns remembers how the Shenacky brought about peace. So he tries the modern equivalent to the philtre—viz. the contents of a bottle in McCart's shop. The effect is instantaneous, and harmony is again restored."

Mme. Pilar-Morin, well remembered as the scapegrace in "L'Enfant Prodigue," took the part of the heroine in "La Cordett," a play of the French revolution, produced in Brooklyn, Dec. 22.

Supreme Court Justice Giegerich in an opinion, dismissing an order for an examination of Henry E. Dixey in supplementary proceedings, held that an actor's dressing room is not a proper place for the transaction of business.

Julian Eltinge has been in Los Angeles for several months making film pictures for the Paramount repertory.

Fred Stone at the end of the season will go to California to begin work on the first of a number of new pictures, under the auspices of the Paramount and Jesse L. Lasky.

Mrs. Christian Hemmick of Washington, D. C., is the author of "When a Woman Loves," produced at Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 17.

Eleanor Gates' new play, "Apron Strings," was performed for the first time Dec. 10, at Lawrence. The Dramatic Mirror gives this account: " 'Apron Strings' is Miss Gates's own dramatization of her latest novel of the same name, and incidents relative to a home in New York where indiscreet women take their children to be taken care of is the base of the plot; the details of this part, however, being most delicately handled by the author. The story unfolds the life of Sue Milo, who is held in restraint by her mother from the attentions of young men, the mother manifesting a feeling of jealousy toward any man who might come between her and her daughter. When the play opens Sue is found in love with a minister, and Sue's brother, Wallace, is rehearsing a wedding march, as he is about to be married. A woman enters, and upon seeing Wallace [illegible] ried exit, and Wallace explains to his mother that she is Miss Clair [illegible] to sing at the wedding. Mrs. Milo becomes curious and follows Miss Clair to her home, where she lives with a girl that she calls her niece. As the plot unravels it discloses the fact that the woman and her niece are the wife and child of the minister, from whom she had run away to live with Wallace, after having lived happily together for a few years. She learns of these facts and marries the minister, and to ease the mind of the child, who has always asked for her mother, that she is her mother. Miss Minnie Dupree, former star of 'The Road to Yesterday,' was engaged for the premiere production, as was also Miss Amelia Summerville. Miss Dupree is booked to open in New York in a few weeks in 'Apron Strings' with a metropolitan company."

Shakespeare and Beethoven figure on the program at the Fulton Theatre as the author and composer of the new Hitchcock-Goetz revue, "Words and Music." Such efforts at honesty are to be commended. De Maupassant, O. Henry, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Chopin and others have long been contributors to the New York stage with no credit assigned them on the program. Only a season or two ago a De Maupassant story found its way to the dramatic stage uncredited by the adapter who, in the case, proudly announced himself as the author.—Dramatic Mirror.

Baltimore Ohio of loads via Rutherfor

The American government has ruled that German plays copyrighted under the international treaty no longer are protected by that act.

Pauline Frederick will be the heroine in a film version of Sardou's "La Tosca."

J. C. Breil, who composed the music for "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance," is now the musical director for Roshanara's tour.

Victor Herbert will conduct the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra this month in place of Ernest Kunwald, put out as an enemy alien.

Paris Sees Several Plays Revived

The Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in Paris opened with a revival of Balzac's "Vautrin." This play produced at the Porte St. Martin March 14, 1840, with Lemaitre as the convict, was frobidden the next day by the censor. Gautier wrote a brilliant page, saying that the piece was no more immoral than the Gazette des Tribunauax. He also said that the play's great fault was a lack of reality; that Lemaitre as Vautrin was "prodigious, dazzing beyond all praise." The present performance was voted in Paris rather dull.

Max Dearly revived "Potash and Perlmutter" at the Varietes, Paris, and the Theatre Rejane revived "Within the Law."

The Paris correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror speaks of Gemier's performances of "The Merchant of Venice," "interesting from an artistic point of view, but from which Shakespeare would never venture to claim royalties."

The same corrrespondent writes: "The first new play given this season at the Comedie-Francaise was 'D'un Jour a l'Autre,' by M. Francis de Croisset. It is an amiable but rather slight comedy, which depends more upon clever lines than upon its theme for success. We can understand the young officer who pretends to be in an easy place behind the lines, to spare his mother, who has heart disease, from anxiety, but it was asking us a good deal to believe that no one in the countryside knew his secret, even the woman he loved. He is very properly disgusted at her disdain, and when she discovers that he is really a hero and offers him her lips, he retreats in disorder. However, like the man in the song, he lives to fight—and kiss—another day." He says that "Mon Oeuvre" at the Athenee showed Georges Berr's bad taste. "As a societaire of the Comedie-Francaise M. Berr has long played the leading roles of Moliere's classics, he has been for some years an able professor of the Conservatoire and has written some capital farces, but his new play in collaboration with M. Verneuil is based upon an evil that has grown from the war. I suppose there are some persons to whom every calamity can be a matter of jest. Thus we are invited to greet with hilarity the trials of Madame Marechal, who has started a society to console the soldiers who upon their return from the front find they have been supplanted in their wives' affections. Having reconciled one couple she finds herself confronted by the lover, who demands that she herself should be the compensation for his loss, or else the aim of the society falls through. * * * Madame Marechal manages—after inevitable complications—to save the society, but not so the farce. It was withdrawn after three or four performances and is most deservedly dead."

"La Petite Reine" at the Gymnase, Paris, is Vachell's "Quinney's" translated by a Belgian.

Plays on the British Stage

"Pamela," a new musical comedy, book by Arthur Wimperis, music by Frederic Norton, was produced at the Palace Dec. 10. "As to the play as a whole, it is a [illegible] surprising reversion to the simple musical comedy play of, say, 15 years ago, the conventional love duel. A young fortune-hunter 'syndicates' himself with some young friends in the hope of winning an heiress, Pamela Durham. Pamela's Irish confidante, Kitty O'Malley, introduces her as Pamela Somerset. The fortune-hunter falls in love with her under a wrong impression. Then she hears of the 'syndicate,' and renounces him under an equally wrong impression. So we get the regulation Lilly-Elsie situation of passionate recusance." The Pall Mall Gazette eulogized Lily Elsie. " 'Better than ever, Lily,' cried a feminine voice in the gallery when Miss Elsie came out to make a speech. Miss Elsie denied the pleasing impeachment on the score of having been 'very nervous.' This shows at any rate, that she is an artist, not only with a popular personality, but with a conscience. The real truth is that she is very much improved indeed. Graceful and sympathetic as ever, with that touch of aloofness that lends a magic to both qualities, she takes a shallow part with that intense earnestness which is the secret of everything." G. P. Huntley took the part of an amateur farmer, incidentally a pretended courier floundering in linguistic difficulties.

Mrs. F. G. Kimberley's "Pride of the Regiment," a drama in seven scenes, produced at Wolverhampton, is her 25th play. In this new one the whole story is told practically on a country farm.

John Drinkwater, poet and manager of the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, went to France on Dec. 23 at the invitation of Lena Ashwell to give readings for a month to soldiers. He will read English poetry from its beginnings to the Georgians.

"Pomponette," a musical play, book by Stanley P. Tucker, music by Richard Cleveland, was produced at Birmingham (Eng.) Dec. 3. The piece was found dull by The Stage; "this was in no small measure due to lack of animation and sponaneity on the part of some of the performers * * * Particularly was the performance deficient in humor."

An Ulster comedy in two acts, "Maggie McFadden's Breach of Promise Case," was produced at Belfast, Dec 10. The author of the broad farce is D. McLoughlin.

"Industry," a comedy in three acts by Rutherford Mayne, author of "The Drone," was produced at Belfast, Dec 6. An American, intoxicated, having mistaken his station, falls into a sleepy village. He announces his purpose of starting an industry. The villagers dislike his noise and hustling. Lon Loftus hard-up, sells a part of his demense to the American. His wife, angry, schemes to circumvent the American. She finds out that instead of demesne he had bought an old field at a high price. The leader, however, will not listen to her; he accuses her of using the men for her own ends. The works are destroyed. The American escapes, but the works are insured and with the insurance money he will go to the town he had intended to visit three years before.

"The Lost Legacy," a play in one act of Welsh domestic life produced at Liverpool, is by a clergyman, the Rev W. F. Phillips. It was "received good-naturedly" by the audience. "There was an amiable call for the reverent author, who delivered himself of an unusually long speech, not altogether germane to the subject of the play."

"The Skipper's Submarine," a comedy in two acts by Charles K. Ayre (Belfast, Dec. 6). Skipper Rooney accidentally sinks a submarine, which, flying the Union Jack, is nevertheless German. He is a hero, but he will not give his daughter to Willie Benn. A German, the captain of the submarine, holds a revolver at Rooney's head. Benn enters, and holding the German at bay, gets a written agreement from the skipper that he will give him his daughter and £100. The German is only a local shop-keeper disguised.

"A Breath of Fresh Air" by J. Hastings Turner, was produced at the Princess Christian's charity matinee, at the Palace, London, Dec. 7. "This little piece has more dialogue than movement to it, and the dialogue is not particularly sparkling." Charles Hautrey took the leading part. "Mrs. Brinton, a member of the executive committee of the matinee, played the part of Zoe Lane and the only comment that need be made on her performance is that it would have been to the advantage of the piece if she had confined her activities to the executive committee." A ballet "From Dusk to Dawn" by Mrs. Christopher Lowther had "clever music on the ultra-modern side" by Arnold Bax. "The action concerns the doings of some Dresden-like figures that on a summer night, moved by the wind, lose their immobility and engage in love-making, which appears to have disastrous consequences for the Chelsea Figure, who is stricken down by the Wind for paying attentions to the Dancer, at the expense of the Clown.

"Auld Robin Gray," a play in one act, by Arthur Shirley, produced at Glasgow Nov. 30, follows strictly at first the old ballad. At the end Jamie returns and begs Mary Gray to go away with him. She will not leave her old husband, who overhears them. He is brought in from the cliffs, suffering from a cut on the head. Robin, dying, makes Jamie promise to be as good a husband to Mary as she has been wife to him.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

[illegible] Symphony Hall, [illegible] P. M. [illegible] appearance [illegible] of Jascha Heifetz, [illegible] Se[illegible] special notice [illegible] Jordan Hall 3 P. M. Song recital [illegible] Miller soprano. [illegible] Handel, Ah mio [illegible] compagnia; Bononcini, Deh piu a me non [illegible] Scarlatti, All' acquisito di [illegible] Duparc, Au pays ou se fait la [illegible] Saint-Saens, Guitares et Mandolines, Laparra, A San Lorenzo; Fourdrain, La Belle au Bois Dormant, carnaval, Sinigaglia, La Siciliana, Montanina; Szymanowski, The Swan; Rachmaninoff The Death of a Little Bird, Arion; Dowland, Woeful Heart with Grief Oppressed, Griffes, Rondel; Gladis Greene, At Night, Quilter, Song of the Blackbird.

Friday: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Dal Buell. Nawratil, Variations on an original theme, op. 7; Bach, Fantasie in C minor; Gebhard, Gavotte; Saint-Saens, Toccata, op. 111; Stcherbatcheff, Marionettes; Lie, Sommersminder Vaarjubel, Macdowell, Rigaudon; Kwast Studies, op. 20, Nos. 1 and 8; Liszt, Harmonies du Soir; Liapounoff, Berceuse, Lesghinka.

Saturday: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Jacques Thibaud's violin recital.

Jan 7 1918

HEIFETZ IN VIOLIN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

J[illegible] Heifetz, violinist, played in Boston for the first time yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Andre Benoist was the pianist. The hall was [illegible]. The enthusiasm aroused by the violinist's performance was as remarkable as the performance itself; yet it was only a just tribute to genius.

The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata No. 17, D major; Wienawski, Concerto in D minor; Bach, Chaconne; Chopin-Wilhelmj, Nocturne, Beethoven-Auer, Chorus of Dervishes and Turkish march from "The Ruins of Athens"; Paganini-Auer, Caprice, No. 21.

There are fiddlers and there are violinists. The fiddlers are sometimes surprising fellows whose pyrotechnical feats set the crowd a-gaping with wonderment. There are violinists, as Wieniawski and Sarasate in the past, as Ysaye and Thibaud now living, who might more justly be called creators. Mr. Arthur Symons, saying that Busoni can do on the piano whatever he can [illegible], what can he conceive? He then describes Ysaye playing the "Kreutzer" sonata. "In that instant, a [illegible] which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was [illegible] lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of [illegible] it. That thing was neither Beethoven nor Ysaye; it was made out of [illegible] meeting; it was music, not abstract, [illegible] embodied in sound. . . . And Ysaye seems to me the type of the artist, not because he is faultless in technic but because he begins to create his art at the point where faultless technic leaves off."

The technic of Mr. Heifetz is astounding, but no one thinks of it at the expense of his tone and his interpretation. His tone is singularly appealing, full, rich, pure. His intonation is faultless even in the accomplishment of hair-raising tasks. All difficulties are surmounted with gracious ease, without the slightest approach to vainglorious display. The poise of this youth, the physical and mental poise, adds to the enjoyment and the wonderment of the hearer. Here is a youth—for he has just ended his 17th year—who, surely conscious of his great ability, accustomed to wildly enthusiastic audiences, preserves his dignity, and does not stoop for a moment to win applause by a fantastical appearance, bodily agitation, or any lowering of his high artistic standard. The triumph over difficulties that some of his co-mates would project as the feature of a performance is with him only a passing, expected, inevitable incident in the interpretation.

Young violinists have visited us and won applause by their surprising mechanical proficiency. When they have disappointed by crudeness of interpretation, by unmusical phrasing, by rank sentimentalism, their failings have been excused on the ground that the visitors were naturally immature. Too many of them have been only the comet of a season.

The maturity of Mr. Heifetz as a violinist is as remarkable as are the incomparable beauty of his tone, whether a passage calls for fortissimo or pianissimo treatment, and his technical equipment. Witness the classic nobility of his performance of Handel's Sonata, a nobility that has breadth and warmth. Witness the simplicity, the tenderness of his Romance in Wieniawski's Concerto, a song too often debased by the desire to be emotional at any cost, the desire that lands the player into mush sentimentalism. Witness his treatment of Bach's Chaconne, the infinite expressive variety, so that each variation was a [illegible] of beauty or a [illegible] of manly strength. It is [illegible] to [illegible] that all [illegible] appeared as though they [illegible].

In [illegible] of the [illegible] and those that [illegible] Mr. Heifetz answered fully the question propounded by Arthur Symons. He conveyed that which was pure, strong, noble, emotional, also that which was only amusing in its capriciousness, in the grand manner. The hearer was aware that the more important music was a delight to the ear and a quickener of the mind and soul. The name of the composer, the personality of the violinist, modest and attractive as it was, were matters of indifference while the music was sounding.

After the Nocturne, which was played with adorable simplicity of expression, Mr. Heifetz with his bow and left hand worked miracles, but as one not o'ermastered or unduly aware of his extraordinary, demoniacal gift.

The Elevated

Why is it that this Universal Hub,
This modern Athens,
Will not comprehend
The symptoms of tis hardening arteries,
Proclaim the same disease
That sapped the nation's strength,
And cure it with like remedy,
Instead of sitting like Athena's owl
Puffed up with wisdom,
Blind of eyes!

True is it that no trolley and third rail
Crept serpentine
To the Acropolis
With transfer station at the Pnyx
For shrines of lower altitude;
But while Athena's city girdled close
One mount,
Your own encircles three,
Each to be served,
Or be cut off,
And clogged of its community.

What would the Heights of Dorchester,
Where our forefather's cannon
Frowned
In former days,
Be like today
Without their Dudley street!
What of that hill, whose monument
Looks down upon the ships,
Prows pointing to the sea,
On leash perchance
For still another Salamis!
What of that hill
The mariner first sees,
With watchful temple
To the storms and gales
Crowning its top
To warn of their descent!
What of the lowlands,
Reclaimed from marsh and mud,
If left with ebb and flow
Of human tide
Damned up!

The pilgrims of today
Seek not their shrines
On foot.
So let some one clear-visioned,
Brave practitioner
Be called,
To clear the channels of the city's flow
With purge of public gold;
That the swift current of all life
Sweeps through again
And save the flickering spark
Before it die.

—Richard D. Ware.

Amherst, N. H.

"Politics"

As the World Wags:

In London Notes and Queries the Oxford English dictionary is usually referred to by the initials "N. E. D."—that is, New English Dictionary, the title by which it was known until the word Oxford became attached to it. The late Prof. W. W. Skeat was fond of expanding the initials into "Neglected English Dictionary," meaning that correspondents too often failed to consult its pages. In today's Herald and Journal J. S. H. says. "An Englishman does not 'go into politics' when he becomes a candidate for, or a member of, one or more of the numerous governing bodies for which he is eligible." Had your correspondent consulted the Oxford English Dictionary he would have found this definition among others: "Political affairs or business; political life" with extracts ranging from 1693 to 1891. The extract dated 1891 (from the Law Times) reads as follows: "Sugden . . . re-entered politics, and sat in the House of Commons."

A. M.

Boston, Jan. 3.

Smoke Rings

As the World Wags:

As a seeker after useless knowledge, I am advised to ask you what becomes of all the cigars in the gorgeously decorated boxes with unpronounceable names which are displayed in all drug stores and in many tobacco shops. I understand that they are made in Philadelphia or thereabouts, or in a place called Key West. I have seldom seen anyone buying them, and, so far as my observation goes, the "man in the street" almost invariably purchases one of the many domestic brands whose names are as household words to the average New Englander.

There are many mysteries in the tobacco trade, and its inconsistencies are numberless. A certain mixture is advertised from ocean to ocean, but I have never seen any one smoking it, and have never attempted it but once myself. On the other hand, another brand, whose name never appears in print, still holds its own after 50 years of service, and is smoked everywhere. Half the workingmen in Boston apparently smoke a plug cut that is never advertized, and is seldom seen in an aristocratic "smoke shop," but is evidently a money-maker.

And what a bewildering variety of brands there are! For me the windows of a well filled West end cigar store have an unfailing fascination. I have often thought that were I a retired bartender, or one of our wealthy plumbers, I would devote my days to making a collection (there have been far worse ones) of fancy tobacco packages and peculiar pipes, and spend my quiet evenings in sampling them. At present I am smoking a brand which appears to be composed of cigar sweepings, very tastefully put up in a tin box, and with a "tasty" flavor, costing three cents a can. Yours for conservation.

EARLE E. RISER.

The Barred Zone, Cambridge.

Harbord and Herbert

As the World Wags:

The pronunciation "Harbed" for Herbert, of which your correspondent "Shawshin" speaks, would seem to go further back than the 18th century diary to which he refers, for the engaging Mr. Pepys, on Feb. 25, 1665-66, writes Sir Charles Herbert for Sir Charles Harbord. This gentleman was one of the noble band of English heroes of the seas whose deeds as recorded on his monument in Westminster Abbey, still fire the blood. Here is the inscription as given in the Everyman edition of the immortal diary:

"Sir Charles Harbord, Kt., third son of Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, Surveyor-General, and First Lieutenant of the Royall James, under the most noble and illustrious Captaine, Edward, Earle of Sandwich, Vice-Admirall of England, which, after a terrible fight, maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet, above six hours, neere the Suffolk coast, having put off two fire-ships, at last being utterly disabled, and few of her men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately set on fire. But he (though he swome well) neglected to save himself, as some did, and out of perfect love to that worthy Lord, whom, for many years, he had constantly accompanied in all his honourable employments, and in all the engagements of the former warre, dyed with him, at the age of XXXII., much bewailed by his father, whom he never offended, and, much beloved by all for his knowne piety, vertue, loyalty, fortitude and fidelity."

Winchester. MIRIAM LOWELL.

Jan 8 1918

Clean Fun and Brisk Dialogue Feature "What's Your Husband Doing?"

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "What's Your Husband Doing?"— a farce in three acts by George V. Hobart; produced by Hobart-Jordan, Inc.

Sylvia Pennywise	Clara Mackin
Madge Mitchell	Carol Lloyd
Helen Widgast	Gretchen Yates
Gwendolen Pidgeon	Charlotte Ives
Robert Ridley	Walter Lewis
John Widgast	Hale Hamilton
Charley Pidgeon	Jed Prouty
Beatrice Ridley	Jane Cooper
Tyrus Tredman	Joseph Conyers
Steve	Peter Craig
Keegan	Gus Heege, Jr.
William Hyson	David Adler
Bill	Robert Ritchie
Paul Graham	George Vivian

The subject of this amusing farce is not new. It recalls that of Boucicault's "Forbidden Fruit," which the ingenious, if not always ingenuous, dramatist took from "His First Peccadillo," or from "Le Premier Coup de Canif," restaurant scene and much of the dialogue. In "Forbidden Fruit" we have two professional friends, Mr. Serjeant Buster and Mr. Cato Dove, deceiving their wives and punished by a series of embarrassments in which they were naturally involved.

The subject has also been treated by several French dramatists, but they have worked in true Palais-Royal style. The two Parisian husbands are seldom, if ever, the innocent victims of circumstances. There is constant skating on thin ice; or the treatment is broadly Gallic, for which some would substitute the word "indecent."

Mr. Hobart had the happy idea of giving to his two lawyers a lucrative divorce business. Their wives are jealous of the co-respondents, for they believe that these women must necessarily be beguiling, seductive creatures, whom not even a cautious lawyer could resist. Their suspicions are confirmed by the appearance of a flashy young woman, Miss Pendergast, in the office, although she only wishes a contract that is far from being matrimonial drawn up. The chatter of the stenographer, who uses a violent perfume, also alarms them. Surely it is a co-respondent that thus leaves her odorous character behind her.

Then there is young Mr. Ridley, who has put money into a roadhouse which has gained an evil-name. Absinthe is an ingredient of a drink there, although the serving of absinthe is against the law. This drink, a specialty of the house, is good for a year in the penitentiary, as one of the lawyers later remarks, even if there were no law against its mixture. Mr. Ridley wishes to withdraw his money. His frequent visits to the Honeysuckle Inn for this purpose arouses his wife's jealousy. She begs her old friend Widgast to accompany her to the inn that she may know the truth. Meanwhile the wives of the lawyers order a dinner there as a surprise to their husbands, but visiting the office and finding them on joyous terms with Miss Pennywise, the breezy young woman with a flow of slang that would excite the envy of Mr. George Ade, they go to the inn alone in the hope, or fear, of detecting their husbands, not in "fragrant delight," as an office boy once understood the Latin phrase, but at least in the company of serpentine co-respondents.

And so the Honeysuckle Inn becomes an inn of strange meetings. There is dancing there to the music of a jazz band. Little Mrs. Ridley having imbibed the specialty of the house, now frivolous, now sentimental, at last falls asleep and rests alternately on a shoulder of each lawyer. There are many laughable complications. At last all are arrested for having drank absinthe.

In the last act the lawyers and Mrs. Ridley are freed by a justice impatient for his golf and moved by Mrs. Ridley's beauty. The lawyer, Widgast, takes his place and tries the other prisoners. Thus jealousy, the lowest, meanest, most contemptible, most futile of the passions, is derided.

The complications are cleverly contrived and worked out; the dialogue is brisk and bright; only at the beginning of the third act does the action drag for a time, with the lawyers and Mrs. Ridley behind the bars. It may be also said that the fun is clean. We do not say "wholesome," for many stupid plays are heralded with this adjective.

Messrs. Hamilton and Prouty were funny, playing as if they themselves enjoyed the sport. Miss Cooper acted the scene in which she was "overcome" in a delicious and delicate manner. Her performance of the young wife was excellent throughout. Excellent, too, was Miss Mackin's portrayal of Miss Pennywise. Mr. Conyers as chief of police did not over-act the petty official. The others were adequate in their respective roles. The restaurant scene, with the two-story stage, was attractively set. A young man, whose name was not on the bill, danced an exceedingly acrobat dance, and was later joined by a young woman in vigorous steps.

"Satyros" of Wollaston writes to us about an instance of food conservation in the 18th century. He quotes Boswell's account of Dr. Johnson pocketing orange peels at the club after he had scraped them neatly, and then refusing to tell what he did with them after he had dried them. "Satyros" says: "There seems to be no record of the ultimate destiny of the orange peels. Fanny Burney fails to enlighten us concerning this curious custom. Indeed, it is a great pity that no account is left of their use, for it would certainly be of value to the housewives of the present century. Although our personal culinary experience is decidedly limited, we find on inquiry that there is no practical use now known to which a large number of orange peels may be put. We are told that they may be candied, or used to flavor cakes and such, or dried and used as perfume; but neither of these cases strikes us as the one to which Dr. Johnson would put his parings. If a wider-read individual than we can inform us what the Doctor did with his orange peels we shall be greatly indebted to him."

Boswell himself gives an answer: "It is suggested to me by an anonymous annotator on my work that the reason why Dr. Johnson collected the peels of squeezed oranges may be found in the 58th (358th) letter in Mrs. Piozzi's 'Collection,' where it appears that he recommended 'dried orange peel, finely powdered,' as a medicine."

Johnson about 1755 recommended to Miss Boothby as a remedy for indigestion dried orange peel finely powdered, taken in a glass of hot red port. "I would not," he adds, "have you offer it to the Doctor as my medicine. Physicians do not love intruders."

In 1783 Boswell made the following record of conversation:

BOSWELL—Do you know, sir, I have discovered a manufacture to a great extent of what you only piddle at—scraping and drying the peel of oranges. At a place in Newgate street, there is a prodigious quantity prepared, which they sell to the distillers.

JOHNSON—Sir, I believe they make a higher thing out of them than a spirit, they make what is called orange-butter, the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum, and make it fragrant. The oil does not fly off in the drying.

But orange peel was used as a medicine long before Dr. Johnson puffed and snorted. Consulting the writings of the too little known Ebn Baithar, we find that he recommends the peel as "carminative and anthelminthic, an antidote to poisons, and removes spots from clothes."

We now quote from the justly esteemed Cooley's "The Toilet and Domestic Arts": "Orange-peel water; Aqua Corticis Aurantii—From the thin yellow rind, 5 ounces (Troy; L. Ph. 1746.) Very agreeable; but chiefly used to flavor liqueurs."

We know households in which delicious marmalade is made from one orange (peel and all), one grapefruit and one lemon, all of large size. These will fill about a dozen jelly tumblers. The manufacture, however, is not now to be encouraged, on account of the sugar shortage.

This ... was to ... posted at the London Daily Chronicle.

"The following story comes from ... hospital: First Orderly: 'We ... got a chap in who has lost his voice, and the M. O. says he won't get it back ... a bit of a shock.' Second Orderly: 'I think I can put him right. I'll give him some of that there marmalade in the morning, and if that don't bring out a few words, then 'e's absolutely hopeless.'"

Club Merger

As the World Wags:

As a typical member in good standing of several clubs of the same, I endorse the proposal to consolidate Boston clubs and to co-ordinate their activities. The bases for merger might well be physical propinquity, purposes, bedrooms, kitchen and bar capacities, frequency of eleemosynary lunches, size of library, dues and whether purely social or socially pure.

There would be many advantages in such mergers. The saving in table bells would be considerable. Tobacco saved by omitting smoke-talks would be sent abroad to solace our boys.

I would suggest the following mergers, mainly on the basis of approximate equality of social standing, but with other factors considered:

(1) Somerset, Hendricks, Union, B. A. A., Clover, Minute Men; (2) Tavern, Tammany, Twentieth Century (the alliteration is purely fortuitous), to be known as the Triple T, although the resemblance of this title to Tipple Three and Tipple Tea might be considered by some a disadvantage; (3) St. Botolph, Papyrus, Watch and Ward, Policemen's Relief Association, with Dr. G. B. Magrath as president; (4) Tennis and Racquet, Printers, Harvard and Arena A. C.; (5) University, Economic, Press and W. C. T. U.; (6) Union Boat, Armory A. A., Russell and Odd Volumes; (7) Boston Art, City, Tinuity and Veteran Firemen; (8) Yale, Dartmouth, Miah Murray Associates, K. of C., Daughters of the American Revolution.

GEORGE A. JOINER.

Brookline.

A Tale of Two Critics

Sarah Field Snow of Berwyn, Pa., sent this social parallel to the Public Ledger of Philadelphia:

"* * * the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women busily knitting.

"* * * Crash! A head is held up, and the knitting women * * * count one.

"Crash!—and the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two."

Paris, 1791—"A Tale of Two Cities."—Charles Dickens:

* * the orchestra. In front of it seated in chairs in a hall of public diversion are a number of women busily knitting.

* * Crash!—a baton is held up, and the knitting women * * * purl one.

* * * Crash!—and the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work. * * * purl two.

Philadelphia, 1917—A Tale of Two Critics.

COPLEY THEATRE: The Henry Jewett Players in "The Land of Promise," a play in four acts, by W. Somerset Maugham.

Kate	Ann Remlig
Miss Pringle	Jessamine Newcombe
Norah Marsh	Viola Roach
Dorothy Wickham	Dorie Sawyer
James Wickham	Cameron Matthews
Clement Wynne	Frederick Annerley
Reginald Hornby	N. Murray Stephen
Gertrude Marsh	Beatrice Miller
Edward Marsh	Leonard Craske
Frank Taylor	Leon Gordon
Benjamin Trotter	Fred W. Permain
Sidney Sharp	Nicholas Joy
Emma Sharp	Adah Barton

Last evening the Jewett Players added another interesting play to their repertoire, Maugham's "Land of Promise." As in his novel of "Human Bondage," the writer has painted the development of a character, this time of a woman's. For the first two acts the play is plausible, absorbing, vitally human. The picture of a disappointed woman, without prospects, soured and unmated, is strongly presented. Norah's pathetic condition is offset by the Wickhams, supercilious and patronizing, eager only as to the disposal of the will.

In the second act the home life of the Marshes is amusing. The family wrangles are realistic. There is the battle between wife and sister-in-law, the one jealous, thinking herself snubbed, unforgetful in primitive fashion of Norah's early attitude towards her brother's marriage, the other, proud, reproachful, hot-headed, shaping her destiny in a fit of temper. It is with the conclusion of this act that the playwright's plausibility weakens and he resorts to familiar dramatic devices, the taming of a woman by brute force, and the introduction of a catastrophe which can only be averted by Norah's providentially inherited fortune, while her action brings with it her declaration of love. Only the baby clothes are missing, although a work box lies on the tables and Marsh proudly announces to his sister his own expected paternity to make the happy ending wholly traditional.

It is a question whether a woman of Norah's type would have submitted in definitely to life with a ... Although escape from her first predicament was impossible, her brother's coming would in real life probably have afforded a welcome release. Nor would the crudity of Taylor and his stern assertion of marital rights have been welcomed by a nature schooled to submission, not given to revelling in expressions of an imperious will.

The play was excellently acted. Miss Roach, an experienced actress, played Norah with distinction. She suggested skilfully the unhappiness of the suppressed woman and she did not overact in emotional moments, the quarrel with Mrs. Marsh and the scenes during which Taylor was engaged in forcing her into submission. When tamed she was womanly, gracious, sympathetic. Mr. Gordon was miraculously transformed. In overalls and with a heavy man's voice his impersonation was well sustained. His manner of speaking, too, had undergone an appropriate change. Miss Miller's Gertrude Marsh was a clever study of a primitive nature, well intentioned but sensitive, bitter in her hatred of a superior. Others in the cast did their share towards making an effective performance.

Next week the play will be "The Rivals."

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Mother Carey's Chickens," a comedy drama in three acts, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Rachel Crothers; adapted from the book of the same name by Kate Douglas Wiggin; produced by John Cort and featuring Antoinette Walker. The cast:

Ossian Popham	Wallace Owen
Gilbert Carey	Lorin Raker
Nancy Carey	Antoinette Walker
Mother Carey	Adelaide Keim
Kathleen	Evelyn Eaton
Peter	Charles Eaton
Cousin Ann Chadwick	Marie L. Day
Julia Carey	Helen Francis
Mrs. Ossian Popham	Ursula Ellsworth
Lallie Joy Popham	Helen Marquis
Ralph Thurston	Robert Gleckler
Cyril Lord	Stuart Fox
Tom Hamilton	Allen Murnane
Henry Lord, Ph. D	Wilson Reynolds

The story told by the play is simple. Mother Carey, widowed and reduced in circumstances, but with a comfortable pension, purchases the "yellow house," long since idle, in Beulah, N. H. Her arrival with her "chickens" is looked on with suspicion by the neighbors and there are ominous forebodings. The drab house is quickly transformed under the direction of Mother Carey. Nancy, one of the "chickens," is led by her inquisitiveness to explore the oven in the fireplace and to her dismay withdraws a photograph and a will deeding the house to Tom Hamilton, a relative of the former owner; thus she quickly realizes that the title is clouded, and with her brother, decides to withhold the information from her mother. The latter had aided Julia Carey, whose father was the cause of the present financial straits of Mother Carey. Julia is jealous of Nancy and there are continual bickerings, and the former is made aware of the unearthing of the will. The arrival of Tom Hamilton complicates matters, for he is aware that there is a fortune awaiting him to be revealed in the fireplace oven. Nancy and her brother return the will to the fireplace in the presence of Julia and the latter withdraws the same, only to be surprised by the unexpected arrival of Tom. Confused, she returns the picture and drops the will. Tom, in turn, rich in expectancy, seeks the treasure and withdraws the picture. Disappointed, he mechanically picks up the will and tosses it into the fire. But through the coals of fire heaped on her head by Mother Carey, Julia repents and on the return of Tom makes a clean breast of everything and Tom takes Nancy.

Antoinette Walker was a delight as Nancy. Her girlishness was free from artificiality and she was always the girl on a holiday.

Mother Carey was a delight both in speech and appearance. One of the chief features of the performance was the Ossian Popham of Wallace Owen, and others of the cast made individual successes.

TANGUAY HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Nautical Number Is Best of Those She Presents This Season

Eva Tanguay is the head-liner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Her voice still has the unmistakable sweetness of a gritting wheel. Her molasses, candy-colored hair runs as wild about her head as ever, and she gives her famous "I Don't Care" song in true Tanguay technic. But she has several new numbers this year.

By far her best number is a nautical turn in which she shouts that she wishes she were a sailor and then does a sailor's hornpipe with Tanguay twists.

Opening the show is the Wilson and Aubrey Trio, comedy gymnasts and burlesque wrestlers. Alexander MacFayden has a classical pianologue. J. Francis Dooley and Corinne Sales score with a bit of nonsense and a "blighty" song which goes well.

Then there are the Cameron Sisters, Dorothy and Madeline, late of "So Long Letty," in a repertoire of dances, with Burton Daniels at the piano. Morton and Clare, the two black spots, turn out to be a pair of ace..., and Prosper and Maret have a neat gymnastic act. Almost everything has been seen or heard in vaudeville, but a real Chinese singing an Irish ballad is rather a novelty. It comes as a surprise in an oriental dancing and singing act furnished by Miss Dong Fong Guo and Harry Haw. James C. Morton, assisted by Miss Mamie Diamond and comedy, works hard and pleases with a line of chatter, tumbling and dancing.

The Pathe-Hearst Pictorial shows Uncle Sam's O. D. boys in training "somewhere in France," allied help being rushed to Italy's aid, New Year's celebration in Philadelphia and winter sports.

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Mme. Galli-Curci is to be respected for her determination not to sing in New York when she is tired and not "in best voice." The disappointment of the people there and in Boston will be great if she does not come with the Chicago Opera Company, but, fortunately, there are many excellent singers led by Mr. Campanini. The New York critics will mourn her absence, for they would like the opportunity of telling the rest of the world that Mme. Galli-Curci is "no great shakes" after all. This remarkable singer values her voice and her art more than money—a rare choice among singers—for she will suffer a substantial pecuniary loss. She has been overworked for two seasons.

Separation Allowances

The government department entrusted with the duty of disbursing separation allowances receives some strange requests from correspondents who put in a claim for them. These are a few examples called from many: "I have received no pay since my husband has gone nowhere." "We have received yours truly—I am his grandfather and grandmother, he was born and brought up in this house in answer to yours truly." "My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon, will I get any more money?" "I have received no pay since my husband was confined to a Constipation Camp in Germany." "I am paying attention to a nice young man—how do I go about money?" "In accordance with instructions on ring paper, I have given birth to twins enclosed in envelope."—London Daily Chronicle.

Thoreau and Mr. Johnson

As the World Wags:

To call in question Mr. Herkimer Johnson's sympathetic and imaginative faculties, while conceding to him erudition and versatility, is almost as bad as for an Oxford man to sacrifice one of the 39 articles of the Christian faith. You may recall the report that one candidate failed to get his degree because he would not subscribe to the 39 articles, and his comrade met the same fate for agreeing to subscribe to 49 if the faculty would furnish the pen.

When the day's tasks are done and fatigue creeps in, and the eyes refuse any longer to relay messages to what I denominate my mind, I say "Now I lay me," repeat some of the wise, but not always epigrammatic, sayings of Herkimer (I beg his pardon, Mr. Herkimer Johnson), and then strike the trail to sleepy land. I take this mental pabulum in bed, because Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick has taught us that the last thoughts at night are the ones that are operative during the period of repose, and, when wholesome, help materially in the development and uplift of our characters.

Does the puzzled pater of Hampton think that the world would wag as well without the psychic scintillations of Mr. Johnson? Verb. sap. Let him do his misericordia nor forget to add: "Poeniitet me stultitiae."

Having thus done my mite in helping you to defend your friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, let me add a query which may not be so troublesome as the philosopher's loss of "a hound, a bay horse and a turtle dove."

When we began the study of zoology we were taught that man is the only animal that can laugh and cry, and that this characteristic, together with the juxtaposition of the thumb and fingers, differentiates him physically from the apes and other approximately human forms; and, too, it was impressed on us that science and religious teachings were in no way contradictory, yet we went from the class room to chapel to hear uttered in all solemnity those words in the psalter for the eleventh day of the month: "They go to and fro in the evening, they grin like a dog and run about through the city." Why grin? In this instance it does not satisfy to claim a difference in signification between "grin" and "laugh"—the former being a silent expression and the latter a convulsive noise—because in both the King James and the Revised Version of the Scriptures the phrase is rendered: "Make a noise like a dog." Can a Cheshire cat grin? Can a dog laugh? Dogmatic theology and the 39 or 49 articles to the contrary, dog goned if I know. Does Mr. Saltmarsh?

But to "return to our sheep," as the French put it—(why mutton? Why not bay horse?)—it may be that the bard of Walden had a grinning hound and so he might easily have mixed the idea of the dog's bay with the color of his horse. Then again he may have had warts on the mind. (Watts on the Mind is good. one can't say are good, because this is an exception to the rule.) At all events we must keep in mind the point that Thoreau was underfed, like some of our modern heating plants, and if he wrote those memorable words after, or during, a "spell" of weather such as we have just experienced he may have thought he owned a hound, a horse and a turtle dove, or a whole flock of them, but it is generally supposed that all he possessed outside of his hut and its equipment was a hoe, an axe and a wood pile.

ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

English Slackers

Alfred Lester is singing "The Conscientious Objector's Lament" in a London revue. The chorus is as follows:

Call out the Army and the Navy,
Call out the rank and file,
Call out the brave old Territorials,
They'll face the danger with a smile.
Where are the boys of the old brigade
Who made old England free?
Call out my mother, my sister, and my brother,
But for Heaven's sake don't send me.

Some one in the audience might cry out: "Why don't you go yourself, you **old blowhard?**"

Jan 10 1918

Few obituary notices satisfy the bereaved or the reading public. Probably no notice would please the dead man, unless he had taken the precaution to write it himself and give it to the editor; even then he would regret that he had omitted certain statements that might have made him more important in the eyes of the community.

It is, perhaps, a pleasure to know that Mr. John Johnson Jones had served on this or that committee; that he belonged to several "exclusive clubs," especially when his home and club membership were in a small town, with the club rooms over the postoffice; but the obituary notice, as a rule, is perfunctory, cold, uninforming.

We find in an old essay on longevity two obituary notices that we heartily commend:

"Daniel Bull McCarthy, 111 years, of the county of Kerry in Ireland. At the age of 84 he married a fifth wife, aged 14, and had by her 20 children, one every year; he was always very healthy and never observed to spit; no cold affected him; he could not bear the warmth of a shirt at night, but put it under his pillow; for the last 70 years, when in company, he drank plentifully of rum and brandy, which he called 'naked truth'; and if, in compliance with solicitations, he drank claret or punch, he always drank an equal glass of rum or brandy, which he called a 'wedge'; died, 1752."

"William Riddle, 116, of Selkirk in Scotland. This man, who, in the early part of his life, was a considerable smuggler, and remarkable for his love of brandy, which he drank in very large quantities, was always so fond of good ale that he never drank a draught of pure water. He was not a drunkard, but had frequent paroxysms of drinking, which continued several successive days. After his 90th year, he at one time drank for a fortnight together, with only a few intervals of sleep in his chair. He was three times married; when he married his third wife he was 95 years of age. He retained his memory and other faculties to his death. For the last two years of his life his chief subsistence was a little bread infused in spirits and ale; he died 1788."

The choir will sing: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us."

Old Acquaintance

The many friends of Mme. Edvina in Boston will be sorry to hear that her husband, Capt. Cecil Edwardes, commanding a section of tanks, has been killed in action. She was in Paris at the time, preparing to appear as Thais at the Opera. How far away her appearances at the Boston Opera House now seem! She sang and acted the part of Louise delightfully, but the heroine in "The Jewels of the Madonna," with its repulsive plot and its vulgar music, calls for a woman of the Latin race.

Mme. Villani is also pleasantly remembered here. Her husband, Dr. Baldaresco Baldareschi, was taken prisoner in the recent advance of the German-Austrian army.

When Mascagni came to Boston he brought bad luck with him in the shape of a bleating tenor, one Schiavazzi, whose manner of singing recalled a saying of Charles Reade, that palsy in opera is not passion. Perhaps Signor Schiavazzi has forsaken his evil ways; perhaps the Italians like vocal quavering and shaking; he has been made a Commendatore of the Crown of Italy. As the Musical Courier pleasantly remarks: "Few tenors, indeed, manage to escape this honor."

Now the Somerset Club

As the World Wags:

An interesting instance of the culture catholicity of interest of the ancient ers of the Jewish race is to be found 1 Samuel ix, 18: "Then Saul drew r to Samuel in the gate and said, l me, I pray thee, where the Seers e is." OBADIAH BELCHER.

Ipswich.

German Self-Complacency

A publisher in Boston received the following letter from a German playwright n a western city:

"I have just finished a dramatic production consisting of about 12,000 words. have spent several months on this production, which, in wealth and variety of imagery rivals the best in English literature. I wish to sell it on a royalty basis. I have already received compliments from the —— Publishing Company with an offer to publish it; but their offer does not come up to what such a work as I have produced merits. . . . I assure you there is no camouflage in this matter, and am confident that my product will even surprise you with its force and finish."

"Going Into Politics"

As the World Wags:

I notice that "A. M." endeavors to lay me to back for the statement that an Englishman does not 'go into politics' when he becomes a candidate for, or member of, one or more of the numerous governing bodies for which he is eligible." I fail to see anything in the Oxford Dictionary's definition of "politics"—"political affairs or business; political life"—conflicting with that expression of a simple fact. On the contrary, Sugden's cited performance was a reentry into truly political life, with which he had previously been identified, which I had in view the function undertaken by thousands of ordinary English citizens in taking upon themselves obligations expected from them as such. What is more, the point of my remark in this connection was the contrast between that condition and what is, by general acceptance, covered by the expression, "going into politics," say in Boston. Here, a subtle change seems to be wrought in, or at least attributed to, the individual who crosses that line. He ceases to be regarded, from that moment, as belonging to a separate and distinct branch of the genus homo, to be classed by naturalists as—but that's another story. J. S. H.

Beverly.

MISS MILLER GIVES AFTERNOON CONCERT

Soprano Is Recipient of Flowers and Applause

Miss Rosalie Miller, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Carl Lamson was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, Ah mio cor; Bononcini, Deh' piu a me non v'ascondete, Scarlatti, All' acquisto di gloria, Hupare, Au pays on se fait la guerre; Saint-Saens, Guitares et Mandolines; Laparra, A San Lorenzo; Fourdrain, La Belle au Bois Dormant, Carnaval; Sinigaglia, La Siciliana, Montanina, Szymahowski, The Swan; Rachmaninoff, The Death of a Little Bird, Arion; Dowland, Woeful Heart with Grief Oppressed, Griffes, Rondel; Greene, At Night, Quilter, Song of the Blackbird

Miss Miller's voice is limited in range, thin in the upper tones, unsuited to songs of a dramatic nature. The lower notes have more color. Her singing is inconspicuous for merits or deficiencies. Like many others, she has evidently studied faithfully. She has a certain intelligence, fair diction in English, French and Italian and undoubted emotional feeling which, however, owing to a nervous delivery, is not always conveyed to the audience in a convincing manner.

Thus the singer was not always equal to the demands of an interesting program. It would be a pleasure to hear the songs by Szymanowski and Rachmaninoff sung by a full-voiced singer with a fine command of breath and a well stocked palette of tonal color. A friendly audience voiced its approval by flowers and applause.

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Your most beautiful bit, who hath all eyes upon her,
That her honesty sel's for a bogo of honor,
Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a spendeur
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her.
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable mouldy a hundred years hence.

Honest Admiration

We have received a letter from Eustacia Drummond complaining about the verbal license of men on the sidewalks. "Yesterday on Boylston street two rough looking workmen, as they passed, looked at me with anatomical eyes, if I may so express myself, and one said to the other, 'Isn't she a peach!' I am sure that I never turned to look back, but of course I kept on walking. There was not a policeman in sight. Is it no longer possible to walk in frequented streets of Boston without being insulted? I hope that Mayor Peters will bring about a reform."

Miss Eustacia, let us tell you a little story. That noble and beautiful dame, Mme. de Montbazon—she died long ago—once remarked that nothing gave her more pleasure than compliments addressed to her in the street, however brutal they were. "I have more pleasure," she said, "in hearing a workman, who sees me go by, call out 'Look, there's a handsome woman,' than in listening to a learned man name all my perfections in Greek, Latin or French. It is the force of truth that makes the workman speak, while flattery enters into labored praise."

The time will come—alas, the fleeting years!—when workmen, mashers and gay elderly gentlemen will not look at you admiringly, Miss Eustacia, much less extol your beauty audibly.

Women and Cigars

It is well known that highly respectable and venerable women of New England smoked pipes, but who was the first to smoke a cigar?

In the Farmer's Almanack of 1799 "Directions for preventing Calamities by Fire" were printed. It is supposed that Benjamin Dearborn framed them. The 11th reads as follows:

"Strictly forbid the use of segars in your family at all times, but especially after night. May not the greater frequency of fires in the United States than in former years be ascribed in part to the more general use of segars by careless servants and children?—there is good reason to believe a house was lately set on fire by a half-consumed segar, which a woman suddenly threw away to prevent being detected in the unhealthy and offensive practice of smoaking."

The Parting Guest

Mr. Christopher Morley of Wyncote, Pa., sent to the New York Sun a list of 30 volumes that he would choose for a bookshelf in a guest room.

The art in selecting books for this shelf is not in finding narcotics; that task would be easy, it is in choosing so that no guest will be tempted to put volumes in his bag or pockets when he leaves with the customary words of appreciation and gratitude.

"Walden" and a Farmer

As the World Wags:

The cold wave has brought to an end the hallucination which held my mind in its unhealthy grasp many months. The hallucination began one day last spring when we were hoeing corn. The soil was rather coarse, and as our hoes struck against the stones I happened to recall a sentence which I had read the night before in Thoreau's "Walden." It was:

"When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and sky; and . . . I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios."

"Walden" served not only as an intellectual shade between me and the sun the remainder of that day; but also during haying, and the hot days of September and October when we were harvesting the crop of innumerable stalks of corn that waved their white, frost-bitten banners so discouragingly at us.

During the days of fall ploughing and corn husking, in my mind I stood on my head with Thoreau looking at the insects skating on the surface of the pond; with him I watched the French-Canadian wood-chopper chew the inner bark of the pine, and with him engaged in conversation the paupers that stood on barrels to keep the town farm stock from straying. That frame of mind was strong upon me during the milder days of December. I felt certain that "Walden" was serving me as a hand and foot warmer.

Then came this unprecedented cold wave. A water pipe froze. We were forced to discontinue as laborers in the first division of that class into which Joshua placed the Gibeonites and became active sufferers in the last division of the same class. In those below zero journeys to the pasture brook after water for the stock "Walden" was useless. My nose was frozen; and my ancient leather mittens, which, with the aid of "Walden" as a hand warmer, had served so well in the milder part of December, were useless. Now my nose is as red as was the nose of that leader of the Dorking branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association whom old Mr. Weller introduced to the water in the horse trough of the Marquis of Granby—the Rev. Mr. Stiggins.

Whenever I shut one eye and look at my nose I realize that I was suffering from the grasp of a hallucination when I thought that "Walden," by keeping the mind away from the body, rendered the physical being impervious to heat and cold. In spite of the above related experience "Walden" still does for me what the New Testament does for the missionary. It casts a glamour over my occupation, which is farming.

Gill. W. GLENN BOYLE.

Thoreau in Worcester

As the World Wags:

Replying to your letter, whose heading is—"Lost—A hound, a bay horse and a dove"—you say that Thoreau was not old when he wrote "Walden." Thoreau's was the philosophy that knows neither youth nor age. He climbed greater intellectual and spiritual heights, it may be over rougher trails, than the majority, who struggle upward, through twice the number of years he lived.

Does not the hound symbolize the tireless energy, or enjoyment of the sport, itself, in the chase for earthly spoil?

According to Johnson's Natural History—"the Cleveland bays had a great reputation for draught." Would not the bay horse signify the eager willingness to do work assigned, or perhaps, the joy in hard work?

Is not the turtle dove the emblem of happiness in loving companionship that one sometimes sees, but which disappears amid the clouds of doubt and disappointment, when one tries to grasp it?

Whether Thoreau lived the ideal life or not, the cabin he built that cost $28.12 has endured through all the time since "Walden" was written, and every year adds new strength to its foundations and beauty to the lines of its structure.

SARAH HINDS WILDER.

Worcester.

Jan 12 1919

MISS BUELL

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Dai Buell, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Nawratil, Variations on an original theme, op. 7; Bach, Fantasie in C Minor; Gebhard, Gavotte; Saint-Saens, Toccata, op. 111; Stcherbatcheff, Marionnettes; Lie, Sommerminder, Vaarjubel, MacDowell, Rigaudon; Kwast, Studies op. 20, Nos. 1 and 6; Liszt, Harmonies du Soir; Liapounoff, Berceuse, Leschinka.

Miss Buell played here a year ago this month, when her program was more conventional than that of yesterday, which included unfamiliar pieces arranged without respect to the traditionally chronological order. There is a Karl Navratil, and there is a Karl Nawratil. The former was born in Prague and lives there; that is, if he is still alive. He has written much orchestral music, the operas "Hermann" and "Salammbo," concertos, many piano pieces, a life of Smetana. Nawratil, an older man by 30 odd years, is a Viennese, a doctor of jurisprudence, a governmental secretary, the composer of masses and other music for the church, chamber music, piano pieces, songs; as a teacher he numbered Mme. Essipoff and Schuett among his pupils. Here is a question of "v" and "w" in which the elder Weller would have delighted to testify.

For some reason or other the piano music of Stcherbatcheff has been neglected by pianists. Siloti, when he visited Boston, had little or nothing agreeable to say about him. Stcherbatcheff lived many years at Nice. An old aunt, so the story goes, gave him money to risk at Monte Carlo. Not a composer of great talent, he has, nevertheless, a pretty gift. The "Marionnettes" and the "Orientale" in the suite "Mosaique," are charming and individual, they show no slavish influence of Schumann or Chopin, but are truly original; while "Clair de Lune," a later little piece, anticipated the work of French impressionists.

Lie is known here chiefly by his song, "Snow," which Mme. Blanche Marchesi sang with an effect that no other singer has attained. His pieces played yesterday have little character and do not call for attention. We remember James Kwast coming as a pianist from Cologne to Berlin in the early Eighties. He was respectfully treated there by the old guard because his first wife was Ferdinand Hiller's daughter. Joachim, who often gave an enlightened patronage to mediocrity, patted him on the back, but Kwast's playing was as dull as his face was wooden. Yesterday we learned how pompously empty he could be as a composer.

Miss Buell made a favorable impression by her performance of the Variations, for she played them in a musical and thoughtful spirit and with nice discrimination. The other pieces on the program did not call for breadth or depth of interpretation, with the possible exception of Bach's Fantasie. It was pleasant to see how Miss Buell gaily attacked compositions presenting technical difficulties, as Saint-Saens's Toccata, and continued gaily, as if she were unconscious of the fact that her technical equipment was not secure. In the first group her rhythm was often not well established. She had a trick of clipping the final beat in a measure, especially at the end of a period, and hastening breathlessly to the next sentence. Miss Buell has enthusiasm and aplomb. Enthusiasm is enviable even when it is not always well-founded. Aplomb is often amusing. While there was nothing on the program to test the higher and nobler qualities of a pianist, this may be said: Miss Buell was generally interesting. This is something that cannot always be said of pianists whose technic is more firm and substantial.

There lived at Dijon for many years an amiable and blameless man named Etienne Gabriel Peignot. He lived with and for books. He wrote over 100 volumes; some of them are pamphlets of a few pages; some are learned and elaborate works, as his study of the dance of death, his history of playing cards, his books about books and bindings. He was interested in Virgil as a magician; he inquired curiously into the nature of Cleopatra's feasts, the last will and testament of Louis XVI., and the extraordinary tragedy of Helene Gillet. Anatole France does this good man injustice when he describes him as one of those bookish souls for whom the universe is only paper and ink, who know the beauty of women only by reading about it, who never put their noses out of the window. "He conceived passions as subjects for curious monographs and knew that nations perished in a certain number of octavo pages. Up to the day of his death he worked with an even zeal without ever understanding anything. That is why toil was not bitter to him. He should be envied if one can find peace for the soul at this price." Now, in 1821 Gabriel Peignot wrote a volume of 240 pages entitled, "Chronological Essay on the Most Severe Winters from 396 Years B. C. to 1820; Followed by Some Inquiries Into the Most Singular Effects of Lightning from 1676 to 1821." Eight hundred copies were published.

Pieignot would have been interested in the recent "spell of weather" in Boston, as are some of our correspondents.

Boston in 1857

As the World Wags:

Regarding the freezing of Boston harbor in 1857, Thoreau, the Concord naturalist, wrote as follows on Jan. 26 of that year:

"Saw Boston harbor frozen over, as it had been for some time. Saw thousands on the ice, a stream of men where they were cutting a channel toward the city. Ice said to reach 14 miles. Snow untracked on many decks.

"Ice did not finally go out until about Feb. 15."

Thoreau noted 29 and 30 below zero in Concord on Jan. 24 and 25. On the other hand he recorded temperatures of over 50 above, early in February, and on the 18th of that month he wrote: "The frost out of the ground and the ways settled in many places," a very unusual condition at that season.

The winter of 1857 was one of remarkable extremes of temperature. In the record kept for over 50 years by the late Miss Ellen Larned of Thompson, Ct., beginning in 1852, the lowest average temperature for January and the highest average for February both occurred that year, also the lowest extreme for January and the highest extreme for February, 22 below zero and 64 above respectively. A. B. ROBERTS.

Windham, Ct.

Thoreau, the Bay Horse, Etc.

As the World Wags:

In the matter of Thoreau's saying lately quoted see "The Old English Warhorse," by Walter Gilbey, 1888, London Plate III. The subject is Sir Walter Hungerford, Knight, of Farley Castle, Heytesbury. His motto, "Amicis Amicissimus." "Sir Walter Hungerford, Knight, had in Queen Elizabeth's tyme, the Second of her Raine, for foure yere together, a baye horse, a blacke greyhounde, a (?) leveratt (sic) (A wild hare, tamed? A cormorant?)

"This offer was for foure yere together, to all Eynglande, not above his betters, he that shoulde showe the best horse for a man of armes, a greyhounde for a hare, a haucke for the reyver, to wine III hundred poundes, that was a hundery the poundes apese.

"Also he had a gerfalcon for the herne in Her Majesty's tyme, that he kept XVIII yere; and offered the lyke to flye for a hundred pounde, and were refused for all."

The engraving seems to be cut off at the top and does not show any bird in the air. It does give the baye horse, the black greyhounde and Sir Walter armored and in the saddle. He holds the single, curb rein in his left hand and a staff in his right, so that he could not have been carrying the hawk himself

It is amusing that Thoreau should have mistaken the hawk or else the cormorant for a turtle-dove, a Waldensian variant on the proverbial herneshaw.

The Counterseals of Charles I. will give the horse and the greyhound "collared and current to the left," but no bird. I cannot make out whether the leveret (tamed) is reported as a curiosity, or whether the word is a misreading of the inscription. The whole of the picture is evidently not given, and probably included the falcon and perhaps the tame hare, or a tame cormorant

Th[illegible]
[illegible] as [illegible] a bird
[illegible] to the coat of arms.
[illegible] Z. Y. X.

Does Z. Y. X. suppose for a moment [illegible] Orpheus saying [illegible] any-[illegible] to do with this Sir Walter, his [illegible] and his horse; or that Thoreau knew about Sir Walter's existence? —Ed.

Jan 13 1918

THIBAUD GIVES VIOLIN RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE

Jacques Thibaud, violinist, assisted by Nicolai Schneer, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Lekeu, Sonata; Saint-Saens, Concerto in B minor; Bach, Chaconne; Guiraud, Melodie; Marsick, Scherzando; Saint-Saens, Havanaise, Wieniawsky, Polonaise.

The program would have been long enough if either the Concerto or the Chaconne had been omitted. As it was the Chaconne was not approached until half-past 4. It seems ungracious to complain of the program, for it is a pleasure to hear Mr. Thibaud, but the pleasure would have been keener if the program had been of reasonable length.

Seldom if ever has Mr. Thibaud played here in a nobler manner. The nobility of his style includes grace, elegance, emotional depth. Not a phrase is carelessly dismissed; not a detail, either of ornamentation or of what is known as "passage work," is neglected in the desire to make the essentials more important; but this care is not finical and the polish is not superfine: it all enters into flawless interpretation.

For Mr. Thibaud is to be ranked among the great creative violinists of the last quarter of a century. Is the school of which he is so eminent an example dying out? A violinist asked this question yesterday. Ysaye has apparently no pupil that will follow in his footsteps. Is the Russian invasion greatly to be feared? Let us put our trust in young Mr. Heifetz. Let us pray that he be not spoiled by adulation; that he may not turn into a pyrotechnical fiddler.

Seldom are solidity of technic, brilliance, emotional expression, the finest taste and the nobility of the grand style so combined in a violinist as they are in Mr. Thibaud. The years have only broadened him and given him a fuller comprehension of life in all its phases. Still his personality does not stand between a composer and the hearer. He plays with the more compelling significance, with the more irresistible appeal the musical thoughts of others because he himself has lived, experienced and suffered. He is no "singer of an empty lay."

Mr. Schneer proved himself to be a sympathetic musical accompanist, a brilliant pianist.

The history of Sheridan's "Rivals" in Boston, if it were enriched with biographical sketches and portraits of the comedians that took part in the performances, would be a singularly interesting volume. As the play will be performed at the Copley Theatre this week, a few notes about performances in Boston may not be out of place.

There has been a difference of opinion about the date of the first performance here. Some have given the year 1798; but in all probability the first performance was on Nov. 14, 1792, when "Love a la Mode" and "The Old Schoolmaster Grown Young" were played on the same night. The theatre was the New Exhibition Room, built by a committee composed of Joseph Russell, Gen. Henry Jackson, Joseph Barrell, Dr. Jarvis and Joseph Russell, Jr.; built at their own expense in Board Alley, now Hawley street ("originally a path through a pasture made by the worshippers at Trinity Church, who resided in King street—and called Board Alley from the fact that it was subsequently boarded over"). The play was repeated on Nov. 26, 1792. It is said that this playhouse was originally a stable. A company of comedians from London turned it into a theatre. There was a law forbidding theatrical performances even when plays were announced as "Moral Lectures." Gov. Hancock was angry at the infraction and early in December the sheriff appeared on the stage and arrested the actor Harper, who was made up as Richard III. The audience was in an uproar. Men jumped on the stage, tore down the arms of the state, and trampled a portrait of Hancock under foot. There was an examination in Faneuil Hall and the defendants were discharged.

J. Harper was the manager of this theatre, which held 500 persons. It was opened on Aug. 10, 1792. The "Exhibition" began precisely at 7:30 P. M. The opening bill is a curious one. There was dancing on the tight rope by Placide and Martin. "Mons. Placide will dance a Hornpipe on a tight rope, play the violin in various attitudes, and jump over a cane backwards and forwards." Mr. Woods sang. There were feats of tumbling and on the slack rope. Mr. Harper delivered an address and gave an entertainment. "The Gallery of Portraits, or the World as it goes." A "Dancing Ballet, 'The Bird Catcher' with the minuet de la Cour, and the Gavot," by Mr. and Mrs. Placide brought the end. "Tickets at 6s. First seats, 4—6 Second Seats, and 3s. Third Seats." Ladies and gentlemen were requested to order their servants "to set down and take up with their horses' heads towards Summer street." Irreverent writers in the newspapers stated that "the promised influence upon the morals of the community was not so great as anticipated," and expressed the opinion that the tight rope applied to the legs is not so "effectual to refine the morals of the people, as the old-fashioned way of applying it to the neck, practised in other countries."

On Oct. 5, "George Barnwell" was played. Col. Clapp in his "Record of the Boston Stage"—too often inaccurate—says that this play was acted by Harper, Morris, Watt, Murray, Solomons, Redfield, Miss Smith, Mrs. Solomon and Mrs. Gray. But he adds that the company consisted of Placide, Woods, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon, Robert, Adams, Watts, Jones, Redfield, Tucker, Kenny, Murray, Powell, Mrs. Gray, Miss Smith, Miss Chapman.

There were other early performances of "The Rivals" in Boston, as at the Federal Street Theatre in 1802, in 1821, in 1827.

Let us note only some performances in which more or less famous actors and actresses took part. At the Boston Museum in 1846 G. C. Germon, the father of Effie Germon, played Sir Anthony; Louis Mestayer, Jack Absolute; W. H. Smith, Bob Acres; B. G. Rogers, Sir Lucius; Mrs. George Barrett, Lydia; Mrs. J. Reid, Mrs. Malaprop.

When "The Rivals" was produced on the opening night of the Howard Athenaeum, July 4, 1846, Chippendale played Sir Anthony; William Warren, Sir Lucius; Crisp, Bob Acres; Mary Taylor, Lydia; Mrs. Maywood, Mrs. Malaprop.

Let us speak of old performances. Boston has seen Sir Anthony played by John Gilbert, W. R. Blake, Henry Wallack, W. H. Smith, R. F. McClannin, G. H. Griffiths, Fred Robinson, Verner Clarges, W. H. Crane.

Bob Acres has been played by William Warren, Stuart Robson, John E. Owen, W. H. Norton, Tom Placide, George Wilson, Sol Smith Russell.

Tom Comer, W. H. Norton, E. L. Davenport, George Parkes, Frank Whitman, Frank Hardenburgh, Fred Robinson, Wilton Lackaye, W. R. Floyd, W. J. Florence, Nat Goodwin, have been seen as Sir Lucius.

Kate Reignolds made her first appearance at the museum in 1860 as Lydia. Annie Clarke played the part at the museum for the first time in 1867.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Mrs. Drew's incomparable Mrs. Malaprop, or of Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres, which was not a bit like the character drawn by Sheridan.

On May 29, 1896, the play was performed at the Boston Theatre with this cast:

Sir Anthony Absolute	W. H. Crane
Captain Absolute	Robert Taber
Falkland	Joseph Holland
Bob Acres	Joseph Jefferson
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Nat C. Goodwin
Fag	E. M. Holland
David	Francis Wilson
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. John Drew
Lydia Languish	Julia Marlowe Taber
Lucy	Fanny Rice

Another "star cast" was seen at the Boston Theatre the year before (June 13) when Henry Miller took the part of Capt. Absolute; T. W. Keene, that of Falkland; De Wolf Hopper played David; Thomas Q. Seabrooke, Fag; Viola Allen, Lydia, and Nellie McHenry, Lucy. The other parts were taken as in 1896.

Let us note one more performance seen in Boston, at the Hollis Street Theatre, June 2, 1896.

Bob Acres	Willie Collier
Sir Anthony Absolute	George Monroe
Sir Lulius O'Trigger	Andrew Mack
Captain Absolute	John C. Rice
David	Otis Harlan
Falkland	Fred Hallen
Fag	Mark. Sullivan
Mrs. Malaprop	Marie Dressler
Lydia Languish	Ada Lewis
Lucy	Mollie Fuller

"With one exception," said a critic, "there was a commendable attempt to present Sheridan's comedy without resorting to burlesque methods, but the result was unfortunately disastrous."

The latest performances of "The Rivals" in Boston were at the Castle Square Theatre June, 1910; May, 1911; Shubert, January, 1913; Plymouth, April 23, 1913.

When Annie Russell revived "The Rivals" that admirable actor, George Giddings took the part of Bob Acres, and played it with greater fidelity and a finer understanding than Jefferson did. Mr. Permain, now of the Copley Theatre, was the Sir Anthony at the Shubert on Jan. 22, 1913. The performance at the Plymouth was by Miss Horniman's company.

Hazlitt said of the "Rivals": "There is scarcely a more delightful play than when it is well acted, or one that goes off more indifferently when it is not."

Two or three names were su[illegible] for the musical comedy now entitled "The Riviera Girl." One was "The Monte Carlo Girl." This was abandoned because a burlesque troupe known as Monte Carlo Girls have toured the country for several years.

The comedy was produced in Philadelphia Sept. 10, 1917. It was brought out at the New Amsterdam Theatre Sept 24, 1917.

The press agent gives the following information about the leading comedians:

Wilda Bennett, born at Asbury Park, first appeared as Experience in "Everywoman" and played the part in London. She was in "The Good Little Devil," later in "The Only Girl." Then she replaced Miss Sanderson in "Sybil."

Juliette Day was born in Boston. She was first seen in "The Little Princess"; then in "The Bluebird." In "Chin Chin" she was the little Chinese girl. She has also been in "The Yellow Jacket," "Marrying Money" and in "Upstairs and Down."

Viola Cain, born in New York, appeared as a child in "The Bluebird." She has been seen in drama, "Daddy Longlegs," and musical comedy, "The Marriage Market," "The Only Girl of My Dreams."

Marjorie Bentley, born in Brooklyn, studied dancing at the Metropolitan Opera House. She has danced in "The Lady and the Slipper," in "Chin Chin" and at the New York Hippodrome.

Carl Gantvoort, born at Bowling Green, Kan., sang in concerts in Europe. He is pleasantly remembered here as a valued member of the Boston Opera Company. After singing as leading baritone in H. W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company, he has been busied in musical comedies.

Sam B. Hardy, born in New Haven, Ct., played in stock companies as leading man, was with James K. Hackett in "Peg o' My Heart" and in "Princess Pat," and was a prominent member of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1916.

Clarence Harvey, born at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., first appeared in "Billie Taylor" in Baltimore. He was associated with the Wilbur Opera Company for several seasons and toured with Josephine Stanton.

Louis Casavant, born near St. Louis, alternated with Eugene Cowles in "Robin Hood" with the Bostonians, and was prominent in "Foxy Quiller," "The Red Feather," "The Wizard of the Nile," "Princess Pat." In vaudeville he is known by his own piece, "The Golden Beetle."

Arthur Burckley, born in St. Louis, has been seen in "The Spring Maid," "The Only Girl," "Canary Cottage."

The Coming of Bonnet, the Distinguished Organist

Joseph Bonnet, who will take part in the concert for the Edith Wharton war relief funds in Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 23, is an organist whose recitals have made a sensation by his technical skill and musical expressiveness in New York, and in other cities. He has been heard in Boston only once, when he gave a recital in April at the New Old South Church.

Mr. Bonnet was born at Bordeaux in 1884. His father, organist of the Church of Ste. Eulalie, began to teach him. At 14 he was appointed organist of St. Nicholas, and then of St. Michael's Church in his native town, where he gave his first recital. He went to Paris and immediately entered the Conservatoire under the tuition of Guilmant. After some years of study the first prize for organ playing and improvization was awarded him unanimously. After obtaining the Guilmant prize, Bonnet entered as candidate for the post of organist of St. Eustache. The competitors were first prize men of the Paris Conservatoire. The judges unanimously awarded him the palm. His many appearances include concerts in Paris, under the auspices of the Societe Nationale, the Schola Cantorum, the Societe des Compositeurs, the Bach Society, the Handel Society, the Concerts Lamoureux and the Concerts Colonne, where an organ was specially built on his appearance. On the death of Guilmant, Bonnet was asked to be his successor in the post of organist of the Societe des Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire. His repertoire comprises the whole of organ literature. During 1910-11 Bonnet gave more than 40 recitals at St. Eustache. Bonnet has also given numberless recitals throughout France, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Hungary and Germany. He has composed for his instrument a large number of concert pieces.

What the Porcupine Thinks of the George Sand Play

The Porcupine of January publishes this little poem about the play in which Mrs. Fiske smokes a long, black cigar:

"MADAME SAND"

When "Madame Sand" was advertised
  I thought I'd take a risk,
And go to see, in spite of doubts,
  The gifted Mrs. Fiske.

It was a travesty I saw,
  Shallow, and crude, and vain,
Upon a woman, large of heart,
  And larger still of brain.

Surely her love affairs are not
  All that can be recalled
Of one whose genius in her day,
  Held all alike enthralled.

False in the picture that it gives
  Of Madame Sand herself,
It's also dull, and that is why
  It soon will grace the shelf.

What Arthur Symons wrote recently about George Sand in the Pall Mall Gazette may serve as a footnote to these verses: "She had an adventurous life, and much of herself is shown in her letters to Alfred de Musset. The amount of 'self-improvement' derived by George Sand from the same experiences is a negligible quantity. Musset at least was to write a few songs and a few comedies which were worth any 'expense of spirit' whatever; and if George Sand helped to make him the man who was capable of these, she did well. Her own sentimental education could probably have done without Musset easily enough; we might have had one 'Elle et Lui' the less, but we should have had one 'Lucrezia Floriani' the more. Musset or Pagello, Chopin or Pierre Leroux, it mattered little to her; each added an appreciable interest to her life and an appreciable volume or so to her works. But of no man could it be said that he has been needful to her, that he had helped to make her what she was. She went through life taking what she wanted, and she ended her days in calm self-content, the most famous of contemporary women. It is possible that in the future she will be remembered chiefly as the friend or enemy of some of the greatest men of her time."

Mr. Henry Jewett Writes About Mrs. Fiske and Repertory

To Editor of the Herald:

The interesting quotations from Mr. John Palmer's book, "The Future of the Theatre," that appeared in the Herald of last Sunday, bring to mind the recent attack made by Mrs. Fiske upon the repertory theatre. To me, Mr. Palmer seems to dispose once and for all of Mrs. Fiske's arguments. It occurs to me, however, that a few reflections of my own, drawn from my practical experience in the direction of the Copley Theatre during the last year and more, may not be amiss. Mr. Palmer writes as a critic and a theorist. I write as an actor and a practical stage director, and we both seem to be virtually in agreements with regard to the high status of the repertory theatre, and especially upon its superiority to the ordinary stock system.

When Mrs. Fiske attacks the repertory theatre—as she does not only incidentally but directly—in her book on acting just published, she is unintentionally endeavoring to undermine the very foundations of the art of the theatre. If I understand her rightly, her idea is that personality, and personality alone, should rule in the casting of plays, and she claims that during her long and honored career on the stage she has had that one idea in view whenever she has accepted a play, whenever she has put it into rehearsal and whenever she has engaged her company. It appears to be her theory that a company of players can present one play, and one play only, and that for every play an entirely different combination of players should be assembled.

This theory, of course, reduces the art of acting to a mere matter of personality. It also seeks to hold the actor within the bounds of his personality. No actor, to be sure, can escape wholly from his personality, but why attempt to hold him rigidly within its bounds? Why not let him escape from them if he has the chance? According to Mrs. Fiske, the actor should never be allowed to act a part that his personality does not exactly fit. In other words, it seems to me that she is asking the actor always to act himself. What, then, would become of the art of impersonation of character? What would become of the efforts of an actor to get within the soul of his part?

With the actor never getting beyond his personality, there would be no real actors. They would be simply professional personalities. If we are going to have real dramatic art, we must have real actors. They must be trained, and what better training is there than the repertory theatre, where they can work at the interpretation of every variety of character? If we followed Mrs. Fiske's rule, we might get one particular play consisting exclusively of types better played, but according to her own statement, in all her 20 years of active experience as an actress and manager she only attained her ideal once. That is, she was able in that period to cast only one play perfectly. And during all this time, how many actors have been discouraged by being set adrift after they had been engaged, merely because they were not true to her idea of the type?

And as to the effect of her theory on the public. Mrs. Fiske would encourage the public to go to the theatre to see only personalities instead of to see artistic acting. She would discourage good play-making, and also the presentation of good plays, if personalities only are to be exploited on the stage. With that end in view, the playwright would have no incentive to write except to provide appropriate parts for the type of actors most in vogue or for the actors most easily obtainable. What would become of the good plays of the past, the classics? Were they written for personalities, and should they be acted by personalities?

The repertory actor and the repertory theatre will preserve for the playwrights as well as for the public the great works of dramatic literature, which might otherwise be entirely forgotten by making possible for them to be performed from time to time. Such a practical school of opportunity for comparison must exercise a vital influence upon American acting and playmaking. The permanency of the work of every great dramatist the world has ever known depends upon one individual, and that individual is the repertory actor.

A repertory company seems to me to be essential to the life of the theatre. Stars have their part in it, traveling companies also, and why not the repertory threatre? The work of the Henry Jewett Players last season directly refutes Mrs. Fiske's plea. During that time they have played at the Copley Theatre "You Never Can Tell," "The Admirable Crichton," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Jim the Penman," "Sweet Lavender," "Diplomacy," "A Pair of Spectacles," Arms and the Man," 'A Christmas Carol," "An Ideal Husband," "The Odd man Out," "Man and Superman," 'Dr Wake's Patient," 'A Woman of No Importance," "Candida," "Milestones," Lady Windermere's Fan," 'A Doll's House," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Silver Box," "The Liars," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Pillars of Society," "The Pigeon," "The Lost Silk Hat," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Dandy Dick," "The Angel in the House," "The Man Who Stayed at Home," "Fanny's First Play," "General John Regan," "The Land of Promise" and other plays of varying nature. They steadily perfected their own art, they brought the necessary financial returns to the management, and they gave to thoughtful atudents of the theatre the opportunity they would not otherwise have had to see akilful acting in a varied repertory of good plays.

The efforts of the individual members of the company have also given direct evidence of the value of the repertory system. The aim of the repertory theatre is to assemble a well-balanced company of players who are qualified by their training and experience to present standard plays. In a company of this nature there are no atars, each player being capable of faithfully depicting the various characters demanded by the plays produced. Our aim is teamwork, by which means the company will be perfectly welded into one harmonious whole. Thus the work of the play becomes standardized. . . .

The repertory theatre consequently has a broad educational value, in that it presents to the public the best plays of well known playwrights of past and present time. During the season of the Henry Jewett Players at the Copley Theatre, Boston, it has been noted among the libraries, both in Boston and its suburbs, that the demand for the printed volumes of the plays which this company has produced has greatly increased, thereby demonstrating that the public not only takes a wide interest in the players, but are also turning again to the better types of plays for instruction and entertainment.

Above all else the repertory theatre aims to exist side by side with the vital forces of the community, and to express them. It demands real dramatic art and refuses to accept that which is adulterated or counterfeit. Its ambition is to achieve, not merely to succeed; for today's success is apt to be confused with the tiresome process of accumulation. The ideals of the repertory theatre demand a broad vision, with freedom to develop. The repertory theatre should be a permanent institution, and to attain this it calls for an audience of regular and enthusiastic patrons.

As director of the Henry Jewett Players, I take a diametrically opposite view to that expressed by Mrs. Fiske. It is an injustice to the actor to compel him to play only one style of part. He should be able to pass from one type of character to another. He should form the habit of giving the most insignificant part as much attention as the greatest, and he should have the opportunity to alternate constantly between these extremes. And I am sure that my faith in repertory has been justified by results at the Copley Theatre, and by the approval of both the press and the public.

HENRY JEWETT.

Boston, Jan. 8.

The Verdi Home at Milan Now a Hospital for Soldiers

The Verdi home for aged musicians at Milan, in the garden of which the famous composed is buried, has been turned into a war hospital, accommodating some 200 beds. The veteran musicians, whose home it was, voluntarily gave up their peasant quarters and sought places with friends or relatives for the balance of the war, in order that the war sufferers might be accommodated.—Musical Courier.

There was a happy misprint in the review of a concert in London last month. The reviewer described a singer as a "terror robusto."

May one express a sense of disappointment that in the order of service for inter-mission day as now printed, no provision is made for the singing of Julia Ward Howe's great battle hymn. If Westminster Abbey could stand the shock of the unconventional when the hymn was sung before the King in welcoming the entrance of America into the war, humbler fanes throughout the country need not have trembled at the idea. Without disrespect to the official ritual, the addition of this hymn would have given that note of emotion that the occasion needed, besides emphasizing our comradeship with the American nation.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 20 was enthusiastic over a new piano quintet by Arnold Bax. "Unlike so many modern works whose material becomes attenuated in the effort to fill the frame, this one is filled to overflowing with material that is almost bewildeing in its wealth. It is also strikingly melodic, and the themes, even where they are not derived one from another, have a firmly established homogeneity. The texture is amazingly rich in the first two movements, and if it is less so toward the end the subsidence comes about naturally, and is obviously 'according to plan.' The idiom is not aggressively modern, and the form is classic. There are no labored 'effects,' and the whole is the more effective for their absence."

That most futuristic of modern French composers, Erik Satie, has evidently not been taking thought enough for the present in practical life and has run foul of the law courts in consequence. Some little time ago, Le Courrier Musical records, he was condemned to eight days' imprisonment for a libelous postcard he sent to one M. Poueigh. Thinking he could secure a reversal of judgment he promptly appealed against the sentence. The court of appeals, however, has confirmed the lower court's judgment, maintaining, as the periodical referred to has it, that "fantasies in music do not justify epistolary fantasies that are in bad taste."—Musical America.

Three songs collectively entitled "Marigold" and a new "Rhapsody," by John Ireland, sung by Muriel Foster in London Dec. 14, were warmly praised, as were Roger Quilter's music for three poems of William Blake. "Of a somewhat different calibre are Miss Janet Hamilton's 'Love cooled my feet' and 'By Wenlock Town,' in which something of the 'art nouveau' seems to have been applied to the English ballad."

New orchestral works heard in Paris: Dubois's "Fantasietta," Lefebvre's "Hymne funebre," "Dans un parc enchanne," by Philip.

An opera, "La Sainte Genevieve," completed by Salvayre a few days before his death, will be produced at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Rameau's "Castor and Pollux" will be revived in Paris this season. Nicolo's "Joconde" (1814) has been revived at the Trianon-Lyrique.

After the dress rehearsal of "Henry VIII" at the Paris Opera last month, when Battistini took the part of the monarch, Saint-Saens remarked, according to the Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier, "The execution is so fine, it gives me the illusion of having some talent."

Notes About English and Other Plays

H. B. Irving preached for the second time in his life at the City Temple, last month, when he spoke on "Religion and the Drama." It appears that his remarks were "sympathetically received, subdued clapping and cries of 'Hear, Hear,' punctuating the speech. Mr. Irving said that the old prejudice against the theatre had died away to a large extent. "By way of showing that some remnant still existed, however, he described how the managers of a recent Brieux production offered to hand over all profits that might accrue to a society for combating the very evil with which the play dealt, if the society would extend its good-will. This the committee declined to do, with the result that their funds lost something like £12,000, which had now gone into other channels, where it will be used for the same end." If there was one thing that had been brought out by the war more forcibly than anything else, it was the absolute necessity of the theatre.

Soldiers were mainly responsible for the prosperity which had attended theatres since the first three months of the war, and it was a prosperity of which the theatrical profession had no reason to be ashamed. Taxes claimed their share of excess profits, and so far as the individual performers were concerned, it was a source of satisfaction to those who could not fight that they were able to be of practical help in some other way. The sums raised by the profession for war causes are already running well into £2,000,000. Eight camp theatres provide entertainment nightly to about 50,000 officers and men. Wherever the theatre had been installed, picture palaces had fallen off in popularity. Mr. Irving referred to the curiously illogical position with regard to Sunday entertainment, which permitted cinema performances to be given, but forbade the production of even classical dramatic masterpieces. At a time when serious anxiety was felt as to the future of the theatre on its serious side, Mr. Irving suggested one solution would be to dedicate Sunday to performances of Shakespeare.

This would have been Sir Herbert Tree's 64th birthday had he lived. There is an interesting reference to him in Lord Morley's "Recollections": "A very pleasant fellow. Said he learnt his part with immense labor, while his wife, on the contrary, had no trouble; if she put the book under her pillow she seemed to know her lines when she awoke." Sir Herbert found, as other actors have, that a long run was a postive cause of forgetfulness of lines. Memory lapses often occur after 100 performances of the same play.—London Daily Chronicle, Dec. 17.

The first memorial to members of the acting and musical professions who have lost their lives in the war, I am told, is shortly to be unveiled. Appropriately enough, its position will be on the outer wall of the famous Waterloo road playhouse, where classical drama and operas in English have been given uninterruptedly throughout the war. Thousands of army and navy men pass the spot every day on their way to and from the great railway terminus opposite. For the tablet, I understand, a piece of the old battleship Britannia has been secured, while the names and decorative effects will be painted in by a talented lady artist who is at present appearing on the London stage in Shakesperean parts.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 15.

Lady Bancroft entered on her 80th year yesterday.

Official films dealing with the operations in Mesopotamia and depicting various scenes in and about Bagdad were shown in London last month. "Famous Indian regiments marched up to fight for the King-Emperor, and Turkish prisoners marched back amid blazing sunshine and blinding dust. And at the end stood three or four Hun locomotives waiting in vain for the start of the Bagdad-Antwerp express."

A new play in one act "Vote by Ballot" by Granville Barker, produced in a triple bill by the Stage Society, London, Dec. 16, was universally condemned. The Times said that one might be quite cool over it. "The truth is, Mr. Barker seems to be quite cool over it himself, not to say cold—so cold, anyhow, as to be a little uncommunicative." The Stage called the play an "exasperatingly inconclusive little piece of feeble satire." Daily Telegraph: "Its humor, as such, is of the 'cranky' order, half-paradoxical, half-satiric, of which the artificiality in those days has become all too pronounced." The Daily Chronicle: "An extremely poor effort."

On the same bill were Harold Chapin's "The Philosopher of Butterbiggins" and a new ballet of Mme Dounet, "Fetes Galants." This ballet, characterized by the Times as "delicious," was described in the playbill as an attempt to represent in a few touches "both the subtle charm and the grotesqueness of the French XVIII Century." The Times: "'Que de choses dans un menuet!' Authors, if they are wise, never tell us what they attempt, but leave us to make it out for ourselves, and our enjoyment of Miss Hunsdon-Brown's singing and the posturing and pirouetting of Mlle. Rambert and M. Varda was, in fact, wholly unaffected by any deep cogitation about that remarkable pseudoconcept the 'French XVIII Century.'" Other critics were not so friendly. The Daily Telegraph: "As there was here intended something of a skit on the affectations of French 18th century preciosite, the satire of the little affair struck one as rather out-of-date. But the movements of the dancers, against the plainest of backgrounds, had a certain quaintness, not unmixed with grace, and the old-world music to which they stepped—and kept—of Mozart, Rameau and Bach was appropriate. The Stage: 'Fetes Galantes' was found to be terribly stiff, angular, formal, rarely graceful, and at times ever absurdly burlesque, as in the bobbing up and down of the male dancer."

Shaw's "Inca of Perusalem" was played for the first time in London by the Pioneers on Dec. 16. The play was produced in New York in Nov., 1916, and at Birmingham (Eng.), Oct. 7, 1916. The Pall Mall Gazette found it too long, with blotches of bad taste; "but on the whole it is brisk, unpretentious wit." Mr. Shaw treats the Kaiser's egomania from a thoroughly sympathetic point of view. "His attempts to joke about English sons and daughters, who have shed their blood for England as being 'pig-headed' will need, and perhaps get, the treatment they deserve." The Stage: "A characteristic piece of 'G. B. S.' pleasantry and facetiousness, impudently diverting, but of really slight importance and, let us trust, of not much more than ephemeral interest."

"Kanawa," a play for marionettes by Torahiko Khori, a Japanese in London, shows how a Japanese wife of 1000 years ago hammered a doll (representing her unfaithful husband) so that the living counterpart might die. He died. This version of Rossetti's "Sister Helen," was played by the Pioneers, Dec. 16.

"Insurrection," by W. F. Casey, produced by the Pioneers, London, Dec. 16, is a story of the Irish Rebellion in which two brothers, one a Sinn Feiner and the other A. R. M. C. officer, are killed. Both political sides are argued at length. "The production of this piece," says the Stage, "even in the semi-privacy of the Pioneer Player performances, seems in the highest degree inexpedient and inadvisable, although it contains some earnest and eloquent passages about Irish life and literature. In the play "the sympathy leant a little towards Sinn Fein," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "and there were some (unwise) hisses from the audience."

"Blight," a play in three acts by "A. and O.," was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, Dec. 11. The play treats the slum problem of Dublin. It is written by "a famous medical specialist and a well known barrister." While it is propaganda, it is saved "from dramatic failure for at least two out of the three acts by the wit and forcefulness of the dialogue." The laborer Tully, obtaining £300 compensation from his employer, becomes a landlord himself, a fine combination of "grafter, bumble and hypocrite." He is selected representative of the corporation on the sanatorium board, on his way to sell his property again at a vast profit to the sanatorium, not troubled by the callous machinery of charity. There are scenes in a one-room tenement, and in the hospital, where a woman lies in. "A Foley girl is out at her seven-and-sixpence-a-week job in a cafe, and there are hints as to her dare-devilry and the moral insurgence that give rise to silk skirts and musquash coats." The Stage says of the play: "There is a great deal of half-relevant action and amplification; but of its wit, its vehemence, its local color and its sincerity of purpose there can be no question. 'Blight' is an effective propaganda play; it is a play vital to Dublin; it has filled the Abbey as no play of recent years has done. It is not all great drama, but it is passionate pleading, and it achieves an end. Fred O'Donovan wrestled as well as he could with the part of Stanislaus Tully, frankly an impossible because too emphasized part."

Bostonians Succeed With War Song

"Speed Up, America," a patriotic march song one-step, words by Ruy J. Beckhard, music by Joseph Bradley, Bostonians, has not only met with success in hotels and theatres; President Wilson has thanked Mr. Beckhard in a note for the patriotic sentiment of the words.

The libretto of "Der Freischuetz," translated into French by Georges Servieres, has been published by the Librairie Fischbacher, Paris. Mr. Servieres has added a complete history of the opera and its many and unfaithful adaptations in Paris.

A new String Quartet, the Vigiani, played in London Dec. 12. The Daily Telegraph said: "Debussy's work, now thoroughly familiar to us, sounds almost entirely differently when played as now, with a limpidity and liquidity of tone-color that is quite different in degree from the robust tone of our own native players. It is a difference in degree. The ensemble and the phrasing are, as we expect them to be, fine; the tone color now is as an aquarelle to a strong oil painting, delicate in tint and texture." The Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "There is a certain stage in ensemble playing when each participant is so confident of the others that he can forget everything except the significance of the music, which is then set free or as it were exhaled in a manner that often surprises the players themselves. That stage is in this case still remote, but meanwhile the essential requisites of tone, technic and musicianship are there by which it can be attained."

Schumann's "Carnaval" orchestrated, as we heard it here with the Ballet Russe, was played at a Philharmonic concert, London, Dec. 10. The Times said: "The main point of musical interest is the different tempi required by an orchestral arrangement of a work for piano; thus 'Pierrot,' 'Chopin,' and 'Aveu' went much slower than the evanescent tone of the piano permits of. In general the serious movements were the best; the body of strings cannot be, or at any rate were not, as coquetish as M. Moiseivitch makes the keys sound."

The Daily Telegraph of Dec. 11 said of Vaughan Williams's "Silent Noon": "In the whole of musical literature there exists no musical settings, so far as our knowledge goes, of a sonnet comparable with this, while for sheer beauty of its music and its atmosphere it stands entirely alone among modern English song."

It was perhaps a little injudicious for Miss Mania Seguel to make her Mozart and Chopin recital yesterday afternoon the occasion for issuing a pamphlet on on "tempo rubato," for rhythm happens to be the one element in her playing that was always doubtful, and has deteriorated in recent years. There is no theory of "rubato" that will justify amputating a beat or two from a bar as she did in her two Mozart rondos, generally at the cadences, and hte pamphlet had the effect of making one more critical in other respects. There was always something unnecessarily prim in Miss Seguel's playing. Under this new influence it began to sound afflted, which is an injustice to her, for her fluency in passages of decorative filigree work is not to be questioned. Similar imperfections were noticeable in her Chopin playing, the moral of which is: If you wish to issue a pamphlet, let it be on ground where you can defy impeachment.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 13.

The Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 7 had

this is say about a group of English songs sung by Gervase Elwes. "We are poor in songs worthy of a place in such a scheme. Some of them were good, such as Roger Quilter's settings of three songs by Blake, though the mannerisms familiar to all who know his songs carried a little overdone. Others were merely pretty, and scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from the ordinary ballad of commerce. One failed through excess of ambition—it was the first of two by Cyril Taylor. On the whole, one came away with the impression that if we must have these conventions—which is not admitted—we would sooner have them as manipulated by Mr. Frank Bridge than as used by any other of the composers represented in the group. He, at least, gets a hearty resonance out of them in such songs as "Love Went a-riding." But if we are ever to possess beautiful English songs it will surely be Mr. Gervase Elwes's great art that will have prepared the way for them."

Edward German's "Moon Fairies" was revived by Sterling Mackinlay's pupils in London Dec. 12. This operetta is "Fallen Fairies" produced at the Savoy in 1909. It proved to be Gilbert's fairy comedy "The Wicked World" in musical guise.

James Glover and a film company disputed in a London court last month about cinema rights of "Les Cloches de Corneville."

Sir Thomas Beecham at a dinner given to him in London on Dec. 9, said: "English opera depended upon the faith of the English public in their own musicians, the steady encouragement that they gave them by going to hear them, and in the instant cessation, on the part of the press, of all sorts of scepticism. The press at this moment was the greatest enemy of all progress. He grumbled with the press every time he got on his feet, and he should continue grumbling until they saw something better. Referring to the attitude of the state toward music, Sir Thomas said it had declined to interest itself in music, which showed how truly out of touch with the democratic life of the country our rulers were. They would get no help from the state. Therefore it devolved in this democratic country upon the enlightened public to do that which should be performed by the government."

CONCERTS OF WEEK

Sunday—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Louise Homer and Ossip Gabrilowitsch. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Fourteenth mid-season concert of the People's Choral Union of Boston, Frederick W. Wodell, conductor. Gade's "Crusaders" and a miscellaneous program, with Charlotte Peege, contralto; George H. Boynton, tenor; William Tucker, bass-baritone, and orchestra. Herman A. Shedd, organist; Mildred Vinton, pianist.

Monday—The Tuileries, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's first concert. Gertrude Auld of New York, soprano. Folk songs: Serbian, Sicilian, Japanese, English, Moorish, French. Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oriental song; Poldowski, Effet de Neige; Moussorgsky, Au Bord du Don; Gretchaninoff, Quand la Hache tombe; Dalcroze, Les bonnes Dames de St. Gervais; Vidal, Printemps Nouveau. George Proctor, pianist. Schubert, Minuet from op. 78; Weber, First movement of Sonata in A flat; Chopin, Nocturne in G minor; Liadoff, Biroulki.

Tuesday—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital of Frida Stjerna, soprano. Swedish folk song, Domaredansen; Lie, Sne; Sjoegren, I Seralyens Lustgard; Kjerulf, Synnoeve's Song; Grieg, Solvejg's Song; Thrane, Norsk Fieldsang; Beethoven, The Cottage Maid; Carpenter, I am like a remnant; Endicott, Her Songs; Young-Wilson, Phyllis has such charming Graces; Parker, Love is a Sickness; Sibelius, Diamenten pa Marssnoen, Marssnoen, Droemmen, Hundra Vaegar, Romeo; d'Ambrosio, Les Papillons, Duparc, L'Invitation au Voyage; Franck, Le Marlage des Roses; Bachelet, Chere Nuit.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Second concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Part songs: Foote, Bedouin song; Davenport-Tours, My Lady Sleeps; Praetorius, Lo, How a Rose e'er blooming; Zander, Minstrel Song; Chadwick, Jehovah Reigns in Majesty; MacDowell, Crusaders; Wolfrum, Serenade; Foster, Old Folks at Home (baritone solo by W. F. Smith); Wheeler, A Salute to the Flag; Liebe, The Choral of Leuthen; America, Carl Webster, violoncellist, will play Herbert's Concerto; Popper's Harlequin, Haydn's Andante and Gones's Tarantelle. Ralph L. Harlow will sing Schumann's Dedication, Weingartner's Thou art a Child, Margetson's Tommy Lad.

Thursday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Concert by the Edith Rubel Trio (Edith Rubel, violinist; Marie Roemaet, violoncellist; Katherine Swift, pianist. The Star Spangled Banner, Mattheson, Air (16th century), Beethoven, Theme and 10 Variations; Corelli, Sonata for violoncello and piano; Brahms, Trio in B major; **Folk melodies:** Farewell, Chicken's Feet and Carrots, The Oak Tree Rustled, Musieu Bainjo, Por'p'tit Lolotte; Sandby, Agnete and the Merman, The Marseillaise.

Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Gladys A. Berry's violoncello recital. Corelli, Sonata; Dvorak, Concerto in B minor; G. Faure, Elegie; Grieg, Varen; Cui, Orientale; Dunkler, La Fileuse.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twelfth Symphony concert (A). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Elias Breeskin's violin recital. Handel, Larghetto; Lully, Adagio and Allegro; Bach, Ciaccona; Tartini-Kreisler, Sonata "The Devil's Trill"; Reger, Aria for G string; Taylor-Powell, Deep River; Kettem-Loeffler, Caprice Espagnol; R. Goldmark, Call of the Plains; Paganini-Kreisler, Caprice, No. 24; Novicek, Moto Perpetuo.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth Symphony concert (B), Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Jan 17 1918

Uncle Veritas Speaks

Yew kin boast of the fun yew has on Broadway,
In drink shops, restrunts, and them cabberays;
But I'll bet all my pickles
Yew'd give all yer nickels
Tew be back on boyhood's Broadway!

Yew think that yer smart with yer claw-hammer coat
Yer collar that's tearin and cuttin yer throat;
But I'll bet every mornin
That yew wake up mournin
Tew be in a kid's dirty coat!

And yew talk of the wines that flow like water,
And tell about things that yew shouldn't orter;
But I'll bet you my best hen
Yew long for the days when
Yew went to the pump fer water!

Now what air yew sayin bout dimonds and pearls
That yer givin erway ter many-er girls?
But I'll bet yew a clothes-pin
Yer girls aint got no look-in
With Freckles, yer boyhood chum, Pearl!

There yew go talkin bout dancin and bobbin—
All the fast hosses yer keepin and jobbin;
But I'll bet yew my shot-gun
They's none like the grey-nu
Yew rid as a kid, called Bobbin!

Yer beginnin tew blow bout joy-ridin machines,
And the people yew know what's got lots er means;
But I'll bet yew my hay-rack
Yew'd like tew be way back
A-playin round haylu machines!

How comes it yer not with our boys "over there"?
Why don yew enlist? How bout doin your share?
Yer exempt? I supposed it.
Too sick? Yup! I know'd it!
I know yer kind. Full er hot air!

What's the matter? Yew got somethin in yer eye?
Oh! I didn't mean t' go fer ter make yew cry.
But yew know I wa'n't lyin—
Go ahead—keep on cryin.
Do yew good! Guess 'll go. Goo-by!

Auburn, N. Y. HARRY F. KOWALL.

A Parlous Case.

As the World Wags:

I have a friend who belongs to several clubs. Among them, the Mohair and the Liquortarian. He is thinking seriously of resigning from these clubs, all because the Liquortarian Club is going out of business. Of late he is beginning to get bald, so that he has to resign from the Mohair Club, anyway. That does not worry him half so much as his much beloved Liquortarian Club. He is very meditative, and keeps on moaning, "what shall I do?" All of his worriment is that he will not be able to get a drink he likes very much that he calls the "Mule." This drink, he says, has a kick to it and for that reason it has been given its peculiar name by the butler at the club. I have tried to stop him from worrying by telling him that he can get along without it, and that this old world will still wag on when he is dead and gone from worriment. He does not listen to reason, for he quotes me Scripture to show that a little wine must be taken for the stomach's sake. I have even put myself to the trouble of importing him some falernum from the West Indies, but he says that it is too sweet. I got him some sorrel also, from the same place, but the sorrel, he says, is too tame for a hard and fast drinker like him. As regards the bald pate of his head, he says that does not worry him half so much because he can buy a wig and no one will know the difference. As he is getting along well in years I would do anything to please him; he will listen to no sweet talk from me, as he calls it; he must have a drink like the "mule," even if he has to see the chief revenue officer of this country in order to have him reserve some for him, on the quiet. He claims that he was drinking it all his life and that he must have it at any cost. The last thing he said to me today in a fit of anger was: "I do not see the use of clubs, anyway, if a fellow cannot enjoy them as he should when he is getting well along in years." Isn't there something that can be given the old man as a substitute for his well beloved drink, "the mule"?

L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

Boston, Jan. 9.

Injurious Miss Lucy.

As the World Wags:

It looks as if both Sir Walter Hungerford, "Knight of Farley," and his admirer, Thoreau of Walden Pond, had suffered alike from the attentions of Miss Lucy Grimes of the Swillingford Patriot, a known Bloomer, or of a g. g. niece, a triumphant suffragist.

Sir Walter was wagering on his bay horse, black greyhound and "haucke for the reyver," alias a terceret or male peregrine. (The "thirdling" was so-called as being the third egg laid in the clutch and always a male bird, and always smaller and weaker than his sisters, and necessarily than his mate.

The equestrian picture at Rodbourne gives "the best horse for a man of armes, a greyhounde for a hare, a haucke for the reyver (i. e., duck-hunting); also a gerfalcon for the herne," inclusive, eight in all.

Miss Lucy apparently changed "tercelet" into "leveratt."

Her g. g. niece apparently changed "tercelet" into "tourterelle" and called it "turtle-dove."

Sir Walter kept his wager open "for foure years." He would not have kept a series of tame leverets or one-year-old wild hares, tamed and gentled, just for show. He was no pacifist and a tame leveret was no great rarity. A guinea-pig was a greater curiosity in 1560.

"The female of the species is more dangerous than the male." Q.

Boston.

Who Owns the Cork?

When champagne is consumed in a restaurant who is entitled to keep the cork? Is it the property of the landlord, or of the client, or is it the perquisite of the waiter? That delicate problem, I see, has formed the subject of litigation in Berlin, where, cork being scarce, old champagne corks can be sold for 3½d. each. A waiter, dismissed for pocketing the corks, after being forbidden to do so, brought an action for wrongful dismissal; and the court finding itself puzzled, the case now stands adjourned in order that expert evidence as to the "trade custom" may be called. —Westminster Gazette.

SOPRANO DELIGHTS AT SYMPHONY HALL

Miss May Peterson Adds to Enjoyment Gabrilowitsch Affords

One of the most delightful Sunday concerts of the season was given at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist, and Miss May Peterson, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera Company. The singer replaced Mme. Louise Homer, prevented from appearing by a heavy cold. But Miss Peterson more than repaid those who were disappointed.

Unusually gifted, with a haunting voice of velvet quality, warmth and freshness, Miss Peterson sang with consummate skill and distinction. She has both brains and temperament, intellectual perception and emotional eloquence. With an admirable technical equipment and an attractive personality this young singer is universally endowed to a remarkable degree. The songs by Ciampi, Caccini and Mozart, including the difficult "Allelujah Exsultate" served to reveal the singer's marked ease and fluent execution, while in the numbers of Chausson, Debussy, Rhenes-Baton and Fourdrain Their was further opportunity for her to display her interpretative ability.

Finished phrasing and excellent diction were evident in her performance in Italian, French and English.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, a great favorite in Boston, was warmly greeted by a very large audience. He gave pleasure and excited admiration by his playing of pieces by Schumann, Chopin and Debussy. There was much applause and the program was lengthened.

Next Sunday the concert will be given by Eugene Ysaye.

MID-SEASON CONCERT BY CHORAL UNION

The People's Choral Union of Boston gave its 14th mid-season concert last night at Symphony Hall, before a large audience. Frederick W. Wodell was the conductor for 400 mixed voices. William Tucker, baritone; George Boynton, tenor, and Miss Charlotte Peege, were soloists. The dramatic cantata, "The Crusaders," was part of an extended program.

Jan 15 1918

'RIVIERA GIRL'

By PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance of "The Riviera Girl," a musical comedy in three acts, book by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, music by Emmerich Kalman. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger at Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1917.

Sylva Vareska	Wilda Bennett
Baron Ferrier	J. Clarence Harvey
Gustave	Eugene Lockhart
Charles Lorenz	Arthur Burckley
Anatole	Frank Farrington
Sam Springer	Sam Hardy
Birdie Springer	Juliette Day
Count Michael Lorenz	Louis Casavant
Victor De Berryl	Carl Gantvoort
Old Rigg	George Ogle
Claire Ferrier	Viola Cain
The Butterfly	Marjorie Bentley
Daisy	Marjorie Bentley

This musical comedy is well worth seeing, if only for the extraordinary beauty of the scenery and the costumes. Mr. Urban has here displayed his rare sense of color, his knowledge of effective lines, his appreciation of daring simplicity in design, without being too fantastical in his invention, without indulging in his former mania for a cramped stage. Monte Carlo fired his imagination; art controlled it. The contrasts of blue, orange and purple in the settings; the Oriental gorgeousness of the costumes; these were a constant delight, a source of pleasure even when the comedians were evidently laboring.

The story told by the comedians is agreeable in this respect: It introduces a dear old friend. How often have we seen the virtuous singing girl, loved by the son of a nobleman, wedded to another, supposedly of humble birth and humble occupation posing as a man with a title, so that after the wedding, the marriage will be merely formal, but she will be a countess or even a duchess. And then, the proud parents being satisfied, a divorce will follow. The understanding always is that she will wed the son of the reluctant and haughty father. Lo, the "imposter" always turns out to be a prince. Joy of the populace! All dance for the final curtain, and the son of the proud parents consoles himself with a pretty girl whom he has known since childhood, who loved him all the time. We have seen this singing girl and followed her adventures in nearly every European country. Her repertory is always the same: So many sentimental songs, one brilliant one, the necessary number in waltz time; she even condescends to join in a serio-comic quartet or trio.

Mr. Kalman's music is melodious, now pretty, now appropriately sentimental, now spirited, with a Hungarian dash. It has the popular note, but it does not rely on dash and din.

Miss Bennett sang her simple measures pleasingly and was attractive and sympathetic in the course of her traditional adventures. Miss Day, with her sly and impish merriment, admirably seconded Mr. Hardy in the amusing duet, "Let's Build a Little Bungalow in Quoque." Miss Cain made something of a thankless part. Then there was Miss Bentley, the graceful dancer.

Mr. Gantvoort is remembered here as a valuable member of the Boston Opera Company. He is a skilful singer, with a manly, agreeable voice, accustomed to grand opera. While he does not now make the mistake of singing in musical comedy in the heroic operatic style, he bears himself with a dignity not incompatible with his princely role. It is a pleasure to hear in musical comedy a leading man that can sing without provoking laughter by his angularity and self-consciousness as an actor.

An old and esteemed friend revisited Boston in the person of Mr. Casavant. He brought with him recollections of good old days, but he sang and acted with the freshness of a new-comer. Mr. Harvey was as amusing as the part of the ex-ambassador would allow. Then there was Mr. Hardy as the irrepressible Sam Springer of Fishburg, Ill. Was he funny? Here enters the personal quotation. Probably not any dozen of spectators would be unanimous in their judgment on any comedian. We found Mr. Hardy funny, and the audience evidently thought so, too. It is true that there were times when he labored heavily; when he was handicapped by the librettists.

The female chorus was conspicuous for its physical attractiveness, the costumes, to which we have alluded, and its participation in the general color scheme, rather than for its pronounced vocal ability or skill in dancing.

The performance began promptly and ended about the imposed time. It might have ended about 10 o'clock, if the passionate, Vesuvian conductor, Mr. Previn, had not allowed too many repetitions of songs and dances, at times when there was no real demand for them.

A very large audience was thoroughly appreciative of the splendor of the production, the worth of the chief singers, and the efforts of Mr. Hardy and his co-mates.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE: "Success," a play in four acts by Adeline Leitzbach and Theodore Liebler, Jr., with Brandon Tynan. First performance in Boston.

Dolly Dean	Carree Clarke
Miss Hamilton	Mildred Southwick
Willis Potter	William Hassan
Phil Lawton	L. Melton Claodagh
Jane Arlington	Helen Holmes
Ferguson Holt	Louis Leon Hall
John Treadwell	Arda La Croix
"Mike" Lewis	Jess Dandy
Margaret Hamlin	Emily Callaway
Barry Carlton	Brandon Tynan
Joe	Richard Abbott
Nick Walker	George Leffingwell
Henry Briggs	James Durkin
Gilbert Gordon	Lionel Glenister
Rose Randolph	Marion Coakley
Ruth	Carrie May Scott

This play was performed in Pittsburgh last spring as "The Man Who Lost." Old fashioned in theme and treatment, it belongs to a school of drama now almost obsolete. No new and relieving touches enliven the slow march of time between the moment when two lives are wrecked until by the old device of love made perfect by atonement they are once more mended and united.

Barry Carlton, a famous actor, marries Jane Arlington, his leading woman. An old actor in his company thoughtfully informs him of a scandal in which his bride and a notorious roue had been involved. Carlton, doubting and jealous, reproaches and quarrels with his wife in his cups. She leaves him, taking their daughter. He goes to Australia. Later his death is announced.

In act two, more than 20 years later, practically the same situation occurs. Rose Randolph, Carlton's daughter, is to play Cordelia to the Lear of the celebrated Gilbert Gordon to whom she is secretly engaged. Henry Briggs, a man about town and the angel of the production, is permitted by the young girl's mother to finance her debut, although Mrs. Carlton would not hear of her daughter's marriage to an actor, the highly respectable Gordon.

On the night of the performance, Gordon, suspecting the nature of his fiancee's relations with Briggs, quarrels with her and rushes from the theatre, only to return dead drunk. Carlton, now Gordon's dresser, plays Lear and saves the performance.

The lady is revealed in the last act after all possibilities of sentimental conversation and situations have been exhausted, with Carlton's room at a lodging house as an appropriate setting.

The play is neither amusing nor stimulating, nor is it well-knit romantic drama. The characters are old-fashioned, drearily conventional. There is an attempt at comic relief by the introduction of a hysterical theatrical manager, but even as played with gusto by Mr. Dandy, the amusement provided failed to lessen the monotony of the ever-recurring sentimental moments between Carlton and his wife, between Gordon and Rose, and other combinations of the principal characters. Mr. Briggs did not present a convincing appearance as steeped in crime and the villain of Mrs. Carlton's past, and the precise nature of his guilt was left for the audience to imagine.

Whatever the weakness of the play, Mr. Tynan, a capable character actor, last seen here in "The Melody of Youth," is provided with a congenial role, slightly reminiscent of, but far less real, than "The Music Master." Such a part, with its emotional moments, its renunciation, its uniting of estranged young lovers, might have been graced many years ago by the late E. S. Willard. Mr. Tynan, in an impressive make-up simulating forlorn old age, made the most of every opportunity.

The other members of a mediocre company do not invite discussion. There are two exceptions. Mr. Dandy as the theatrical manager worked hard and was amusing in a primitive fashion. Mr. Glenister, once a member of a local stock company, and an actor of brains and personality, is wasted in the part of Gilbert Gordon. An audience of fair size was calm in its expressions of approval.

COPLEY THEATRE: The Henry Jewett Players in "The Rivals," a comedy in three acts, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, produced under the personal direction of Henry Jewett. The cast:

Thomas ..... Leon Gordon
Fag ..... Nicholas Joy
Lydia Languish ..... Viola Roach
Lucy ..... Dorie Sawyer
Julia ..... Jessamine Newcombe
Mrs. Malaprop ..... Beatrice Miller
Sir Anthony Absolute ..... Fred W. Permain
Sir Lucius O'Trigger ..... Fred Annerley
Capt. Jack Absolute ..... Leonard Craske
Faukland ..... N. Murray Stephen
Bob Acres ..... H. Conway Wingfield
David ..... Cameron Matthews
Maid ..... Ann Remlig

The production was under the personal direction of Henry Jewett and, although considerably shortened to meet the requirements of the 10 o'clock rule, was satisfactory.

Bob Acres was ably played by H. Conway Wingfield. Beatrice Miller was effective as Mrs. Malaprop. Capt. Jack Absolute was well played by Leonard Craske. Lydia Languish was artistically played by Viola Roach.

Miss Ann Remlig, as a maid, with little to do but look pretty, played her part well. The other parts were in capable hands.

Person at B. F. Keith's Theatre

Valeska Suratt and company in the "Purple Poppy," a melodramatic act by Paul M. Potter and C. V. De Vonde, is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house, and it may be a matter of interest to note the fact that the curtain descended on the dot of 10 o'clock. There was no curtailment of the program, and the performers were as generous as before with their encores.

Miss Suratt's latest vehicle is new to Boston. The piece is interesting in a melodramatic sense, and has an ingenious turn at the climax. There is plenty of action and a nice vein of comedy. There is an opportunity for Miss Suratt to excel in the extravagance of her wardrobe. The actress's style is again that of the vampire, and in this role she once more has her fling with the manipulation of her glorious orbs and the convolutions of her lithe and sinuous body. In speech the actress affects the labial style of articulation now commonly associated with seductive performers before the screen.

One of the best acts on the bill was that of Dorothy Brenner in her varied program of songs. She was especially pleasing in her simulation of unsophisticated childhood. In this style she gets inside the character, there is no trace of artificiality, and coming as it did after the italicized maturity of her preceding interpretations, there was wonder on the part of the audience as she unfolded the characteristics of this child in rompers.

Robert Emmet Keane, in a delightful monologue, was another act that scored. Mr. Keane has always been noted for the excellence of his caricature of the cockney and the English chappie. Last night he again excelled with a budget of new stories that were as timely as they were funny.

Other acts on the bill were Mazie King, assisted by E. E. Marini, in a varied program of dancing; Jimmy Duffy and Jack Inglis, in "The Music Masters"; Mons. and Mme. Alf W. Loyal and their performing dogs; Dorothy Regal and company in a melodramatic farce; Frank Parrish and Steven Peru in an acrobatic dancing act, and Jack and Cora Williams in an aerial acrobatic act.

But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire.
Even he, whose mood of gloomy bent
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world, and all its ways,
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Hath roused him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart of pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins it still to living kind.

For Cat Lovers Only

As the World Wags:

The persistent efforts of a few license agitators to regulate the cat into the ranks of the "has beens," make us rub our eyes and wonder if the whole world is not laboring under a delusion in believing that the cat is the natural antidote for the rat and as efficacious as vaccination in most cases. From even India's coral strands comes a news item telling a story of Tommy Atkins "requisitioning" for cats to supplement the traps in the plague infested district of Poona (inadequate there as elsewhere).

From the British isles our old acquaintance, Harrison Weir, that prince of animal illustrators, comes to our rescue and I find in his little classic, "Cats and All About Them," reprinted in America in 1889, he describes how he was compelled to mistake cats in his country retreat to protect from rats the food scattered to the birds! In the preface he modestly states his claim for authority "the following notes and illustrations are the outcome of over 50 years' careful, thoughtful, heedful observation, much research and not unprofitable attention to the facts and fancies of others. The love of nature has been my chief delight, animals and birds have not only been objects of study but of absorbing interest." In relating how a bias against the cat was finally overcome he sums up their good qualities and emphasizes its service. "Were it not for our cats rats and mice would overrun our houses, buildings, cultivated and other lands. If there were not millions of cats there would be billions of vermin.

"When I built a house in the country, fond as I am of cats, I determined not to keep any there because they would destroy the birds' nests and drive my feathered friends away. Things went pleasantly for awhile. The birds became so tame as scarcely caring to get out of my way when I went outside with more food. But one day a rat came out from the rocks and then another and ate the birds' food." Then he found mice had got into the house, necessitating the procuring of three cats —"farmyard cats—cats that knew the difference between chickens, ducklings, mice and rats. After being away a couple of weeks I went again to my cottage and slept undisturbed in the room late a playground for the mice. My chickens and ducklings were safe, and soon the cats allowed the birds to be fed in front of the window, though I could not break them of destroying many of the nests. I never noticed more fully the very great use the domestic cat is to man than on that occasion. At night they were on guard outside and doubtless saved me the lives of dozens of my 'young things'."

It is inconceivable that the president of the National Cat Club did not know "all about" ferrets, common in England, and of cage traps, a French invention. I will suggest to Judge M. that he strangle his cat and procure ferrets just to watch him smile!

What a wagging of heads, switching of tails and general caterwauling there will be when the news leaks out that in the British government has, after careful consideration, sent out an expert to get a "shipload" of rat-killing cats to rid the trenches of the intolerable pest of rodents. It is an interesting letter of Cuulifte-Owen. Even the dogs have had their day and are to be supplemented by our well known kind of super cats. Japan has also concluded they are the best protection and are increasing their supply. Will the doubting Thomases including that man from Plymouth who never knew but one rat killed by a cat, sit up and take notice? Just think of our stupidity in even now agitating to kill off our cats to conserve our food supply! The Britishers are not satisfied with grabbing our Lewis gun, but they are going after our cats.

Only a few months ago I warned the Rockefeller Institute, who were experimenting with means to cope with trench fever (presumably caused by rats) that the increase would probably be alarming as the weeks went by, and suggested that mechanical means should be experimented with. They did not even acknowledge my letter! Doubting Thomases? Why the world is full of them! WILLIAM GILL.

Dorchester.

Souls and Tobacco

The Dean of Exeter emphasizes what each of us feels to the full, the spiritual significance of the coming of the Americans to our aid. But if we say that we are gathering bread cast upon the waters of other days, we must admit that the putting forth has had its intermissions. In the reign of Queen Anne the people of Virginia sent home a deputation praying that the motherland would send them out an ecclesiastical hierarchy for the good of their souls. The minister of the day replied, "Oh damn your souls, grow tobacco!" Virginia obeyed the injunction as to the tobacco.—Longon Daily Chronicle.

We asked "Z. Y. X." what possible connection there could be between Thoreau and Sir Walter Hungerford with his bay horse, hound, etc. "Z. Y. X." now answers: "It seems quite possible that some one had sent Thoreau a woodcut of the picture in question. Sir Walter had retired from the court to the 'simple life.' Thoreau had retired to Walden Pond. Both bragged about the pleasures of nature-study, each with a different type of megaphone. Both said the grapes were sour."

Enemy Aliens

It is not so easy to determine a man's nationality as those who clamour for the internment of all Germans imagine. A recent case has just perplexed our authorities, who had to decide whether a man who was born in Belgium, and whose German father subsequently became a naturalized British subject, was or was not an enemy alien. According to British law he would appear to be a German, but according to German law he is a man without nationality, and in this case German law seems right, because none of the three countries concerned will own him.—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS STJERNA IN SWEDISH SONGS

Frida Stjerna, a young Scandinavian soprano, sang at Steinert Hall last evening. Mary Shaw Swain was the accompanist.

Miss Stjerna's voice is light and agreeable, generally even, sweet and pure in the upper tones. She has a respectable technic and an emotional nature. Her program was ambitious. It included songs in Swedish by Lie, Sjogren, Kjerulf and Grieg; five interesting numbers by Sibelius, other songs by D'Ambrosio, Duparc, Franche, Bachelet and Mme. Sembrich's favorite war horse, Thrane's Kom Kjyra.

At present Miss Stjerna's singing is that of a sublimated amateur, but she has youth, intelligence and marked ability, which should assure her of a future.

SECOND CONCERT OF APOLLO CLUB

The second concert of the 47th season of the Apollo Club took place in Jordan Hall last evening. Mr. Mollenhauer conducted. The club was assisted by Carl Webster, 'cello. Messrs. Ralph L. Harlow, Walter H. Kidder and Alfred Denghausen of the club sang solos. The accompanists were Frank H. Luker, Cora G. Brooks and Homer C. Humphrey, organist.

The club sang songs by Foote, Tours, M. Praetorius, A. Zender, Buzzi-Peccia, Edward MacDowell, Philip Wolfram, Van der Stucken, Frank Horace Wheeler, George W. Chadwick. Mr. Webster played pieces by Herbert, Popper, Schumann, Goens.

There was a large audience and both the soloists and ensemble were generous with encores. The performance was on the high musical plane so well established by this society.

A Lay of Liquor

Doomed indeed is the Demon Rum,
And Bacchus now is banned,
The lid is on John Barleycorn,
The cannikin is canned;
We are accurst with raging thirst,
And liquoriess the land!

No more in the tavern tap-rooms
Are "glad songs ringing clear";
Gone is the glow and the glamour
Of joyous yester-year,
For lost is the lordly liquor,
Vanished the wine and beer.

The brimming beaker brims no more,
Life's chalu has lost a link,
There hangs a pall o'er banquet hall
Where glasses no more clink;
And deadly dull the dinners are
Where dibers no more drink.

God rest you, sober gentlemen,
That were so blithe and gay;
Never a pot is there God wot
Of ale for you today!
Since pious prohibition passed
It's gone—aud gone to stay!

Gray Improved

As the World Wags:

One of your neighbors on the editorial page, Mr. B. L. T., recently added to the joy of living by quoting from a Florida newspaper a bit of editorial comment on the following quatrain, which he had clipped from a contemporary:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

With the rest, I laughed at the writer's earnest praise of the promising young poet, and at his suggestion for bettering the third line to read:

"Full many a flow-er blooms to blush unseen."

The line has haunted me ever since.

Did you appreciate the editor's criticism? It is just; his remedy is what fails. He is perhaps self-taught and not too widely read, but for all that he is evidently a man of considerable taste and feeling. I think he must be a gem of the dark unfathomed Everglades himself. Perhaps he is not quite but Machiavellian, and is now having the time of his southern and congenial life. In either case, his observation is decidedly acute.

His objection was to the use of "born." And who will deny that its application to "flower" is incongruous? It is incongruous, and I honor the ear that caught it, or rather the mind; for the error is in sense, not sound. This Florida editor, moreover, is a constructive critic—there he errs in prudence, though not, apparently, in honesty of purpose. By this time he probably understands that critics of literature should save or damn in general terms; it is very bad form to try to help. In particular, brass tacks are contraband. Honor, nevertheless, to the Floridan for his honesty and sympathy.

Yet his suggested reading is to be condemned. "Flower" must not be required to do duty as a dissyllable, of course. At this point I make my own venture—realizing that the ice is thin, and expecting a chilly ducking in your cold sea of contributors.

I said—Can't say "flower blooms"; that's easy, use "doth."

"Full many a flower doth bloom to blush unseen." But "bloom" is too heavy, too exotic—too blooming, for a line so chaste.

My next version read:

"Full many a flower is doomed to blush unseen." I thought—Good sense, but bad sound. "Doomed" also is too heavy—too crushing for the fragile flower; the line is dull—it loses its sparkle. Such was my first thought. The second was more favorable to "doomed." Does it not deepen the tragic significance of the stanza? Let the weight fall, let it crush the flower—is not that the poet's intention? But my third thought returned to the position of the first objection; "doomed" is really too heavy. If I let it fall there, the last line is an anticlimax: it should, on the contrary, be the most impressive. No, "doomed" will not do.

The next effort resulted in the line:

"Full many a flower has sprung to blush unseen." Decidedly no, said I; "sprung" is too acrobatic for the calmness of these lines; besides, it is trivial—I have merely "passed the buck."

Ransacking my mind for synonyms, I thought of "blown"—a truly poetic word. I tried it.

"Full many a flower has blown to blush unseen." Good, except the conjunction of "blown to blush"—that is too blooey—sounds like "blunderbuss." Yet "blown" is good. How shall I save it?

My next attempt resulted thus:

"Full many a flower has blown and blushed unseen." Better, much better; "blown and blushed" is much better than "blown to blush." Still, I had better separate them a trifle more. So I wrote:

"Full many a flower has blown—and blushed unseen."

Splendid! Now I have contrast and much more feeling, without interrupting the grandeur of the lines. Reading it, you give "blown" a rising inflection—you decrescendo—the sound trembles away like the blown flower itself—a slight pause—and then, in quiet sadness, "and blushed unseen." Great!

By this time I had realized that I should have to tackle the last line. I could not say

"Full many a flower has blown—and blushed unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

That didn't sound right, somehow.

But the task was easier this time. I saved my third line and even bettered the last, thus:

"Full many a flower has blown—and blushed unseen:
Has wasted sweetness on the desert air."

The last line now is an effective summary of the whole stanza, instead of a tag. Moreover, the sadness of the poet's thought obviously lies herein: not that a wretched little flower can grow alone and never have any one to admire her or smell her or wear her in a buttonhole, but that one tiny bit of sweetness, even an infinitesimal particle of the not large body of human joy, should be lost. How much deeper, how much more purifying, the sadness of the second thought.

I leave the quatrain, therefore, thus:

"Full many a gem of purest ray
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower has blown—and blushed unseen;
Has wasted sweetness on the desert air."

I shall not copyright these lines—I bestow them freely. I have only one doubt. I hear a rattling of dry bones—a sort of turning over, as it were—in the sepulchre of Thomas Gray. I suppose he is trying to get up and offer his congratulations. HAZELTON SPENCER.

Kent's Hill, Me.

Flapdoodle

Not many, we imagine, could trace the origin of the word "flapdoodle," used by Mr. Sexton, the Liverpool Dockers' delegate, at a recent Trade Union congress. It is a relic of the bad

old cock-fighting days. As used by Mr. Sexton, it implied that there was too much trifling and not sufficient stamina about a certain policy. Mr Sexton doubtless remembers the word from the old Lancashire cock-fighters. A certain class of fighting-cock, when placed in the cock pit, instead of facing its adversary forthwith, would strut about with flapping wings, crowing all the while, in the hope of frightening the other bird without coming to blows. Such flapping and crowing of "cock-a-doodle-do" was termed in plain Lancashire, "flapdoodle."—London Daily Chronicle.

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We read [illegible] of men and women who [illegible] sum of money to household servants in recognition of long and faithful service. Fidelity should be rewarded. It is easy for a man to bequeath money when he knows that he will no longer have use for it; that he will no longer [illegible] his box in the safe deposit vault; that he will no longer sign a check with a flourish, or talk confidentially with the men of State street. "Bridget deserves a remembrance. So does Mary, so does Michael" —and Mr. [illegible]yside, drawing up his last will and testament, goes through the list.

Once, however, there was a man who, while he was alive, showed his appreciation of a servant that died in his employment. His name was Daniel Day, an eminent English pump and engine maker, who died in 1767. His old housekeeper lived with him 30 years. She was fond of tea. Mr. Day did not drink it, but when she died, he, remembering her taste, ordered a pound of green tea to be placed in each of her hands and buried with her in her coffin.

Minnie and Janet

As the World Wags:

When Mr. Henry Jewett was writing about Mrs. Fiske, the play-actress, in last Sunday's Herald, why did he not mention the Minnie Maddern of "Fogg's Ferry," who had a cigar named after her? The cigar would still be on sale in Boston if Filene's had not covered the ground where it was merchandized. You spoke last Sunday of an English composer, Miss Janet Hamilton and her song, "Love Cooled My Feet." Why doesn't she try a hot water bag—and a day off?

Wrentham E. P. H.

Col T. Allston Brown in his "History of the New York Stage" indexes "Fogg's Ferry" (Park Theatre, 1882) as "Fogg's Fairy." Alas, we never saw the play; nor did we ever see "The Cataract of the Ganges," "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" or "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We have seen cigars named after Robert Burns, Henry Clay, Chester A. Arthur, William Cullen Bryant, but were unaware that Mrs. Fiske had thus been honored. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who, as an intepid sociologist, has made an exhaustive study of cold feet and their influence on politics, poverty and marriage, assures us that the best hot-water "bag" is now made of metal. Boiling water can be poured into it; the heat is retained until morning; the bag does not leak, and would therefore not have inspired any verses by the late Eugene Field.—Ed.

Women and the Pipe

As the World Wags:

In the narrative of her captivity among the Indians in 1676, written by Mary Rowlandson, wife of the first minister of Lancaster, Mass., occurs the following passage:

"When I went to see King Philip, he bade me come in and sit down, and asked me whether I would smoke it (a usual Complement now adayes amongst Saints and Sinners) but this no way suited me. For though I had formerly used Tobacco, yet I had left it ever since I was first taken. It seems to be a Bait the Devil layes to make men loose their precious time: I remember with shame, how formerly, when I had taken two or three pipes, I was presently ready for another, such a bewitching thing it is: But I thank God, he has now given me power over it; surely there are many who may be better employed than to ly sucking a stinking Tobacco-pipe."

It does not appear that Mrs. Rowlandson regarded indulgence in two or three pipes as unfeminine, but as vicious for either sex. In the England of Fielding's day, however, one gathers from a vivid little apologue at the end of chapter VI, book I of "Amelia" (q. v.) that "smoking tobacco" was associated with the manners of women of the town.

J. C. L. C.

Lancaster, Jan. [illegible]

"Amelia" was published in 1751. Dr. Shebbeare, writing in 1755, said that smoking tobacco had not long since gone out of fashion "among the nobility even, when drinking and smoking were more the custom than at the present." Fielding's pretty girl, whom he had seen in low surroundings, was out of fashion when she smoked.—Ed

Women in the Fields

Would the Old Farmer of the Almanack approve the sight of women in the fields when men are in the war? We know what he thought and wrote in August, 18[illegible]

"All things must give way to necessity, yet what need is there for a woman to leave her domestic concerns, go into the field, and like an Amazon wield the pitchfork and the rake? 'Tis abominable! Is this the duty of a wife? Is such the tenderness of a husband? Remember, she is the mistress of thy house, treat her, therefore, with respect, that thy children may, also. Consider the tenderness of her sex, and the delicacy of her frame."

The Hardboiled Shirt

Who wrote "The Passing of an Institution," suggested by the report that the hard-boiled shirt was to be put away owing to the scarcity of starch? If we are not mistaken, the verses were published in the Evening World of New York.

The hard boiled shirt! The hard boiled shirt!
  Which Mother pressed and Father wore!
How tender memories revert
  To days and things that are no more!
On every seventh morn it rose
  And fell upon his writhing chest
Beneath his one black suit of clothes—
  His solemn, sombre Sunday best.
White! Shining! Destitute of dirt,
An awesome thing, that hard boiled shirt!

Six days a week in tattered jeans
  He hoed the corn and mowed the hay,
And milked the cows to gain the means
  To dress up on the seventh day.
On Sunday he would sleep till dawn,
  Comb out his whiskers, brush his hair
And put that gleaming garment on,
  And, lo! Another man was there.
Men called him Deacon then, though "Deek"
Was what they called him through the week!

It lent him dignity and poise,
  It gave him standing in the town;
When he was wearing it the boys
  Would shudder if he chanced to frown.
Alas, those good old days are gone
  In these hard times when ruthless war
Across the land sweeps on and on
  The hard boiled shirt returns no more.
No rigid vetsment, spic and span,
Remains to mark the gentleman!

RUBEL TRIO

A concert was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall by the Edith Rubel Trio (Edith Rubel, violin; Marie Roemaet, violoncello, and Katherine Swift, piano). The net proceeds were for the War Camp Community Fund. The program included Brahms's piano trio in B major; this group—"formal music" —Matheson, Air; Beethoven, Theme and 10 Variations; Corelli, Sonata for violoncello and piano; and a group—"informal music"—consisting of Bohemian, Danish, Russian and Creole folk melodies, and Sandby's Agnete and the Merman. "The Star Spangled Banner" and "The Marseillaise" were also on the program.

Miss Rubel, Miss Roemaet, with Miss Brenda Putnam, were heard here a year ago this month, when they gave a concert for the American fund for French wounded. They gave a second concert, for the same fund, in February.

Yesterday the young women gave pleasure to a fair-sized audience.

GIVES RECITAL

Miss Gladys Berry, 'cellist, gave a recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Miss Helen Tiffany was the accompanist. Miss Berry's program was unpretentious. She played a sonata by Corelli, Dvorak's Concerto in B minor, and smaller pieces by Faure, Grieg, Cui and Dunkler. She has a full, rich tone, adequate technical facility, and later will no doubt gain in authority as an interpreter.

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Berlioz and Tschaikowsky

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 12th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Berlioz, overture to "Les Francs-Juges"; Brahms, Piano Concerto No. 2; Tschaikowsky, Serenade for string orchestra.

Is it wise to perform an inferior work of a composer long after he died? Is the performance fair to the audience or to the reputation of the dead musician? Possibly there are some that still believe in the plenary inspiration of a composer, poet, essayist; some that find the inferior music of a great composer preferable to the best work of a man ranked in the second class.

Berlioz was indisputably a genius. His influence is still felt; it is impossible to think of Liszt, Wagner, and men of the Russian and French schools without mentioning reverently his name. The overture to "Les Francs-Juges," however, is not among his superb compositions, any more than the overture to "King Lear," which was played at the first concert of this season.

Yet we should be thankful for the opportunity of hearing the overture to "Les Francs-Juges" for these reasons. It was first performed in 1828 when Berlioz was in his 25th year. He had studied little, but his ambition was unbounded, his imagination was aflame. Romanticism was in the air. The plots of dramas performed in Parisian theatres during the latter twenties were every whit as wild and absurd as the libretto of "Les Francs-Juges," an opera never completed. The Berlioz of this overture was a little before the Hugo of "Hernani." Dumas with his "Antony" was of the family. The overture is interesting, then, as typical of the period, also as a revelation of Berlioz's character. We know from his own romantic memoirs how this music affected him. He thought it a full expression of the horrible; he called it "terribly frightful," to him it was a "hymn of despair." During the last 90 years we have "supp'd full" with orchestral horrors. This overture, as a whole, now seems alternately bombastic and childishly naive, yet there are pages that still command attention and show the native genius of the Byronic musician.

Think what an effect this overture made in 1828. Compare it with the French music of the same period; see how it stands out as something new, startling, revolutionary. Even here Berlioz shows his heaven-born gift of instrumentation in a then uncommon use of instruments, although he had not acquired the finesse that characterizes the greater number of his later works. He had dramatic ideas, he had the audacity to express them melodramatically.

The overture had not been performed here at a Symphony concert since 1902. Tschaikowsky's Serenade for Strings had not been heard since 1888. It is one of the Russian's lesser works, though he himself was fond of it. When the Serenade was played in Paris, the Valse pleased so much that it was repeated. Dr. Muck purposed to omit the Valse yesterday. The program book stated that it would be omitted. Later he changed his mind, when the book was in press.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch gave a remarkably fine performance of Brahms's concerto. He chose this concerto when he first played with the orchestra ten years ago. It is reasonable to suppose from this that he likes it, or, at least, is not afraid of it. The only performance of it in Boston that was comparable to that of yesterday was that by Joseffy. It is a pity that the first two movements of the concerto are in the composer's crabbed manner; that he was more interested in the structure of the movements and in declarations, often perfunctory, of orthodoxy than in emotional feeling and expression. The beauty of the Andante and the Hungarian piquancy of the Finale are not a complete atonement for the preceding "solidity" and "profundity," as the latter is understood in Germany.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Haydn, "Surprise" symphony; Mozart, Symphony in G minor; Beethoven, Symphony No. 1.

It was the same Mr. Ashby Sterry, who, with his characteristic modesty, once remarked that he laid no claim to the possession of exceptional erudition, or conspicuous culture; but that he flattered himself that in the art of looking out of window on a rainy day, he was an almost unequalled proficient.

Kilowatts and Calories

As the World Wags:

Now that the call for the conservation of daylight has become so very, very urgent, let us look at details which would normally escape our notice. The advertising habit has grown on us to a remarkable degree. Service flags, food conservation and Red Cross membership certificates fill every window, and we may soon expect lumps of coal and sugar, displayed by proud owners. Commendable as this development may be it defeats the daylight conservation commission. It has been roughly estimated that every household loses 6.37 per cent. of its daylight allowance by this display. This is serious. Should not the kilowatts and calories thus lost be turned to some useful end, say giving the birds on the Common hot baths. That, however, may safely be left to Mr. Storrow.

LLEWLLYN L. LLEWLLYN.

Boston.

On His Tombstone

As the World Wags:

They err who declare that the tombstone no longer bears the appropriate text of Scripture that characterized it a century ago. Recently we saw the grave of a noted tocologist, buried at Mount Auburn, and below his name was the text: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." H. G. W.

Boston.

Untimely Industry

As the World Wags:

Now that the knitting question is on again, I venture to take my pen in hand and write of a new experience of my own in this line.

It was at the brief noonday service in one of our most historic old churches, and a congregation which filled the church even to standing room had gathered to hear a very distinguished man. In two most conspicuous seats in the front row of the gallery were two fashionably dressed young women who seemed to be strangers to this particular church. They were occupied in pointing out to each other some of the well-known figures until the minister came forward to read from the Bible. Then one of the young women in a business-like way, removed her gloves, produced a gorgeous knitting-bag from which appeared the usual knitting, and with much flashing of diamond rings began to knit. At the beginning of the prayer she stopped knitting so suddenly that it was funny, and resumed it briskly and in an absorbed way before the "Amen" had fully sounded. During the short sermon, the people about her, who were desirous not to miss a word, could not get away from the sight and sound of the flying needles and the flash of diamonds.

It seemed to me that during the 10 minutes which is given to the sermon, the lady could not have accomplished much work, while the enjoyment of the service was considerably lessened for several people to whom it meant a good deal.

If I am wrong in feeling that it was hardly the time or place for so marked a display of industry (it would have been less trying without the diamonds), I am ready to be convinced of it.

Not all the soldiers have gone to war. To change slightly the lines in the Birkenhead Drill poem, it remains for some of us at times,

To sit, and be still
To the knitting craze drill.

Boston. EMILY M. MORSE.

"English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," collected by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, contains much that is of interest to others than maniacal folk lorists, who believe that the safety of the American composer rests on his being "national," or "tro-o-o-ly loyal"; that he should take thematic material from Negroes, the copper-skinned, creoles and cowboys.

Miss Loraine Wyman and Mr. Brockway were the first to collect folk songs in the Kentucky mountains and publish them so that they might be sung in concert halls. Their "Lonesome Tunes" was published in 1916. Miss Wyman has sung some of them in Boston.

Others followed Miss Wyman and Mr. Brockway. Mr. Sharp, who has gone up and down and across England for many years, spent nine weeks in North Carolina, 10 days in Tennessee and 10 days at Charlottesville, Va. The dwellers in the Laurel country, N. C., are direct descendants of the original settlers who emigrated from England, and probably, the lowlands of Scotland. Mr. Sharp thinks the emigration was some time in the 18th century. He gives an account of their character, physical appearance, manners, religion. They are economically independent, but have little money; barter is the form of exchange. "They are a leisurely, cheery people in their quiet way, in whom the social instinct is very highly developed. . . . They know their Bible intimately and subscribe to an austere creed, charged with Calvinism and the unrelenting doctrines of determinism or fatalism. . . . They have an easy, unaffected bearing and the unself-conscious manners of the well bred. . . . They are talking the language of a past day." He noted that the impersonal pronoun was pronounced with an aspirate, "hit." While the majority are illiterate, they are good talkers, they possess "elemental wisdom, abundant knowledge and intuitive understanding which those only who live in constant touch with nature and face to face with reality seem to be able to acquire. It is to be hoped that the schools which are beginning to be established in some districts, chiefly in the vicinity of the Missionary Settlements, will succeed in giving them what they lack without infecting their ideals, or depriving them of the charm of manner and the many engaging qualities which so happily distinguish them." These people are spare and strong, with clean cut and often handsome features. They carry themselves superbly. They are mature at an early age, especially the women, who sometimes marry at 13 or even younger. Mr. Sharp saw no drinking of alcohol. No one smoked, but chewing or snuffing tobacco is common. He says nothing about "dipping."

There was no difficulty in persuading the people to sing. Mr. Sharp found only one singer that sang to an instrumental accompaniment, the guitar. He was told that in Kentucky singers occasionally use a dulcimer, "a shallow, wooden box, with four soundholes, in shape somewhat like a flat, elongated violin, over which are strung three (sometimes four) metal strings, the two (or three) lower of which are tonic-drones, the melody being played upon the remaining and uppermost string which is fretted. As the strings are plucked with the fingers and not struck with a hammer, the instrument would, I suppose, be more correctly called a psaltery."

Now Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley, formerly the literary editor of the Boston Herald, spent nearly six months in the Kentucky Cumberlands. He became familiar with this instrument, the dulcimer, or "dulcimore." He describes it in the preface to his "Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse," published in Boston last year. He brings it into the poem "Saul of the Mountains:"

You see, young David taught the school,
So he had heaps o' time to fool
With dulcimores. They say he made,
With his own hands, the one he played.

It was the prettiest little piece
Of best black walnut shaped and bent
So slick, and boxed so tight and true,
With little wires and horse's glue,
That 't was no wonder it could sing.
You only had to touch the thing
To hear it, like it had a soul,
Whisper so soft, through each heart-hole,
But when young David cut his quill,
And tightened up the strings, until
They was in tune, then you'd allow
A bird waa shut inside, somehow,
Singing his heart out, fit to die.
And so Big Saul would lie and lie,
Half-drunk, and listen, with his eye
Fixed on young David, who set there
Beside the bed, on tilted chair,
And played; and, if he stopped, Big Saul
Would take another sup, and bawl
For him to sing and play some more.
'Twas lucky David had a store
O' lonesome tunes, and fast ones, too.
"The Mary Golden Tree" he knew,
"The Little Mohee" and "Jackaro,"
"Sourwood Mountain," "Rosen the Bow,"
How Barbary Allen killed her friend,
How Lawyer Marcum met his end,
And others more than I could say
If I atood talking here all day.

"The Mary Golden Tree," "The Little Mohee," "Jackaro," "Sourwood Mountain," "Barbara Allen," are among Miss Wyman's "Lonesome Tunes." It is interesting to note the difference in the words and the tune of "Sourwood Mountain" as given by Miss Wyman and Mr. Brockway and by Mr. Sharp. Mr. Sharp's version was sung at Rome, Ga., but Mr. Sharp does not say that he ever saw Georgia. What we should like to know is how Lawyer Marcum met his end.

To go back to the dulcimer. Mr. Bradley knew "Saul" and "David." He visited the latter on his farm in a remote corner of the Cumberlands and there heard the story he put into verse. "'David,' he says in the preface, 'was—still is, no doubt—the champion player of the mountain dulcimer, or "dulcimare."' There are several types of this singular instrument, for which no one has yet been able to suggest a satisfactory origin, and which has, of late years, been largely superseded by fiddle and banjo. That most commonly encountered is an oblong box of black walnut, shaped somewhat like a fiddle, though longer and narrower, and with a much shorter neck. It is strung with three strings—usually of wire—two of which are tuned in unison, the third a fifth lower. The player holds the instrument in his lap, forming the notes with a bit of reed which he slides up and down the nearest treble string with his left hand, while swiftly sweeping all three with a bow or piece of leather held in his right. The effect is similar to that produced by the drone pipe of the bagpipes—bourdonnement—and, in its remote, melancholy, monotonous tone, is favorably adapted to the mournful, somewhat minor music of the ballads."

It is evident that Mr. Sharp was not well informed about the "dulcimore." The only instrumental music he heard were jig tunes played on the fiddle. Whenever possible the open strings were used as drones, the strings, which were of metal, were tuned in a peculiar way for each air about to be performed.

Mr. Sharp states that the words and tunes in his collection are "typical and authentic examples of the beginnings and foundations of English literature and music." He thinks that the songs were brought over from the North of England and the lowlands of Scotland. He found a total absence of songs of a ritual nature, as Harvest-Home Songs, Carols (with one exception), May Day songs, and songs associated with the Morris and Sword dance ceremonies.

Mr. Bradley says that the Kentucky songs are by no means exclusively traditional. "The mountaineer continues to compose ballads more or less, we may suppose, in the old manner, on local events that stir his somewhat sanguinary imagination. Thus a whole literature has grown up about incidents of the civil war in the mountains, and about the great feuds, which, following it, to a certain extent grew out of it, and are also called 'Wars.' Two familiar examples are the ballads describing 'The Assassination of J. B. Marcoum' and 'The Rowan County Trouble.'"

Mr. Sharp gives a half-dozen or more variants of "Barbary Allen," but in no one of them are the naive verses heard by Mr. Brockway and Miss Wyman:

She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going,
The only words she said to him
Were "Young man I think you're dying.

* * *

So she looked east and she looked west
And saw the cold corpse coming,
She says "Come round you nice young man
And let me look upon you."

But among the 112 songs noted by Mr. Sharp there are many delightful verses. Take this one from "Johnny Doyle," in which the maiden tells how she was forced to wed Samuel Moor:

As soon as the minister he entered the door
My ear bobs they burated and fell to the floor,
In sixty-five pieces my stay-laces flew;
I thought in my soul my poor heart would break in two.

There are three verses in "Lazarus":

There was a man in ancient times,
The Scriptures doth inform us,
Whose pomp and grandeur and whose crimes
Was great and very num'rous.
This rich man fared sumptuously each day
And was dressed in purple fine linen,
He eat and drank, but scorned to pray,
And spent his day in sinning

* * *

He cried O father Abraham,
Send Lazarus with cold water,
For I'm tormented in these flames
With these tormenting tortures.
Says Abraham: Son, remember well,
You once did God inherit,
But now at last your doom's in hell
Because you would not cherish.
Unto where you cannot now enjoy,
Which augments your damnation;
Besides there is a gulf between
Prevents communication.

It is curious that in the three versions of "The Keys of Heaven," given by Mr. Sharp, there is not a happy ending. In one the man concludes:

You love coffee and I love tea,
You love my money, but you don't love me,
And I'll not marry you, miss, you,
And I'll not marry you.

In the other two versions the man reproaches the girl for loving money and refuses to wed her.

Books Recently Published About Music and the Theatre

The indefatigable Mr. O. G. Sonneck, formerly the chief of the music division of the Library of Congress, has published a catalogue of first editions of Edward MacDowell's compositions (Government Printing Office, Washington, 89 pp., price 40 cents). It was the intention to gather in the Library of Congress a complete set of the first editions of MacDowell's works, so that collectors in after years would not go astray. After 10 years of collecting, the collection is not exhaustive. "But it is approximately so, and it is unique. Indeed, MacDowell enthusiasts will find duplication extremely difficult." Each composition, with or without opus number, is copiously annotated. The pieces published under the pseudonyms of "Edgar Thorne" and "Edgar Thorn" are, of course, included. A note explaining why MacDowell took a pseudonym, a fact greatly to his credit, should have prefaced these two pages. There is also a catalogue of the part songs, orchestral music and piano music edited by him. The indices are headed "Class," "Title," "First Line," "Authors and Translators," "Composers Edited," "Publishers."

G. Schirmer of New York and Boston publishes a book of 103 pages, "Ethics and Esthetics of Piano-Playing," by Constantin von Sternberg. Price, $1.25. The author first discusses man and art. By art he means "an expression of purely psychic processes." Stating that it is not man's physical body alone that demands to be fed, he comes to the conclusion that man writes the history of his soul in art. This statement seems to him so profound that he italicizes it. Having discussed the interpretative artist, Mr. Sternberg has a kind word for the lay auditor. The learned auditor is seldom a reliable critic or a just judge; but there is hope for the layman, although at first he is opposed to good concerts. "Art for art's sake," says Mr. Sternberg, is "esthetic trumpery." "'Art for sensible, normal people's sake' is a far safer motto." There are three phases of understanding. The hearer—Mr. Sternberg prefers "auditor"—must "understand" material, design, thought and feeling. "There is in art not one rule or doctrine that admits of dogmatic rigidity and fixedness," so the student is warned not to mistake rules for laws. There are pages about phrasing and the means of phrasing. Old errors, false rules are exposed. The chapters on accent and tempo are longer and probably of more practical value than the generalizations about "art." There is a chapter on "Tone-Measuring through the Ear," with diagrams.

Mr. Mosher of Portland, Me., is famous for the beauty of the books published at his press. "The Sources of the Power of Music," by Ella White Custer is no exception. This volume of 63 quarto pages, an edition limited to 400 copies, contains these chapters: Dynamics, Primeval Force; Rhythmics, Regulation; Harmonics, Beneficent Combinations; Significance of the Scale of C major, Relationships; the Psychological Sources of Art, Compound Influences; Beauty, Ethereal Essence. There are also charts and musical illustrations in notation. Miss Custer wrote this preface: "It is my ambition to write what may be read in an hour and pondered for a life time." A reader, one not flippant, might say, "I have read your book in an hour, and shall not be able to understand it for a life time." He could easily grasp the opening chapters which contain solemn statements of familiar facts. When he came upon this remark: "It is very common to hear enthusiastic comments upon the 'poetry of the Bible.' A careful scrutiny shows that this is fully justified" he would no doubt say, "Yes, yes." But what would he say to the chart showing the "significance of the scale of C major"? We are informed that C on the first line below the treble staff denotes force, consciousness, and is white. D means negation, denial, resistance, and is gray, while B denotes pain, unrest and is purple. The empty fifth C-G standing alone is the affirmation of Deity, the "Great I AM." C, E, G, C, symbolizes the family—life force, maternity, paternity, the child white; these notes in closer combination suggest glory, adoration, peace. There are also "cheerful facts," not about the square of the hypotenuse, but about the "enpsychical nature" of man.

"The Stage Year Book—1917," published by The Stage, London, 210 pages, price 1 shilling net, is as useful, invaluable, as the preceding volumes. There is a resume of the theatrical year 1916 in London by E. A. Baughan; the roll of honor, containing the names of actors killed in the war; a review by L. H. Jacobsen of theatrical books published in 1916; Bernard Weller's account of the stage in war time; a review of the Variety year by A. Coles Armstrong. St. Clair Bayfield discusses the American drama. There are other instructive articles. Then comes the list of new plays, sketches and important revivals in the United Kingdom during 1916; with dates, names of theatres, and in the case of the more important plays, with the casts. There is an alphabetical list of authors of the year. The plays in America for 1916 are treated in like manner, and there is an "American Obituary." There are portraits of actors and actresses, also pictures of scenes in various plays. It is a pity that there is nothing like this year book, conspicuous for fulness and accuracy, in this country.

Unusually Interesting Concerts to Be Heard This Week

The performance of Mahler's great Symphony No. 2 in C minor is one of the most important musical events of the year. The Symphony has been performed only once in this country, at New York, when Mahler conducted the Symphony Society of New York, Dec. 8, 1908. Here the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be assisted by the uncommonly fine chorus, which has been prepared by Mr. Townsend, and by May Peterson and Merle Alcock, singers of established reputation. The Symphony is by some called the "Resurrection" Symphony because Mahler in the finale uses for the text Klopstock's "Resurrection" ode, which he heard sung at Buelow's funeral in Hamburg; but Mahler added verses of his own. In the fourth movement, "Primal Light," the verses are from "The Boy's Wonder Horn." The Scherzo is supposed to illustrate St. Anthony of Padua's sermon to the fishes, while the first movement, largely in the nature of a funeral march, has been explained in various ways. Mahler himself abhorred program notes of any kind; perhaps the explanations of the commentators are to be taken with considerable salt.

The concert in aid of the Edith Wharton War Charities brings the admirable Society of Ancient Instruments, the celebrated organist, Joseph Bonnet, and a soprano unknown as yet in this city, Mme. Gabrielle Gills of the Paris Opera. She came to this country at the request of the minister of fine arts, under the auspices of the French-American Association for Musical Art. She made her debut in New York at a Metropolitan Opera House Sunday night concert, and was applauded by an enthusiastic audience and even the critics. Born in Paris, she was a pupil of Dimitri Landesque. She made her debut at the Paris Opera in "Romeo et Juliette." She has triumphed in the revivals of the classic music of Monteverde, Sacchini and others. Her singing with the Lamoureux-Colonne Orchestra and the orchestra at the Conservatoire brought her constantly into further favor. She has given recitals in Paris, London and New York.

Although Mr. Ara is serving Italy in the war, the ensemble of the Flonzaley Quartet, which will give its second concert here next Thursday evening, has not suffered, for Mr. Bailly, who now plays the viola, is an artist of the first rank. A new work in manuscript by David G. Mason will be played here, an Intermezzo for string quartet. The other works to be heard are favorite quartets by Beethoven and Schumann. Mr. Mason's Intermezzo is described as follows: "Of the two themes, the first, sprightly and somewhat whimsical, is worked out in a kind of free conversation between the instruments on its characteristic motive. A melody imbued with deeper feeling and first played in a sonority veiled by mutes, introduces a more thoughtful episode, in which the theme makes a sort of mournful refrain, repeated by solo instruments at intervals. The whimsical theme then returns, and is further developed to a vigorous conclusion."

There will be curiosity to hear Mr. Kreisler in chamber music. He comes with Messrs. Letz, Svecenski and Willeke of the late Kneisel Quartet next Saturday afternoon. Some one has suggested that in this chamber concert Mr. Kreisler should be billed as Mr. Kneisler, so as to preserve the illusion that the Kneisel Quartet is still in existence. The program is conservative, but Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert are represented by works of imperishable beauty. Mr. Kreisler's share in these concerts will be given by him to the Musicians' Foundation (established by the "Bohemians") in aid of needy musicians. Tickets purchased for December 20 hold good for this concert.

A Costly Bunch of Bananas

George Robey sold a bunch of bananas for £102 at the matinee at the Holborn Empire in aid of the centenary fund of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

There is, after all, something in the atmosphere of the theatre—perhaps it lies in the chilly stare of the ticket salesman, the hauteur of the lady usher, or the unreality of the Louis decors on the boxes—that allows us to forget some of these contradictions and to accept for the time what we see as life. But really it never is life, it never is like life and we should never want it to be. The theatre is more truly named the playhouse. It frees for us all our dreams, it triumphs for a time, however short, over a world in which the hero rarely wins the heroine and in which the bag of gold and the end of the rainbow seldom come within our ken.—Ralph Bloch in the N. Y. Tribune.

Percy Colson is collaborating with George Cornwallis West on a one-act opera, founded on the latter's sketch, "An Episode of the Great War," in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell played recently at the Coliseum. Alfred Kalisch will convert the original book into a suitable libretto, and Mr. Colson will write the music.

About £4000 was realized in connection with a concert at the Alhambra, London, on Dec. 9, in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital in the East end. Mrs. Patrick Campbell delivered a message written for the occasion by Marie Corelli. The manuscript was sold at auction for £100 by George Robey, who organized the concert.

H. B. Irving has gone on tour with "A Story of Waterloo," beginning at the Victoria Palace, London, Dec. 24. He made his first appearance on the variety stage Jan. 25, 1914, in "The Van Dyck," at the Palace.

Mr. Louis N. Parker, who has written the pageant, "The Treasures of Britain," for Mrs. Lloyd George's matinee at the Shaftesbury, on behalf of the North Wales heroes' memorial, was music master at Sherborne school when he gained his first success as a dramatist. The circumstances were romantic. Mr. Parker wrote a play, "The Buried Talent," for performance by the boys at Sherborne, and gave the MS. to a local man to print. The late Norman Leslie happened to enter the shop one day, glanced through a copy of the play and surprised the author by offering to produce it. Leslie went away, however, and Mr. Parker heard nothing further of "The Buried Talent" until he received a second surprise in a letter from Mr. Ben Greet definitely offering to stage it at the Vaudeville.—London Daily Chronicle, Dec. 13.

"Simple Simon," a Lancashire play in one act by Terence Byron, was played for the first time in London on Dec. 3. The daughter of the Ramsbottoms has been seduced. The parents look about and, as the betrayer is impossible, they think of Simple Simon, considered by the neighbors as daft. He is accepted by the girl. The parents support the girl in not telling him the condition of affairs; but he states that he knows how the case stands; he had proposed because the girl's misfortune had given him courage. The author played the part of Simon.

I could never understand the craze on the part of English managers for securing American successes. Granted that a piece having proved successful on the other side is a sign of a possible favorable verdict here (provided it is not too local in its color), the important point that managers are blind to is the fact that the field of profit is limited when confined to London and the provinces. In the case of an original English production the cost of production is exactly the same as in an American play, but the harvest is 10 times greater. An English play sent to the states will be duplicated five or six times after production in New York, and the English owners may draw a large percentage on any sum of from £10,000 to £20,000 weekly without any further financial risk.—The Stage, Dec. 13.

Mr. Felix Ormon, in a letter published in the New York Sun, inquired into reasons for the failure in New York of Bataille's fine play "The Torches" ("Les Flambeaux"). He believes that one of the chief reasons was the "native American characteristic: the opposition, generally subconscious, to introspection and self-analysis, which this play directly invites." "It is a fact," he says, "that the American rebels at self-analysis, or to a reflection on his own elemental emotions or on his basic weaknesses, which, after all, are only the basic weaknesses of all human kind. No characteristic of Americans is more prominent than this disinclination to indulge in introspection." What he says, beginning his letter, is as true of Boston as it is of New York. "Ever so often a play of intellectual merit is brought to New York production in a real art spirit. The reviewers, cordial and appreciative as a rule in the presence of a worthy effort, accord the performance its due meed of praise; the Drama Leafue and literary bodies haste nto add their indorsement, the people who compose what has become known as the theatre cult sit over their afternoon teacups and dilate on the particular values of the play, some one makes an after dinner speech and some one else writes an article, all to the effect that at last there is hope for the serious drama. So the play runs a few weeks and then is tenderly laid at rest. And where does all this talk about the betterment of the theatre get us? Certainly, not very far! For this sort of thing has happened time and again.

Arthur Hammerstein has acquired the rights to "The Grass Widow." The authors, who were slow in acknowledging their indebtedness to the French dramatists, are making a new version.

Maxine Elliott, who will be seen here in "Lord and Lady Algy," will return to Belgium in May to work for wounded soldiers.

"The Singer," a play in one act by the late P. H. Pearse, was produced by the St. Endas Players in Dublin on Dec. 13. Pearse wrote this play just

before he led the Irish rebellion of Easter, [illegible] Mac Dara, the singer, is a young peasant who has suffered for his political idealism. Revisiting Dublin he lives poorly as a tutor. Fond of a boy and winning his regard, he learns that the boy's mother is jealous of the tutor and his enemy, so he takes to the road again. He reaches home in the west on the night when the peasants are waiting for "a man" who, coming from the north, will lead a new rising. The man has not arrived. Mac Dara takes his place at the head of the half-armed band. "He has no weapons, not even a coat upon his back. He will 'go out and die so that Ireland may be saved,' for so, he says, his nation may be redeemed by one man's sacrifice, just as long ago the 'world was redeemed by the death of a single man.' The play, as acted, is a good example of a poem in action. It is effective and often fine, and there is sufficient body in it. And it is a little historical document besides."

The Paris correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror writes about new plays. In "The Great Terror," at the Grand Guignol, an Egyptian magician hypnotizes a young girl to come to his house. Her brother shoots him, but the magician, though dead, works his spell and drags her with him into his grave. "L'Autre Combat," at Mme. Rejane's Theatre, is a story of the war. The parents of Madeleine persuade her to wed Jean Berger, an old playmate, very rich, when he returns from the war totally blind. Soon after their marriage she falls in love with a young officer. They are together one day, when the husband comes in. He, thinking his wife is alone, is lovingly demonstrative. When he has left the room, the officer reproaches Madeleine for having tempted him. He leaves her. Later the report comes that he has been killed. Madeleine betrays herself in her anguish. The husband forgives her. It is at Mme. Rejane's theatre that Gabrielle Dorziat's translation of "The 13th Chair" will be, or already has been, played. Lucien Guitry has written a play for his own use. Edmond Rostand, to assist a war loan, read a poem, "La Cloche," urging all to give France more than they can afford, at three performances at the

omedie Francaise, "probably the first time such a thing has occurred."

Old Plays and Old Theatre Folk Remembered by John W. Ryan

To the Editor of the Herald:

Your reference to "The Hidden Hand" a short time ago, recalled to my mind two occasions when I saw the drama of that name performed. The first was at Gloucester in the summer of 1860 when I was one of a week-end party including, among others, Hugh O'Brien, then not dreaming of being mayor, or indeed, in active politics at all; "Dave" Leavitt of the Boston Journal, even at that period a veteran reporter, who once covered Boston without much definite assistance; Luther Holden, then well known as a writer on the local drama; John Oxton of the Herald, who was a native of Gloucester, and Mr. Thompson, his initials escape me, one of Mr. O'Brien's partners on the Shipping List, a weekly once well known in the counting rooms of our Boston merchants. I was by far the youngest of this group, and as an apprentice in journalism was proud to be in such distinguished company.

We found a dramatic company playing in Gloucester at the old town hall. The play its members were appearing in was "The Hidden Hand." There were no opera houses in comparatively small communities in those days, and the stage was as bare of scenery as "When Burbadge played." E. B. Williams was in the cast. He had some time before that acquired fame as the representative of Brother Potter in the remarkable performance of "Still Waters Run Deep" at the Howard Athenaeum; in which J. M. Field was the Captain Hawksley, Mrs. Field, Mrs. Mildmay, and her sister, Mrs. W. H. Smith, the Mrs. Sternhold. The name of the leading woman at Gloucester I cannot recall. I only remember that she said: "I know where the carotid artery is," when the matter of an attack on feminine virtue was in question. The exclamation may have come from Mrs. Southworth's story, which I never read, though I devoured eagerly nearly everything else that came in my way in the guise of fictional light literature, with the perusal of "The Newgate Calendar," in secret, as a heavyweight. And I live to tell the tale.

My second encounter with "The Hidden Hand" was at Barnum's Museum in the old Herald building, way down town in New York in the summer of 1861, when the Lightning Calculator was doing his astonishing sums and the caged Happy Family, bird and beast and reptile, were living in a harmonious republic. This afternoon visit led me to the perpetration of some rhymes the night after, when I had nothing else to do, which I sent to the Leader, John Clancy's paper. I signed them Ann Chovy. They run, as far as memory holds them, after the following fashion:

There is a young policeman
  That promenades Broadway
Who from this heaving bosom
  Has stol'n my heart away.

Ah, well do I remember
  That sunny day in June
When [illegible] band was playing
  A [illegible] tune.

As [illegible] to the "lecture room"
  To see "The Hidden Hand"
That [illegible] drama,
  Scene laid in Dixie land.

Up stepped my bowing young M. P.
  And touched me on the arm,
Saying gently, "Dearest Madam,
  I will see you safe from harm."

The drivers of the busses
  Reined their steeds when he passed by,
They quailed beneath the glances
  Of his dark, commanding eye.

And the drivers of the wagons
  Had not a word to say
To the handsome young policeman
  Who showed me 'cross Broadway.

Oh, I never shall forget him,
  If I live to be four score,
Nor the smiling look he gave me
  At P. T. Barnum's door.

Observe, the mythical Ann was going to the "lecture room." Phineas, the delightful prince of humbugs of his day, had no theatre so-called, among his curiosities, but he had a stage and scenery, and the lecturers were profane players of more or less renown. This was bait to catch gudgeons, of course. Pious women who looked with horror at the doings of "The Seven Sisters" at Laura Keene's Theatre, would go to a matinee at Barnum's and sit out a melodrama, even if the inevitable masculine mashers fringed the standee border land.

But to return to the doggerel or what you will. Charles S. Halpine, who was Clancy's literary editor, published it, with the characteristic humorous remark, "See if Ann Chovy will send up any more of her sauce." He had not then won renown in the civil war. It was about a year before the appearance of his brilliantly witty poems over the signature of Private Miles O'Reilly, and before his establishment of the Citizen, which was such a power for good in the reform of New York municipal politics. As a school boy I had a distant admiring acquaintance with Halpine, when he was associated with B. P. Shillaber on the Boston Carpet Bag, that was full of the best wit of the early fifties, of the past century, when Charles Farrar Browne, then unknown as Artemus Ward, was a youthful compositor in the office, writing over the pen name of Lt. Chubb. Perhaps my juvenile regard for Halpine was why he published my random rhymes.

The period of which I write was the first year of the fraternal struggle when I was hoping that Mr. Hudson would give me a position on the New York Herald and send me to Washington or elsewhere. It was about this time that William Winter went to New York, having been unsuccessful in the publication of a literary weekly in Boston, to which city he never returned permanently. The Bohemians were still holding their revels in the recess under the sidewalk in Pfaff's saloon on Broadway, but Winter did not find the atmosphere congenial in that cave of wit, and soon, though not averse to looking occasionally upon the wine when it was red, retired from the scene. I recall the time-honored dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, who has recently passed away, as a boy living on one of the slopes of old Fort Hill in Boston. Belmont street was its name, and, singularly enough, for many years he made his home in Belmont, Staten Island. Perhaps he gave the place its name in remembrance of old times. As I first remember him, he was a "booky" lad, not a boy's boy at all. I do not think he ever coasted recklessly down High street, Oliver street or Hamilton street with the wild youtht from the Boylston school, that stood opposite the circular mall. A volume of Shakespeare or Lamb in a corner was more in his way, or, for a change, a dreamy stroll along the neighboring wharves when the harbor used to be spotted white with the sails of wooden clipper ships. His father was called Capt. Winter, though I cannot recall that he ever commanded a vessel. Perhaps he did when the family lived in Gloucester, where the critic and poet was born. Some of his early poems were read at one of the literary exercises of the Mercantile Library Association, and I once heard him deliver a lecture in Mercantile Hall on English men of letters. I lost sight of him as a boy when his family removed to Cambridge and he was a pupil at the high school of that place. Though being so near Harvard College before it attained the dignity of being part of a university, he did not take the academic course, but contented himself with being a graduate of the law school. "The dry and dusty purlieus of the law," however, did not hold him long, for he soon turned to polite literature and criticism for his support. He knew intimately all the great players of his day, but he did not seem to be popular with many of the minor actors. Perhaps because he was not lenient toward their faults. He had his enemies, as who has not.

Heigho, what a comparatively compact city was the Metropolis in the days of which I write. Many reputable old New Yorkers still dwelt in Greenwich Village, and the Knickerbockers still lingered in their retreat on Second avenue. In the first-mentioned section I used to visit "Jim" Collier, who was a kinsman of mine. He was long the Landry Barbeaud to Maggie Mitchell's Fanchon. Indeed, he was the first husband of Mary Mitchell, the sister of the famous "Cricket." Many years after he was one of the managers of the Union Square Theatre. John W. Collier was a genuine New Yorker, who was proud of the city of his birth, he was a sociable soul who had as many friends outside his profession as in. He was unusually popular because he was a thoroughly honest man.

Well, he has gone so have Winter and many another good fellow that I have known. So, too, have disappeared the Bohemians. I knew these gifted spirits only indifferently well. The only time I ever saw Walt Whitman was at one of their gatherings. Serene, rough-garmented, he sat at the head of the oblong board. He had already shouted his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." His pose was well sustained, for he was not always "one of the roughs." Those who knew him earlier remembered him as more in the ordinary run of cultivated citizens, when his garb was in the fashion of well-dressed young men about town. William D. O'Connor had not celebrated him at that time as "the good gray poet," the patient and merciful nurse of many a wounded soldier in our fraternal conflict. He was only an occasional visitor at the revels of the Bohemians, when caustic speech flowed fast and free. Charles Gaylor, once a prosperous dramatist of some note, told me that he suffered often from what he called the flippancy of their tongues, and in reply would say that if he were not up to the implied level of their intellectuality, he had at least money enough to pay his bills on presentation. "Where be their gibes now, their flashes of wit and merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?" JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

The War and Certain Strong Plays Once Forbidden

In its review of the dramatic year in London, The Stage had this to say about "Damaged Goods," "Ghosts" and "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont":

"They have been produced before, but this year they have had their first substantial hearing in this country by the public. Their presentation, with the ban of the censor removed under pressure of opinion that war conditions have brought about in relation to certain social evils, marks a widening of the boundaries of the theatre for which the advocates of serious drama have long contended. To this extent the year has made progress, though it has done so by means of plays that, in point of actual writing, date many years back, for only one of them, 'Les Avaries' (1901), was produced in the present century. 'Damaged Goods,' 'The Three Daughters of M. Dupont' and 'Ghosts' made a considerable popular appeal. There can be no question as to the salutary moral effect of these pieces, especially 'Damaged Goods' and 'Ghosts.' When, less than half a year before the outbreak of war, 'Damaged Goods,' Mr. John Pollock's version of Eugene Brieux's 'Les Avaries,' was produced at the Little—privately, because the lord chamberlain refused a license—the performance was generally boycotted by the press. That attitude we thought as mistaken as the ban by the censor, but there it was. We pointed out that 'Damaged Goods,' if a very painful and distressing work, was at all events a deeply moral one—one too terrible in its sincerity for any person to take any harm from it. This pathological object lesson is before all things didactic. It is only relatively artistic. In 'Ghosts' there is much the same theme, but in 'Ghosts,' in contrast to 'Damaged Goods,' we hear only indirectly the voice of the preacher. Ibsen, apart from a few crude passages, subtly exhibits his case, and in that he is swayed or dominated by his sense of craftsmanship. M. Brieux is frankly the advocate, the propagandist. He uses the dramatic form as far as it serves his essential purpose, but no farther. He mounts his characters not for themselves, but for his own principles and objects; not for their dramatic values, but for their sanative influences; and when they are in the way he puts his characters outside. For these reasons 'Damaged Goods' is only drama in a relative and variable degree. In short, dramatic form is sacrificed, and deliberately sacrificed, to a study of a social evil. But it is none the less a vital study. Ibsen's play, less openly a dramatic tract than 'Damaged Goods,' and in point of stage-craft the better work, did not run so long. Hence it would seem that the public prefers a play of this kind, where it has a lesson to enforce, to do so in direct terms. But Ibsen has always been caviare to the English public, which public, even though 'Ghosts' ran for 94 performances, does not appear to have acquired a taste for a dramatist for some reason uncongenial to it. The release of these plays from the old narrow and mistaken inhibition, however, has been all to the good. The war, if it has necessarily been bad for the stage in many ways, has, as we have said, at all events served to enlarge the purview of drama. That, of course, only means that the war has taught the public to face realities—to rid itself a good deal of shams and pruderies, and to see life with clearer eyes and more purposefully."

[illegible]

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY. Symphony Hall, 3 30 P. M. Concert by Eugene Ysoye, violinist, and Beryl Rubinstein, pianist. See special notice.

MONDAY: The Tuilleries, 3 P. M. Second of Miss Terry's concerts. Mary Fay and John Alexander Rogers, singers. Alfred Holy, harpist. Mrs. Dudley Fitts, pianist. Songs by Leoncavallo, Martini, Rimsky-Korsakoff, d'Ozanne, Szulc, Widor, Homer, Huhn, Quilter, Scott, La Forge, Kaun. Harp pieces by Rubinstein, Spindler and Holy.

TUESDAY: Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Mahler's Second Symphony, performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, assisted by May Peterson, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto, and the large chorus trained by Stephen Townsend. See special notice.

WEDNESDAY: Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. Concert for the Edith Wharton War Charities by Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano; Societe des Instruments Anciens; and Joseph Bonnet, organist. See special notice.

THURSDAY: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly, d'Archambeau, Beethoven, Quartet in E flat major, op. 74; D. G. Mason, Intermezzo for string quartet (Ms.); Schumann Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M., "Operatic Gala Night." Mme. Atwood-Baker will sing an aria from "Aida," Gaul's Joy, Rabey's Tes Yeux and Gilbert's Ah, Love but a Day. Emma Ecker will sing Protheroe's Pilot, Risher's Knitting, McFayden's Love is the Wind, and with Norman Arnold, a duet from "La Gioconda." Mr. Arnold will sing Strictland's Colleen Aroon, Dunn's Myosotis and Bedouin Love Song. Fredric Huddy will sing Rigoletto's scene with the Courtiers. Ureha Halprin, violinist, will play Mlynarski's Mazur. Harris Shaw will be the pianist. Ben Redden, tenor, Joseph Ecker, baritone, and a Brass Quartet (Messrs. Smith De Yeso, Stewart and Ripley) will take part. The final number will consist of patriotic music—Elgar's Land of Hope and Glory; The Unfurling of the Flag, words by Clara Endicott Sears, music by John H. Densmore; Tenting on the Old Camp Ground; Densmore's American Girl, and Star Spangled Banner. Arthur Wilson is the director.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 13th Concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Chamber concert by Fritz Kreisler, first violin; Hans Letz, second violin; Louis Svecenski, viola; Willem Willeke, violoncellist. Mozart quartet in C major; Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1; Schubert, Quartet in A minor, 29.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 13th concert (B, op.) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 12th concern (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. See special notice.

ELIAS BREESKIN GIVES RECITAL

Elias Breeskin, violinist, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Lawrence Goodman was the accompanist. The program included Kreisler's arrangement of Tartini's "Devil's Trill" sonata, Bach's chaconne, and pieces by Handel, Reger, Goldmark, Novicek and others.

Mr. Breeskin has been heard here before. His tone is round, warm, smooth. His excellent technical equipment is modestly used and his effects, although quietly made are none the less impressive. His playing is thoughtful rather than brilliant, always musical if emotionally self-contained. His performance of the "Devil's Trill" sonata showed a calm mastery of his instrument, and in other pieces there was an appropriate use of contrasting color. Rubin Goldmark's "Call of the Plains," played here for the first time, has character and atmosphere, and in this piece the violinist was afforded some of his best opportunities.

Jan 21 1918

An American Superman

Though Mr. Lee has little strength,
And cannot even walk at length—
Yet after reading Nietzsche's books,
Things lose for him their former looks.
He thinks the Germans not so bad,
And Nietzsche may not have been mad.
He sees how weak are Christian creeds—
How might is what man chiefly needs.
He will grow mighty as he can:
He will become a Superman!

So Mr. Lee starts out the day
By spurning all who come his way:
He scorns the dog and scolds his wife;
His office boy fears for his life.
And when he eats his noonday meal,
He makes the waiter's blood congeal.
He cries, "I will not have such pie—
"No pig could eat it and not die!"
And then he asks his money back
With looks extremely cross and black.
Upon returning to his work,
He thinks for once that he will shirk.
In comes a man with sample-case—
Lee calls him names right to his face.
He now gives vent to all the spite
He's tried for years to curb and fight.
The typist tells him she will leave
If she must such abuse receive
He says, "I do not care one bit,
You slave!—I talk as I see fit!"

At night he takes a subway train—
Fights for a seat with might and main.
"No longer 'ladies first' to me—
I am a Superman—they'll see!"
And yet he is a trifle slow;
Another man he does not know
Slips in and sits upon that seat
While Lee regards him with much heat,
"I'll not be trampled on like that,
And yield to him like some door mat!
He is a bigger man than I—
Yet should a Superman say die?—
Get up, you coward, and give me
The seat that's mine, as you can see.
You are a giant: I don't care!
Get up, or I shall fight for fair!"
Then Mr. Lee feels some alarm.
A book, the man has, in his arm.
The name of Nietzsche meets his eye—
And Lee now feels about to die.
He flees as fast as flee he can:—
This other is a Superman!

Meadville, Pa. RUTH MATHER.

Ammi Ruhamah

As the World Wags:

Oh, yes! Deacon Ammi Bailey with his exclamations and inquiries concerning "Who am I, and if I am not Ammi, who then Am I?" are interesting enough, but did any one ever think of how many "Ammi Ruhamah" personages there might be in this world? This is well worth knowing, because it is rare for any man to be named for a man (Ammi) and for a woman also (Ruhamah), accent on the first syllable, if you please, for precision, and beauty of sound. I have happened to know of three such men and they might as well go on record here, as to be lost from memory when I have gone along. Ammi Ruhamah Cutter of North Yarmouth in the province of Maine (1705-1746) is my first. He was named after his uncle Ammi, and his Aunt Ruhamah, studied for the ministry, preached in his native town, was asked to resign on account of his high religious ideals, did so, and then studying medicine he went out as surgeon to one of the sieges of Louisburg and died there of a fever.

His son, Ammi Ruhamah the 2d (1735-1820) was a very celebrated man, graduating at Harvard in 1752, and studying medicine in France owing to a chance given him by a Parisian surgeon who came over to take care of the crew of the frigate "America." He then practised in Portsmouth, N. H., was physician to Sir John Wentworth, the royal Governor of the province (who had been with him in college) and thought so highly of the military skill of Gen. James Wolfe whom he had met on a colonial campaign that he used to say, that America would have become free, if Wolfe had lived to lead the British forces. Dr. Cutler practised into his 80th year. The third Ammi Ruhamah whom I have known was Dr. Hahn, of those names, who practised once in the office of the famous Dr. Thorndyke of East Boston, and later by himself.

Is it true, that if you scratch any "Ammi R," you will find a "Ruhamah," in camouflage? By the way, some people complain that we might as well say "Disguise" as "Camouflage," but if we did so, what a picturesque loss to our all-devouring all-assimilating English language. J. A. S.

Portland, Me.

But neither Ammi nor Ruhamah in the Old Testament is the name of a person. Hosea II.: "Say ye unto your brethren, Ammi, and to your sisters, Ruhamah." In the margin of the King James version, 1611 Ammis is explained as "my people"; Ruhamah, "having obtained mercy." "Camouflage" is now absurdly used in the English language. The word as now used in French was borrowed from the slang of strolling actors or city "hamfatters." To them it meant "make up" for a part.—Ed.

Tinkering Gray's Elegy

As the World Wags:

The really clever and accomplished orthometrist, who ventured with a beautiful literary decorum to out-Gray Gray, has, methinks, fallen into that pitiless beclouding atmosphere in which—as Dr. Johnson said in regard to Pope's work—the human mind is ever enamoured of its own production.

The slightly dappled—but in other respects immaculate—Pegasus of Gray has been led down from his literary hangar and has been, though deferentially, yet publicly groomed.

Somehow it is a pleasing sight—this public grooming! It is in the first place unusual, but more than that it seems so beautifully intimate for us horse-lovers to be let into the chamber secrets of the elusive charger of the air.

But the hand of Milady Groomswoman—perhaps owing to her modesty in performing her duties thus before the multitude—turns out to be only deft, not dexterous—merely effective, not effectual.

With a newly bristling curry-comb of figuratism she has tried to wear away one of the soft gray, impressionistic spots with which Jove originally endowed the good steed.

Why, pray, is it incongruous to say that the "flower is born to blush unseen" Milady will claim a mixed metaphor? Give the good poet his just claim to accuracy first! "Born" strictly means "brought into life." Why call its use here an incongruity? It is literally accurate. And in the name of all nine muses at once, does not a plant bear blossoms and fruit?

Furthermore, in her ardor to get rid of this God-given adornment the fair groom has worn away a patch that is certainly grammatically raw.

To be sure we can say that a flower "is blown," is "full-blown," "new-blown," "fresh-blown" and the like. But no flower in the entire category of my botanical knowledge "blows." That is, the word "blown" is the past participle used to form the passive voice, or it is [illegible] an adjective; it is not a verb [illegible] tenses, nor can it be [illegible] with the perfect auxiliaries. "Has blown," then, is impossible.

And besides, what a brutal clout of anti-climax has been given to the sensitive winged creature in the name of a pat of summary dismissal!

Ah, no! it is not the rattling of bones Milady should hear: it should rather be the whirring satisfaction of Pegasus's wings speeding him back to his aerial hangar, a bit bruised and pained, but gleeful in release from his public grooming! E. A. P.

Boston

Hazleton Spencer, who wrote the letter to which "E. A. P." refers, is a man, a real live man, not a "groomswoman."—Ed.

YSAYE CHARMS

Eugene Ysaye gave a violin recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Beryl Rubinstein was the pianist. The program was as follows: Mozart, sonate No. 30 in D major; Beethoven, Kreutzer sonate, op. 47, A major; Ysaye, Extase; Vieille Sourdine, Lointain Passe; Chopin, etude, op. 10, No. 3; Brahms, rhapsodie in E flat; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Albumblatt; Beethoven, romance in G major; Vieuxtemps, polonaise.

With the opening bars of the Kreutzer sonato it was evident that the great Belgian, with the wisdom of ages and all life's experiences in his playing, can still hold his own against youth, however superbly equipped. His performance of Mozart's sonate was indifferent rather than remarkable, and it was not until Beethoven's music was reached that the violinist came into his own. In this he displayed the golden beauty of tone, the fire and nobility, tenderness and ease familiar to his playing. The three movements were strikingly contrasted and from his dramatic declamation of the chief theme in the first to the sharply rhythmed and swiftly moving measures of the third Mr. Ysaye triumphed at his best.

Another phase of his art was apparent in the shorter pieces that followed. For in these, his own compositions, he displayed suave tones with almost unearthly serenity. The exquisite tonal quality of the little piece for the mute was like the music heard in dreams.

With Wilhelmj's arrangement of Wagner's Albumblatt, Mr. Ysaye reappeared to glorify the merely conventional, while he gave a brilliant performance of Vieuxtemps's Polonaise.

Mr. Rubinstein, an iron-wristed and energetic young man with a well developed technic, showed intelligence as an accompanist when his playing was not unduly aggressive. Left to himself upon the stage, he was extraordinarily unrhythmical in Chopin's etude, op. 10, No. 3, and noisy in Brahms's rhapsodie in E flat. Apparently loth to disappear and encouraged by an undiscriminating audience, he delayed the concert by adding Liszt's Campanella and yet another piece.

Next Sunday afternoon the concert will be given by Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano, assisted by Salvatore de Stefano, harpist.

June 22 1918

"THE COPPERHEAD" AN UNUSUAL STORY

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Copperhead," a new drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas, based on a story by Frederick Landis. Produced by John D. Williams at Hartford, Ct., Jan. 7, 1918.

FIRST EPOCH.

Joey Shanks	Raymond Hackett
Grandma Perley	Eugenie Woodward
Ma, Mrs. Shanks	Doris Rankin
Capt. Hardy	Albert Phillips
Milt Shanks	Lionel Barrymore
Mrs. Bates	Evelyn Archer
Sue Perley	Marion Goad
Lem Tollard	Ethelbert Hales
Newt Gillespie	William Norton
Andrews	Harry Hadfield
Sam Carter	Chester Morris

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS IN SECOND EPOCH.

Madeline King	Doris Rankin
Philip Manning	Thomas Carrigan
Mrs. Manning	Grace Beals
Dr. Randall	Hayden Stevenson

To those of us who lived through the years of the civil war this drama has a peculiar interest. There were Copperheads in our little village on the Connecticut, as there were Copperheads in Boston and other cities throughout the North. We well remember how they were shunned by the great majority of their neighbors; how their families were slighted; how their business suffered. Yet some of these sympathizers with the South were honest in their convictions. They thought the constitution was in danger. They believed that a state had a right to secede in spite of Andrew Jackson and the godlike Daniel's famous oration. But in our village there was no secret order of Copperheads plotting against the government at Washington; only a few were violent in speech, for a time, and they were quickly squelched.

Mr. Thomas shows us the tragedy of a western man accused of being a Copperhead, convicted by his own speech and [illegible] actions. His young son enlists and is killed at Vicksburg. Believing his father to be a coward, murderer, traitor, he, dying, begs that his father should not look on him in his coffin. Pardoned, the Copperhead returns from jail, learns of his boy's death, and is spurned by his wife, who dies soon afterwards. Forty years go by, the Copperhead is still living in the village, living a lonely life, cheered only by his grand-daughter. He is still viewed askance by the neighbors. A genuine Copperhead, whose release from prison, he had finally secured, turns on him and tries to kill him. The playmates of his boyhood avoid him. Finally, to secure the happiness of his grand-daughter—this happiness rests on her bethrothal and a position as school mistress—he summons two Grand Army men who had been especially bitter against him and tells them and others his story: how Lincoln, whom he had known before the war, had begged him to serve as a spy, knowing that the life to secure liberty would be worse than the giving up of life on the battlefield.

The audience is taken into the secret in the first act, but quietly and adroitly. Even at the beginning of Milt Shanks's disclosure in the final act, some were not prepared for the revelation, and were confused for a moment by the quasi-apology for genuine Copperheads.

In some respects the spectator was reminded of Cooper's novel, "The Spy."

The drama is refreshingly homely. Mr. Thomas has gone back to the portraiture of American types, humble men and women heroic in days of war. Grandma Perley, with her recollections of the war of 1812; Shanks's simple wife with her love of country; Capt. Hardy and Newt, the boy Joey, even the little girl in pantalettes with her speech for the church show, these are real persons, with talk that is of the soil. There are effective dramatic touches, as the rejoicing at the fall of Vicksburg, while Shanks learns that his son is dead. The return of Tollard with his denunciation of Shanks is well contrived, as an exciting scene, and as a means of informing Shanks's grand-daughter that her grandfather had been a Copperhead, a horse thief, sentenced to jail for murder. The relentless attitude of Grandma Perley and Shanks's wife towards their man who prated of peace and was at last jailed is simply but effectively portrayed. The pathetic episodes are not overdrawn. The comedy connected with the betrothal and the threatened breaking of it is rather commonplace, but fortunately it is of short duration.

The fourth act, with the possible exception of the humorous physician and the humorous lover, is a strong one, one that may carry the play successfully, although the "surprise" is anticipated by those who remember the words between Shanks and the clergyman in the first act and the reproaches made by Tollard in the third.

Mr. Barrymore played skilfully the part of Shanks, but the impersonation was much more than an exhibition of technic. He made the man live, the man whose heart was torn between love of country and the love of household and neighbors. It is not necessary to speak of the actor's art in management of dialogue and in the merely physical representation. There was a noteworthy absence of exaggeration; there were no mock-heroics; there was what Thomas Hardy once described as the emphasis of understatement. The scene of revelation, with the preliminary bringing out of Lincoln's mask and hand, with its recollections of the days with Capt. Hardy before the war, and then the story of the talk with Lincoln and the "Copperhead's" agony in his false position was admirably played, with compelling emotional force, yet with the simplicity that is the art of arts.

Of course, the question asked by Captain Hardy, why Shanks kept silence for 40 years after the war, is not reasonably answered by the "Copperhead." If he had not kept silent, the play would not have been written.

The supporting players are of moderate ability. The enunciation of Miss Woodward and Miss Rankin in the first act was often so indistinct that the words were unintelligible. Perhaps the two had been overtrained in the matter of dialect.

A large audience was deeply interested.

Mr. John J. Mahoney of the State Normal school at Lowell wrote some time ago an entertaining article on reading text books in the good old days. The article was published in the Educational Review of New York. Noah Webster's "Speller," a speller and reader in one, contained sentences like these:

"The chewing of tobacco is a useless custom."

"Fiction is a creature of the imagination."

"Large bushy whiskers require a good deal of nursing and training."

We studied Noah Webster's "Speller" in the little old red schoolhouse where the older boys taught us the interesting game of "Old Soldier," but our edition must have been one that had been revised by a teacher without a sense of humor. We remember vaguely the frontispiece. It portrayed a grown man leading a small boy up a hill on which stood the temple of fame, learning, or virtue—we think the building was dedicated to fame. The man was not an impressive figure; the boy was not in a hurry to climb the hill.

We never saw the Clinton primer, published in 1830. It would be good reading today. Witness this paragraph:

"Who loves a horse race? Are not too many fond of it? Does it not lead to many evils, and to frequent ruin? Never go to a horse race. Mr. Mix had one child, whom he called Irene; he had also a good farm and some money. He went to the race with his child, dressed in black crepe for the loss of her mother. Here Mr. Mix drank freely, and bet largely, and lost all he was worth. At night he went home a beggar; took a dose of brandy, and died before morning, leaving his child a penniless orphan. Never go to a horse race."

The Child's Spelling Book (Hartford, Conn., 1798) is more to our taste. Here is a dialogue that should be read in all the schools:

"Will mamma give Charles some beer?"
"Yes, Charles shall have some beer."

Fortunate is the man that has kept his old school books. We came too late into the world for the National Reader, but a copy had been handed down. It contained specimens of prose that are now hard to place. One of them began: "You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation." Is it to be found in one of Galt's novels? But who was the author of "Great Heavens, is this all your store? And a half of this do you offer to a stranger. Then never saw I hospitality before." And of this: " 'Give her to me,' says one. 'I'll take her,' says the captain?"

We know a man, proud in the possession of nearly a complete set of Anthon's editions of the classics. These books were in disrepute when we were in the high school, because they were thought too helpful in translation; the objection was valid, but the notes contained a mass of curious information not easily found elsewhere. The translations were pompous; they would have pleased Dr. Blimber. Cooper's "Virgil" was another textbook frowned on by teachers who thought more of syntax than they did of poetry.

Do the Readers today include the little essay on tact and talent the verses about the three black crows, beginning: "Three honest tradesmen meeting in (on?) the Strand," and moral poems by Jane Taylor? Ah, the good old days! We would not go back to them for the world and all it contains.

A Burning Question

As the World Wags:

Why is it when coal is scarce and there is loud talk about the necessity of conservation that certain street cars are overheated so that they are unendurable? I took a car in the subway the other day and rejoiced because I found a vacant seat. I sat down. As soon as I was in Boylston street I found the seat so hot that I arose and stood the rest of my long way. I did not care to share the fate of San Lorenzo, even though the company, as a slight compensation, should erect an Escorial in my memory. A car that goes from Boston to Framingham should, of course, be moderately heated. For comparatively short distances and with passengers dressed for walking in winter, overheating is unhealthful, abominable.

JANE WINTERBOTTOM.

Chestnut Hill.

Johnson and Orange Peel

As the World Wags:

"Satyros" of Wollaston should have included in his reference to "Food Conservation" and the use Dr. Johnson (possibly) made of dried orange peel a good word for fuel conservation. Who does not know what famous kindling for an open fire the dried peel of the orange makes? Only those who have tried (and may this not have been Dr. Johnson's use of them?) understand how delightful the process is, notwithstanding the jeers and scoffing which come from one's housemate and the loved neighbors over the way. So are the grate things of this world accomplished in spite of the scoffers.

Duxbury. M. E. W.

Dr. Johnson undoubtedly used the orange peel medicinally. We thought we had made that clear. For a wood-fire, we prefer a Cape Cod lighter. The price was ridiculously low some years ago. Now that the lighter is in fashion and accompanied with a lordly can, a parlor ornament, for the kerosene, the price is absurdly high.—Ed.

"Good-by, Sargeant"

He was a very diminutive sergeant, but was far from being small and sweet. "You, Privat' Brun," he bawled to a tall native of Yorkshire, "'old yer 'ead up. There ain't no threepenny bits lying about." The country lad asked, "Shall I always look oop, sargeant?" "Always," was the fierce reply. "Then," in a pathetic whisper, Privat' Brun said, as he lifted his face up to the skies, "Good-by, sargent, for I shall never see thee any more!"—London Daily Chronicle.

Stephen Burroughs

As the World Wags:

The [illegible] of Stephen Burroughs [illegible] of "The Biographical Annual, Containing Memoirs of Eminent Persons Recently Deceased. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold" (New York, 1841). That sketch says: "His memoirs, written by himself, have been extensively circulated. Edition after edition have been published in this country and one has appeared in England, embellished, we believe, by Cruikshank." Is that statement that an English edition embellished by Cruikshank was published correct? A good [illegible] of Burroughs's autobiography was given by J. C. L. C. in the Herald and Journal of Nov. 17, but no mention was made therein of any English edition. In my note on Burroughs in the Herald and Journal of Dec. 22 I spoke of Burroughs's father, Eden Burroughs, but in print the latter's forename was changed to "Eben." The forenames "Eden" and "Ebon" are so unusual and so much resemble the forenames "Eben" that either of them is apt to be transformed into "Eben" in the process of being put into print. Ebon Clark Ingersoll, a brother to Robert G. Ingersoll, was a member of the national House of Representatives from [illegible], but, when his name appears in print, the "Ebon" of it is often changed to "Eben," as, for example, in the sketch given of his brother, Robert G. Ingersoll, in Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography. SEAWELL.

Brookline.

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett Players in "Inside the Lines," a play in three acts by Earl Derr Biggers. First performance in Boston.

Mrs. Henry J. Sherman	Viola Roach
Kitty Sherman	Beatrice Miller
Mr. Almer	Leonard Craske
Henry J. Sherman	Fred W. Permain
Sergeant Crosby	Edwin Cushman
Maria	Dorie Sawyer
Mr. Capper	Leon Gordon
Lady Crandall	Jessamine Newcombe
Jane Gerson	Ernita Lascelles
Mr. Reynolds	Nicholas Joy
Captain Woodhouse	N. Murray Stephen
Jaimiher Khan	Frederick Annerley
Major General Sir George Crandall	H. Conway Wingfield
Major Bishop	Cameron Matthews

This wartime melodrama was played with success in New York and London. It will, no doubt, please those who would turn from the tragedies recorded in their newspapers to prolong in the theatre the contemplation, although in a less grim and more stimulating vein, of the present conflict of nations.

Mr. Biggers, who may now be included among the dramatists to profit financially by the spirit of the times, has used spies and secret service agents to excellent advantage. He has introduced an Indian, Jaimiher Khan, who works craftily and with diabolical cunning in the interest of the government he serves. This character adds color to the activities of the more conventional agents of evil.

It would spoil the pleasure of the many who will visit the Copley Theatre in search of thrills to reveal the exact nature of the plot. The dramatist adroitly keeps his audience guessing until the final curtain. The place is the rock of Gibraltar, the time August, 1914. Suspicion is deftly woven about first one character and then another. Even the guileless heroine at times appears to have had a past and only the gallant Major General Crandall and his friend Major Bishop seem above reproach.

Certain technical devices common to all melodramas are effectively used. These include the breaking open of a safe, the ready pistol, the lighting of the general's cigar with the fortification plans. Mr. Biggers has done another thing successfully. He has introduced minor characters, Almer, the proprietor of the Splendide, Mr. Cappers; Maria, whose appearances, although brief, serve to heighten the interest and deepen the mystery.

The play is excellently acted. It depends upon fine team work as well as skilful individual characterization. Both are admirably realized by this wholly admirable company. Miss Lascelles, a newcomer, played Jane Gerson with feminine charm and was attractive in defiance or perplexity. Mr. Annerley's Jaimiher was a striking feature of the performance. Perhaps sticklers for realism might pronounce his makeup a bit too dark. He was clever in suggesting malignity adroitly camouflaged. He was eloquent in facial play and in cat-like bodily movements. Only as the drama approached its close did his oriental imperturbability forsake him as he yielded to the temptations of the text and became explosive. The exaggeration was the only weak point in an otherwise remarkable impersonation. Let Mr. Annerley remember that the oriental is not hysterical.

In "The Tale of a Thug," that fascinating chronicle of a society of Indian murderers, the most ghastly crimes are perpetrated with a smiling face. The thugs frequently sat at meat with their victims telling stories and awaiting the signal, while those who were to dispose of the body were but a few feet away. Thus the scene when the Indian gives Woodhouse the knife and later when he holds Crandall and Miss Gerson at bay would gain in significance if played with more sinister calm and in a lower key.

Mr. Stephen [illegible] the part and was a manly Woodhouse. Mr. Gordon, Mr. Craske and Mr. Wingfield were others whose impersonations were particularly deserving of praise.

This play will be continued next week. There will be a special matinee of "The Rivals" next Friday.

ELTINGE HEADS BILL AT KEITH'S

Famous Impersonator Is Enthusiastically Welcomed

Julian Eltinge, back to the scene of his first professional triumph, is the headline feature at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and the enthusiasm of the audience was pronounced.

Mr. Eltinge's program was a varied one, and he sang four songs, "The Fascinating Widow," "Mammy Jinny's Hall of Fame," "In the Land of Wedding Bells" and "Don't Go in the Water, Daughter." With each of the songs there was a complete change of costume. Thus all had their pertinency to the texts of the various songs. Mr. Eltinge's art is now well known; nor is it too much to say, after witnessing his performance last evening, that the illusion created is so startling in its fidelity to the subtleties of feminity that the actor puts to shame many of the sex he attempts to impersonate. Not the least interesting feature of his act was the last number, in which he appeared in an abbreviated bathing costume.

Mr. Eltinge, unlike so many of the performers in his line, does not attempt to disguise in too great a degree the virility of his voice, yet the softness of the tones have their place in the act and unmistakeably add to the picture. Whether in poise, the delicacy of this or that mannerism, or the minutest detail of dress, there is always wonder at the completeness of the ensemble. In the bathing song number the actor affected a few steps at the dance, which added to the charm of the act. And then came the surprise to many in the big audience who had never before seen Mr. Eltinge in his act—when the actor removed his wig and approached the footlights in a style that is perhaps more to his fancy—that of the pugilist entering the ring. The actor receives an ovation at the conclusion of his act, and made a graceful little speech.

Other acts on the bill were James Dutton and company, in an equestrian act; Arthur McWatters and Grace Tyson, in an uproarious revue, introducing many clever features by Miss Tyson; Fred Helder and Nettie Packer, in a singing and dancing act; Helen Gleason and company in a farcical sketch, introducing the submarine as the motif; Harry Clarke, in a monologue; Hickey Brothers, in comedy acrobatics; George Fox and Zella Ingraham, in a singing act, and Kay and Belle, in a dancing act.

Jan 23 1918

PLAY MAHLER'S SYMPHONY HERE

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, assisted by May Peterson, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto, and the great chorus trained by Mr. Townsend, performed Gustav Mahler's Second Symphony last night in Symphony Hall. There was a very large audience. The symphony was performed for the first time in this city.

The final chorus by its sheer dynamic force, with the voices of many singers, the frenzy of an enlarged orchestra, the roar of organ and the peal of bells, undoubtedly affected the nerves of the hearers. They were for the moment thrilled. The question is whether it was worth while listening for an hour or more to the preceding movements of the symphony to experience a thrill.

It is known that Mahler was bitterly opposed to the program notes when his symphonies were performed. It was his habit to ask that only the indications for the movements should be printed on a program. Notes he abhorred, whether they were biographical, analytical, explanatory. Yet we find his biographer Stefan saying that Mahler explained the first movement of the second symphony as portraying the death of a hero who is fallen in Promethean struggle for his ideal, for the knowledge of life and death. This is a high-sounding phrase. Other ingenious commentators find the movement an expression of pessimism. An unsophisticated hearer knows that the movement is chiefly a funeral march, and realizes that Mahler wrote a more effective, a more emotional and imaginative one for the first movement of a later symphony, the one that has been played here several times.

We are also told that the Scherzo was suggested by St. Anthony of Padua preaching a sermon to the fishes; that the movement is a piscatorial Scherzo; that a keen-eared hearer can distinguish in the music the carp from the eels.

No doubt Mahler had some sort of a program in his mind, for in a letter to a friend he wrote that he had searched from the Bible down to contemporaneous literature in hope of finding the "liberating word" for the Finale. He found it when attending Buelow's funeral. He heard the [illegible] Klopstock's "Resurrection" ode. Klopstock who is now best remembered by the answer of Coleridge to a German clergyman who insisted that Klopstock was "the German Milton." "Yes," replied Coleridge, "a very German Milton indeed."

As we have said, the funeral march is not nearly so dramatic, so impressive as the mighty dirge in the later symphony. The dramatic material is commonplace, the treatment is laborious, the various episodes furnish little contrast or relief.

The second movement with its dance tune is most honest, the most pleasing of the five. The tune itself is common, but it has folk-character; it brings before one the thought of the country and joyous peasants. Never mind the deep-thinking commentator who detects irony in the movement, a sardonic view of human enjoyment. The music might have been written by any honest Kapellmeister of the second or third rank, but here at least Mahler is frank and comparatively simple. His music is homely in the good old meaning of the word.

Then we come to the Scherzo—ye gods and little fishes! Hagiologists say, by the way, that the sermon to the fish is falsely attributed to St. Anthony of Padua, who came from Lisbon. Here is a fine opportunity for an elaborate digression in a program book. Let the Saint rest! The Scherzo, with or without the fish, is mildly amusing, not significant.

In the fourth movement "Primal Light," the alto sings an old song from "The Boy's Magic Horn," a quaint old song. Would that Mahler had treated it sympathetically! Would that he had given Mme. Alcock better music for her rich and beautiful voice!

In the last movement there are convulsive measures; there is music that is theatrical, not dramatic; there are phrases that recall moments in the last act of Verdi's "Otello," accidental no doubt—and how much more effective are Verdi's! There are pages, now boisterously tiresome, now lethargically dull, until the chorus enters. The choral pages are the most striking in the Symphony. They gain greatly by the bombast and the dulness of what has gone before.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Muck spent his rare talent and the excellent resources at his command in the preparation and performance of a work that has so little genuine musical value. Mahler could not have complained of the performance. In his lifetime, when he conducted the symphony abroad and in New York, he never had such an admirable orchestra and chorus. If he had been present last night he would have shaken warmly the hand of the conductor; he might have embraced him. But the splendor of the performance did not glorify the music itself. It still remained now blatant, now wildly pretentious, now of leaden dulness; with here and there hints at ideas that came to nought in the expression; with a few pages of pleasing commonplace; showing too often a surprising lack of taste, a clumsiness in orchestration, the belief that din is necessarily dramatic, that brute force is artistic strength.

George Augustus Sala, a most versatile and entertaining journalist, discussing in 1894 the vast stock of railway literature, spoke of the paper duty, the oppressive tax on knowledge imposed late in the reign of William III and not abolished until 1861. During the imposition of this duty in the later years men were at work discovering new materials from which paper itself could be made.

"Gradually ingenious persons arrived at the conclusion that very serviceable paper could be made from the inner bark of trees, nettle stalks, hop-tops, the tendrils of the vine, esparto grass, wood, clover, and, in fact, every fibrous vegetable substance; and there is a story told of a German professor who, sometime in the sixties, boasted that he would would make very excellent printing paper from a dead donkey, if anyone who had such an article to spare would favor him with it. The astonishing multiplication of materials for paper making and the cheapness with which it can now be produced, accounts in a very great measure for the enormous increase in the number of penny and half-penny periodicals, but as very much of the paper which we consume is imported from abroad, it is questionable whether the outbreak of a continental war would not, by forcing the price of paper, lead to a collapse of very many of the periodicals which at present are so marvellously abundant on the bookstalls at all the stations of the great Domaniel and South Pole line, and, indeed, at every terminus and every station in the labyrinthine network of railway England."

Some, reading this, will be struck chiefly by the abuse of the word "very."

Moral Primers

Let us add to our acquaintance with old reading books. In the "Child's Instructor and Moral Primer" (Portland, 1822) there are improving, if not exciting stories about "Timothy Trusty, who is very desirous to learn; Patty Primp, whose notion is that to be a lady one must be idle, careless, proud, scorn inferiors, calumniate the absent, read novels, play at cards, and excell in fine dress; John Pugg, whose face and hands you would think were not washed once in a fortnight; and Tom Nummy, who hates his book as bad as the rod."

Is the "Fourth Class Book," published at Brookfield in 1827, to be picked up in second-hand book shops? The poem in it that we now quote is surely not the only delightful and instructive page in the book.

LITTLE CHARLES

Well, Charles is highly pleased today,
I gave him leave to go and play
Upon the green, with bat and ball;
And when he heard his playmates call,
Away he sprung across the plain,
To join the little merry train.
But here he comes—why, what means this?
I wonder what has gone amiss.
Why, Charles how came you back so soon?
I gave you leave to stay till noon.
I know it, sir, and I intended
To play till every game was ended;
But to say truth, I could not bear
To hear those little fellows swear
They cursed so bold and fearlessly
That the cold chills ran over me—
For I was seized with awful dread
That some of them would drop down dead—
And so I turned and came away
For Pa, I was afraid to stay!

Pa should have given little Charles at Christmas a copy of "The Theatre of God's Judgement" my Thomas Beard; the revised edition of 1631, for it contains profitable pages about divine punishments inflicted on profane persons. Here is an example (pages 552-3): "A Vintner that accusmtomed himselfe to blaspheming, swearing and drunkennesse, and delighting to entertaine such that were like himself to swallow downe his wine; upon the Lords day standing at the dore with a pot in his hand to call in more guests, there come suddenly a violent whirlwinde, and carried him up into the aire in the sight of all men, and was never seen more." This is only one of many wonderful tales told by the excellent Thomas Beard, who had been the schoolmaster of Cromwell. In his dedication to the mayor, aldermen and burgesses of Huntington, Beard spoke of the town, "Wherein I have lived 30 years compleat, and have painefully preached the Word of God unto you, and led my life without scandall." The copy of this "Theatre" now before us has names of owners written on a fly leaf: "David Millee. His Book 1683. God Save the King. Amane." "Joannes Marloane 1690; Jo. Allan, his book, Glasg. 24th Novr, 1714." Let us hope that they all profited by the contents.

Without "E"

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in the old-time story printed in the Boston Herald and Journal of Jan. 14, page 12, in which "e" is the only vowel used.

The statement that two lines would hardly be written without using the letter "e" inspired me to see what I could write without using it, and following is the result:

As a small boy sat on his front lawn whistling to his dog, a stray cat ran almost into his arms. Just at that instant his dog, coming at his call, saw pussy and away ran both fast and furious until pussy finally ran up a high post. Fido sat down to a long vigil of waiting but pussy, who had no thought of furnishing a lunch for any dog, sat still until it was almost dark and Fido ran to a fountain for a drink, thus giving puss an opportunity to run away. It is a known fact that a dog will sit for hours watching a cat on a building, branch or post, hoping that it will at last jump down. But a cat is a wary animal, and only on uncommon occasions is caught "napping." A. E. Wright.

Rochester, N. H.

An English Joke

The Sunday school teacher had read the 73d Psalm. "What do you think," she asked a little boy, "the words mean, 'I saw the prosperity of the wicked. For there are no bands in their death'?" The boy paused, and then replied: "Why, teacher, it means that wicked men mustn't have military funerals."—London Daily Chronicle.

Jan 24 1918

A correspondent, whose letter was published last Monday, rejoices because "camouflage" has found its way into the English language. He prefers the word to "disguise."

"Camouflage," however, is loosely used, absurdly used by many, who are glad to include in a sentence any word that seems to them new or "the thing," although they are wholly ignorant of the true meaning.

In the definition of "camouflage" the standard French dictionaries are of little or no use. Littre gives "camouflet," the noun, meaning "a thick smoke that one blows maliciously into the nose of one with a lighted paper cone." To give a "camouflet" is to affront, mortify a person. "Camouflet" is also a mining term. This French word is an old one. It is defined in Cotgrave's dictionary (1678) as "a snuft or cold pie, a smoakie paper held under the nose of a slug or sleeper." Now, a cold pie in old colloquial English meant an application of cold water to wake a sleeper. "To give oofd pig" was another form, and it is still used. In dialect a "cold pie" is an accident to a train or carriage in a pit, a fall on the ice, a disappointment of any kind.

In more modern French-English dictionaries, a camouflet is a whift of smoke in the face; a stiffer; an affront, rap over the knuckles, snub.

In Larousse, we find the noun "camouflement," slang for a disguise; the verb, "camoufler," slang, to disguise, or to paint oneself; and "camouflet," mortification. The word "camouflage" does not appear.

Let us look at the French slang dictionaries. Le Roux, edition of 1722: "Camouflet. A blow on the face." Scarron is quoted. Then: "It is also a trick played on a person asleep; here is the explanation. "One takes a half sheet of paper, rolls it in the form of a cone, and lights one end, puts the lighted end in the mouth, and blows smoke through the other end into the nose of a sleeper. This makes him wake up at once. In this manner one breaks a person of the habit of sleeping at any moment. The word is also figuratively employed, and in this case means affront, mortification."

Delvau's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte," 1889. We find "Camouflement: disguise because the 'camouflo' of instruction and education deceives one." "Camoufler, to instruct oneself, to serve oneself with the camouflo of intellectual and moral light." It should be remarked that in thieves' slang "camouflo" means candle. Delvau also gives "camouffler (se), reflective verb, to disguise oneself. "Camoflage" is not given.

"Camouflement," disguise, is in Larchey's "Excentricites du Langage" (1865) and in Vidocqu's "Les Voleurs" (1837).

Let us look at more modern dictionaries. "Camouflage" is not in Marchand's "Modern Parisian Slang; Argot des Tranchees," but "camouflet," a rebuke, is listed, also "se camoufler," to make up one's face.

"Camoflage" is not in Jean La Rue's "Dictionnaire d'Argot."

We find "Camouflage" in Aristide Bruant's "L'Argot au XXe Siecle," vol. I, Francais-Argot, as an equivalent of "Deguisement." The second volume, Argot-Francais, has not been published. Bruant is dead.

"Camouflage" with its present meaning was a French slang term in 1901 and probably for some years before.

We find "Camouflage" in the "Dictionnaire des Termes Militaires et de l'Argot Poilu," published in Paris (1916). "Camouflo. A lamp. Painting the face." "Camoufler. To make a 'Camouflo,' to paint." "Camouflage. The action of painting." "Camoufleur. An artist that transforms, by modifying the disposition, the general aspects, immovable things, cannon, anything exposed to the aim of the enemy.

Then there is the huge "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte," by Hector France, a volume of nearly 500 pages, quarto, with three columns to the page. "Camouflage. The art of making up." There is this quotation from Guy Tomel's "Le Bas du Pave Parisien": "The police shows themselves very reserved on the subject of 'camouflage,' because each one of them has his own methods which he does not wish to divulge; also because they make their transformations instinctively and would have all the trouble in the world to join theory with practice." France also defines a "camouflo" (acute accent on the "e") as a man wearing a false beard, or otherwise disguised." A "camoufleur" is a disguised policeman. "Camoufler la bibine" is to sell adulterated drinks.

It thus appears that the word "camouflage" did not come into the French language during the present war, and is not purely military slang. It is certainly as old as 1901; it was used in connection with policemen and with actors. Aristide Bruant defined it in 1901. Hector France began the publication of his dictionary, in bi-monthly parts, in 1898. "Camouflage" is on the 35th page.

In defining "se camoufler," the definition "se maquiller" is usually given. "Se maquiller" means to paint one's face, to put on rouge, to rouge, to make up. In his learned "Etudes de Philologie Comparee sur l'Argot" (1920), Francisque-Michel, discussing the old word "camouflet," says that as the smoke was usually blown into the face of sleeping people, the word soon came to mean a flagrant affront, a great mortification. Pray, in what sense was the word used by the anonymous author of "L'Histoire de Camouflet, souverain potentat de l'empire d' Equivopolis" (1751)?

War-Words

If the driver of a motor car is a chauffeur and the pilot of an airplane is an aviator, what is the name for the men who work and fight in the tanks? The French have already christened them. The man in a tank is "a tankeur."—London Daily Chronicle.

I am always pleased to welcome a new word to the English lexicon. The war will have added many, just as the Peninsular campaigns did, with their "vamoosh" and other such adaptations. The latest new arrival is "jusquaboutist," formed from the French motto "Jusqu a bout"—"to the end." A "jusquaboutist," therefore, is a person who is for fighting the war out to a finish.—Pall Mall Gazette.

MME. GILLS AND BONNET APPEAR

By PHILIP HALE

A concert was given last night in Symphony Hall by Mme. Gabrielle Gills, soprano, who sang in Boston for the first time; Joseph Bonnet, organist, and the Societe des Instruments Anciens (Mr. Hewitt, quinton; Mr. Casadesus, viole d'amour; Mr. Hasselmans, viole de gambe; M. Devilliers, basse de viole, and Mme. L. Henri Casadesus, harpe luth. The net proceeds were for the benefit of the Edith Wharton War Charities.

The program was as follows: P. E. Bach, Concerto for the quartet of violes; organ pieces: Grigny, Recit do tierce en taille; Clerambault, Prelude; J. S. Bach, Fantasie and Fugue in G minor; Lorenziti, Suite (Mr. Casedsus, viole d'amour); Songs, Duparc, Chanson Triste; G. Faure, Mandoline; Rachmaninoff, Souvenances; Dwight Fiske, The Bird; Debussy, Noel des Enfants qui n'ont plus de maison. Handel, Concerto in D (Mr. Bonnet and the Societe des Instruments Anciens.) The request was made that Mme. Gills should sing the "Marseillaise" at the end of the concert.

First, a note about the unfamiliar composers. N. de Grigny was organist at the Rheims Cathedral at the beginning of the 18th century. He published a book of organ pieces in 1700 containing motets and hymns for the chief festival days. Louis Nicholas Clerambault, born in Paris in 1676, died there in 1749. He was organist of Sainte-Geneviev and other churches. Louis XIV. was so pleased with one of his cantatas that he ordered several to be composed for palace use and made him the director of music in the service of Mme. de Maintenon. Clerambault published five volumes of cantatas, four separate ones, a complete service for the Abbey of Saint-Cyr and other works, among them a book of organ pieces (1710). Antoine Lorenziti was born about 1740 at The Hague. He was the son of an Italian musician in the service of the Prince of Orange. Having studied with his father, he took violin lessons of Locatelli. In 1767 he was appointed chapel master of the chief church in Nancy, where he lived the rest of his life. He wrote much chamber music, quartets, trios, duos. He is not to be confounded with his younger brother, Bernard, who, born at Kirchelm and having studied at Nancy, served for 25 years as a violinist in the Paris Opera and wrote recklessly nearly 250 pieces of various kinds, from violin concertos to duets for violin and flute.

The concert was interesting, delightful in every way. It is not necessary at this late day to dilate on the exquisite art of the players of viols. Even in the huge Symphony Hall, this art was fully displayed, and the charm of intimacy was maintained. The Adagio of Philipp Emanuel Bach, lovely in itself, was played with ravishing beauty of tone and with the finest sentiment. Mr. Casadesus gave a memorable interpretation of Lorenziti's Suite, which is fascinating music in the lively movements, with an emotional Adagio.

The great talent of Mr. Bonnet was recognized by those who heard him here in church last year. The piece by Grigny is overcharged with ornamentation, according to the manner of his period; Clerambault wrote more effective pieces than the one chosen by Mr Bonnet; but these selections, admirably performed, interested by their quaintness of melodic phrases, and by the organists's registration. Then came a masterly performance of the great Fantasie and Fugue, which according to some were not originally intended by Bach to go together. Recalled, Mr. Bonnet played a brilliant piece with a variation for pedal solo. Recalled again—it looked as though the audience expected an organ recital—Mr. Bonnet played the "Star Spangled Banner." Maj. H. L. Higginson came upon the stage and made an earnest plea for contributions to the Edith Wharton fund.

Mme. Gills has a pleasing voice skilfully controlled. Her singing of the songs by M. Faure and Rachmaninoff was especially noteworthy; her delivery of Debussy's "Noel" was dramatic without the crossing of the line that divides the operatic from the concert performance. She is an accomplished singer, a mistress of interpretation. Mr. Nicolai Schneer accompanied her poetically.

The audience of good size was enthusiastic. There was an unfortunate misunderstanding about the time of beginning the concert. Advertisements named 7:45 o'clock; some of the announcements preferred 8 o'clock; the tickets were stamped 8:15 o'clock. As a result many persons were late in arrival, and Handel's concerto was shortened that the concert might end at the hour appointed by law.

Jan 25 1918

SECOND CONCERT BY FLONZALEYS

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly and d'Archambeau) gave its second concert last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet in E flat major, op. 74; D. G. Mason, Intermezzo for string quartet (Ms.); Schumann, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.

The performance of the two middle movements of Schumann's quartet was the crowning glory of a concert that gave rare pleasure, if not always by the character of the music played, by the supreme excellence of the interpretation. There are sticklers for chamber-music proprieties and orthodoxy who look down on the quartets of Schumann, or talk about his lack of contrapuntal skill and have much to say about "absence of development." When Schumann was deliberately contrapuntal, his lyrical flight drooped, his romanticism paled, except in one or two pieces for the pedal piano. Thus he came near ruining the otherwise beautiful slow movement of his second symphony, by introducing after the seraphic song an incongruous episode, no better than a student's exercise. Let us be thankful that in the quartet performed last night he let his fancy have full play without thought of scholastic rules. He dreamed wondrous dreams, and awake, or still dreaming, he told them in music. There are the shy confessions peculiar to Schumann, there are unabashed outpourings of emotion by the side of murmured hopes and aspirations told in confidence to a beloved friend; there are the whimsical sleep-chasings, the capricious turns in sentiment, the rhythmic changes and twistings that we associate with his name. In the Flonzaleys Schumann last night found his ideal interpreters.

Equally remarkable was the Quartet's performance of Beethoven's music, of which the final Allegretto with the Variations especially excited delight and wonder.

Mr. Mason's Intermezzo served as a wait between two emotional acts. The second theme and the treatment of it are the conspicuous features of a composition that shows more spontaneity in the invention and a greater freedom in expression than we have hitherto found in Mr. Mason's music.

There was an enthusiastic audience of fair size. The hall should have been crowded, for the Flonzaley Quartet is incomparable. Is it possible that the future historian of music will write a chapter on "The Decline and Fall of Chamber Music in Boston"? The interest in this form of art has decreased here within the last three years.

The third and last concert of the season will take place on Thursday evening, March 14.

Christmas, 1917

Along the luminous corridors of the sky,
Upon the hallowed night when Christ is born,
The legioned angels dense as summer corn
Flock to the cradle where their Lord doth lie.

With myrrh and incense and doffed diadem,
The Sages worship who beheld his star.
Tarshish and Saba and the isles afar
Hold sacrament and song at Bethlehem.

O ye, newcomers to the splendid throng,
Smitten in fields of France, and ye, whose shroud
Was woven of wintry water and thundercloud,
Which your wild wings were charioted among,

Come close to us, whose hearts are faint, whose sight
Is sick with tears for vanished love and glee,
For laughter of lost Christmases, and we
Shall know you kneel at Bethlehem tonight.

E. F. BENSON.

"Grouch"

As the World Wags:

I find this in a recent copy of the Youngstown Telegram: "Whenever you see a pleasant little woman you can bet your last button she is tied up to some grouch of a man"; and this in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "'The grouch is certainly a tightwad, isn't he?' said the old fogy."

A friend last night used the word in conversation with me. Doubtless you have used the word within 48 hours! And yet I do not find "grouch" in several dictionaries, including the Century.

HORACE PARKER CHANDLER.

Jamaica Plain.

"Grouch" is not in the great Oxford dictionary; it is not in the great dictionary of slang and colloquial expressions edited by Farmer and Henley. The word is apparently connected with the verb "grutch" which is obsolete except in English dialect; "grutch" meaning to murmur, complain, repine. One of the old spellings of "grutch" is "groche." A "grutcher" was a grumbler. Chaucer has the phrase "He gan to grucche." Probably this came from the old French verb "groucher," or "grocer."

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Old Friends

As the World Wags.

After all, slang is only the black sheep of a distinguished family of speech; out of the mouths of the vulgar come reprobated phrases that were born in intellectual luxury. "Nobody home" howls the man in the street in criticism of a stupidity miraculously greater than his own. Similarly, Pope, in his well known "Epigram":

"You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

And Cowper in his "Conversation":

"His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But, when you knock, it never is at home."

Again, in the 34th chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby," Squeers remarks:

"'A little wanting here,' touching his forehead, 'nobody at home, you know. If you knocked ever so often.'"

"You are all right, I don't think," cries your vulgar critic, discrediting your parts or your prowess, without having read "Tom Brown at Rugby" or being in the least aware of the remark of East apropos of the new boy: "Nicely brought up young man, ain't he—I don't think."

Further news of these prodigal sons of literature is earnestly besought of your intelligent correspondents.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

Her Family

As the World Wags:

The world is small at times, even as it wags. The recent communication from Miss Jane Winterbottom was grateful to me, in that it recalled pleasant memories of her deceased father, Col. Silas Winterbottom, and her Uncle Ezra. The two were generally held to be cold, stern men in the community, but those who knew them best were fully conscious of their inner warmth of feeling.

Jane's mother was a Burnside, and it would seem, for I have not seen her since early childhood, as if she had taken after that family rather than the paternal stock. I think the colonel would have found no discomfort from the overwarm seat in the electric car; or, if he did, his pride in his ancestral name would have made him stick it out without complaint. But for a Burnside to undergo a like experience—well, a little bit added to what you've got does make a difference. ABEL ADAMS.

Hillsboro county, N. H.

Another "Ammi Ruhamah"

As the World Wags:

The communication of "J. A. S.," Portland, Me., in the Boston Herald and Journal of Jan. 21 having attracted my attention, I would like to say that I, too, have known of an "Ammi Ruhamah." He was my grandfather, Ammi Ruhamah Smith of Ipswich, Mass (1764-1836). He was a son of Major Charles Smith (commissioned in 1776) of Ipswich. This Ammi Ruhamah was a sea captain, for many years being engaged in foreign trade, and taking numerous voyages to foreign ports. I have in my possession his portrait, painted in Bordeaux in 1805, showing the quaint costume of the time. His death occurred in Ipswich in 1836.

Swampscott. C. L. W.

The Winter of '57

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in your column in the Boston Herald and Journal, especially in notes on the cold winter of 1857.

I have the captain's journal of the ship Wild Hunter from Calcutta to Boston, Joshua Sears of East Dennis, master. The ship came on the coast the cold spell in January. The journal begins Jan. 18, when the gale struck them

…d [illegible] Jan. [illegible] when they [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] channel. The [illegible] being [illegible] they arrived at [illegible] wharf [illegible]. The ship was partially dismantled, and the account of the gale in the different phases is given in considerable detail.

Wes[illegible]eet EVERETT L. NYE.

Boston Sights

As the World Wags:

Who can explain to an inquiring commuter how the occasional panes of purplish glass happen to appear at the South station, daily to pique the curious as they raise their eyes, upon leaving the train, to the sheet of glass that rises above the gates, dividing the midway from the train-shed proper? Are these in any way related to the purple panes of Beacon Hill fame?

The same wondering commuter craves enlightenment as to the huge letters posted at various points on the polyhedron known as Dewey square. "E" might mean East, save that the sun was never known to rise in conformity with the location of the symbol; but what are the "A" and "B"? Truly, if travel is supposed to stimulate the intellect one cannot pass the portals of Boston without becoming a living interrogation point. PRISCILLA.

Brookline.

PATRIOTIC SONG FEATURES CONCERT

"Unfurling of the Flag" Applauded in Tremont Temple

"The Unfurling of the Flag," sung by Mme. Martha Atwood-Baker, supported by the entire ensemble of the Tremont Temple Opera Course last evening, was the feature of a gala operatic night. This patriotic song, with an atmosphere of the great world war, is the work of well known Boston people, the words being by Clara Endicott Sears and the music by John Hopkins Densmore. The song, which is meeting with great success, was given an ovation by a representative Tremont Temple audience. It was the first part of the final group of the program, of which "The American Girl," by Densmore, was the second and "The Star Spangled Banner" the closing one.

Mme. Baker sang a number of soprano solos, including the aria "Retorna Vincitor" from "Aida." Other solo numbers were Rigoletto's plea to the courtiers, by Fredric Huddy, baritone; "Les Larmes," from "Werther," by Massenet, "The Pilot," "Knitting" and "Love Is the Wind," by Miss Emma Ecker, mezzo-soprano; "Colleen Aroon," "Myosotis," "Bedouin Love Song" and "When you and I Were Young," by Norman Arnold, tenor, and "Joy," "Tes Yeux," and "Ah, Love But a Day," by Mme. Baker. Miss Ecker and Ben Redden, tenor, sang a duet from "Gioconda." Master Orcha Halprin's violin rendering of Mlynarski's "Mazur" brought a demand from the audience for several encores. The entire company, including Joseph Ecker, baritone; Lora May Lamport, soprano; Lucille Adams, soprano; Gertrude Tingley, contralto; Claramond Thompson, contralto; Raymond Simonds, tenor, and Lester Aldrich, baritone, sang the sextet from "Lucia di Lammermoor." John Hermann Loud was organist and Harris Shaw accompanist, and a brass quartet participated, consisting of Messrs Smith, De Yeso, Steward and Ripley. Mr. Loud played the Grand Chorus in D, one of his own works, and the overture to Rossini's "William Tell."

— 26 1918

SYMPHONY GIVES ITS 13TH CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 13th concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; Beethoven's First Symphony.

No doubt this program was to the passionate disciples of the ultra-modern composers the abomination of desolation. On the other hand the ultra-conservative in the audience rejoiced with an exceeding joy. There were still others, who realize that music which is beautiful is always modern. They welcome it, without regard to the century or the nationality of the composer. They go farther than those who grudgingly admit that Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven were, to use the phrase in Congreve's comedy, like Hannibal, "very pretty fellows in those days." All, of whatever party, yesterday found pleasure in the fine playing of the orchestra, and as the composers are safely dead there was no Chauvinistic scream of protest.

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week.

The program of Friday afternoon, Feb. 8 and Saturday evening, Feb. 9 will be as follows: Wallace, Symphonic Poem, No. 6, "Villon"; Bruch, Concerto for violin, No. 1 (Antin Witek, violinist); Hugo Alven, Symphony in E major, No. 3, op. 23 (first time in Boston). Wallace's music designed to illustrate the [illegible] of François Villon as revealed in his poems, was played here under Mr. Fiedler. Alven is a Scandinavian composer. His third symphony was performed for the first time in this country by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. It is a favorite in Chicago, where it has been played several times by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Col. Roosevelt told Mr. Gallivan he was convinced that next to Gen. Pershing, he, the colonel, could have been the most valuable leader of the American forces in France. But why lug in Gen. Pershing?

Hot and Cold Cars

When we published the letter of Miss Jane Winterbottom, we expected letters in reply. On Friday we published the interesting letter of Mr. Abel Adams about her family, her father, Col. Ezra, and her uncle, Silas. Silas, as we have ascertained, was the village postmaster, filling the position to the satisfaction of even the most partisan Republicans, an ardent Mason, respected by all, in spite of his cold, stern exterior. Miss Winterbottom informs us that her mother, a Miss Burnside, was related to Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, known by his peculiar whiskerage and the cigar facetiously named after him.

Here are a few letters from correspondents who have not been obliged to stand in street cars on account of overheated seats:

To Miss Jane Winterbottom:

If you must cool off, let me suggest your taking a 7:15 A. M. car from Jamaica Plain to Park street. I assure you, you will reach your destination more than comfortably cool, if not frozen to the seat.

ADELE SUMMERTOP.

As the World Wags:

I read with interest in your column yesterday Miss Jane Winterbottom's plea for less heat in some of the cars running between Brookline and Boston.

If Miss Winterbottom, when she next has occasion to visit Brookline, would take one of the Chestnut Hill cars that run out over Boylston street to Massachusetts avenue and from there through the park to Brookline Village, and are always like "ice boxes," I think she would find them quite cold enough—that is unless she is built on lines of the famous lady in the old song, who was

"Oft called the Iceberg's daughter
And was known to eat three tons of ice
And then to call for Soda Water."

I quote from memory, and remain yours for an equitable temperature in all cars. HARRY HOTSPUR.

Boston, Jan. 23.

As the World Wags:

If Miss Jane Winterbottom of Chestnut Hill, who complains of the superheated street cars in her section of Greater Boston, will only move to Arlington Heights, she will find cars more suited to her taste and to her name.

Each car that moves along Massachusetts avenue to the Heights is a cold wave. Residents of this section thinking of taking a street car to Harvard square must dress as if they were going to discover the North Pole. The odor of cough-drops (precautionary) is quite noticeable on the cars returning. Conductors have to keep themselves so wrapped up that they call out the names of the streets in muffled tones.

The service is bad, the crowding is awful, but it is all intended to make the blood of the passengers boil, and so keep them from freezing.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

Arlington Heights.

What Peace?

As the World Wags:

In celebration of what peace was the Peace Jubilee that was held in Boston in 1872? INQUIRER.

Brookline.

"Pat" Gilmore had no particular "Peace" in mind. His prospectus announced a "World's Peace Jubilee, an International Musical Festival, a Union of All Nations in Harmony." If "Inquirer" will look at Dwight's Journal of Music for 1872, he will find many amusing articles about the Peace Jubilee, taken from newspapers all over the country.—Ed.

Renwick and Moderation

Speaking of old reading books, we asked who wrote: "You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation," and if the speech is not in one of Galt's novels. "Shawshin" is good enough to answer.

"The words: 'Moderation! You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation,' are a part of the 'Speech of Ringan Gilhaize.' They are to be found, I believe, in Galt's novel: 'Ringan's Gilhaize, a story of the Covenanters.'"

"Somewhere in France"

As the World Wags:

Anent the emotional engagements that have so occupied the thoughts of our men in service, a pretty little story comes from across the sea. A young officer in a French restaurant was supplied only with a fork and he had left "couteau" at home with his civilian clothes. But he had taken his Yankee wits along. Holding up the fork he said to the waitress, "Camerade, camerade." She disappeared and come back with another fork! "No, no," cried the boy, lifting the fork again, "fiancee, fiancee!" "Ah, oui," murmured the girl and this time, smiling and blushing, she came in with the knife. She, too, was young. A. M. L. H.

Mr. Augustus Thomas in "The Copperhead," now playing at the Hollis Street Theatre, gives the audience to understand that the name "Copperhead" came from the copper cent with the head of Liberty worn as a badge by the Knights of the Golden Circle; at least there are certain references to this badge.

This explanation has been given in encyclopaedias, but as a secondary one.

It is surprising to find how many in the younger generation of playgoers know nothing about the Copperheads, who they were, why they were so-called, what they did or tried to do.

The copperhead snake was more feared early in this country than the rattlesnake. Isaac Weld in his book of travels (1799) described the copperhead as "active and treacherous and will put himself in the way of a person to bite him."

The term was applied as far back as 1828 to descendants of Dutch settlers in New York. Washington Irving used it; "These were the men who vegetated in the mud along the shores of Pavonia, being of the race of genuine Copperheads."

In the fifties of the last century the term was applied by men of the far West to the Indian.

The word, however, is inseparably associated with the Civil War. Mr. Rhodes, the historian, says that the earliest use he has found was in the Cincinnati Commercial of Oct. 1, 1862, in an article headed "Comfort for 'Copperheads.'" A writer in 1863 said that "the treason of Copperheads manifests itself in a pretended loyalty to the government, while all their sympathy is transferred to the South to aid and comfort the Rebellion."

There is an excellent explanation of the term in "The New Gospel of Peace," written by Richard Grant White. It is found in Book Second, which was published on Oct. 24, 1865, Chapter 1, verses 8 and 9: "And there was great joy among the followers of Phernandiwud, and among all the faction of the Phlunkees, among the Dimmichrats, which were called Kopur-heads. For in the land of Unculpsalm there is an evil beast and a venemous, which crawleth upon his belly in the dust, and compromiseth himself humbly until there is good occasion, and then he stingeth unto death without warning and in silence. And the name thereof is Kopurhedd."

There were bitter verses about the Copperheads. Here is a sample:

A political huckster and higgler,
Says he I'm not dead;
As a live Copperhead
I'm a squirmulous vermiform wriggler.

John Hopely wrote a poem from which we quote two verses.

Of all the factious men we've seen,
Existing now or long since dead,
No one was ever known so mean
As him we call a Copperhead,
A draft-evading Copperhead,
A Rebel-aiding Copperhead,
A growling, slandering, scowling pandering,
Vicious, states-rights Copperhead.

When widows mourn their lonely lot
And orphan children wept their dead,
Who said their just deserts they got?
The Northern rebel Copperhead:
The widow-libelling Copperhead;
The grief-deriding Copperhead;
The false, conspiring, city-firing
Booth-admiring Copperhead.

Milt in "The Copperhead," belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle. The Knights were organized in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. They wished to bring the war to a close and restore the Union as it was, with slavery. It is said that in 1862 there were 40,000 in Indiana alone. The government at Washington employed spies to watch these "castles" or "lodges." In the fall of 1863 the Golden Circle was disbanded; it was succeeded by the Order of American Knights, called later (1864) Sons of Liberty. It was the purpose of these "Sons" to give aid and comfort to the South. They collected arms and munitions; they made hand grenades, clockwork machines for firing government property, Greek fire. There was to be an uprising. The government was vigilant; there was no formidable insurrection.

The "Pacifists" of today are the weaker little brothers of these "Knights" or "Sons."

The Season of 1917 as Reviewed by London Journals

The London Times, speaking of the late theatrical year, says, "The close of 1917 sees every West end theatre occupied and more would-be managers than play-houses. In spite of increasing burdens of taxation and production the demand for theatres is unprecedented—a few days ago a Shaftesbury avenue house was let on a five-year lease at an annual rental of £13,000. The New Year has rarely opened with so many theatres in possession of assured successes."

It mentions "A Little Bit of Fluff," with over 1000 performances; "Romance," with 900; "Chu Chin Chow," with 600, all running at the beginning of the year. "Seven Days' Leave," which failed in Boston and has since been rewritten for New York, was produced in London last February, and is still, like Johnny Walker, going strong. "Inside the Lines," produced here last week, is still at the Apollo, London. Other successful plays now running in London are "The Yellow Ticket," "General Post" and "The 13th Chair." Alfred Butt's New Year's productions will include "Very Good Eddie" and "Fair and Warmer."

The Stage gave a much more extended review. The American contribution to the London theatres was small, "and so has that from foreign stages; the dramatizing of novels has been limited to about a dozen pieces of any importance; and the recourse to revivals not nearly so extensive as in recent years."

"The plays about the war have once more been in the nature of a compromise. We are too near to the war, too much in the midst of it, it is too tremendous and immeasurable an actuality, for its themes, in any large direct sense, to lie within the grasp of our dramatists. The attempt may be made later, when time has lent its perspective, and when the wounds, however long they may take to heal—and they will scarcely heal in a generation—are no longer open. For the present it is enough for our dramatic authors, except the greatly-waring melodramatists, whose efforts have little relation to art, or even to the stirring sensationalism of, say, Mr. Walter Howard's 'Seven Days' Leave'—to touch, if at all, on the fringe of the subject or to single out a small phase or a small incident from which to get atmosphere or plot, or both. In this limited way something of pathos has been obtained, yet more of excitement, and yet more still—oddly enough—of humor. Of the humor that is akin to tears, Sir James Barrie has a command all his own, and his 'The Old Lady Shows Her Medals' is a worthy, if slight, addition to his war plays, particularly with the modified ending that the author, taking a hint, substituted for the original intolerably painful climax."

"The Man Who Went Abroad," a sequel to "The Man Who Stayed at Home," by the same authors, was "like most sequels, a piece of work lacking the original impulse and force. The farcico-melodramatic doings of Christopher Brent in connection with a diplomatic mission to Washington represented a cheap and unworthy exploiting, however adventitiously, of the great and solemn interests of the war."

"Much the same terms must unfortunately, be applied to Mr. H. A. Jones's 'The Pacifists,' which was heralded by the puff not only preliminary but portentous—always an undesirable course, and particularly so in the circumstances. Mr. Jones aimed, as he contended, at a parable in a farce, apparently typifying German autocracy in a butcher and English pacifism in his old bete noise the nonconformist conscience with a prize-fighter as the god out of the machine to punish the wrongdoer. This grotesque and trivial perversion naturally pleased nobody, and while the construction was not without skilful contrivance in its own way, 'The Pacifists' was a melancholy example of how not to write a war play. So was 'Loyalty,' which was also 'boomed' with mistaken zeal, and failed even more decisively. It was put about in the newspapers that 'the stage had not done its bit,' but that 'Loyalty,' by a mysterious anonymous author, who might be a cabinet minister, would make good the deficiency, being a 'bugle-call to the nation.' But 'Loyalty' turned out to be for the most part mere blatancy, 'sound and fury signifying nothing,' and it passed into the oblivion from which, with its very objectionable reclame, it should not have been allowed to emerge. In these matters, at the least, the public shows its sanity and its sense of what is due to its dignity. If so-called propaganda plays of this kind must be written—and we do not think that the stage is at present the place for them—they are less unwelcome when marked by the thought and tragic elevation of Mr. John Drinkwater's 'X=O; A Night of the Trojan War'—one of the various ambitious productions of the Birmingham Repertory. This night of the Trojan war may be taken, in analogy, as a night of the European war; and one of our Birmingham critics—Lt. T. W. J. Wilson, who has since laid down his life on the battlefield—deprecated in an able review of the tragedy the making of any such analogy as inopportune. But he paid a tribute to the simple restraint of the whole and the mingled philosophy and dramatic intensity with which the work was written."

Of Barrie's and L. N. Parker's latest plays the Stage said: "Whatever his shortcomings as a dramatist, Sir James Barrie is always distinctive; and 'Dear Brutus' is one more example of his fresh, suggestive, and in his own way stimulating talent. The idea of a magic wood in which men and women see themselves not as they are but as they would be if they had 'a second chance' is ingenious if it is not worked out very consistently and in certain places with an almost wilful contradiction of the scheme. The author is ever a whimsical philosopher of life, by the way, rather than one who has any hard-and-fast thesis to present. But if he is erratic and fantastic, he is human enough at the root of his matter, and his sentiment and humor generally

keep him in touch with his audience. Apart from a banality here and there and from a general looseness of structure, 'Dear Brutus' is one of the happiest of recent Barrie pieces.'

Concerning Mr. Parker's "The Aristocrat": 'With Mr. Parker the play itself is often less than the scenes of which it is made up. Has he a page of history to set forth or an historical character to draw, he aims not at much nicety of composition or unity of design, but at broad impressionistic effects. It was so in 'Drake' and again—with certain modifications, for, however big the subject, the canvas was reduced in size—it was so in 'The Aristocrat.' Mr. Parker, like most playwrights before him, saw the France of the Terror only front one angle, and that sentimentalized out of any due proportion. All the virtues were for the aristocrats, none for the citizens. And if one inquired at all curiously, one found that his aristocrat had the additional halo of a show part—that, indeed, the play existed for and was conditioned by this fact. In so much of course Mr. Parker missed the real formula of historical drama. But his ingenuity was such that the piece went on its variegated action with little overt suspicion of the fact in the mind of the audience."

Mr. Parker wrote a letter to the Stage (Dec. 27) denying that he had "sentimentalized" the aristocrats and saying that no playwright has ever dared to paint the Terrorists as blood-red as they were.

Philip Little Will Talk About "Camouflage" and our Warships

Mary Fay will sing, Rosamond Bradley will speak of her work in France and Philip Little will talk about "Camouflage" and his work on ships at the Copley Theatre next Friday afternoon, when there will be no Symphony concert. Mr. Little will tell of the history of disguises in war from the tricks of Cyrus as reported by Herodotus, down to Indian ways in America and the present war. He will trace the history of the word "camouflage," which, as we pointed out in the Boston Herald and Journal of last Thursday, is curious. The word is French slang; first used by thieves and others of the lower Parisian world for any disguise worn by a member of the police. The word also means the "make up" of an actor, usually one of the vaudeville species. The interesting question comes up, "Was the entrance of the word into French military slang in 1914 and later due to enlisted actors or to enlisted Apaches?" Mr. Little, who is doing, unofficially at present, valuable work in the disguising of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, etc., will tell something about his color schemes and other means of deception and about similar work done with great success in England. This varied and unusually interesting entertainment will be for the benefit of the Special Aid Society. Tickets are to be obtained at the theatre. The entertainment will begin at 3 o'clock.

Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales" Are Transferred to the Stage

Rose O'Neill and Ethel Welch adopted some of Hawthorne's "Wonder Tales" and the play was produced at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, on Dec. 22. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "At the heart of it one has seldom known a work of genius adapted and produced with such sympathy and taste and understanding as are these three of Hawthorne's classic re-tellings—'Pandora and the Box,' 'Midas of the Golden Touch' and 'Philimon and Bauels.' As we all know, Hawthorne himself played all sorts of pranks with those august legends. He made Pandora a child; he gave Midas a little daughter, Marygold, he Anglicised Mercury into Quicksilver. The adapters have been as bold as Hawthorne himself. They ventured all sorts of things that are not in Hawthorne—as, for example, the beautiful little notion that Pandora should be puzzled by her own tears, having never seen anything of the kind before. But it is all in the Hawthorne spirit—simple and tender and charming. It was another happy thought—absent, one understands, in the American version—to introduce a little prologue to each tale, showing Eustace Bright, the student with the green spectacles, telling these 'Contes d'Hawthorne' to a little crowd of delightful and delighted Early Victorian children. Frankly, one would like to see this developed a little bit more. More children's laughter would have balanced a tendency now and then for the tales themselves to grow a little grave and precious—especially as the music apart from a Guy d'Hardelot ballad and a Reynaldo-Hahn lullaby, might have been gayer with advantage. In the main, the acting was, like the adaptation, exactly in the right spirit. The costumes were as pretty as could be, and the children's dances so refreshing that, as has been said, one wished there were more of them."

Mercury bore the emblems of the flying corps and the R. A. M. C. The Times remembering that "for fear of breaking that enchantment in his own case Henry James said he had been careful never to reread 'The Wonder Tales,' which we cannot help thinking a mistake, for they are so beautifully written as to charm the most fastidious of grown ups."

"Sleeping Partners," an adaptation of Sacha Guitry's "Faisons un Reve," was produced at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, on Dec. 31. The Times wrote a guarded review. "There is a familiar tale of one at the play from whom the unrealised presentation of a burglary scene wrung the eri du coiur: 'Yah! Pull down the blinds!' Burglary is not the only subject on which a too obviously expert criticism compromises the critic. Each and all of us in the St. Martin's audience last night, for instance, could doubtless have had much to think over the intimate love scene in the first act of 'Sleeping Partners'; but we should take good care, each and all of us, not to say it. For only the very young (for whom the play is not intended) or the very fatuous would willingly choose to pose as experts in this delicate subject matter. * * * You don't suppose that M. Guitry sat down to write a play about anything so banal (for the spectater) as the spectacle of a woman crowning, in the pleasing phrase of the 18th century, a lover's flame. No, indeed; and the only question you have in your mind from the start is what particular device the author has up his sleeve for saving the situation. Well, let us leave it up his sleeve, so as not to spoil sport; only just whetting your curiosity with the hint that it is possible in a moment of agitation, to mis'ake a sleeping draught for sal volatile, and that, with M. Guitry's ingenuity assisting, this mistake may not only guard a wife against a lover, but save her from a husband's wrath as well. 'Sleeping Partners,' then, as you will have guessed is not to be narrated, but to be seen and chuckled over." The chief comedians were Seymour Hicks and Madge Lessing. "It is Mr. Hicks's evening. He gives an extraordinary display of audacity, naturalness and finesse—riding the whirlwind and directing the storm of intense nervous excitement.

"Yes Uncle!" by Austen Hurgon and George Arthurs, music by Nat D. Ayer, was produced by the Gaiety Company at the Prince of Wales's, London, on Dec. 29. "There is nothing very funny in this story of a young artist in Paris, with the tangled affairs of the heart, and of his friend who was called in to disentangle them; yet it is agreeable nonsense. There is nothing very witty in the dialogue, yet there were moments when the house was, as it were, surprised into great shouts of laughter. In fact, it is very good fun, and good fun, always rare, is better worth having today than ever in the memory of living men. It is chiefly the players that make the fun."

Doris Keane was married quietly in London on Jan. 3 to Basil Sydney, a young actor who has been playing the Vicar of St. Gyles to her Cavallini in "Romance."

The handsome fortune left by Mr. Kendel has only been exceeded by one other actor—John L. Toole, who left nearly £80,000. Other players (as apart from managers only) whose wills were proved for large amounts were: John H. Clarke, £63,756; Edward Terry, £44,066; Herbert Tree, £44,000; David James, £41,594; Charles Kean, £35,000; Wilson Barrett, £30,862; Edmund Payne, £21,657; Henry Irving, £20,527; Macready, £20,000. Those actors who left over £10,000 include Dan Leno, George Rignold, Arthur Cecil, E. S. Willard, Arthur Stirling, W. S. Penley, Fred Leslie, William Terriss and George Grossmith.—The Stage.

Early this month Bernard Hishin was looking about for a theatre in London for Eugene Walter's play, "The Knife."

Albert Chevalier will make a long tour early in February with Arthur Shirley's play based on the song, "My Old Dutch." The tour will begin at Gloucester, Eng. The play had great success on the films.

"La Cocarde de Mimi-Pinson," a comic opera by Maurice Ordonneau and Francis Gally, music by Henri Goublies, the younger, has concluded a run of 200 nights in Paris.

The 11th annual production of "Peter Pan" in London took place at the New Theatre, London, late last month. Fay Compton played Peter, a Peter "of a rather more robust order than we have hitherto known, but of abundant spirit, gallant and merry, and speaking her lines with a fine show of boyish bravado." "The Private Secretary" was revived at the Savoy. "A Kiss for Cinderella," Barrie's "characteristically charming, if at times tiresomely discursive and even trivially puerile, 'phantasy play'" has been revived for matinees at the Queen's, where "Brewster's Millions" is the evening bill.

Cyril Maude has been playing Dr. Lucius O'Grady in "General John Regan" in Australia, also Grumpy and Eccles. "Baby Mine" was produced for the first time in Australia at Sydney in October. Other American plays last fall in Australian cities were "Mr. Manhattan" and "You're In Love."

A melodrama, "Roll of Honor," by Gladys Hastings-Walton, was produced at Manchester, Eng., Dec. 24. It is a war play. August, 1914, "placing in the foreground the theme that this is a great war with all the old-time prejudice killed and the levels adjusted irrespective of the blood tests. Yet the moral standard runs throughout, with the usual triumph of right, the old, old story."

"Out of Hell," a New and Thrilling English War Play

We quote from The London Times of Jan. 7:

"'All I want,' said the elder Dumas, 'is four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion.' With this simple formula (plus a freak of nature), Mr. Herbert Thomas has produced a thrilling amusing little play; thrilling in its emotions crisis, amusing in the neat, geometrical symmetry of its plan. His two actors are Miss Frances Ivor and Mr. Brough Robertson. His passion is the passion of us all, love of country. His freak of nature is the venerable stage favorite, duplication of physique. Antipholus of Ephesus is a captain in the British army, Antipholus of Syracuse a captain in the German. Their mothers are twin sisters and as perfect duplicates as their sons.

"The Englishman having been taken prisoner, the German steals his khaki and papers and comes to England to play the spy. There he is fool enough to play the piano as well, which promptly gives him away to the mother of his unmusical double. She is for denouncing him forthwith, but is checked by the remark that it will be a life for a life. If the German does not return to Berlin by an assigned date his double will be shot. You have a "situation" of extreme agony for the mother called upon to choose between her country and her son; in the end she opts for country and hands over the German—who, however, is only sent to Donington Hall.

"Now for the twin-sister, the German-married one. An English prisoner escaped from internment, seeks refuge under her roof—her son's double—face to face with her mother's double. As English as ever at heart, she decides to risk her own life by helping him to escape, under his double's gray overcoat and Pickelhaube, and actually dies by the bullet intended for him. When at length he reaches home it is only to find his mother crazed by her troubles, believing him dead and taking him for his German double; but the curtain does not fall until she has discovered her senses and clasped her boy to her heart.

"It is all summed up, as you see, in the remark of Macbeth's Witches: "Double, double, toil and trouble" is played with brains, sincerity and unflagging energy by both performers; and ought not to be missed by playgoers seeking whatever katharsis of their war-emotions theatrical ingenuity affords."

The Incorporated Stage Society of London, now in its 19th season, will perform Byron's "Manfred," d'Annunzio's "Citta Morta" and Congreve's "The Way of the World." Congreve's comedy was last played in London in 1904. Arthur Symon's translation of d'Annunzio's play will be used.

Marie Lohr will appear in London in Maugham's new comedy, "Love in a Cottage."

Antony Holles, who is now in his second English tour as Jimmie McBride in "Dady Long Legs," is only 17 years old. He enlisted in the Buffs when he was 14 and became a full corporal in three months. When he was offered a commission, he declined, for he would then have disclosed his age. When conscription came in, with the order that no one under 19 could go to the front, he came out of the army until such time as he could be legally called up. In London last Christmas he played Charley in "Charley's Aunt," and later Dick Gilder in "Within the Law." Marion Harvey made him an offer, which he declined.

There's a "Charley's Aunt" club in London. At its last meeting, Dec. 23, it was announced that 45 of its members were with the colors. A telegram was read from Gerald Brandon Thomas, who is in the army.

"The Beauty Spot," a musical play, adapted by Arthur Anderson from the French of P. L. Flers, music by James W. T., reached London (The Gaiety), Dec. 22. It was produced at Manchester Nov. 26 and the Herald noticed the production at the time. It seems that Regine Flory, as actress, singer and dancer, is one great attraction. "For the rest, the new 'show' is jolly enough, but there is nothing very great. The Baluchistan story just serves its purpose, certainly not more—a merchant had pretended to have written a book about Baluchistan, and was blackmailed by the son of the real author, disguised as a Baluchi." The Times, describing the plot as "a row of picture hooks on which those concerned may hang pretty nearly what they will when they will," said: "It is still more exciting to watch Mlle. Regine Flory as a lady whose origin, with that of her amazing and sometimes ravishing clothes, was obviously rather Montmartre than Baluchistan, and was blackmailed by the son of the real author, disguised as a Baluchi." The Times, describing the plot as "a row of picture hooks on which those concerned may hang pretty nearly what they will when they will," said: "It is still more exciting to watch Mlle. Regine Flory as a lady whose origin, with that of her amazing and sometimes ravishing clothes, was obviously rather Montmartre than Baluchistan, but in whose singing there seemed to us (who have never heard the native singers of Baluchistan) a quality that might indeed be Baluchi, and whose dancing only 'bang,' or whatever Baluchis may drug themselves with, seemed able to explain. If anything wilder, more apparently dangerous, and more exciting than her 'Hashish' duet with Mr. Jan Oyra has been danced on the London stage, we have not seen it. The once famous old Apache dance is a minuet beside it."

A new musical comedy, "A Southern Maid," book by Dion C. Calthrop and Harry Graham, music by Harold Fraser Simson, was produced by the George Edwardes Productions at Manchester (Eng.), Dec. 24. The music is said to be melodious, bright and dainty. The plot is of a Southern vendetta. Jose Collins takes the leading part.

Ethel Levey has been giving an imitation at the Empire, London, of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The 13th Chair."

W. H. Kendal, who died on Nov. 6, left an estate valued at £66,251.

Violet Vanbrugh, now divorced from Arthur Bourchier, reappeared at the London Coliseum Dec. 31 in Michael Orme's "Woman on the Window Sill," a story of a crafty German spy. The play was reviewed in the Herald some time ago. A comedy ballet "Cupid's Conspiracy," music by Frederic Cower, was also produced. Lydia Kyasht danced as an 18th century girl, who, to deceive her mother, arranged with her lover to have him come disguised as her dancing master.

"Alice in Wonderland" was revived at the Savoy, London, Dec. 21. Hayden Coffin took the part of the Mad Hatter.

If Mr. H. B. Irving had had his way with respect to Shakespeare for Sundays we should now be booking seats for Sunday's performance of, say "Henry V." But it would be interesting to know for how many of his calling Mr. Irving speaks. Even actors and actresses demand one day's rest in seven, and there are those who would hesitate to appear upon the stage, even in Shakespeare, on a Sunday. Difficulties of the kind must present themselves to orthodox Jews and Jewesses in the profession in regard to theatrical performances on their Sabbath. The Jewish holy day of the week is commonly supposed to last for 24 hours, and to end at 6 P. M. on Saturday. That is a misconception of the facts. The Jewish Sabbath begins at sunset on the Friday and ends with the appearance of the secondary stars in the sky. It may last until 11:30 on the Saturday night.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Curious Farce "The Prodigy": with Notes About Music

A curious farce, "The Prodigy," by Estelle Burney, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, on Dec. 22. An adult violoncellist is touring; dressed in Little-Lord-Fauntleroy costume as an infant prodigy. He thus meets a pretty governess, with whom he falls in love. He tries to escape from his "'prodigy' identity." The London press was not kind. The Times said:

"Miss Burney's farce is founded on the assumption that there is, absolutely, something funny in a grown man dressed up as a small boy. But nothing is funny absolutely, as our humorists are too apt to forget; and the fun of seeing a grown man dressed in black velvet and a sash, and pretending to be an 'infant prodigy' needs, as much as any other material, development and deployment. And these it scarcely gets. When we see the poor fellow in his ridiculous clothes made to play bears on the floor and to ride on a rocking-horse, and threatened with a bath by a fierce old Irish nurse, and realize that all the while he is a young man, and a young man in love, we feel, with some sense of guilt, that we ought to be amused, and never—or hardly ever—are."

Alan Hugh Campbell, lieutenant-commander, son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, has been killed in action. He wrote a play, "The Dust of Egypt," produced successfully by Gerald du Maurier. The news reached the mother on Jan. 3, after the matinee of "The 13th Chair." She played again on Jan. 4.

Here is a critical remark about Guy d'Hardelot's new songs that may be variously construed: "Mme. d'Hardelot has a genial knack of giving her admirers exactly what they like."

The supreme court of New South Wales has sustained the claim made by Miss Ada Reeve that her husband should have no partnership or interest in her theatrical business. Ada Reeve (Mrs. Adelaide Cotton) began her career at the age of 10 at an English South Coast resort. At 14 she came out at a music hall, winning success with the song "What Do I Care." In 1894 she joined George Edwardes's company in "The Shop Girl" and was seen later as Julie Bon-Bon in "The Gay Parisienne." Later she was associated with Arthur Roberts.

A London journalist, gossiping about talismans owned by singers, says that Mme. Patti and Mme. Melba have "specialized" in pen-nibs which have signed reprieves on the warrants of the condemned; that Mme. Patti has three, two from Queen Victoria and one from Queen Isabella of Spain.

Mr. "Jimmy" Glover, who is as usual directing the musical side of Old Drury's panto., is completing a quarter of a century in that capacity. He succeeded

[illegible] late Mr. [illegible] whose [illegible] is kept green by "The Dear [illegible]" and other [illegible] ballads. Mr. G[illegible]r, in [illegible] the panto. score, is catholic in his selections, and goes from Wagner or Tschaikovsky to [illegible] with astounding celerity. He is a well known figure at Boxhill-on-Sea, where he conducted the Kursaal orchestra for some seasons, and also served as mayor. He was musical critic on the Sun in T. P.'s day, and while there "discovered" Mr. Arthur Sturgess of "La Poupee" fame.—London Daily Chronicle.

The London Daily Telegraph was not much interested in the new violin sonata of Gabriel Faure, played in London on Dec. 21 for the first time. "In it the composer falls into line with the more recent manifestations of his art, without, however, it has to be confessed, achieving any particularly arresting results. Everything that comes from his pen bears the marks of delicate grace and refinement, and certainly these qualities are present in the work which was introduced by Mr. Desire DeFaure and Mr Harold Samuel. Yet, more especially in the first movement, a certain sense of monotony — due to some reiteration of phrase and also to a sameness of mood and coloring—makes itself felt. The andante, conceived in a tender and poetic vein, is the section that leaves the most favorable impression of the three."

The London Daily Chronicle finds that Flora Woodman has "a power of trilling which recalls Tetrazzini."

A new orchestral work, "Paysages," by B. Hollander, was produced in London on Dec. 22. "The chief characteristic of the music was its amiability, which atoned very largely for the absence of anything startlingly new or stimulating."

Apropos of carols and the "Chrissemis Day in the Morning" by W. G. Whittaker, the Pall Mall Gazette remarked (Dec. 31): "Our composers almost invariably succeed much better when arranging these old tunes as part songs than when setting them for a voice with pianoforte accompaniment."

"The great thing about orchestral music is that there is always something new to discover at each hearing, and so many chances of things going right."—London Times, Jan. 2.

Of the London String Quartet playing in Queen's Hall the Times said (Dec. 24) that the quartet stood revealed as what it really is: four musicians of excellent technic, one quartet player and three orchestral. * * * Grainger's "Molly on the Shore" sounded clearer than the string orchestra manages to make that always tumultuous and sometimes turbid reel sound. The risk may be worth taking, but quartet playing is a tender plant, and the ad captan drum style may kill it." Mme. d'Alvarez sang. "The second part of the program declined into a ballad concert, with its meaningless encores, and the organ accompaniment consummated the farce."

The Pall Mall Gazette says that Mme. d'Alvarez is "perhaps the most remarkable singer now before the London public."

Messrs. J. and W. Chester have published "Three Little Funeral Marches" for piano solo, by Mr. Gerald Tyrwhitt, intended for the obsequies respectively of a statesman, a canary and a rich aunt. The first is intended to portray the dreary pomp of an official funeral, with its conglomeration of frock coats, top hats, umbrellas and uniforms dug out of the depths of cupboards; in a word, the kind of mourning that smells of napthaline. The second requires no explanation, and the less said about the third the better. Mr. Tyrwhitt received his musical education first in Dresden and subsequently in England "with one of the most orthodox of English professors, as a result of which he entered the diplomatic service." That, at least, is his version. He is now attached to the British embassy in Rome. The marches are very modern and very amusing.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Prof. W. H. Hadow, the solemn writer about music has been knighted and is now a "Sir." This reminds one of Tom Corwin's remark to his son as the two looked on a statue to a "statesman."

Scores of thousands of people yesterday sang Watts's grand hymn, "O God our help in ages past," and today many of them will stand by an open grave near where the hymn was written. Abney Park cemetery, where that brave and noble woman, Mrs. Lockhart, widow of the famous medical missionary, is this afternoon to be interred, was at one time the estate of Sir Thomas Abney. Watts, broken in health, went to stay with him for a week. He remained six and thirty years. In the old family mansion he wrote the works on logic and philosophy which are now forgotten, and the hymns which have made him immortal.—London Daily Chronicle.

FAMOUS OLD ACTOR

Mr. J. Ranken Towse has much to say about Sadler's Wells and the great actor Phelps in his excellent book of memoirs, "Sixty Years of the Theatre." "There Samuel Phelps reigned for 17 years and exemplified in a more striking way than any other manager—Macready, Kean and Henry Irving not excepted—the readiness of the masses to support the higher drama. The old Prince of Wales Theatre, before the occupation of it by the Bancrofts, was not so disreputable a hole as 'The Wells' and was in a far more promising neighborhood. Islington, indeed, was densely populous, but exceedingly poor and shabby. It abounded in small shops, taverns, cheap lodging houses and slums, and small tradesmen, mechanics, the commoner kind of clerks, pedlers, innumerable wage earners of different kinds, with a plentiful sprinkling of degraded 'sports,' constituted the great bulk of the inhabitants. 'The Wells' had been devoted to what would now be described as vaudeville, to tenth-rate boxing matches, comic concerts, acrobatic shows and so on. It was one of the dingiest, dirtiest and in everyway most objectionable resorts imaginable. When Phelps secured control of it and announced his intention of making it the home of classic drama, his friends thought him insane. He was without influence or strong financial backing. He was well known as an actor, but not in Islington. . . . Phelps was continuously successful from the moment he first raised his curtain with a revival of 'Macbeth.' From his 'pit' and galleries he received solid and unwavering support. His profits were not large, for his expenses were considerable and his prices low. He could not have indulged in costly spectacles; even if he had any desire to do so; but his scenery was sufficient, his costumes accurate if inexpensive, while his company, always capable from top to bottom, included at different times most of the remaining well known players who had served their novitiate under the Kembles, Macready and the Keans. To the illiterate denizens of Islington, or most of them, his representations must have been strange and phenomenal, but they hailed them with enthusiasm and soon learned to applaud them with discrimination. Before long they furnished the most expert and exacting Shakespearean audiences in London. There has never been a more striking instance of the educational power of the theatre or of the material capacity of the masses to comprehend and their willingness to pay for what is noblest and best in the drama. Phelps had virtually won his victory before the fashionable West end of the town awoke to a realization of the intellectual and dramatic feast that he was providing, and began to make pilgrimages to Islington, which elsewhere was already recognized as the Mecca of all Shakespereans."

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Concert by Alma Gluck, soprano, and Salvatore de Stefano, harpist. See speciall notice.

MONDAY—The Tuileries, 3 P. M. Third and last of Miss Terry's concerts. Ruth Draper of New York with monologues.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Alice Allen. Brahms, ballade, Op. 118, No. 3; intermezzo, Op. 119, Nos. 1, 3; rhapsodie, Op. 79, No. 1; Chopin, etude, C minor; nocturne, B major; Ballade, F minor; Rachmaninoff, prelude, G minor; Arensky, prelude, A minor; Rubinstein, barcarole, G major; etude, C major; Debussy, toccata; Cyril Scott, Pierrot, Op. 53; Liszt, etude, F minor.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Marjorie Church. Haydn, andante with variations; Rameau, menuet; Loeilly, gigue; Schumann, sonata in G minor; Debussy, Hommage a Rameau; Chopin, mazurka; Ebell, Katinka (Ms.); Godowsky, Francaise; Liszt, concert etude, F minor; Scriabin, etude, Op. 42, No. 5; Liadoff, Barcarolle; Rachmaninoff, prelude.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Mischa Elman, violinist; Stella Power, soprano, and orchestra. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Copley Theatre, 3 P. M. Mary Fay will sing, Rosamond Bradley will speak of her work in France, and Philip Little will give his sketch on "Camouflage" for the benefit of the Special Aid Society. See special notice.

Mr. Kreisler Lends His Aid to Three Former Kneisel Players

By PHILIP HALE.

Messrs. Kreisler, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke gave the first of two chamber concerts in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Quartet in C major; Beethoven, Quartet in F major, op. 59, No. 1; Schubert, Quartet in A minor, op. 29.

Great is the drawing power of personality. A year ago this month many went to hear a singer whom they would have neglected if it had not been announced that Mr. Kreisler would play the piano accompaniments. It was Mr. Kreisler, no doubt, who drew the audience yesterday to Jordan Hall, for Mr. Kreisler had never played in Boston as a member of a quartet. It may here be remarked that the Kneisel Quartet, of which Messrs. Letz, Svecenski and Willeke were members, gave a tear-stained farewell concert in Steinert Hall last March. Mr. Kneisel was tired of traveling, weary of quartet playing. No wonder. For 30 odd seasons he had been the leader of the quartet that bore his [illegible]. During these years of activity he had worked faithfully for musical righteousness, awakened a love for chamber music throughout the country, and won for his quartet international reputation. It was naturally thought that the Kneisel Quartet was disbanded. Lo! the remaining members sent forth a Macedonian cry, to which Mr. Kreisler, always good-natured and generous, responded. Hence the concert of yesterday.

No one denies Mr. Kreisler's eminence as a virtuoso; no one denies his musicianship; but a string quartet is a plant of slow growth. Even if the members are all accomplished musicians, the success of the ensemble depends largely on long and close companionship. Four players of moderate ability often play together better than four virtuosos of great reputation would play if they were thrown together for a few rehearsals. Each one is then, unconsciously, not one of four, but a virtuoso, tempted to shine, however manfully he may struggle against individual display.

The program chosen for yesterday and the one announced for the second concert are ultra-conservative. Good compositions all of them, all familiar, too familiar. It would seem that Mr. Kreisler and his co-mates really and fondly believe that composers of chamber music worth hearing were not born outside of Germany and Austria. This is hardly the time to proclaim this conviction.

The playing of a virtuoso and three quartet players was warmly applauded by an audience that filled the hall. The second concert will take place on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 9.

Jan 28 1918

ALMA GLUCK GIVES CONCERT

Salvatore De Stefano, Harpist, Assists at Symphony Hall

Mme. Alma Gluck, soprano, and Salvatore de Stefano, harpist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Harp pieces: Longo, Ballade; Zabel, the Fountain; songs: Pergolesi, O Serpina penserete from "Le Serva Padrona"; Dourlens (sic), Jo sais attacher des Rubans; Handel, Come beloved; Ott, Hey! for a fiddler; Charpentiere, Priere; Chausson, Les Papillons; Massenet, Crepuscule; Rubinstein, Spring Song; Rachmaninoff, Memories, Arion. Harp pieces: Debussy, Arabesque; Bach, Bourree; Dizi, Etude de Concert. Songs: Hebrew, Eili, Eili; Russian, the Three Cavaliers, Mother Dearest—the three arranged by Kurt Schindler; Hungarian, Maiden's Song; Negro Spirituals; By an' By, I want to be ready, arranged by Harry Burleigh. Eleanor Scheib accompanied Mme. Gluck.

Was "Dourlens" on the program a misprint for "Dourlen"? Victor Dourlen (1780-1864), a prix de Rome, teacher of harmony at the Paris Conservatory for over 30 years, wrote half a dozen little operas from one which the song might have been taken. He also wrote piano music and a treatise on harmony that was long highly valued. The song by "Dourlens" or Dourlen had little significance as it was sung, for Mme. Gluck's range of expression is very limited. Furthermore, the feature of the first group was the beautiful song by Handel, the great melodist.

The admirers of Mme. Gluck crowded the hall and applauded vociferously. The encore fiend was present and his name was Legion.

Mr. de Stefano is an accomplished harpist. The harp is valuable in the orchestra. As a solo instrument it may give pleasure for a little while, especially when it is played by a fair woman with finely moulded arms.

The tinkerers of Gray's "Elegy" are still at work. We have received several letters in answer to Mr. Hazelton Spencer's, some attacking him for his "presumption" in attempting to better the poem; some suggesting improvements of their own. No doubt the following quatrain written by "Rusex" expresses the sentiment of the great majority of our readers:

TO THE VISITORS AT STOKE POGIS

No further seek our patience to distress
By painting lilies whiter; ever yet
'Tis wasteful and ridiculous excess
To add a perfume to the violet!

Nevertheless, we must make room for Mr. Spencer's reply

TO E. A. P.

As the World Wags:

Two specifications are distinguishable in "E. A. P.'s" metaphorical attack on my recent letter concerning the use of "born" in the line "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." "E. A. P." defends Gray's choice and impeaches mine. He allows "born," first because (a) "born" means "brought into life" and (b) because a plant bears blossoms and fruit. "E. A. P.'s" second reason follows a general accusation that my suggestion for bettering the line is an attempt "to wear away one of the soft gr[illegible] impressionistic spots with which [illegible] endowed the [illegible] "E. A. P." the [illegible] "Maud," [illegible] may [illegible] with [illegible] up a mixed metaphor [illegible] the [illegible] "E. A. P." pro[illegible], [illegible] with metaphorical, all [illegible]ical, dr[illegible], not to say [illegible]tic, fury.

A master of the art of [illegible] English once warned me that there is no more difficult task than to sustain an extended metaphor. Certainly, for the common run of milords and miladies, the simplest way is the best. "E. A. P.'s" Pegasus kicks up a good deal of dust. I gather, however, that I am accused of attempting to take the line out of the twilight of impressionism into the sunshine of pedantry. But "E. A. P." for all his flow of figurative language, is painfully literal. It is obvious that "E. A. P." (I dare not risk a pronoun) is either remarkably unfamiliar with English literature or grossly careless in this instance.

Gray's "Elegy" is not impressionistic: it is because its method is the exact antithesis of impressionism, because it is a stately march of vowels and consonants cunningly chosen, because the poem is one of exact words—the right word in the right place and any other jars—it is for these reasons that "born" will not do once our attention is called to it. Therefore, I repeat, honor to the Floridan editor who called our attention to it.

Gray uses "born" as a filler—its function is merely to receive the stress, express the idea of existence and pass the auditor on to the next foot. It is unworthy of the lines, because it is not poetic—it lacks the investiture of a beautiful image. It is incongruous because it is a word of vast generality (and in that sense here unmeaningful), the use of which is commonly restricted to a specific meaning quite unassociated with flowers. "Blown" functions as well, and is in addition a word of beautiful and poetic association.

"E. A. P.'s" objection to the conjugation of "blow" scarcely needs comment, " * * * no flower in the entire category of my botanical knowledge 'blows'. That is, the word 'blown' is the past participle used to form the passive voice, or it is merely an adjective: it is not a verb having the simple tenses, nor can it be conjugated with the perfect auxiliaries. 'Has blown,' then, is impossible."

"E. A. P." sent you a clever letter, and is clever enough, I doubt not, to fall gladly in with my suggestion to consult a dictionary and add to the said category of botanical knowledge the fact that the intransitive verb "blow" meaning "blossom" is quite distinct from what the winds do. I find that the New International gives Milton's line: "How blows the citron grove."

Scorn not the tinker, critic. The flaming tinman scorned a tinker and found Lavengro. With old Ben, I would that Shakespeare had blotted a thousand—but I love him.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Kent's Hill, Me.

Dr. Tuttle's Version

As the World Wags:

In re Hazelton Spencer vs. Thomas Gray I humbly submit the following experiment of my own:

Full many a flower blows fair, to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Not that I object to "is born," as Gray wrote it; 'tis unornate, but seems to me far more poetic than Mr. Spencer's "has blown." "Is blown" is prettier, as in Waller's "when the blossom of her beauty's blown," but wouldn't fit here. In my revision, offered above, any crowded effect is avoided by a slight change in punctuation, and there is, otherwise, but one departure from the original—"blows fair" for "is born." Moreover, "blows" and "blush" are sufficiently separated, and the alternate alliteration—"flower," "blows," "fair," "blush"—is not unpleasing. I confess I don't quite like "fair," which perhaps weakens the final rhyme, "air." If this were a brand-new poem of my own I might write:

Full many a flower blows sweet, to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

My Aunt Elvira, who is staying with me this winter, says that since her schooldays she has never been able to think of Gray's "Elegy" as anything but a grammatical exercise, and she fears my tinkering is making it more difficult to parse.

Speaking of Waller, I have never, until I read the correspondence about this couplet of Gray's, noticed its similarity of idea with lines in the earlier poet's most famous lyric.

"GO, LOVELY ROSE!" SINGS WALLER.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

J. B. TUTTLE, M. D.

Squab Crossing, Vt.

P. S.—The assertion of E. A. P., in the Herald and Journal of Jan. 21, that

...w" (Anglo-Saxon, blowan), meaning come into blossom, is a verb which properly be used only in the past participle "blown"—can hardly stand in the face of a classic example of its use in the present indicative by the greatest English writers. "No flower in the entire category" of E. A. P.'s botanical learning was ever known to "blow." Unlike E. A. P., Master William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, a mere amateur in botany, knew "a bank whereon the wild thyme blows."

After all, we prefer Gray's "Elegy" as he wrote it. Some have objected to the "tautology" in the first verse. Dr. Johnson, fussy in the case of Gray, had no fault to find with the "Elegy." Considering it, he wrote: "By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honors."—Ed.

Jan 29 1918

'LORD AND LADY ALGY' REVIVED

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Lord and Lady Algy," a comedy in three acts by R. C. Carton.

Duke of Dr...elborough	George Fitzgerald
Marquis of Quarmby	Lumsden Hare
Lord Algernon Chetland	William Faversham
Hon. Crosby Jethro	Frederick Lloyd
Captain Standidge	George W. Howard
Brabazon Tudway	Maclyn Arbuckle
Richard Annesley	Franklin Fox
Montague Denton	C. Haviland Chappell
M...deal	William Vaughan
K...n	Harvey Hays
Swanson	Herbert Belmore
Mawley Jarrett	Philip Leigh
Wyke	Edward E. Bloom
Lady Algernon Chetland	Miss Maxine Elliott
Lady Pamela Mallinson	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Ottoline Mallinson	Miss Mary Compton
Emily Cardew	Miss Grace Ade
Mrs. Brabazon Tudway	Miss Irene Fenwick
Mrs. Vokins	Miss Florine Arnold

The revival by competent comedians of a good comedy is more to be desired than the production of an indifferent one played by a popular comedian, an actress whose sole equipment is the quality described by managers as "personality," and a supporting company selected at random.

"Lord and Lady Algy" might be called by some a comedy of manners. Some truly insist that it is an example of artificial comedy. William Archer, when it was first played in London, discovered that it was derived from "The School for Scandal": two brothers—the one a saint, the other a scapegrace; the saint making love to a young married woman, without gaining his end, the scapegrace becoming the scapegoat of his brother's sins. That there is in this play a Mrs. Charles Surface is an unimportant variation. It did not require keen mental vision to see the resemblance which is noted by any theatergoer at the end of Carton's first act.

This comedy, in certain ways, takes us back to Congreve's plays; not because nearly all the characters speak wittily, nor because there is a prevailing note of cynicism; but because this comedy of manners shows characters that exist largely for the dialogue, are without real emotions or passions, and move in a world that does not exist in spite of the talk about horse racing. Their morality or lack of morality does not concern the spectator. The men and women might as well be in any country known to fantastical librettists as in England.

Yet Carton gave to a few of his characters a heart. There is the jockey Mawley. There is Lady Algy herself—witness her behavior towards her lord at the end of the ball scene, and her final willingness to smoke Egyptian cigarettes, the supreme test of her affection. As for the Duke, Quarmby, Algy's boon companions, and the valet, they are all of the Congreve period, amusing by their dialogue, conventional figures made endurable by the lines put into their mouths, moving about without real convictions, sporting on the surface. No one takes Quarmby's amorous pursuit seriously. Mrs. Tudway, inveterate novel reader, is not in love with him or with anyone, except the heroes in novels, men that could "understand her." And so light is the treatment of the situations that no one is troubled by Algy's racing losses. Everyone knows early in the play that Lady Algy will back the winning horse, win a large sum and give it to her husband. As for the woman in the room, the husband demanding entrance, the supposed lover barring the way—it is not necessary to go back to the screen scene in "The School for Scandal." French audiences have been amused, sometimes thrilled by similar scenes for many years.

The second act departs from the old artificial comedy and at times becomes frankly farcical, with its Mrs. Vokins, ... way disguised, the drunken scene—that at the end of this act is the one ... of the play when Lady Algy, realizing what her husband has ..., berates him for it, and takes him ... sheltering wing. And how ... is this scene—when ... it was played last night! Mr. Faversham ... still light, graceful ... in the part, quietly humorous ... his adversity, a ... sentimentalism. He bore himself in the drunken scene deliciously, with a touch of the coarseness that would have excited the uproarious laughter of those whose taste has been ... by curious draughts of the entertainment known as farce comedy. In his intoxication his tongue was witty though thick, and when he learned the identity of Mrs. Tudway, although his legs were still drunk, his brain was clear, his purpose to counsel the foolish wife was still in mind. It is a great pleasure to see Mr. Faversham again in a part that he has made his own, as far as this country is concerned.

It was also a pleasure to welcome Miss Elliott back to the stage. Radiantly handsome, gorgeously costumed, she, however, did not depend last evening on nature's gift or the skill and taste of the modiste. She played brilliantly, with a delightful sense of humor, with an effective emphasis of subdued affection, that even in the final coming together did not burst into flame and thus consume the dramatist's house of cards and carefully fashioned inmates.

Mr. Arbuckle gave an excellent performance in the first and third acts, playing as an accomplished comedian. It is not easy to portray Tudway in the ball scene without dropping into burlesque. It is perhaps necessary that the part should thus be acted. Yet we wish that here Mr. Arbuckle had been less farcical.

Miss Fenwick was a pretty and appealing little Mrs. Tudway, whose silliness was not too exaggerated; Mr. Fitzgerald was admirable as the Duke; Mr. Hare gave a certain amount of character to Quarmby; Mr. Leigh gave a capital performance of Mawley, and Mr. Belmore was faithful to the traditional manner of portraying a Congrevian-Sheridanian valet. The other members of the company were adequate. Mr. Howard took again his old part of Standidge.

After the second act Mr. Faversham spoke the few but expected words of joy at being in Boston again and paid tribute to Miss Elliott. The audience warmly approved the performance.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of w...
The brazen-clasped, the vellum writ,
Time honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes;
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie,
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,
Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, aye!
And Gervase Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holy Book by which we live and die.

Readers and Speakers

As the World Wags:

Your recent remarks concerning the old text books must have revived tender recollections in the hearts of many to whom the classic contents of the old speakers or readers are now but faint memories.

I have a fairly complete set of school books which were given to me by an aunt, who used them in the early fifties. Two of them which I particularly prize are Mandeville's Course of Reading and (Epes) Sargent's Fourth Reader. They make excellent reading, even at this late day. The orations of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Pitt, Burke and others more or less distinguished the didactic prose and poetry; the dialogue—all the masterpieces of the world's literature—could be found in the old school reader.

I distinctly remember a classmate of mine, a talented young lady, who was always in great demand at school lyceums and amateur theatricals. Her rendition of "The Snowstorm" invariably electrified her audience, bringing tears to the eyes of many. The second stanza, if memory serves me correctly, reads as follows:

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drift of snow:
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone—
"O God," she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

Years afterwards, when a member of the Boston Comedy Company (H. Price Webber's), she declared that she had recited the piece over 1000 times, and regarded it as the chief stepping stone to her success.

I also recall the dialogue scene from Katzebue's "Pizarro," in which the principals were required to speak in costume. The old-time student will readily recall the scene in which Rolla interrogates the Sentinel:

Rolla—Inform me, friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel—He is.

Not having the necessary Castilian habiliments, we made use of our Zouave uniforms which we had worn as members of the Republican Guards, a campaign organization devoted to the interests of Blaine and Logan.

Melrose. W. L. L.

We regret to find our correspondent using the word "rendition" with the meaning, "performing," "acting," "reciting." What American first violated the proper meaning, the surrender of a place, possession, person?—Ed.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"The Naughty Wife," a farce in three acts by Fred Jackson. First performance in Boston.

Eloise Farrington	Beverly West
Cart...	J. Harry Irvine
Hilary Farrington	Charles Cherry
Darrell McKnight	Francis Byrne
Annette	Ethel Intropodi
Nora Gail	Lucile Watson
Thompson	Charles Mather
Bishop Kennelly	William Bittner

This pleasant little farce was produced under the title of "Losing Eloise" at the Harris Theatre, New York, Nov. 17, 1917. Miss Violet Heming was the original Eloise.

The sight of a shrewd wife destroying the illusions of a wandering husband by enforced proximity with the fancied object of his adoration has amused audiences more than once, but in this case Mr. Jackson has reversed the situation with the most fortunate results.

Hilary Farrington, whose linnet-headed wife thinks herself neglected and rushes madly into the arms of the first passing philanderer, encourages the affair. But he protects his wife by suggesting an elopement to the Farrington bungalow on Long Island rather than a hasty western flight. Matters are materially assisted by the presence of Nora Gail, a worldly but fascinating widow, who, understanding the philanderer, McKnight, is still loath to give him up. Throwing pride to the wind, for McKnight had put her aside for Eloise, she joins the party at the bungalow, flirts with Farrington and finally recaptures her man.

With the second act highballs, lingerie, bedrooms, midnight encounters become prominent. The theme is amusingly developed. The discomfiture of wife and philanderer is complete. The dialogue is breezy, cynical, especially the lines allotted to Mrs. Gail. Farrington, amiable, self-possessed, master of ceremonies; Eloise, flighty, irresponsible, longing to be ruled; Mrs. Gail, clever, vivacious, a mistress of intrigue, yet not without a heart; these three characters are drawn with a light and skilful touch. They are plausible. Only McKnight, provided by the dramatist with a fluent vocabulary of slang, belongs wholly to the world of farce. As played in a straightforward fashion by Mr. Byrne, the philanderer failed to be irresistibly masterful or convincingly seductive.

Mr. Cherry was wholly delightful in another incarnation of himself. His ingratiating personality, suave and aristocratic bearing gave pleasure. He made his points quietly and with finesse, never with exaggerated efforts to excite laughter. Miss Watson, a skilled and well-graced actress, once more displayed intelligence, distinction and a keen sense of humor as Nora Gail. She spoke her lines piquantly, with refreshing crispness, and was effective when sagacious or adorably feminine. Miss West as the young wife, ready with a grievance, constantly demanding attention, was volatile, irritating and childish. She thus gave a true and amusing characterization of the type drawn by the dramatist.

The play is light, entertaining, well knit. It will no doubt have a successful run.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Hitchy-Koo," programed as "an intimate revue in two acts and unlimited scenes"—there are 19, to be exact, was given its first performances in Boston yesterday afternoon and evening, with two large holiday audiences in attendance. Since its first production in New York in June of last year the piece has been altered, trimmed and refurbished, so that yesterday's entertainment displayed most of the more striking features, if lacking several which had started with it in its early days.

Raymond Hitchcock, who has been before the public for many years as a comedian of distinctive type, is impresario, manager and principal player in "Hitchy-Koo." Before the curtain rises, he slips into an orchestra seat, waits a few moments, and then, with that nasal twang which, with a lop-sided bang of hair and a profile yet to find a counterpart, makes him instantly recognizable, inquires if the orchestra leader is ready to give some music. Then he scrambles to the rail enclosing the musicians and, stick in hand, proceeds to greet and chaff any persons he recognizes in the audience and, incidentally to count the house. Yesterday afternoon he had only the various newspaper reviewers for his shafts of witticism.

Preliminary Fun

He confessed that while he had owed many shows, this was the first he had ever owned, and he admitted, jocosely, of course, that he preferred the former state. He said that many playgoers had never been able to see the end of a show, and to remedy this, he purposed to give the finale of his entertainment first. He advised all to discard their programs, because they simply would get mixed up if they tried to follow them—and in this observation he was well within the truth. Then he called for Leon Errol, his first aid in comedy, to learn if all the principals were ready, and up went the curtain, and the fun began.

In rapid succession appeared the principals—Mr. Errol, who attained fame as a delineator of intoxicated individuals during several seasons with Ziegfeld's "Follies," and who, among several comic scenes, now centres his energies on a like exhibition, in which he smashes several supposedly costly marble adornments in an otherwise barren chamber; Ignacio Martinetti, in his more agile days wont to twirl about like a top, who dances still with finish and assuredness, but who is at his best in a Chinese specialty; Florenze Ames and Adelaide Winthrop, jointly clever, versatile and ever original in songs, dances, costumes and speech; Miss Irene Bordoni, indubitably of Paris and with an art at once suggestive of Anna Held and Yvette Guilbert; Miss Josephine Whittell, at ease in a prima donna role of scant exactions; Miss Sylvia Jason, diminutive, pert and pretty, the Toby Claude of the present-day musical comedy world; George Moore, with a humor labored by comparison with that of his more eminent associates, and "Master" Alfred Newman, whose appearance in knee pants carries no convincing illusiveness of boyish precocity, yet who really is an accomplished pianist. There also is a feminine chorus, a "chorus de luxe," as Mr. Hitchcock slyly confided to one of the critics whom he detected in the front row. In this he was quite right. The ladies were trimly youthful, remarkably decorous, uniformly attractive.

Great Variety of Scenes

The scenes were set in Spain, in China, in a theatre lobby, "wholly unlike any other theatre lobby you ever have seen," according to Mr. Hitchcock; in a country store, in a photographer's studio, in a schoolroom, and again in Spain, the beach at San Sebastian. For each the coloring was sane, frequently striking, in effect. The costumes were pleasing to the eye and designed economically, not extravagantly. The action was seldom swift or tumultuous, save when Mr. Errol swayed it. For the greater part it moved more as Mr. Hitchcock moves and speaks, temperately, almost languidly. The beginning and end are the least diverting; even then there are two full hours of varied entertainment of a character hitherto untried in our so-called American revues.

ADELE ROWLAND HEADS KEITH'S THEATRE BILL

Patriotic Spectacle, Playlet and Beatrice Herford's Act Features

Adele Rowland is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and the audience was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Rowland appears this time in an entirely new program. Her songs are a splendid outlet for the art of the comedienne and the singer is especially given to those with the war as the motif. Miss Rowland is first of all the actress of physical charm and engaging personality; thus she is quickly on good terms with her audience. But this is not all, for the actress makes much of little, and what would fall flat in less competent hands has its reward in her interpretation. The singer was accorded an unusual reception at the conclusion of her act and had to reappear again and again after preparations had been made for the next set. Harry De Costa assisted at the piano.

One of the chief features of the bill is the patriotic spectacle, "Liberty Aflame," by Roland Burke Hennessy and presented under the direction of A. Paul Keith and E. F. Albee. The act is a rousing appeal to the patriotic impulses. The piece is an unusual picture. Liberty is seen in the foreground towering over all else and the skyline of New York is convincingly pictured in silhouette in the background. Liberty makes an impassioned plea as the mouthpiece of America in the cause of democracy and humanity. Gladys Hanson as Liberty was both interesting in manner and speech. Her diction was always a pleasure and her enunciation was as chiselled.

Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler are back again with their old act, "Married," none the less interesting for wear; Beatrice Herford, too, is back again, but with an entirely new monologue, and her act has an intensely human touch even with all its caricature.

Other acts on the bill were Eleanore Cochran, in a program of songs, assisted at the piano by Eric Zardo; The Three Chums, in a singing and instrumental act; Rose and Moon, in a singing and unique dancing act; and Billie Potter and Effie Hartwell, in an acrobatic and dancing act.

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RECITAL GIVEN BY MISS ALLEN

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Alice Allen, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Brahms, Ballade, op. 118, No. 3, Intermezzi, op. 119, Nos. 1, 3; Rhapsodie, op. 79, No. 1; Chopin, Etude in C minor, Nocturno in B major, Ballade in F minor; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in G minor; Arensky, Prelude in A minor; Rubinstein, Barcarolle in G minor, Etude in C major; Debussy, Toccata; Cyril Scott, "Pierrot" pieces, op. 53; Liszt, Etude in F minor.

Miss Allen gave a pleasant recital that gave promise of greater success when she has gained more freedom and more spontaneity in interpretation. She has at present musical intelligence, a good sense of rhythm, a sound and clear technic. Her phrasing is carefully planned, too carefully at times, too deliberately.

Her program was an agreeable one; uncon ... by reason of the absence of any tinkering with Bach's organ works, of any traditionally necessary sonata, or of any ancient warhorse saddled and bridled for the virtuoso. Miss Allen might have chosen more interesting Intermezzi of Brahms than those she played.

Her performances of the pieces of Chopin was too objective. It was brilliant when brilliancy was required; it was technically adequate; but the interpretation of the Nocturne might have been more poetic, while her reading of the Ballade was episodic, without the necessary continuity.

At present Miss Allen has a commendable command of dynamic gradations, but her touch, although it was not metallic yesterday nor harsh in forte passages, was sometimes colorless and in cantabile passages emotional quality, not to say sensuousness, was lacking.

Here and There

Over there our Sammy,
Chucking bombs from trenches,
Takes his fun out of the Hun,
Or bursts a bunch of scenery.
Over here our Heinie,
Throwing monkey-wrenches,
Puts the country on the bum
And stops all our machinery.

ANON.

Hillsboro county, N. H.

"The Only William"

The New York Sun published this "appreciation"—"two jiggers of memory, a dash of tears and a shake of the head"—written by "E. R."

"Has not 'J. H. M.' a corner in his heart where reposes something sacred to the memory of the Only William, the Leonardo da Vinci of the bacchic trestle-board, artist, poet, scientist, sculptor, alchemist to only an artistic thirst, the sculptor of the 'angel's wing,' composer of 'a symphony of moist joy,' poet of 'a moment's pleasure' and 'a maiden's kiss,' who recharged the batteries of genius with 'a brain duster'? When did eloquence ever reach a plane where it could equal in expression and impressiveness the mere silence of his contemplating contempt for the stranger to decency who, gulping straight whiskey, gave degradation its supreme definition?"

And this "appreciation" was written at Portland in Maine, for many years a prohibition state, as we are informed.

"Grouch"

As the World Wags:

Mr Chandler will find grouch, v. and n., grouchy, groucher, in the Standard Dictionary (Coll. U. S.). No suggestion is made as to derivation.

The Century Dictionary Supplement (1909) gives grouch as "a variant of grutch, grudge v." It also gives grouchy. The words are marked as (Colloq).

I think the word has come to stay, for it fills a need—there is no perfect synonym. But when and where was the word born? That is the interesting ... WALTER WOODMAN.

Cambridge.

Eyesight

As the World Wags:

For years our eyes and ears have been assailed by the use of this word, both written and spoken. From the pen and lips of undergraduates, and many others this word has been thrust upon us. If it be correct to say "His eyesight is failing," why is it not equally correct to say "... ear hearing is much impaired"? One making the latter statement in this phraseology would be liable ... Pray, what other kind of ... there than that of the eye? ... to speak correctly ... to do, and avoid superfluous words ... have waited several years for some one else to say this, and now make it a question.

HARRIETTE W. ATKINSON.

Boston.

One reason for using the word "eyesight" frequently and fearlessly is because the word has been held respectable and orthodox in the English language, in speech and literature for over 500 years. This reminds us of a little story. Many years ago we were at a farm house in Vermont. An aged relative of the farmer was a visitor. One day at breakfast he was questioned about his health. "Well," said Uncle Cyrus, "I'm a little hard o' hearin', but my eyesight's as good as ever it was," and, with that, he speared with his two-tined fork a doughnut and began to peel it, mistaking it for a potato.

The Iceberg's Daughter

As the World Wags:

I agree most heartily with Harry Hotspur's advice to Miss Jane Winterbottom in regard to using the Boston-Chestnut Hill cars for refrigerating purposes, but cannot indorse his reference to her possible construction along the lines of "the famous lady in the old song," part of which he quotes.

The reference is not to any lady, old or young, but to the polar bear, and if Mr. Hotspur had continued his quotation he would have realized that it could not be properly applied to any lady, much less such an estimable one as Miss Winterbottom.

The quotation comes from the Van Amburgh song and the whole verse is as follows:

This is the Arctic polar bear,
Oft called the iceberg's daughter,
Been known to eat three kegs of ice
Then call for soda water.
She wades in the water up to her knees,
Not fearing any harm;
You may yell and shout at her all you please,
But she don't care a darn.

CHORUS—

The elephant now goes round,
The band begins to play;
Those little boys round the monkey's cage
Had better get away.

Chestnut Hill. XENES.

"Camouflage" Again

A correspondent writes that at least 18 years ago, reading an English translation of a French tale, he came on the word "camouflage" with an allusion to animals. Some days ago the London Daily Chronicle published this paragraph: "Captain Chalmers Mitchell reminds us that camouflage, the newest art of war, takes birds and beasts in their native surroundings as its model. We have abundant examples of it in our own land—the ptarmigan and the blue hare which whiten amid the winter snows: the stoat which remains brown in our mild English climate, but becomes the snowy ermine of the white north. But there are exceptions. Who can explain the puzzle of the Siberian sable's brownness in a land of white, and the unchanging color of the wolf amid Arctic surroundings?"

MISS CHURCH IN PIANO RECITAL

Miss Marjorie Church gave a piano recital last evening at Steinert Hall. She is young and gifted. Her tone has depth and sonority. It can be warm and emphatic, or cool and clear. Her technic is well developed, and as an interpreter she thinks for herself. Throughout an attractive program that included Schumann's Sonata in G minor, Debussy's Hommage à Rameau, Liszt's concert étude in F minor and pieces by Haydn, Rameau, Loeilly, Ebell and other composers, she held the interest and excited the approval of a good-sized audience.

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Conservation

I went to see my Imogene;
Embraced her fondly, boldly.
I feared she wasn't feeling well,
For she responded coldly.
"What means," said I, in bitter tones,
"This grim frigidity?"
"It's just my bit, for I can't knit;
I'm saving heat," said she.

ANON.

Hillsboro, Co., N. H.

Snuff and Copperheads

As the World Wags:

The interesting reminiscences relative to the term "copperhead" recall my own experiences in civil war times.

The first time the word came to me with its full significance was on the day when news reached our New Hampshire town of the fall of Richmond. As I ran from school at noon all the town bells were ringing to celebrate the victory. I was bursting with excitement when I reached home, and found Miss Mary Lee at our well drawing a bucket of the famed, cold water. We were great friends. She was an elderly spinster who lived nearby in a tiny, spotless home where I loved to go and eat delectable cookies. I liked her so well that I was willing to buy snuff for her, even though I suffered agonies of shame for fear the grocer would think it was for some member of my own family. In those days snuff-taking was still common among old people, who had acquired the habit when it was a fashionable thing to do, but it was now frowned upon by the taste of the younger generation as a disgusting, if not a disgraceful, practice, and women, especially, indulged themselves slyly and endeavored to hide the habit from the eyes of non-users. For this reason Miss Lee was glad to avail herself of my aid in procuring her supply, which was of the plain, yellow variety. For the scented, dark kind she had nothing but contempt. Her venerable years and otherwise exemplary life condoned her weakness in my eyes, and our friendship seemed built upon a strong and abiding basis.

So now I called to her joyously, sure of her unfailing sympathy, "Oh, Miss Lee! Richmond's taken! Do you hear them ringing the bells?" And then the sky fell. My loved Miss Lee met me with a scowl and replied angrily: "Yes, I hear 'em! And I hope they'll bust their breeches!" I was struck dumb with amazement and horror. I felt a treason in her words which I could not understand, and I shrank away from her as from one who had suddenly committed a strange and deadly sin. I hurried into the house with the dreadful tale. My father laughed heartily and said: "Poor Mary! She's a copperhead, didn't you know it, child? All the Lees are copperheads." The word, as applied to her, meant nothing to me, and my mind went scurrying madly after light. In a twinkling I recalled a recent lesson in geography which had taught me that the American Indian is of a copper-colored race. I immediately leaped to the conclusion that Miss Lee and her family were Indians. Yes, her skin was dark, her eyes were black, and her hair straight and black. The case was plain, Miss Lee was an Indian, and being an Indian in those days accounted for a deal of savagery. A question or two from me showed my father the drift of my thoughts, and he soon put me upon the right path by telling me just what being a copperhead meant. It was a cruel revelation. I felt that I had lost Miss Lee forever, and gladly would I have exchanged this new vision of her for that of the wildest American Indian, tomahawk and all! She was a New Englander by birth, as were all her people, and yet, like many others in our village, her sympathies were with the southern cause.

Among these others was a lawyer, something of a nabob in the place, and with more than local repute for ability in his profession. At the time of Lincoln's assassination, when feeling was at fever height, men weeping like children at the tragic news, he publicly expressed his approval of the heinous crime. Instantly one of our most peaceable, law-abiding citizens thrust a revolver in his face with the sharp command, "Eat those words, or you're a dead man!" The lawyer mumbled an apology and slunk away in a disgrace which darkened his career for many years. Similar scenes were taking place all over our distracted country.

When we recall the yawning division, the intensity of feeling, the bitter recrimination of that dark period, how tame and harmless seem the wrangling and dissension of today! Surely a republic which weathered the wrack of our civil war has established a strong guarantee for its future. R. B. STEVENS.

Roslindale.

We remember a prominent lawyer of Albany, N. Y., in the late seventies recalling scenes in that city at the time of Lincoln's assassination. Even at that late day he was bitter about Lincoln's administration, so great was his own reverence for the constitution. He said to us: "A mob passed in front of my house and saw I had not put any sign of mourning in the window or on the door. They made such a disturbance that I finally found the smallest, thinnest, measliest bit of crape I could, and tied it on the door bell." He chuckled with the recollection.—Ed.

For Fireside Pessimists

Blackwood's Magazine publishes verses of "Klaxon" that have a timely message:

You may be stripped of all you have—it may be all you say,
But you'll have your life and eyesight left, so stow away your talk of pay.
You won't be dead in a bed of lime with those that heard the Call;
So thank your God you've an easy job in the Greatest War of all.

Vousden's Lines

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me of a quotation, written, I am told, by one "Vousden," that begins thus?

Let each man learn to know himself,
To gain that knowledge, let him labor,
Correct those faults first in himself
Which he condemns so in his neighbor.

I have heard more of the "verse," but cannot recall it, and felt that you surely could help me.

Who was Vousden, and what was the occasion of the above being written?

East Boston. WM. H. O'BRIEN.

ELMAN AND MISS POWER AT SYMPHONY

Violinist and Soprano Give Delightful Concert

Mischa Elman, violinist; Stella Power, soprano, and an orchestra of Symphony players, E. Schmidt, conductor, gave a concert at Symphony Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Concerto for Violin; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Siegfried Paraphrase; Paganini-Auer, Etude Caprice; ...; Pamina's aria, "Ah lo so," from "The Magic Flute"; David, "Charmant Oiseau," from "La Perle du Brazil"; Auber, overture "Masaniello"; Goldmark, Rustic Wedding Symphony.

Miss Power, a young Australian and a pupil of Mme. Melba, sang here for the first time. Her voice is young, fresh, agreeable in quality, while technically she does credit to her distinguished teacher. She sang Pamina's aria from "The Magic Flute" with facile execution, but her vocal achievements were more effectively revealed in the air from "La Perle du Brazil."

Mr. Elman was at his best. He played Mendelssohn's concerto brilliantly and with an imposing display of virtuosity. In the andante there was glowing warmth, tenderness and sensuous beauty of tone. The violinist and Miss Power were recalled and both added to the program. Goldmark's naive and melodious music excellently played by the orchestra lent variety and contrast to the program.

Feb 2 1918

Mr. Herkimer Johnson called on us at our lodgings last night and stayed till a late hour. Our yawning did not touch his heart. He might have said, as Dr. Johnson said to Boswell, when the latter was afraid that he was keeping the doctor up too late: "No, sir, I don't care though I sit all night with you."

Mr. Johnson was distressed by the thought that the Porphyry Club no longer serves strong waters, wine or malt liquors on Mondays, and there is talk of closing the clubhouse until there is plenty of coal. He believes that temperance drinks do the stomach much harm; he is particularly bitter against a beverage manufactured by brewers who have made a fortune out of honest beer. "I said to the steward of the Porphyry only a few days ago, if we are obliged to drink only temperance drinks, let us go back to switchel. When I was a boy in the country there was a big pail of it under a tree at haying time. As I remember, switchel was compounded of water, molasses, ginger; on some farms a touch of vinegar was added. There was sometimes a lump of ice, but ice was not stored at every farmhouse. Butter was kept cool down the well. Now if there must be soft drinks in the Porphyry, why should not a pail of switchel stand on the big table in the living room with a dipper for general use? Switchel should always be served in a dipper, as ale in pewter. By the way, do any of your correspondents know the derivation of the word 'switchel'? It is not an English dialect word."

Our Household Doctor

As the World Wags:

I wish to write a word of caution to the Elevated railroad. Please be extremely careful regarding overheated seats. A Miss Jane Winterbottom, a suburban patron of the road, complains of hot seats. When she reached Boylston street she had to stand up for the balance of her journey. Is it a peculiarity of the street? Or do the motormen shake up the fire and open up the drafts on certain streets? She stood up as she did not care to share the fate of one San Lorenzo. Who was San Lorenzo? And what about his Escorial and the erection of it? One would think Miss Winterbottom might keep cool in the ordinary car seat. It is kind of her to admit that cars for South Framingham may be moderately heated. The next time you find you are on a hot box, my dear Miss W., just speak to the motorman; he runs the show and will no doubt turn off the heat just under you. Or look about you until you see some thinly dressed woman or man. If you are not able to judge by the dress, look about until you see one with a blue nose. Blue noses and blue blood don't go together; not that you would notice. Often a red nose and blue blood will be found under the same hat. When you see such a one kindly offer your seat. If you do not care to do so kind an act remove your fur coat and put it under you; but, please, don't complain and cause trouble and perhaps deprive the common people of a warm and comfortable ride.

I have suffered so. I know. Coming from an out-of-town visit to a patient a few years ago I took cold because a big, red-faced man in a fur coat insisted on having the car door open. There is altogether too much talk about the unhealthy, unventilated cars. I never saw one of such complainants that was over healthy. When on my feet and moving, I can stand cold weather, or cold water when swimming. But when not in action I will keep out of the draught. I do not sleep with open windows, and I want a warm room with light covering while I sleep. I have the record still for cold water swimming. For years I took long walks winter mornings dressed as follows: No stockings, low shoes, out at sides and holes in soles; pants belted at waist; no shirt or undershirt or coat; only a cotton sweater of cheapest kind; and the walks were from five to eight miles, and before breakfast. For references, Capt. John Buckley, late of station 7; Skipper Jo Good of the Dover street baths. And I am on deck and ready to hand, reef or steer at 84½ years.

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Is it possible that our justly esteemed friend, Dr. Crockett, does not know that San Lorenzo, the martyr, was put to

... dition and the Escorial was ... in the shape of a gridiron? As for ... estimable Miss Jane Winterbottom, ... sympathize with her. There were too ... overheated, unventilated, foul and ... ging trolley cars before the present ... k of coal. By the way, San Lorenzo ... not wear "pants."—Ed.

The U. S. Navy

The thorough manner in which the United States is tackling the transport ... ion wins unbounded admiration, not ... y from the British navy, but from ... seafaring men.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 1.

Old Man Gray

We have received several letters protesting against the attempts to improve Gray's "Elegy." "W." of Boston thinks Mr. Spencer's attempt is presumptuous and impertinent. Miss Gertrude Churchill Whitney of Methuen says that the "inconsistent part of our Maine friend's criticism was that he objected to a flower's being born in human fashion, but he did not object to its blushing in human fashion."

"A. E. L." of Roxbury thinks that "the light touch of 'born' buoys up the other nine syllables." "They can't see, Thomas, because they are literati. No more can they perceive with what subtle skill the nasal 'n' in 'born' balances off the 'n's' in 'many' and 'serene' and 'unseen' and 'ocean' and 'sweetness,' twisting a little thread of humming melody through the stanza; nor do they hear the same sustained music in the liquid 'r.' Because, Thomas, because they are literati; perhaps they are even illuminati! Yet for all that rise up, Thomas Gray, rise up and bow your prettiest; bless them, they have turned a hundred men to re-reading your 'Elegy' who had forgotten its existence."

"Some Poet" of Jamaica Plain drops into verse:

> If these literary people of today
> Who are trying to improve Mr. Gray
> Will let well enough alone
> And do something of their own
> That is half as good, it might pay.

But what if the Floridian critic and Mr. Hazelton Spencer were not wholly serious in their criticism? What if they had written, hoping to "take a rise" out of somebody?

Feb 3 1918

There are several new singers of importance coming here in the Chicago Opera Company. There are others already known and appreciated. Mme. Melba will be heard in "Faust" and "Boheme," and thus pleasant memories will be revived. It was in 1894 and on March 1, that she sang for the first time in Boston and as Juliet delighted a great audience. Nine nights afterwards she appeared as Marguerite. The last time she took the part—the eighth time in all—was April 10, 1901. Mme. Melba was the first Mimi in Boston. The C. A. Ellis Grand Opera Company produced the opera at the Boston Theatre, Jan. 25, 1899, the other chief singers were Mme. de Lussan, Pandolfini, Bensaude, De Vries, Boudouresque.

There was once a Boston opera company in its own opera house in this city. Mr. Russell announced early in March, 1914, that Mme. Melba would appear as Mimi on the 7th of that month. The performance was in the afternoon. The theatre was crowded. But Mme. Melba was hoarse and Miss Sharlow, now with the Chicago company, took her place. On Monday evening, March 16, 1914, Mme. Melba was seen and heard as Juliet in the second and third acts of Gounod's opera and in the third and fourth acts of "Boheme." Muratore was the Romeo; Marcoux, the Friar; Danges, the Mercutio. In Puccini's opera the other chief singers were Mme. Beriza, Tanlongo, Danges, Pulcini, Mardones. Muratore is now the leading tenor of the Chicago company. Henri Danges has been fighting in the artillery service since the outbreak of the war, while his wife has been working in the military hospital at Lyons. We have received a letter from Vanni Marcoux dated Dec. 30, in which he says that he, in the artillery, is in good health; there have been "moments bien mauvais." He mentions the enthusiasm aroused by the arrival of American troops. The morale of the French army is excellent—and so it will be to the end.

Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci has not sung here in opera. She had not sung in New York even in concert before last Monday. Perhaps the most significant tribute paid her in that city was the editorial eulogy of the Tribune. Critics have their allotted space. Special writers press agents and others may shout the praise of a singer. It is seldom that a prima donna is the subject of an editorial article, unless she has committed some folly in speech or action that may be treated humorously. Here is the Tribune's eulogy in full. We think the writer overestimates the skill of Mme. Sembrich as a coloratura soprano. As a lyric singer in Mozart's operas and in certain operas of the Italian school she was in her prime incomparable.

"Without its hero and its heroine, its brilliant tenor and its supreme soprano, the world of opera would soon be as dead as a burnt-out planet. Opera is an art, extraordinarily personal, which exists by grace of ... Malibrans, Marios, Pattis. The musician may protest, the composer despair; but without great interpreters their genius will be helpless. The lyric stage lives of glamor, for glamor, by glamor. It is the divinity that doth hedge the tenor and the soprano, rather than the genius that uplifts the solitary composer, which fills the opera houses of the world. And when a new singer swims into our ken opera receives a new lease of life. Such a singer appeared at the Lexington Theatre on Monday night, when Amelita Galli-Curci made her New York debut in Meyerbeer's 'Dinorah.' Not since that night 15 years ago, when Enrico Caruso made his first appearance as the Duke of Mantua, has the opera world breathed such a sigh of infinite contentment. We had thought that the great coloratura soprano had passed from the stage with the passing of Marcella Sembrich, though Luisa Tetrazzini had brought back a momentary brilliance. Now we know that we were wrong; that the great tradition continued by Patti, Melba and Sembrich lives in this young Italian, who two short years ago was unheralded and practically unknown."

Much has been said about the beauty of Mme. Genevieve Vix. The Chicago press agent has made several misstatements about her, saying that at the Paris Conservatory she was awarded the first prize for singing; that she made her debut at the Opera in 1909 and "established a large following there." Here is the dry record of Mme. Vix's career in Paris: In 1902, as a pupil of Lherie, she won a first accessit for opera. In 1903 she won a second accesit for singing as a pupil of Dubulle, a second prize for opera as a pupil of Lherie, a second accessit for opera-comique, as a pupil of Isnardon. In 1904 she won the first prize for opera, and the second prize for opera-comique. She made her first appearance at the Paris Opera on Jan. 7, 1905, as Daria in Georges Marty's opera of the same name. It was the first performance of this opera with a savage Russian subject. The composer received the Houbevigne prize of 5000 francs for it, but there were only seven performances of it that year. In April of that year, Muratore, who had been an actor, then a singer at the Opera Comique, made his debut at the Opera as Renaud in "Armide," replacing Affre, who suddenly fell sick. And in "Armide" (April 12, 1905) Mme. Vix took the part of Melisse. Soon after her first performance in "Daria," she was taken ill and she was replaced by Miss Demougeot. In 1906 she took the part of Marguerite (Jan. 20.) (On Feb. 2 of that year Muratore took the part of Faust.) Her voice was not strong enough for the huge auditorium of the Opera, so in the fall of 1906 we find her at the Opera-Comique; Louise, Sept. 27; Manon, Nov. 30; Charlotte in "Werther" Dec. 24. In 1907 on April 17 she created the part of Circe in the Hillemacher Brothers' opera of the same name (Maggie Teyte, who had sung at Monte Carlo, there made her first appearance at the Opera Comique as Glycere.) In 1908, Sept. 18, Mme. Vix took the part of Carmen for the first time. In 1911, on May 19, she created the part of Concepcion in Ravel's "Heure Espagnole"; on Nov. 13 she took the part of Antonia in "Contes d'Hoffmann." In 1912, April 30, she took the part of Donna Elvira in "Don Giovanni." While she was at the Opera Comique she married. If the Paris edition of the New York Herald at the time was trustworthy, the man was a "superb hidalgo" who declared that he would kill himself if she rejected him. The mayor of Boulogne-sur-Seine marrying them read from the French code that it is the duty of a husband to provide for the wife. "Unfortunately, when Mlle. Vix tried to remind her spouse of this section of the code he turned a deaf ear and informed her that it was preferable that she should not count upon him for any contribution towards the household expenses. It is not known exactly what view Mlle. Vix took of this declaration, as she was not given any time to take a decision. A few days ago, while she was rehearsing at the Opera Comique, her husband, for a moment abandoned his usual indolence, and in a record space of time loaded the furniture, his wife's jewelry, furs, etc., on a number of vans and escorting this convoy with the three automobiles belonging to her disappeared." Mme. Vix has sung in Madrid and other Spanish cities, Buenos Ayres and in opera houses of Brazil. Her first appearance in Chicago was on Dec. 1 of last year as Manon.

The Death of Jessie Davis, Pianist, Formerly of Boston

Miss Jessie Davis died on Jan. 24 at the home of her brother at Ottawa, after an illness of nearly two years. The news saddened many; those who knew her personally and those who knew her only as a pianist and an accompanist. We are informed that her first teacher was her father, the leading organist in Burlington, Vt. She came to Boston about 1896, studied the piano here until she spent the winter of 1901-1902 in Paris. "She was a thoroughly trained musician as well as pianist, an accomplished ensemble player, and as an accompanist was certainly of the highest rank. She accompanied many singers of note, and had toured with Maud Powell, the violinist. A staunch friend, she was absolutely sincere, which gave great value to her opinions and criticism." This statement, sent to us by one that was associated musically with Miss Davis, is not exaggerated. Miss Davis as an ensemble player had a fine sense of proportion and a pure taste. Accompanying a singer, she was helpful, sympathetic, always musical. As a solo player she was not unduly ambitious. As a teacher she was conscientious and stimulating.

The Passing of a Historic Theatre Famous in London for Many Years

The attention of showmen, warehousemen and others has been called in London to the sale of Sadler's Wells Theatre. This moved the Pall Mall Gazette (Dec. 24) to say:

"If there be ghosts of Fairy Queens and Demon Kings, the old-time boxes and narrow passageways of Sadler's Wells Theatre will surely be their favorite walk this Christmas Eve. During a long tale of strange vicissitudes dating from 1683, when an ingenious beribboned publicity agent of the Restoration period discovered that people would only drink the waters of the wells if an orchestra was provided to beguile them from its nastiness, down to the day of a few summers ago, when the old Orchestra House was given up to the cinema, many of England's greatest theatrical ventures were born in this historic theatre of Islington. In mid-Victorian days it was the home of all that was best in English pantomime. Shades of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner! Sadler's Wells Theatre—the Wells—a warehouse! It was in 1765 that Sadler's Wells became a theatre proper. Since then such men as Garrick, Kean, Phelps and George Honey have strutted their parts upon its stage and for many a year every pantomime artist worthy of the name strove to have his name on the Wells bill at Christmas time. In January, 1807, during the performance of a Christmas piece, a false alarm of fire caused a stampede, resulting in the death of 17 men and women in the stalls and pit." In 1846 Samuel Phelps announced that he would produce all of Shakespeare's plays at Sadler's Wells. He staged 30 of them. "The very success of the scheme prevented its completion, for the plays produced ran for over 4000 nights, 'Hamlet' alone being played 400 times."

We quoted last week Mr. Towse's vivid account of Phelps's career at Sadler's Wells Theatre.

"Bird in Hand," by Laurence Housman, a fairy play in one act, was produced at a charity matinee in London Jan. 4. "This piece," said the Stage, "is a pedestrian and unconvincing bit of extravaganza, showing how a senile professor, a very pragmatic materialist, is nonplussed by a supernatural character, Bird in Hand, described as 'a thing to be explained.' • • • Miss Joan Vivian-Rees, as Bird in Hand, squeaked and hopped about in a way not calculated to support little Elfrida's belief in fairies."

The scene in "The Cohan Revue," in which certain of the critics were lampooned, has been eliminated, as a result of which, it is said, requests from actors for free seats are not as numerous.—The Dramatic Mirror.

Lady Bancroft celebrated her 79th birthday on Jan. 12. Ellen Terry will be 70 on Feb. 27. Mrs. Charles Calvert was 82 early in January. The Pall Mall Gazette said of her (Jan. 8): "This wonderful old lady, who is celebrating her 82nd birthday this week, can look back with pride on a wonderful stage career, which was continued by her son Louis in his admirable work for Shakespeare and for Ibsen. Of Mrs. Calvert's most famed contemporaries, the survivors include Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham and Sir Charles Santley. The latter will be 83 next month. Towards the close of her active career Mrs. Calvert appeared in Bernard Shaw's 'Arms and the Man' at the Avenue (now the Playhouse), with a company that included Yorke Stephens, 'Bernard Gould' (Bernard Partridge) and the late James Welch. It was on the first night of this piece, I believe, that G. B. S., looking up at the gallery whence came one dissentient voice, remarked, 'I agree with you, my friend; but what are we among so many?' "

These souvenirs have been added to the Irving room of the Bournemouth Art Gallery: The sword, with silver hilt, used by Irving in "Peter the Great." This blade is hinged in the centre to enable it to be broken repeatedly. The belt clasp worn by Irving in the character of Fabien dei Franchi in "The Corsican Brothers." A paste cross and gilt chain worn by Irving as Cardinal Richelieu. Pistol used by Irving as Peter the Great. Chatelaine used in the character of Doricourt in "The Belle's Stratagem." The duelling sabres used by S. B. Bancroft and Irving in "The Dead Heart." A complete suit of armor or blued steel, with gilt roped borders, and sword and scabbard, worn by Irving as Charles the First. Life-size portrait in oil of Irving, as Charles the First, by J. Archer, R. S. A., 1873. Bronze-handled paper knife used by Irving for many years. Pen and ink sketches of Irving in many of his well-known characters, by F. Barnard, 1891. Snuff-box used by Irving as Napoleon. Irving's chair and bedside table. Two locks of Irving's hair, one given to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes and the other to Mr. Thornley Stoker. Playbills and a program of the Royal, Bradford, containing the announcement of "Becket," after playing which the death of Irving occurred, Oct. 13, 1905. Portraits of Irving as Hamlet, Mathias and Louis XI., by Partridge, and Becket, given to Sir Merton Russell-Cotes by Irving. Large bronze bust of Irving, by Courtney Pollock, from the collection of Seymour Hicks. Costume worn by Sir Charles Wyndham in "David Garrick," presented to Russell-Cotes by Sir Charles Wyndham. Engraving of Wyndham as David Garrick. Portraits in oils of David Garrick, by Robert Edge. Portraits of Fred Terry and Julia Neilson in "Henry of Navarre." Portraits of Irving as Hamlet. Marble bust of Ellen Terry. Fibula shoulder ornament worn by Martin Harvey as Oedipus. Life-sized portrait of Lewis Waller in "Monsieur Beaucaire," by the Hon. John Collier. Pair of paste buckles presented to Ellen Kean by Irving in memory of her husband, Charles Kean. Circassian dagger and scabbard of silver worn by Lord Byron and presented by him to Edmund Kean, whose wife gave it to Ellen Tree (Mrs. Charles Kean), and by whom it was bequeathed to Miss Patty Chapman, and through her it come into the possession of Irving in 1882.

Harry Lauder will make his final appearances in this country at the Metropolitan Opera House during the week of April 22. He will then sail for France to entertain soldiers in the trenches.

Sanderson Moffat, who created the part of the policeman in his brother's play, "Bunty," and played Weelum in this country when the comedy was produced here, died on Jan. 1. He went into the war at the beginning, and was discharged as unfit last September, suffering from the Huns's gas. Cancer set in, and three operations were of no avail.

The Irish comedian, W. J. Ashcroft, died on Jan. 2 at Belfast. He was born in Pawtucket, R. I., 73 years ago. From 1861 to 1872 he was known in the United States, Canada and Mexico as Negro minstrel, variety actor, comedian. In 1872 he went to London and appeared in the halls. In 1879 he purchased an interest in the Alhambra, Belfast, and settled there.

The plot of "A Wife's Dilemma," by Dion Titheradge (Bath, Eng., Jan. 7), would please a grand Guignol audience. The scene is a bedroom in a country house. The Harkers return from a fancy ball, at which the husband had appeared as a monk. A telegram compels him to take a train. A man breaks into the bedroom after the wife has gone to bed. He is in the garb of a convict, but he pretends that this was his ball costume. The police are at hand. Then the man reveals himself as a convict. He is her former sweetheart. She tries to help him, throwing to him her husband's discarded costume and hiding him in her boudoir. When the warder enters she tells him her husband is inside. The warder had met him on his way to the railway station. Then she declares he is her lover. This saves the convict for a time, but he insists that the woman should go out with him, as if they were eloping. There is a struggle. Pistol shots bring back the police. As they enter the discovered convict falls dead. Constance Drever played the wife and introduced "a fascinating vocal valse song 'Dreamland of Love'" Did she sing it to her husband, the convict, or the police?

A new war play by Shaw, called "Augustus Doing His Bit," has found its way to the desks of American managers. The piece concerns Lord Augustus Highcastle, dispatched from London to put war enthusiasm into the village of Little Pifflington. Highcastle, it seems, was born into the governing class. "The foreign office is staffed exclusively with his relatives." He has three German brothers-in-law, and "nothing else in the world produces so strong an anti-German feeling." Owing to its satirical vein—it is directed at stupid, clumsy and complacent officialdom—it is unlikely that it will be produced while the public temper is in its present state. But when the war is over—then, in company with the Irish playwright's earlier war play, "O'Flaherty, V. C.," it will undoubtedly bring spirited competition among the local managers for the American producing rights.—Dramatic Mirror.

We quote from the Music Student (London) the following review:

"One of the sanest, and at the same time, one of the most subtile discussions of the fundamental problems of theatrical performance is a volume of essays by Alexander Bakshy, lately issued by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward (7/6). It is called 'The Path of the Modern Russian Stage,' and besides the opening essay, from which the title is taken, contains others entitled 'Viacheslav Ivanov—a Poet-Philosopher of Modern Russia'; 'Living Space and the Theatre,' 'A Note on Mr. Gordon Craig's Theories' and 'The Kinematograph as Art.'

"Two main methods are pointed out in the art of the stage—the 'Presentational' (as, for instance, that of Elizabethan times, which invited a strong exercise of the imagination on the part of the audience), and the 'Representational' (as, for instance, that of the famous Moscow Art Theatre, where the desire for complete illusion has led so far as the partial erection of a 'fourth wall,' by the arrangement of furniture at the front of the stage). Which is right? Both, says Mr. Bak-

[illegible] If a thing is represented well it gives me pleasure to see what it is and how it is [illegible] on the stage. If it is presented well I am pleased none the less. The whole point is the right use of the medium, which is tantamount to saying that the form must be adequate to the subject, and both must carry conviction.

The book generally has a good deal of indirect bearing on the recent previous performances of Russian opera and ballet in this country, and on the staging of music-drama, opera and ballet, generally. The story of the rise of the theatre in Russia and of some of its modern developments is well told.

"As regards the Kinematograph, the author's conclusion is that its present artistic failure is due solely to lack of understanding of the peculiar properties of hte medium. This latter is dynamic throughout. 'The actor must cease ignoring the dumb nature of the kinematograph in performing "realistic" plays. Pantomime and ballet are the only forms open to him. . . . The kinematograph will rise to the level of art when men of great intelligence and insight express themselves in forms determined by the natural properties of this new medium.' Everything seems to indicate that we shall not have long to wait.

"To the musician who likes a really well thought-out book on an art nearly related to his own, 'The Path of the Modern Russian Stage' may be warmly recommended."

It is claimed for Mr. Timmins, the Shakespearean scholar who has just died, that at the age of 21 he recited the whole of "Hamlet" from memory. Among professional reciters such a feat would not be regarded as very remarkable. The late Samuel Brandram knew by heart practically the whole of Shakespeare, and Shakespeare was only one of his many favorites. In his Nights with the Poets and Humorists Brandram drew from all sources, read nothing, and was never known to forget a line.—London Daily Chronicle.

George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard have leased His Majesty's Theatre for 28 years. They propose when the war is over to produce a series of high-class plays.

"His Majesty's has a long history. It dates from 1705, when it was built as the Queen's Theatre to be the home of Italian opera. In 1789 it was burned down and rebuilt as His Majesty's. It had a somewhat precarious existence, and met with strong competition from Covent Garden. Again destroyed by fire in 1867, it continued a checkered career until 1892, when it was sold and the building demolished. On the site Sir Herbert Tree built the present magnificent structure, and opened in April, 1897, with the 'Seats of the Mighty.' He continued until shortly before his death to produce many great plays, and his Shakespearean revivals will be long remembered for the splendor of their productions." The new owner of His Majesty's is Joseph Benson, a nitrate merchant of Liverpool. He paid £105,000 for the theatre. Grossmith and Laurillard's first production will be "The Great Lover."

Private Gurney's Poem

About War and a Prelude of Bach

Ivor Gurney, private of the Gloucesters, was in his second year at the Royal College of Music when the war began. He was soon in the service. Sedgwick & Jackson of London publish a little volume of his poems sent from the trenches. Here is one of them.

BACH AND THE SENTRY

Watching the dark my spirit rose in flood
On that most dearest Prelude of my delight,
The low-lying mist lifted its hood.
The October stars showed nobly in clear night.

When I return, and to real music-making,
And play that Prelude, how will it happen then?
Shall I feel as I felt, a sentry hardly waking,
With a dull sense of No Man's Land again?

The London Times (Jan. 14) found that Leonard Borwick playing Saint-Saens's G minor concerto revived the true idea of that form of art—a protagonist playing to his chorus, to which an audience happens to have come to listen. "The secret of it is, as our ears tell us, that he knows the score, and carries with him a mental picture of what the horns will be doing, or of what support he may expect from the bass strings at certain moment, and what the general effect of a syncopated passage ought to be. He does much else, no doubt, but it is this that transfigures the music, and makes us wonder how it is we have heard the G minor so often before without seeing in it more than just a concerto; he raised it to being one of the concertos." Does the critic think that other pianists do not know the score of the concerto they happen to play? The last time Mr. Borwick was here and played at a Symphony concert, he was highly respectable and intelligent, but not inspiring.

Frederick Delius has written from his home in France that he has been busy in composition. He has written a Requiem "inspired by the war," a violin concerto and a Ballade for orchestra. "Musicus" of the London Daily Telegraph adds: "Though he does not himself mention the fact, I have heard also of the existence of a new double concerto by Delius, for violin and violoncello which, they tell me, was written for the Misses May and Beatrice Harrison, and was destined to have its first performance in America. Presumably this arrangement has fallen through. At least, perhaps we may hear it for the first time in London."

"The case of Mr. Halstead, employed by Sir Thomas Beecham, who had described him as the only oboe player in the country, came up again at the House of Commons Tribunal today." The only oboo player in England? Surely, there is some mistake here.

Howard Carr has written additional music for the production in London of "The Lilac Domino."

Hermann Loehr, known to many as a composer of ballads, is recovering from a serious illness.

"Opera has never meant very much to the 20th century British people. Perhaps they are not an operatically-minded people. Bantock does not attempt opera because it is so obviously a convention—an artificial combination of various means of expression. Elgar does not attempt it because he has never found a good libretto. Possibly sturdy British common sense supports these British composers. Grand opera is dramatically foolish, and libretti are rarely or never literature. Also, opera is very expensive, and in countries where it flourishes taxes and rates are spent on it which we spend on better sanitation than any of those countries has even thought of.

So again, British common sense says 'No!' The popularity of Sullivan's comic opera holds, of course, no promise that grand opera could be made popular. The most common-sensible of men can enjoy the absurdities of frank burlesque; the absurdities of grand opera are another matter; it is one thing to enjoy a Punch caricature and another to appreciate a portrait out of drawing. The anti-realistic and symbolistic-poetical methods of Boughton's Glastonbury opera may possibly provide a solution of what is probably a national difficulty. Or perhaps some gifted composer will manage to oust musical comedy and revue by clever light opera, and so become the 20th century Sullivan. 'After the war' may hold many surprises for us!"—The Music Student, London.

The Music Student by the way publishes an article, with mathematical formula, entitled "The Pitch of Aeroplanes" by H. C. Stewart, who concludes as follows: "In common language the train-whistle seems to the observer in the line of fire to drop suddenly, nearly a perfect fourth, whereas the distant aeroplane seems to drop gradually. The note of the latter when first heard is artificially sharp owing to the compression of sound waves, the actual note is heard only for an instant when the machine is at Z, its nearest point, after that it continues to flatten arificially. It may be noticed that the pitch of the note emitted by an aeroplane passing comparatively low will appear to drop rather more suddenly than that of a machine at a great distance, owing to the closer proximity of the observer to the line of fire. Finally, the difference between the sound of a Gotha plane and a British is due to quite another cause. Gothas are driven by a double engine. The combination of the two series of sound-waves produces a distinct beat in the sound not unlike a very slow vibrato in a voice or violin, whereas up to the present the majority of British planes have a steady note from a single engine. But of course this difference may gradually disappear according as one type or another tends to prevail."

On the last day of the old year Miss Dorothy Bridson passed away. She was one of our best violinists, and her death is a loss to the musical world. Many, perhaps, besides us, will recall her debut, and the enthusiasm that her brilliant playing created. It was such a satisfaction to witness the success of a young British player at a time when foreigners were in the forefront.—London Daily Chronicle.

New Plays in Paris Described by the Correspondent of the Stage

"Following the successful example of his son, Sacha, and Mr. Oscar Asche, M. Lucien Guitry has written a play for himself, entitled 'Grand-Pere,' which was produced with an all-star cast at the Porte-Saint Martin. Well, you know, it is quite excellent; not a great play, but a piece of solid theatrical construction, with the note of charm and sentimentality that will win it sure favor of a public who seeks relief from grim realities. There are enough problems in everyday life, just now, and the author has shrewdly built a family-play around a sympathetic principal character.

"Before leaving for America to retrieve his fortune—it is so easy in a French play!—Francois Degroux, an idealist, and the black sheep of a large family, begs his brother-in-law, Cartier, to look after a young girl of 20, whom he admits is his daughter. But Helene is so charming that the Cartiers soon fear she will eclipse their own daughter in the eyes of a certain eligible young man. So they determine to send her to a convent. Then the grandfather makes a scene; he takes the lonely girl away to his own empty home. Francois returns amid the family upheaval to explain that Helene is really an orphan whom he had adopted. But they all decide not to enlighten the kind old man who is so fond of her, and Helene is allowed to marry the young man of her choice. All the characters are kindly people at heart. It is a happy play! * * *

"Lucien Guitry is admirable as the Grandfather, so easily bamboozled, yet so human with his brusque kindliness.

"Mme. Rejano returned to her theatre in The 13th Chair,' translated by Mlle. Dorziat and two Belgian adapters. As the fortune-teller she created a sensation. It is difficult to give an idea of the extraordinary character she has drawn; at once simple and picturesque, weird, and living. While French critics are inclined to turn up their noses at an American play, from a conviction that only a Frenchman can write for the stage, the public have shown a decided interest in them. Mr. Villers's mystery melodrama will undoubtedly arouse curiosity, and all will throng to see Rejane, as the London public are thronging to see Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the part. M. Tarride was wholly at ease as the detective, and Mlle. Monna Delza was beautiful and captivating as the girl.

"I should mention that at the opera the 'Jeanne d'Arc' of M. R. Roze is rather more of a musical spectacle than an opera, perhaps more of a spectacle than music. Mlle. Chenal is not my ideal of La Pucelle, for all her magnificent voice. MM. Franz, Delmas and Note figured diversely.

"The Comedie Francais produced MM. Silvain and Jaubert's excellent translation of the 'Andromaque' of Euripedes, with Mmes. Delvair and Silvain and MM. Paul Mounet, Fenoux and Silvain himself, who is in splendid form this year. It is the one theatre in the world where tragedy is given with classical perfection.

"M. Donnay's 'L'Autre Danger' has also been revived, with Mme. Bartet in her old part of the unhappy mother.

"At the Odeon, in 'Le Ruisseau,' M. Pierre Wolf argues, with a good deal of sympathy and humor, that the woman of the streets is often more worthy of esteem than the society belle. It is a theme that will ever prove popular, especially on the 'rive gauche,' and M. Wolf, who is a keen observer, had the wisdom not to over-idealize his characters. They are excellently drawn. The second act, in a night restaurant, is by far the best of the three."

Why Did a Certain "Great Play" Fail in New York?

Again a dissertation on the threadbare inquiry, why did a certain "great play" fail in New York? It was a triumph in Paris where it was christened. It was, as an advocate says, "one of the most powerful and thought compelling pieces" that the advocate ever saw put upon the stage; "a drama," continues the advocate, "indeed so fine and sweeping in its logic and philosophy as to be classed with those all too rare creations which we speak of as unforgetable," and so on.

But it had a run of only four weeks in New York. Why? The advocate answers, "Because of that bete noire of American theatre-goers possessed of a belief that it was one of those high-brow things." The advocate continues, "The failure lay in a certain native characteristic—the opposition—generally subconscious, to introspection and self analysis which this play directly invites." Furthermore, the American "rebels at self analysis, or to a reflection on his own elemental emotions, or on his basic weakness. * * * No characteristic of Americans is more predominant than this disinclination to indulge in introspection."

There is no intention of raising a rumpus over the opinion of the advocate of the play in question. Felix Orman is his name. He writes well, if he is disappointed and severe. He "doted" on this play and, to descend to the level, he is "sore" because New York did not toss its hat in air as he has done. The play deserved a better fate, we admit. Many a good play has failed here and elsewhere. There are reasons for such failures. There is no need of lining them up here.

A plain if blunt reason for the play in question is that it required from the theatregoers who saw it, introspection and analyses. As we have tried to explain more than once in the Mirror, this is the one, or the two things, which make theatregoers weary. They do not go to the theatre to introspect, or to analyze. That is for the critics and the magazine reviewers. The theatregoer pays his $2.50, plus the government tax, to be amused, to rest from the introspection and analyses of the day, of which there is too much in business. It may not be the "highbrow" attitude, which is all right in its way, but it is not what the theatregoer pays to see. This may or may not be charitable to the intelligence of the patrons of the theatre, but it is the truth, and the sooner producers of such dramas as require introspection and analyses get it into their heads the better it will be for their business. A play may be instructive, it may carry a great lesson, it may be produced with every adjunct of success, without the aid of introspection or solemn thought.—The Dramatic Mirror, Jan. 26.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

MONDAY: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., second and last performance of Mahler's Second Symphony. See special notice.

FRIDAY: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 14th Symphony concert (A), Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY: Jordan Hall, 3 P. M., second chamber concert of Messrs. Kreisler, Letz, Svenski and Willeke. Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 18, No. 1; Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 76, No. 5.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 14th Symphony concert (B), Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Feb. 4, 1918

It has been maintained that this superfaetation, this teeming of the press in modern times, is prejudicial to good literature, because it obliges us to read so much of what is of inferior value, in order to be in the fashion; so that better works are neglected for want of time, because a man will have more gratification of his vanity in conversation, from having read modern books, than from having read the best works of antiquity. But it must be considered that we have now more knowledge generally diffused; all our ladies read now, which is a great extension. Modern writers are the moons of literature; they shine with reflected light, with light borrowed from the ancients.

Another One

As the World Wags:

Mrs. Frances Faulkner, daughter of the Rev. Francis Dane of Andover, Mass., was condemned to death as a witch in 1692. She received a reprieve after 13 week's imprisonment in a common prison in Salem because of expectant motherhood. Three months after her release she gave birth to a son, whom she well named Ammiruhamah. Ammi—my people, Ruhamah, having obtained mercy. H. B. R.

Billerica.

Thoreau's Symbols

As the World Wags:

The recent correspondence was interesting, not so much from what was offered by the correspondents, as that these were so many. For symbolism is a misty-mystical mode of "thinking," which we were supposed to have largely outgrown. The Middle Ages were soaked in it to a degree now perhaps not reached this side of India. There the divinities are almost innumerable, but their symbols outnumber them. So when a god has a dozen symbols, since he must carry each in hand, the only way is to multiply his arms and hands—which accounts for a feature of Oriental art which seems so bizarre. A good example of the difference in feeling during the Middle Ages and now is a painting of St. Agatha. She is depicted as carrying in hand, on a platter, the symbol of her martyrdom, her severed breasts swimming in blood; a visitor at the museum is now told that the picture represents a young woman serving apples-in-wine.

Symbolism is largely the result of "Thinking" by the Unconscious, and it recently has been much studied by the Freudian and other psychologists, especially as manifested in dreams, and hypnotic and other abnormal states, often under forms of animals. Even the D. T.'s red turkeys, green elephants and purple alligators have been studied by one psycho-sharp as "The Hallucinations of Animals Seen During Delirium Tremens," working in a fertile field, for the German potato-spirit is more productive of such than our own applejack. Can the grotesque animals and attitudes, represented in the mediaeval arts, be supposed to have arised from their makers having been doubly "soaked"

CHARLES EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

"Switchel"

Mr. Herkimer Johnson would like to see a pail of switchel in the Porphyry Club, with the members joyfully drinking from a tin dipper. We will here remark that Mr. Johnson is on the water wagon for a month. Following the example of a fat and communicative barkeeper, whose stand was formerly on Summer street near Washington street, he has chosen February for his month of abstinence because it is the shortest month in the year. He was mistaken when he said that "switchel" is not an English dialect word. "Switchel" is heard in East and South Lancashire, but it means a long flexible hedge-twig.

... used as a riding whip. Switchel ... a drink known to sailors, or it was ... own. There was rum in it. Sometimes any mixture of fire water was known to sailors as switchel.

In 1801 the Spirit of the Farmer's Museum described switchel as molasses or maple sugar mixed with water. John Neal's "Brother Jonathan" (1825): "The toddy, egg-nog and switchell (a drink made of molasses and water, half and half, in use, we believe, at Bunker's Hill) had gone about rather freely." It will be observed that Neal spelled the word with two "l's."

"Grouch"

Mr. Bertram E. Adams of Boston and Miss Etta Mology refer Mr. Walter Woodman who asked about the derivation of "grouch" to Webster's New International Dictionary (page 954), in which it is stated that the word is derived from the middle English "grucchen, grochen," to grumble. Mr. Woodman's question: "When and where was the word born" has not yet been answered.

"Eye Sight"

As the World Wags:

In reading as I do every day what is in the World as it Wags, I find myself in the same mental condition as the writer of the article entitled "Eyesight." Up to date the only reason I find for speaking of sight as eyesight is to distinguish it from site, as, for instance, house site, barn site, damsite, etc., being pronounced alike yet spelled differently. And that leads me to inquire why do some of us say "in my mind's eye"?

Brookline. F. M. HOWES.

"Eyesight," we repeat, has been in English speech and literature for 500 years; so has the phrase "in my mind's eye."—Ed.

Fellow-Sufferers

As the World Wags:

Miss Jane Winterbottom's trying experience in the over-heated trolley car reminds me of the Rev. Dr. Heavystern from the Low Countries, who, according to that lover of antiquities, Mr. Oldbuck, sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient caltrops or craw-taes which had been dug up in the bog near Bannockburn. The learned professor of Utrecht, however, was better prepared to stand such a shock than our old friend, Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind "covers his front and leaves him bare behind." Miss Winterbottom should rejoice to think that she was not so badly off as she might have been. J. W.

West Roxbury.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, having seen the principle of female suffrage accepted by the Peers, moved today to submit the question to a referendum. He is an entirely honest man, but his proposal might bring about a result as unexpected as attended certain instructions in a story told by himself. An official of the Sudan railway received one day a message from a remote village. "Station master dead. Shall I bury him?" "Yes," was the reply, "but make sure that he is really dead." In due season came the report: "Have buried station master. Made sure he was dead by hitting him twice on head with a fishplate"!—London Daily Chronicle.

MAHLER SYMPHONY HEARD SECOND TIME

Large Audience Enjoys Repetition of Stupendous Composition

Gustav Mahler's mighty Symphony in C minor, No. 2, was given its second performance in Boston yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall by a chorus of ..., trained by Stephen Townsend, the Boston Symphony orchestra; May Peterson, soprano; Merle Alcock, contralto, and Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Feb 5 1918

'HER REGIMENT'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Her Regiment," a musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by William Le Baron, music by Victor Herbert. Produced by Joe Weber at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, Nov. 12, 1917, Fritz Stahlberg, musical director.

Colonel Pontsalde	Hugh Chilvers
Andre De Courcy	Donald Brian
Blanquet	Frank Moulan
Eugene De Merriame	Jackson Hines
Sergeant Sabretache	Frederick Manatt
Carabine	George Averill
François	Nate Ellis
Estelle Duciernay	Audrey Maple
Lisette Berlier	Josie Intropidi
Madame Guerriere	Nonora French
Jeanette	Norma Brown
Georgette	Cissie Sewell
Fifi	Georgie Sewell

Mirabile dictu! Here is an old fashioned comic opera with the scenes in Normandy and there is no song in praise of cider. But how many other old friends we meet: the aristocratic girl that pretends to be a farmer's daughter; the aristocratic young man, a soldier for the time being, who falls in love with her at first sight; the choleric martinet of a colonel; the landlady of the village inn with song and dance, the comic soldier, who, of course, weds her; the other soldiers, always thirsty and with long reckonings at the inn; not to mention the old well-tried, thoroughly seasoned jokes.

The first act, a very dull one, as far as action, situations and dialogue are concerned, took us back to the comic opera of long ago.

Home to the old chateau! In the second act we find the two aristocrats in their best clothes for the ball; the storming, irascible colonel, the suitor of Estelle; and, as was to be expected, the comic soldier and the landlady enter for the purpose of awakening laughter. Here, Mr. Moulan, who had labored intrepidly in the first act, was really funny for a moment, when he fancied that he bore a strong resemblance to the great Napoleon.

The third act brings the expected and necessary happy ending: the colonel magnanimous; the lovers united. And at the end for the grand ensemble "Vive La France!"

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the scenes took place before August, 1914. The program gave the date "June, 1914." We saw the scenes and heard the jests many years before that.

Mr. Herbert's music is, of course, melodious and dexterously invented, prettily scored, with sufficient contrasts—sentimental pages, martial numbers, dance tunes, with here and there appropriate dramatic touches. The music is plausibly gay and light; plausibly sweet for the lovers; but Mr. Herbert seldom in this operetta reaches his own high standard. Even his ragtime "American Serenade" is not irresistible, but rather perfunctory.

The company is worthy of a better book. Miss Maple was charming as Estelle, demurely shy, girlishly coquettish, sincerely affectionate in sentimental passages, singing without effort and without pretension, graceful in movement. Mr. Brian shone as a gallant lover with a sense of humor an agreeable singer and an accomplished dancer. One of the chief features of the performance was the delightful dancing of Cissie Sewell and Georgie Sewell and the dance of Miss Cissie with Mr. Brian. This dancing won the heartiest applause of the evening.

The piece is well mounted; the women of the chorus are attractive; the singing of the mixed chorus was effective; Mr. Stahlberg had a capable orchestra well in hand.

"The Snowstorm"

As the World Wags:

The second stanza of the poem on "The Snowstorm" is as "W. L. L." gives it from memory, except that in its third line "drift of snow" is wrong. In that line, some versions of the poem have "drifts of snow" (which I think is as it was originally written), and some have "drifting snow," but none, I think, have "drift of snow." The printed versions of the poem, by the way, show other variations from one another than that of "drifts of snow" and "drifting snow" and "The Snowstorm" is not in all cases the title which the poem as printed bears.

I will narrate the incident which is the subject of the poem.

In the afternoon of Dec. 19, 1821, which was a cold, stormy day, Harrison Gray Blake, then of Salem, N. Y., but formerly of Marlboro, Vt., while on his way to visit his parents in the latter town, started from Arlington, Vt., to cross the Green mountains with a horse and sleigh, having with him his wife and 14-months-old babe Rebecca. After traveling a few miles they found the snow three feet deep, and no road, except the footprints of a man or horse. They still pressed forward, however, till the horse became so exhausted that they were obliged to detach it from the sleigh, and Mrs. Blake, with the infant, then proceeded on horseback till the animal utterly refused to travel further. Mr. Blake then left his wife and child and went in quest of help, he and his wife agreeing to communicate with each other by voice as long as the voice of each could be heard by the other. At last, from exhaustion Mr. Blake settled down in the snow, unable to proceed farther. Thereupon Mrs. Blake, after wrapping the infant in her cloak and a blanket, started in an attempt to join her husband. Having followed his track till she could proceed no farther, she also settled down in the snow. In the afternoon of the following day, Jan. 20, Mr. Blake was found. He was badly frozen, but survived. Some 40 rods distant from where he was found, his wife was found. She was so badly frozen that she breathed but a few times and expired. About 150 rods from where she was found, the babe was found. The large toe of one of the latter's feet was frozen, but otherwise she was uninjured, and, when found, she "looked up and sweetly smiled." The locality where Mr. Blake, his wife and infant daughter were found is in the western part of the town of Stratton, near the dividing line between that town and the town of Sunderland.

It is of the foregoing tragical incident that the poem of which "W. L. L." gives the second stanza treats. The poem was written by Seba Smith (better known under his pseudonymous title of "Maj. Jack Downing"), and was first published, just after the occurrence of the incident, in the Eastern Argus (Portland, Me.), of which Mr. Smith was then editor. The poem has been reproduced in many publications—for examples, in Salem Town's "The Third Reader," in John Pierpont's "Introduction to the National Reader," in C. P. Bronson's "Elocution," in Francis Everett Blake's "Increase Blake of Boston, His Ancestors and Descendants, with a Full Account of William Blake of Dorchester and His Five Children," and in No. 9 of "The Speaker's Garland and Literary Bouquet, Vol. III. Combining 100 Choice Selections, Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12." In 1843 the poem was published in sheet music form by Oliver Ditson, the music being by Lyman Heath of Nashua, N. H. On the outside of the cover was "As performed at the concerts of the Hutchinson family," so it seems that the poem was in the repertoire of ballads sung by that celebrated family of singers. On the outside of the cover was also a picture of the mother with her babe in the snowstorm (doubtless ideal representations of them instead of actual portraits).

Later in life, Mr. Blake removed to Cleveland, O., where his daughter Rebecca became the wife of S. Courtland De Groate. She was born on Nov. 3, 1820, and died on May 15, 1898. Her mother was born in Brattleboro, Vt., on May 24, 1793. She was buried in South Newfane, Vt., the following being the inscription on her tombstone:

LUCY BLAKE
consort of
HARRISON G. BLAKE
Perished on the
Green Mountain
Dec. 20, 1821.
Aged 28.

Brookline. SPECTATOR.

Compare with this the poem, "A Snowstorm: Scene in a Vermont Winter," by Charles G. Eastman, who was editor in 1858 of the Vermont Chronicle of Burlington. It tells of the man in his sleigh, his dog and his mare, "a beautiful Morgan brown," perishing in the snow.—Ed.

ELSIE JANIS IS KEITH'S 'TOPPER'

Elsie Janis is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and the audience was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Janis's act this time is one of the best things the actress has brought out on the vaudeville stage. It is not too much to say that she is one of the best mimics on the American stage. Nor does the actress pick this or that actor or actress to imitate that her task might be made easier. On the contrary the variety and scope of her entertainment carries with it the most difficult task, in that she has chosen as her subjects celebrities of the contemporaneous stage that require a remarkable versatility to properly impersonate, each and all with their clearly defined characteristics and peculiarities of manner, speech and poise.

Thus the actress includes in her program impressions of Ethel Barrymore, Sam Bernard, Sarah Bernhardt, George M. Cohan, Harry Lauder, Eddie Foy and Will Rogers, the lariat thrower of "Follies" fame. All of these were reproduced with a remarkable fidelity; and it is but just to the comedienne to say that there was no real need of a preliminary introduction to each character, as the impersonations were so well done that the audience would have quickly grasped the characters intended. Not the least interesting were her impressions of Sam Bernard. Her dialect was remarkable in its fidelity, there was the confusion of speech and the corkscrewing of the legs and the near apoplectic fit at the conclusion of each point.

Besides this there was an underlying vein of patriotism during the whole act. Miss Janis was treated to a flattering ovation at the conclusion. She made a neat little speech in her characteristic style and again favored the audience with a dancing act that would have been still more welcomed could it have been prolonged.

Other acts on the bill were Frank Orth and Anne Cody in dance and chatter, Robert T. Haines and Company in a sketch, "The One Way Out"; Thomas F. Swift and Mary H. Kelley in a comedy act, Joe Jackson, pantomimist; Frank and Tobie, singing and dancing; Bert Shepard in whip manipulation, and Cane Brothers, in a balancing act.

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It is not the worth of the thing, but of the skill in forming it which is so highly estimated. Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shews man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw on his nose; Johnson, who rode upon three horses at a time; in short, all such men deserved the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited.

R. I. P.

As the World Wags:

What has become of the poet Clancy? Outside Byron I have read nothing to compare with the passage from "An Explanation," which appeared in your column about a year ago. That was real poetry. Be kind and once again let the Clancy muse delight poor mortals. A. F.

Boston.

Clancy died some years ago, to the great loss of American—nay, the world's literature. The thin volume of his poems—for like Collins and Poe he wrote comparatively little—is now out of print.—Ed.

"Born in the Purple"

As the World Wags:

In an allusion here a few days ago to a discoloration of glass at the South station a reference was made to the odd panes of purple glass to be seen in a few good houses "on the hill," which casual passers-by and some local story-tellers and paragraph writers have guessed to be scattered deliberately, blazons as it were of aristocratic occupancy. They are to be seen in the Lyman house, 39 Beacon street, and its neighbor, formerly the Inches residence, and in the Sturgis house, No. 63, and its twin, once the Swetts. Also in the windows of 29 Chestnut street, still known to "old timers" as the "Codman" house, from its former owner (Col. Charles Codman's father). It became rather famous during the tenancy by Edwin Booth, the actor, in his saddest days—"Boothia Infelit," we used to call the place; his comings and goings thence were marked by his neighbors, with bowed head and brent brow, Hamlet-wise, on his way to cross the Common and in return.

The tradition was that a certain importation of window glass, at the time when these houses were built, contained some impurities, perhaps of the manganese—not at first apparent, but developing with time and exposure. So the good folks within were only accidentally "born in the purple."

Boston. THE OLD 'UN.

Too-Tonic

As the World Wags:

We hear that a petition is being submitted to the powers that be to change the name of "German" measles to "Liberty" measles to spare the feelings of its victims, who upon convalescence are subject to jest! One wonders if the doctors will eliminate the word "Germ." What awful HUN-BUG. F. S. S.

Boston.

Grim Mr. Hardy

Thomas Hardy's latest volume of verse, "Moments of Vision," is reviewed by the Pall Mall Gazette, with the heading "The Muse Without a Smile." There are frequent references to the "inscrutability and unawareness" of the Immanent Will.

> Which in some age unguessed of us
> May lift its blinding incubus
> And see, and own:
> "It grieves me I did thus and thus."

"The Young Church-Warden" is quoted for its "remarkable strength of dramatic poignancy."

> When he lit the candles there
> And the light fell on his hand,
> And it trembled as he scanned
> Her and me, his vanquished air
> Hinted that his dream was done,
> And I saw he had begun
> To understand.
>
> When Love's riot was unstrung,
> Sure I wished the hand that shook
> Had been mine that shared her book
> While that evening hymn was sung,
> His the victor's, as he lit
> Candles where he had bidden us sit
> With vanquished look.

The reviewer finds almost unbearable cruelty in these lines.

> O my pretty pink frock,
> I sha'n't be able to wear it!
> Why is he dying just now?
> I can hardly bear it!

To us these lines might be put on the page with the verses of Tennyson about the skipping-rope that in 184_ justly excited the laughter of reviewers.

American Aristocracy

[illegible] the United States [illegible] the "[illegible] system" in this country.

"You cannot set the world to look at [illegible] because you [illegible]. Americans are not aristocratic to look at. Who is really a gentleman in America? [illegible] must have [illegible] to make them acceptable. Also [illegible]. Patent medicines are doubtful. Railways are high. Dry goods require one generation."

Ambassadors and the Demon

Lord Reading in making his new home at Washington, will find a practically "dry" America. Contrary conditions elsewhere caused John Locke to refuse a mission to Brandenburg. He feared the cold air less than "their warm drinking." "I imagine," he explained "that whatever I may do there myself the knowing what others are doing is at least one half my business—and I know no such rack in the world to draw out men's thoughts as a well-managed bottle." So he advised the King to send a man that could drink his share rather than the "soberest man in the kingdom." He stayed and preserved his understanding."—London Daily Chronicle.

Feb 7 1918

The latest notice put in the trolley cars of Boston by the Boston Elevated Railway Company is delightfully humorous, although the morose might say that it is a case of "rubbing it in." The public is advised to abstain, when possible, from riding between 7 and 9 A. M. and 4:30 and 6:30 P. M. Thus will congestion be lessened. Now the walking is not always good. Those who are obliged to earn a living should not leave their homes until 9 or, say, 9:05 in the morning and not leave the place of business, factory, shop, until 6:35 P. M. Strangers in town should take note that from 9 A. M. until 4:30 P. M. seats are seldom vacant in the trolley cars. The Reservoir-Beacon service is probably worse in this respect than the Brighton-Allston service.

The Sleepless

Mr. J. Colby Bassett sends us a newspaper clipping that narrates the strange case of Alonzo Wire, once police chief of Hackensack, N. J., who asserted that he had not closed his eyes in sleep for 20 years. "His ailment was believed to have been the result of a lightning stroke which grazed him 30 years ago when he was driving a team of horses. During the height of his strange malady he was engaged as night watchman for the Lackawanna railroad. During the day he would merely recline on a couch, but would not close his eyes. In spite of inability to get rest such as other people enjoyed, Wire did not seem to be affected, except that he lost a little weight." Mr. Wire finally died from an affection of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Mr. Bassett asks whether we believe the story.

Yes, indeed, we believe it. We have confidence in human nature, and human nature is always surprising. Furthermore, it is much pleasanter to believe than to be incredulous, suspicious, always on guard. In the Wire case there are precedents.

We do not refer to the man mentioned by Jean Fernel, who lived without sleep for 14 months, for he was "possest with madness, and his brain, it would seem, being heated with melancholy, did beget animal spirits without much wasting of them." See Jean Schenck de Graffenberg's "observationum medicarum rararum, admirabilium et monstrosarum volumen" (1644) for further comment.

Seneca reports of Mecaenas that he lived three years entirely without any sleep, and was at last cured of his distemper by soft and sweet music.

The Italian scholar Marius Nizolius—he died in 1567 at the age of 78—lived 10 years without sleep.

We quote again from Jean Schenck: "We read of a noble Lady, who for 30 and five years lived in good health, as both her husband and whole family could and did witness, without sleep." Mr. Wire went without sleep for only 20 years.

The case of the woman of Padua who lived [illegible] years without sleep would not be worthy of attention, were it not for the nature of her cure. She could not be [illegible] to sleep by any means through the weakness of the ventricle and [illegible] of vapors, for she ate no supper, says Jean Schenck, "only contented herself with a dinner, at last using to eat a toast steeped in malmsey toward night, she returned to her wonted sleep."

Exchange of Courtesies

As the World Wags:

The frequent mispronunciation of proper names reminds me of an incident during my visit to the Pacific coast recently. In referring to the Willamette river, I committed the indiscretion of pronouncing it "Willamette," accenting the first syllable. My host frowned, whereupon I tried again, throwing the accent upon the third or last syllable. "You won't get it," suggested my friend, it's "Wil-lah-mette," with the accent on the second syllable, the "a" being pronounced like "ah." I thanked him, but politely reminded him that in referring to a well-known social club in Boston, which city he had visited several months previously, he had accented the last syllable instead of the first. He replied that it was the only way he had heard the name called. I had nothing to say, although I knew that for some reason, inexplicable to me, the good old man—famous in story and song, and pronounced correctly only with the accent on the first syllable in Botolph and so known for many years after the club in Newbury street had been founded—had been desecrated, not only by being applied to an unimportant street in the Back Bay district, but by being now called, quite generally, "St. B'tolph." W. A. F.

Boston.

Is there an "unimportant" street in any city, town or village? We doubt it. Every street has a physiognomy as have the houses in the streets. There are "mean" streets, and Arthur Morrison wrote excellent short stories about them. There are squalid, sinister streets: hypocritical, pompous, auriferous streets. Each one is important to the dwellers therein: sometimes to the police. St. Botolph street is not without interesting features, although it is in the "small of the Back Bay," to quote a happy phrase of Mr. Alexander P. Browne. The history of streets is good reading; witness the one of the Paris streets by the Lazare Brothers, or even the "Record of Streets" in Boston, published by our city government.—Ed.

Professor Hardpants

As the World Wags:

As to switchel. I never knew of sailors having a drink called switchel. When I was a boy such a drink was in favor with farmers. The formulas differed. Some made switchel of water, molasses and ginger (powdered). Some added a little vinegar, and some had a stick in it. And this drink was in style in haying time.

I notice the Winterbottom articles still linger in the minds of some of your contributors. Dr. Heavystern, not bad! I think your readers will enjoy a laugh over the following. I laughed when I saw the act and I have laughed every time I have thought of it since. It was at one of the amateur nights of the old Boylston Museum. Dr. Lothrop announced that a gentleman would give an exhibition of a wonderful power, and he challenged the world in his act. The doctor stated that this wonderful man was able to break any board or plank that could be produced by dropping on it, sitting down on it abruptly. Then the man was brought on the stage and introduced in a very polite manner by the doctor. "Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the champion wood-smasher, Prof. Hardpants." Well, if ever Bernhardt, Farrar, or Maxine ever got such a reception, I have never heard of it. This one could be heard for blocks away.

Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

Feb 8 1918

"Cold air in the other extreme is almost as bad as hot, and so doth Montaltus esteem of it, c. 11, if it be dry withal. In those northern countries, the people are therefore generally dull, heavy, and many witches, which (as I have before quoted) Saxo Grammaticus, Olaus, Baptista Porta ascribe to melancholy. But these cold climes are more subject to natural melancholy (not this artificial) which is cold and dry; for which cause Mercurius Britannicus belike puts melancholy men to inhabit just under the Pole.

The Fresh Air Fad

As the World Wags:

The suggestion of Dr. Crockett that we have carried the fresh air fad too far is valuable just now, when the deadly cold is getting in its work and shortening the lives of thousands. We are slow to keep pace with even the knowledge available. Some three years ago the Canadian government, after months of careful tests and experiments, announced that re-breathed air was not poisonous in the popular sense; that the depressing effect of crowded assemblies, making the air "close," was due principally to heat and absence of movement of the air; also that circulation and movement restored in sufficient measure the comfortable feeling absent in such cases. Although I gave a resume of that finding to one of our dailies, it is only now leaking out through sundry medical journals that we have been mistaken; that we have been actually inviting an increase in that deadly winter disease, pneumonia, by persistence in ignoring the disastrous effects of chill to the rundown and aged. No wonder they have had an epidemic in the South. My boy nearly "died with the cold" when sent to a camp hospital. Though bitter cold they took away his warm clothing and clothed him in cotton just because the regulations said so!

Another illustration of progress in Canada we can well ponder over. A patient in tuberculosis hospital returning from a government sanatorium at Kentville, Nova Scotia, now becoming famous for its advance in methods of treatment, assures me they have discarded the idea of enormous quantities of milk and eggs being absolutely essential. Even sleeping out of doors in all sorts of weather is not encouraged, though outdoor life is part of their treatment of course. I have advocated for years that tuberculosis can be cured by any ordinarily nourishing food—even fish as part of the diet—with the prime requisite that it must not tax the digestive organs (and milk and eggs are sometimes liable to that objection). Dr. Miller of Saranac, I believe, is in charge of that sanatorium and is well known as an authority on the disease.

I think it is Dr. Kellogg who has recently reported that he has had more cures in pneumonia with warm, fresh air treatment than with cold. "The world do move!"

The remarkable vigor of many of the theatrical profession is emphatic endorsement of the Canadian experiments. They live their lives in unusual conditions of stuffy air. George Wilson of the Boston Museum seemed to thrive on the germs of stuffy dressing rooms in that old stage rookery. I saw H. C. Barnabee 40 years ago occupying in a Temperance Hall at Halifax, N. S., a dressing room without a window of any kind, then a common experience. Clara Morris occupied that room for weeks, Eugenia Paul, C. Leslie Allen and several other old timers, most of whom are still alive, put in season after season in such places without shortening their lives apparently. Willy Seymour is still alive and active. In that same city 50 years ago he was playing boys' parts in the old Theatre Royal, with a duplicate of the Black Hole of Calcutta to dress in! WILLIAM [illegible]L.

Grove Hall.

Nevertheless, we shall persist in sleeping with at least one window open. Stinking street cars are still an abomination.—Ed.

For Mr. W. H. O'Brien

As the World Wags:

Although the "tablets of memory" are somewhat cloudy, the writer can at least add a few lines to the quotation Mr. O'Brien wishes to have extended. Valentine Vousden was a very well-known drawing-room singer and character actor during the sixties. The song quoted was attributed to the versatile pen of Henry Russell, whose fame as a song writer still lives.

The writer is encouraged to ask for information as to the authorship of the historical poem of "Mary, Queen of Scots," which she has vainly tried to obtain in the book stores and in the Public Library. This poem was written in the early part of the last century and is a most beautiful and touching representation of the different stages in the life of that unfortunate Queen. Perhaps among your readers there may be some of the "old school" who have the poem in their possession and can gratify the whim of

"ONE OF THEMSELVES."

Our correspondent sends the lines of Vousden's song that she remembers.

Let each man learn to train himself
To gain that knowledge let him labor,
Improve those failings in himself
Which he condemns so in his neighbor.
Example sheds a genial ray
Of light, which men are apt to borrow,
So, first improve yourself today,
And then improve your friend tomorrow.

If in self-judgment should you find
Your deeds to others are superior—
To you has Providence been kind
As you should be to those inferior.

And if you find an erring one
Whose deeds are blamable or thoughtless,
Consider ere you "cast the stone,"
If you yourself be pure and faultless.
Oh! list to that small voice within,
Whose whisperings oft make men confounded,
And trumpet not another's sin—
You'd blush deep if your own were sounded.

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In the preface to "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855, Walt Whitman, describing the common people of the United States, spoke of "the President's taking off his hat to them, not they to him."

Monekers and Faces

As the World Wags:

A philosopher of my acquaintance, whom we will call John Wood, burying under this thin disguise his proper monicker, recently voiced his disappointment over the fact that, while we hear a great deal of complaint from elderly men that, although their memory for faces is as keen as ever, their ability to recall names has disconcertingly waned. It was his desire to meet with the correlative individual who, while remembering names with perfect distinctness, had managed to lose almost all memory for faces. It is equally embarrassing to the speaker and tiresome to the bystanders in any given encounter to hear the hackneyed line: "I remember your face perfectly, but I cannot for the life of me remember your name." What a pleasant relief would be felt were the phrase varied once in a while, as might be: "My dear Mr. Smith, your name is a household word with me, but I cannot for the life of me recall your face."

After the ordeal of moving one's household goods, it is customary to account for all losses whatsoever on the convenient theory that the missing articles were packed in the inevitable trunk or barrel that fails to turn up. Upon a similar principle, I always suppose all odd bits of knowledge or experience that are not to be found in the libraries to be contained in the magnum opus of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, still in manuscript, as I am given to understand. If you have access to this treasure house, will you not be so kind as to tell me if its gifted owner and originator has garnered within it any information upon this interesting point? I am inclined to suspect that the unknown author of the Boston Directory may have been a case in point, but I have so far been unsuccessful in ascertaining the precise identity of this gifted writer. The author of the telephone book might also have this unusual gift, if only in a limited and partial form, but he is equally inscrutable. GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston.

"Monicker" is a good word, but we prefer the spelling "moneker." There are variants—monarek, monarcher, moniker, monick. It is thieves's slang. Is it older than 1850? "Monarch" found its way into the staid Macmillan's Magazine in 1879. "Moneker" was known to George W. Matsell, special justice, chief of police, in New York, when he compiled his "Vocabulum; or the Rogue's Lexicon," in 1859. Capt. Grose did not know it in the 18th century. Hotton spelled it "Monekeer" in 1860. "Monarch" is admitted to the great Oxford Dictionary. "Monarch" also meant in slang a guinea, now a sovereign; and at Eton College the 10-oared boat. Was the word borrowed from the gypsies? Baumann, in his "Londonismen," says "Moniker" for "name" is beggar's slang. Mr. Quex's letter reminds one of Mr. Oliver Herford's reply, to a man that slapped him on the back. "My dear sir, I don't recall your face and I don't know your name, but your manners are familiar."

Friendly Caution

As the World Wags:

By all means use your influence to dissuade Mr. Johnson from attempting to mix a pail of switchel for the Porphry. Far better that he should cherish in his memory the drink as he knew it in his boyhood days, suggestive of hayfields and cornfields and sweetgrass by the brookside. I, too, had a longing for switchel not long ago. They sent me the molasses from the grocery, strange looking stuff, the color of plug tobacco (light), served in a tin can which wore a red and yellow map of Porto Rico for a belly-band. I mixed a draft and drank it—and followed it up with a spoonful of mustard pickle to take the taste out of my mouth. I don't believe there is any real molasses on the market today. The stuff they sell may do for cooking—indeed, Mrs. Phipps has succeeded in making with it ginger bread which has gone well with her home-made (much abused word) soup milk cheese—but it's not fit for switchel. Impress this upon Mr. Johnson before it is too late and spare him the experience that still curdles my stomach. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

We doubt if Mr. Herkimer Johnson is in the mood to oblige Mr. Gaylord Quex. We are sure that he will thank Mr. Phipps for his warning. Now that Mr. Johnson is on the water wagon, he is said to be peevish and testy, as one having cursed all the philosophers and danced on their treatises. No succedaneum for strong waters or malt liquor will content him. He might have succumbed to switchel with a dash of rum in it, and innocently, not knowing that there was a stick in the haymaker's beverage. A common friend tells us

[illegible] he saw Mr. Johnson crossing off the days in February that are no more roaring as he stood by the calendar. It was a sad sight. Cheerio, Mr. Johnson, March will soon be here.—Ed.

G. B. S.'s Latest

George Bernard Shaw's little play, "Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess" purporting to be "from the Russian of Gregory Biessipoff," produced at the Coliseum, London, Jan. 21, did not please the critics, although Miss Lillah McCarthy wore a wonderful white uniform designed by Charles Ricketts. The Daily Chronicle pooh-poohed the "very feeble and trivial treatment of the reported escape of the ex-Tsar's daughter." The Times said that Shaw had ventured upon nothing more dangerous than commonplaces about the revolutionary insonsistencies and incongruities; that he had kept his intellect severely in check.

A Once Famous Romance

As the World Wags:

You have never mentioned my old friend, "Sidonia the Sorceress." I got out of buying the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica a few days ago through the salesman's telling me it contained "all of human knowledge." I invited him to tell me about Sidonia and the Amber Witch. He gave me a reference to "amber" and another to "witchcraft," but didn't produce the combination, or Sidonia. Kind regards to Mr. Herkimer Johnson. D. M. L.

Elizabeth, N. J.

It is a wonder that the salesman did not refer you to the article "Sidon." We have not seen Mr. Johnson since he climbed on the water wagon. We have heard that when he was last seen one of his legs was dangling over the rail dangerously near a wheel.—Ed.

14TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, gave its 14th concert yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Wallace, Symphonic Poem No. [illegible] "Villon"; Bruch, Concerto in G minor No. 1 for violin; Alfven, Symphony No. [illegible] E major.

The symphony was played here for the first time. Produced at Gothenburg in 19[illegible] it was first played in this country by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra [illegible] Nov. [illegible], 1911. The symphony is popular in Chicago, for it has been played there three times in two years.

[illegible] at Stockholm in 18[illegible] wrote with reference to the third symphony in a letter to a friend in [illegible] that it was composed in Italy [illegible] a paean in praise of all the [illegible] imagine and the love of living. The first movement is imbued with [illegible] longing for home: I [illegible] a knight in a far-off land, who in a headless gallop is making for [illegible] and [illegible], now through sunny [illegible] through dark abysses [illegible] reached the goal of my desires.

The [illegible] arouses expectation that [illegible] fulfilled. The symphony is, indeed, [illegible] in a cheap and vulgar [illegible] all that Mr. Alfven [illegible] from the landscapes, the [illegible] of Naples and the [illegible] The [illegible] Cook's tour [illegible] conducted, has voiced his [illegible] of finer appreciation. Dr. [illegible] judgment on this [illegible] composer discovered that he is [illegible] influenced by Bach, Brahms, [illegible] and others. This judgment was [illegible] after the third symphony was composed. Alfven has evidently [illegible] off the influence.

It is not worth while to discuss the symphony at length. The thematic material is insignificant; the material is seldom worked artistically and effectively; in the two middle movements the workmanship is at times halting and clumsy. The Andante is sentimental, with themes of the "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" order, and there are echoes of "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer." The Finale, we are told by the composer, is the expression of his dream that he was a knight. A knight in a circus, he should have said, with a tin helmet, galloping gayly over the sawdust, every now and then fearful of a fall.

Wallace's symphonic poem was first played here in April, 1912, three years after the first performance in London. The music is intended to reflect some of the moods of Villon's poems. The various sections have mottoes, quotations from the scapegrace genius' ballades and "Grand Testament." This is remarkable music, remarkable in that it was written by a Scot, who studied music in London at the Royal Academy of Music; remarkable because it shows a fancy, an imagination, a brilliance, that we do not associate with orchestral [illegible] by composers of Great Britain. There is nothing Mendelssohnian in it; there is no attempt to write in the vein of Brahms. Wallace is of the younger and daring English school.

It is true that the opening section in which Villon is in[illegible]eed, "A poor little scholar named Francois Villon," reminds one of a characterization of Till Eulenspiegel in Strauss's rondo, but the resemblance is chiefly one of mood and only for a moment. The recklessness of Villon that leads to the moralization "Booze and the Blowens cop the lot," is portrayed in Wallace's own way. The crowning portion of the work is the transliteration into music of the prayer to the Holy Virgin written by Villon for his mother. There is an archaic flavor that is very beautiful. It is gained without pedantry, with a simplicity as charming as that of the prayer itself. Throughout the music the fancy of the composer does not lag. The instrumentation is skilful throughout, with passages of marked originality, as at the end where the bell of the Sorbonne sounds the Angelic Salutation.

Mr. Witek was warmly applauded for his performance of Bruch's concerto, which has not been played at a Symphony concert for five years. There was a time when this concerto was exceedingly popular with violinists in spite of Buelow's furious blast against it. To some Mr. Witek's choice of this concerto to be played in an American city seems, to say the least, untimely, for Bruch, since the beginning of this war, has been conspicuous for his boisterous support of Junkerdom and its military and naval policies, and for his attacks on the allies, especially England, a country that lodged, fed and clothed him for three years and through the University of Cambridge gave him the degree of Doctor of Music.

The following extract from the London Daily Telegraph of Jan. 19 is of present interest:

"Sir Charles Stanford is nothing if not vigorous in his recently issued denunciation of Max Bruch, whose diatribe against England and music was referred to on this page last week. Personally, I don't think Bruch worth powder and shot, but I could not help smiling at this sentence in Sir Charles's letter: 'Even your ancient namesake never achieved a position among the minor prophets, and had to be content with an obscurer place in the Apocrypha.'"

The concert will be repeated tonight. There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb. 22-23 is as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3 in F major; Liapounoff, Concerto for piano op. 4 (Ethel Leginska, pianist); Delius, "In a Summer Garden."

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The Chronicle of New York (February issue) speaks of the visiting Chicago Opera Company:

"New York may not resist taking her mental cue from Boston, but there is an abiding feeling against any other American source of artistic or intellectual supply. This fact weighs as heavily against Mr. Campanini and his entrancing Chicago Opera Company as the material consideration that the none too prosperous local organizations look with envy on the vast sums paid to hear such famous artists as Melba, Muratore, Vix, Galli-Curci, Garden and Raisa. Campanini's talents as a director are acknowledged. He is electrifying, independent and intelligent. He may have brought with his productions a certain crudeness, harshly-colored scenery and a system of acting—too vehement and too obvious—but none can gainsay that the languid Metropolitan suffers by comparison to the fresh, exuberant aura of the Chicago. As a result of the welcome visit (intrusion, some of the reactionaries aver) one has corroboration of such truths as the dignity of expression and beauty of voice of Muratore, of the sustained glory of Melba, of the vivacity and promise of Vix and of the cleverness, rather the greatness, of Galli-Curci."

Last Sunday the Herald published a biographical sketch of Mme. Vix. Today portraits of some of the singers are published, among them one of Rosa Raisa. Unfortunately we cannot rely on the sketches sent on from Chicago by the press agent of the company, for the one of Mme. Vix was erroneous in many particulars.

Miss Raisa, born in Russian Poland, was said to be 19 years old in 1914. As the story goes, she was forced to leave Russia when she was 14 years old, on account of her brother's revolutionary activity. She made her way to Capri, where a woman befriended her and put her in the care of a singing teacher, Mme. Marchesio. Mme. Campanini (Eva Tetrazzini, the wife of the conductor) heard her sing, predicted a future for her, and coached her. Miss Raisa made her debut at Parma in Campanini's own opera house, in the fall of 1913. Some say the opera was "Don Carlos," others that it was "Un Ballo in Maschera." She sang for the first time in Chicago as Aida, Nov. 29, 1913, Cyrena Van Gordon, an Ohio contralto, then took the part of Amneris; Bassi, that of Radames; Polese was Amonasro. In the season of 1913-14 Miss Raisa also appeared in Chicago as Donna Anna, as Isabella in "Christoforo Colombo" and took the soprano part in "Cassandra." She has sung in London, Paris, Milan, Buenos Aires. There was talk of her appearing in Boston during the last season of the Boston Opera Company directed by Henry Russell.

Forrest Lamont, who will take the part of Radames, the opening night, studied in this country, and sang in concert and oratorio. He studied also in Italy and sang in opera in Italian cities. Before his engagement with the Chicago company in the fall of 1917 he sang in Porto Rico, Cuba and South America. Last July he took the part of Canio in the open-air performances of "Pagliacci" at St. Louis.

Giacomo Rimini, baritone, is with the Chicago company for the second season. Born in Verona, he made his debut there when he was 22 years old. Later he sang at the Dal Verme Theatre in Milan, where he won praise as Falstaff. Engagements in leading Italian opera houses followed. He has sung for several seasons in Buenos Aires.

Riccardo Stracciari, baritone, is not a stranger here. He came to this city, a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in 1907. On April 1st he took the part of Valentin in "Faust." On April 6 he took the part of Amonasro. It is said that he was born in Pontecchio, near Bologna. At first he studied electricity and was a fellow student of Marconi. His first appearance as a singer in public was at Bologna in Perosi's oratorio, "The Resurrection." His operatic debut in "La Boheme" was in the same city. When he visited Boston he was young and comparatively unformed. During the last 10 years he has sung with great success in Italy, Spain and South America.

Cyrena Van Gordon, born in Ohio, studied with Mme. Dotti in Cincinnati. Mr. Campanini heard her there in a pageant and engaged her for the Chicago opera.

Marguerite Buckler, soprano, was born in California, but has lived most of her life in Texas, near the Mexican border. Such vocal training as was available in the neighborhood brought her into the concert field in the Southwest. She had further tuition in France. She made her debut in opera at Monte Carlo. After singing in a number of French cities she returned to America and made her first appearance with the Chicago Opera Association last season as Marguerite in "Faust," afterward appearing as Nedda in "Pagliacci."

The Curious Story of Mascagni's Tragic Opera "Isabeau"

The only unfamiliar opera in the repertoire of the Chicago Opera Company for Boston—"Dinorah" has been performed in Boston several times—is Mascagni's "Isabeau." In 1910 Mr. George C. Tyler, representing Liebler & Co., arranged with Mascagni for an opera that Miss Bessie Abott might appear as the heroine in New York early in 1911. The newspapers published stories about Mascagni's enthusiasm; how he worked in the country and in a quiet hotel in Milan from midnight till 8 A. M. There was a question whether the opera should be entitled "Isabeau." On Dec. 19, 1910, there was a private performance in Rome. Certain lovers of music and others heard the music with the composer playing the piano. Disputes arose between the American managers and Mascagni; there were rumors of law suits, and actions were brought. Miss Abott was mixed up in it.

The opera was performed for the first time at Buenos Aires on June 2, 1911. Mascagni conducted. He received $12,000 a month. There were 25 performances.

The first performance in the United States was at Chicago, Nov. 12, 1917, when the singers were Mmes. Raisa, Sharlow, Swartz and Messrs. Crimi, Rimini, Nicolay, Maguenat.

It is said that Mascagni scored the opera originally for 120 instruments, but reduced the score.

The description of "Isabeau" given by the Chicago press agent is here condensed. It will be seen that the story in an important particular resembles that of the Lady Godiva. The librettist, Luigi Illica, put the action in England; the time 1200 A. D.

ACT I—THE MORNING

In his castle, King Raimondo awaits the arrival of the princes from abroad who will joust in the Lists of Courtesy. The Victor will win the hand of Isabeau, the daughter and only heir of the king. It is a disappointment to all that she has not chosen a husband to perpetuate the family and prevent its dominions from becoming subject to another house. The crowd outside sings the praise of Isabeau, returning from a pilgrimage. The king wishes to speak to her alone. She enters, and to her greeting he replies that he speaks as king and not as father. She must discard the mantle that has always hidden her beauty and show herself to best advantage before the suitors. In spite of her protests he commands her to lay aside her modesty. As Isabeau leaves to enter the Oratorio, Giulietta, an old woman, enters with her nephew, Folco, a dreamer and an idealist. Cornelius the Chancellor, confronts them. They wish to give two white doves to the princess. He bids them leave the castle. Isabeau enters and asks them to stay, that she may hear the old woman's story. Giulietta tells Isabeau that she has come far to commend her only possessions, two white doves and her nephew, to the keeping and protection of the princess, for the end of her own life is near. Folco gazes at the princess, entranced by her spiritual beauty and purity. Isabeau accepts the old woman's charges. In the lists the herald announces each prince, recounting his deeds of valor, riches and noble family. Isabeau rejects each one, declaring that she can marry only for love. Enraged, the king puts the town under martial law and commands the people to go into mourning for the approaching end of the kingdom. Isabeau begs him to spare this punishment, declaring herself guilty of his displeasure. He commands her to expiate her disobedience and mortify her modesty by riding naked through the city streets at midday mounted on a white horse. Horrified, she assents in order to escape from marriage without love, and to save her people from unmerited punishment.

ACT II—MID-DAY.

The populace gathers to hear the decree of the king. An old man suggests that when Isabeau goes forth for her ride all the doors and windows be barred and that every one remain indoors. Let any one who looks upon Isabeau at that time be punished by having his eyes put out. The king gives his consent and his subjects depart. Isabeau, enveloped in a great cloak, her long hair flowing free, enters with her ladies-in-waiting, Ermyntrude and Ermyngarde, prepared to humiliate herself. She walks to the outer gate, where she throws the cloak off to the arms of her attendants, her hair still forming a golden mantle about her, and goes to the city square for her ordeal. Having learned of this outrage, Folco rushes to the terrace and curses all those responsible. As she passes below the terrace he pelts her with flowers. Learning of his disobedience of their will and denouncing his sacrilege, the people clamor for his life. Isabeau, returning from her ride, is terrified at learning of his folly. He says: "I am ready to die."

ACT III—THE EVENING.

The shadows fall in another corridor of the king's castle as Isabeau descends the stairs from the Oratory singing of her newly discovered love for Folco. Giulietta rushes in and implores her to give her nephew back to her, that he may escape. The princess promises that she will save him. She leads the old woman to his prison. The voices of the people are heard outside as Folco enters and again professes his love for Isabeau and his willingness to die, having once more beheld her. She tells him that his love is requited; she entreats him to flee. They pledge eternal devotion. Isabeau tells her father that she has at last chosen a husband. The crowd enters, seizes Falco and drags him out to a whipping post behind drawn curtains to carry out the sentence by blinding him. Isabeau hastens to rescue her lover. The voices of the crowd without bewail the wounding of their princess. As the curtains are drawn by the executioners the lovers are seen in their last embrace.

The Henry Jewett Players and the Old Boston Museum

To Editor of Herald and Journal:

Between the acts of one of the excellent performances of "The Rivals" recently given by the Copley Theatre company an elderly gentleman in the audience was overheard administering to his companion the bromidic comparison with "the old Boston Museum company" that is automatically produced under such circumstances. He treated Mr. Jewett's capable comedians with clemency, but held their present achievement to be distinctly inferior to the standard set up by the earlier company. His name did not transpire, but he was easily identified as L. Temporis Acti, whose letters upon all sorts of unimportant subjects now and then appear in the newspapers.

As seen by him through the always distorting lens of memory, the merits of the O. B. M. C. seemed very great indeed, and all competition with their achievements well nigh hopeless. In a similar fashion, years ago, the late W. T. W. Ball, then flourishing as a professional critic of the drama, used to visit his juniors in that gentle art, when any one of them had the hardihood to assert his opinion upon any current theatrical topic, with the scornful, if somewhat vague, finality: "Sir, I have seen Macready." The mortifying force of this blow is well remembered by one, at least, of his victims, and, as well, the ecstacy of gratified vanity in which the speaker enjoyed his momentary advantage. This irritating sense of superiority equally attended the utterances of Mr. L. T. Acti and seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure. It is ungenerous to even try to deprive him of this source of happiness, but there are also to be considered the feelings of others to whom this over-recited myth may have become a source of bitterness and despair.

The Museum company of retrospection is, of course, not any particular assemblage of actors, but a composite memory picture of many companies that served the old theatre season after season, and when comparisons are made between it and modern casts, the latter are most unfairly weighed, not against another definite collection of fallible human beings, but against a mere ideal, built up of the best elements of many successive Boston Mu-

over

[illegible] collection. The history of this theatre goes back to the 1[illegible] of the last century when its performances were given [illegible] on the third floor-back of the old building on Tremont street when its audiences were deodorized and disinfected and otherwise purified, both before and after the contaminating encounter, by being passed through the highly moral atmosphere of the Museum proper, and when performances were barred altogether on Saturday nights, as coming altogether too near to the Sabbath to be safe or seemly. Such conditions do not seem to promise much in the way of high artistic achievement, but surviving critics of those achievements have necessarily merely childish memories of them, and recall with far greater vividness the more or less authentic mermaid in its glass case in the lobby and the fascinating figure of Gulliver, than the acting that was more or less incidental to these wonders of nature and of art. Undoubtedly these early companies contained excellent actors, but that a high degree of merit was anything like universal, while possible, does not seem to be likely. One of the staple jests of that time turned upon the economies of the contemporary management, and it well recalled what resulted from similar economies of a later leadership, and even better known how companies are held back in the present from an ideal perfection by the practice of a more or less justifiable thrift. The companies that we saw at this house as children were assembled, just as were later companies that we recall with distinctness, with a due regard to the ends for which all commercial theatres are conducted—that of making money; and while they offered each season a certain number of competent and well-graced actors, they assuredly never were as phenomenal as they are now made to appear. One thing is certain, that in the late William Warren, the distinguished head of this organization from almost its beginning, it possessed an actor of very great and various talent and of wholly exceptional natural gifts and faculty; but he is never in the least submerged in any of the successive companies by which he was surrounded, and is clearly remembered as the single oyster in an often rather economical stew. The particularly succulent oyster provided by Mr. Warren was frugally seasoned with such artistic condiments as were necessary to make the stew appetizing to its public. Many capable players are gratefully remembered as contributing to this result, but in order to arrive at the "old Boston Museum company" of tradition one must arrange these artists with Mr. Warren at their head in the formation widely advertised on the posters of Mr. Beeman's pepsin gum, where their strength will be enhanced by artful perspective and many seasons, in effect, be seen at a single view.

The Boston Museum, to a greater extent than most theatres, had its own special and peculiar following of playgoers, in which custom had bred a spirit of friendly indulgence. It is such an atmosphere that makes amateur theatricals successful; under similar conditions, Mr. John Craig's Castle Square Theatre company flourished greatly in its time; and in just such a hot-house were grown the flowers of memory that make up the wreath of Boston Museum tradition. One did not drink tea or play golf or mingle in clubs with the actors of those days; thus they had no well-studied human weaknesses and might have had, for all their audiences personally knew, all imaginable private virtues—save, perhaps, one. The road to greatness was thus far more open and easy then than now. Omne ignotum pro magnifico. A telescopic appreciation is far easier to maintain than one fresh under the microscope of familiar observation and knowledge; one respects the inefficient light of the full moon much more than the useful Edison product, and thus it is that the memory of the Boston Museum sentimentally puts it over even better modern achievements.

Another factor also operates: worthy private character and praiseworthy conduct in matters wholly irrelevant to the art of acting in one well-remembered instance were, during the life of the player, to whom they were ascribed, and are still hopelessly confused with artistic prowess. Mr. Warren, one of our really great actors, is still habitually paired in retrospect with a fellow player whose claims to admiration, however well deserved by personal worth and conduct, could scarcely survive upon a basis of mere histrionic achievement. To vie with a mere actor in any part is one thing; to compete with a deceased player who was historically "good to his mother" offers greatly increased difficulties.

Clearly and justly recalled, no particular Boston Museum company provides any standard of acting that need discourage any well-selected, carefully stage-managed modern company, such as, for instance, Mr. Henry Jewett's; and the baffled victims of Mr. L. T. Act's discourse may console themselves with the thought that, even if envious time has made it impossible for them to become aware of the fabulous—wholly fabulous—virtues of the "old Boston Museum company," they are still able to [illegible] as good an all-round performance of "The Rivals" as was ever the average of the older house.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston.

Mr. Ryan's Recollection of a Once Famous Pantaloon

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

I believe that "Billy" Bartholomew made his first appearance in this city during a summer season at the Boston Museum, with James S. Maffit, in a variety company from New York. They created a sensation by their singing of "Johnny Schmoker" with the accompanying burlesque German waltz.

At that time, some 50 years ago or more, we had no theatre devoted to what is called straight variety. The "Old Howard" was giving purely dramatic performances under the management of Isaac Rich. Realizing that entertainments like that in which Maffit and Bartholomew were appearing would be popular here, Jason Wentworth, a toy merchant of Temple Place, had Andrews Hall refitted as a theatre. This place had been opened originally as an aquarial garden, which was moved from much smaller quarters on Bromfield street. It was popular for a time, but after its novelty had worn off it lost patronage, although it was for a time under the management of P. T. Barnum. Mr. Wentworth renamed the place The Theatre Comique, and had for his chief attractions Maffit and Bartholomew in pantomimes, and other specialties. It passed out of his hands eventually with a change of names, and John Stetson was for a time its proprietor, before he obtained possession of the old Globe.

The Theatre Comique was in Central court, long since built over, next door to "Billy" Park's famous hostelry. Mr. Wentworth, after he lost possession of the Theatre Comique, had the Melodeon fitted for a playhouse, which he called the Gaiety Theatre. It eventually became the Bijou.

Notwithstanding his long and apparently harmonious association with Maffitt, Bartholomew sometimes had the air of the crushed comedian. One night in a confidential interview with "Billy" Olin, beloved by the Grand Army boys, he said: "People think I cannot play first parts, but I can, just as well as Maffit. I could be as good a Clown as he is, if I had the chance." He evidently did not like to be a secondary luminary, though he enacted the traditional Pantaloon of dumb show with excellent comic effect.

We had in Boston for a short time two aquarial gardens, owing, I believe, to some disagreement with the original projectors of this kind of instruction and amusement here. In the building Postmaster Capen designed for the general postoffice on Summer street, which he soon abandoned, there was an aquarial exhibition. This had a hall, in which the Buckley brothers and others performed at different times.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Was the appearance of Bartholomew at the Boston Museum in a visiting variety company the first? M. B. Leavitt, in his huge volume, "Fifty Years in Theatrical Management," says that Bartholomew in 1852, through the efforts of William Reed, a brother of the comedian, Roland Reed, "obtained a position in a dramatic stock company under the management of Mrs. H. Lewis, at the Eagle Theatre, Sudbury street, Boston." Can any one of our readers tell us about this theatre? If there is any force in superstition, the theatre could not have prospered, for it was named after a bird. The visiting company to which Mr. Ryan refers was Butler's Great Combination Troupe. It began an engagement at the Boston Museum on July 7, 1864. The program shows how varied was the entertainment.

OPENING OVERTURE.

La Zingarella.....Emma Ross
Song and Dance.....Master Tommy Hope I Don't Intrude,
James Wambold and Johnny Pierce
Cure (original).....Charles E. Collins
Historical Reminiscences....Johnny Boyce
Grand Ballet Divertisement (sic) "Gizelle," arranged by Mons. Grossi—By Lizzie Schultze, Millie Flora, Mary Blake, Emma Shell, Ida Ross, Annetta La Point, Charlotte La Point, Emma Ross, Jennie Lorraine, Florence Wells, Lizzie Whelpley, Julia Melville and corps de ballet.
Comic Song.....Tony Pastor
The Dancing Contest—Charley White and Johnny Boyce, rivals; James Wambold and W. A. Burke, musicians.
Greek Hornpipe.....Millie Flora
Comic Duet and Holtzschutanz,
Maffitt and Bartholomew
Banjo Solo (with imitation of birds, frogs, etc.).....J. F. Wambold
Double Highland Fling,
Misses A. and C. La Point
Ham Fat.....Ed Murray
Irish Song and Dance....Charles E. Collins
The Recruiting Office—Charley White and others. White took the part of
Horace Greely (sic).
Comic Song.....Tony Pastor
La Ariel.....Emma Shell
The final piece was a pantomime, "Don Juan, or the Libertine Destroyed"—Scaramouch, J. S. Maffitt; Don Juan, Lizzie Schultze; the Statue Ghost, W. H. Bartholomew.

Butler's company came again with Maffitt and Bartholomew to the Boston Museum July 6, 1865. Tony Pastor was not then with it.

A Chauvinistic Outcry in New York's High-Toned Magazine

The Chronicle of New York (February issue) publishes this chauvinistic article:

"Now that the patriotic [illegible] of the Philharmonic orchestra have forced the resignation of the pacifist president, Oswald Garrison Villard, and the German treasurer, Rudolph E. F. Flitsch, it is fitting that the public rally to the support of this organization and uphold the hands of those who wish to see the end of German domination in America's musical affairs. For many years there has been a Teutonic oligarchy supreme in all matters of music and subtly it resisted the popular demand for the music of other lands, save the Fatherland. Germans, naturalized and otherwise, held every conceivable position in opera houses and concert halls, and conducted a campaign of publicity which made it seem to the casual person that there was no pleasure to be derived from music unless it was completely Teutonized. Only in recent years have we heard of such brilliant and consummate musicians as Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky. Why? The Germans would permit no rivalry for Wagner. They knew that the scientific and intellectual magnificence of Wagner would be dimmed by the pulsating, humanizing and sympathetic qualities of the Russians. The same old cry: "Germany above everything!" Music, involving as it does so many emotional processes, is a fertile field for the German propagandist. Directly the American people appreciate fully the significance of politics in music, they will refuse to countenance their pursuit in the name of art. For this reason, the orchestras of this country should be reorganized with a view to the elimination of the enemy influence. The Philharmonic has made a good beginning. Of course recently its programs have been so redolent of Beethoven, Brahms and Bach, that one feels certain misgivings. This was doubtless a legacy of the old regime."

But how about the conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Mr. Josef Stransky? Is he zealous in the cause of the allies? And would the Chronicle pitch overboard the music of Beethoven and Bach? Even Brahms has been dead some years, and really is not responsible for the present war.

High Comedy and Lowbrows. Stone and Kummer

There are regularly recurrent moments in the amusement season when the orbits of the lowbrow and the highbrow touch. The circus is one such instance. The advent of Fred Stone is another. Sporadic contacts occur when Broadway imports some European example of super-clowning or fairy tale like Sumurun or Kismet. Then the way is made easy for the lowbrow—and proud of it, sir!—to confess that there is something in this thing called imagination; and for the highbrow to admit his share in the elemental tastes of our common humanity. Yet such contacts, regular and irregular, are still too rare in the theatrical solar system. When it comes to the drama we are a pitifully hyphenated nation. The very zest with which we acknowledge the primitive art of Fred Stone only emphasizes the normal cleavage. We need not be so cruel as to insist that in the enthusiastic tributes to Mr. Stone there is a touch of condescension or at least of self-consciousness, testifying to a lingering sense of doubt as to whether one is, after all, doing the proper thing. With all such reservations, we can only be thankful for the fervor with which the creator of the Wizard of Oz is regularly received; for the warmth that greets the perennial return of Maude Adams and Peter Pan; for minor signs which give basis for the hope that we shall not always, in the field of drama, remain a divided nation.

Before this reunion is attained, we must get rid of the vicious assumption which underlies the striving of the last dozen years towards the creation of an American "drama," and this is that we face a clean-cut choice between the "punch" of the popular play and the conscientious boredom of poetic drama or high comedy. It is the mistake made by so many of the League movements and the Intimate Theatres which have marched to the attack of the "commercial" drama under the banner of Dunsany, Chekhoff, and, let it be said frankly, even Maeterlinck. It is wrong in the fact and disastrous in the result to assume that only the proletariat can guffaw in the theatre, but that the better sort of drama must be received with polite laughter. The mischief is double. It means that the masses who insist on laughing out loud cannot be won over to the higher forms of the theatre, and that the select audiences cannot be permanently kept; for even in the very best circles the need for full-mouthed enjoyment must be frequently felt. Strange, that precisely among us where cultural distinctions are at a minimum, the outward symbols should pretend to extremes. London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow know how to combine gusto with imagination, "pep" with aesthetic enjoyment, the "punch" with intellectuality; but for us it is apparently a choice between vaudeville and the drawing-room.

The need in the theatre is for high-class fooling, but not superfine fooling. Our difficulties are much like the trouble which Mr. O. W. Firkins finds with English poetry, in his admirable article in the Atlantic. He feels that poetry has been refined, gemmed, and beautified away from contact with the common life and the limited capacity of the normal man for sustained aesthetic sensation. Not that we have anything in the drama which lies open to the charge of being too beautiful and uplifting for the normal man; but the efforts for a national "drama" do suggest some such ideal. Mr. Firkins is driven to find in the "Biglow Papers" the synthesis he longs for, "the capacity of dialect to set forth lofty purpose and vigorous thought, and to skim lightly up and down the long scale that divides the grotesque from the sublime." That is the problem, how to be lofty without ceasing to be vigorous, how to make use of the ladder of the grotesque in our commendable efforts towards higher things. There are encouraging signs that we are dimly recognizing the true nature of the problem. It is something that the art of Joseph Urban has been enlisted in the service of musical comedy and "girl shows." It is something that theatrical managers are developing a taste for the unusual play, unusual, that is, in its combination of the lost art of dialogue with whimsy, audacity, buffoonery, it does not matter what, so long as it is zestful.

Of this new promise in the theatre, the name of Clare Kummer will instantly occur as the most encouraging example. In the short space of two years she has done more for the reunion of laughter and taste than all of our pretentious Leagues and Intimate Theatres, and Repertory Theatres. But in the path of Clare Kummer the old danger is looming up. Her work, never very robust in structure, though hearty in appeal, is getting "thinner." She seems to be in peril of succumbing to the flimsiest of dressmaking for popular "stars." But there is another and more serious danger. It consists, without striving at paradox, in the very praise which has been bestowed on Miss Kummer as a creator of "high comedy." High comedy is being too easily accepted as the study of manners among a sophisticated and well-moneyed class. High comedy without the quotation marks is by no means that exclusively. Let us mention only Moliere. Concern with the doings of "polite society" will in the long run prove fatal. In the first place we have only the simulacrum of such a class, and the product is bound to be artificial. In the second place, even if we had that class, it would be necessary to pass it by in our search for that elemental vigor combined with intellectual grace which is our greatest need. The solution lies with the playwright, and he will ultimately find his task easier if he assumes that he can find the material for fun, with thought, in the broad spaces of our national life, instead of looking for it in the limousine class.—N. Y. Evening Post.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Anne Gullek. Handel Suite in D minor; Chopin, Sonata in B minor; MacDowell, To the Sea, Starlight, Song, In Mid-Ocean, from Op. 55, Etude de Concert, Op. 36; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Gnomenreigen, Etude in D-flat major, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by Charles W. Clark, baritone, and Arthur Shattuck, pianist, in aid of the fatherless children of France. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:45 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano, and Howard White, bass. Thomas, Drum Major's Song from "Le Caid" (Mr. White); Thomas, Polonaise from "Mignon" (Mme. Scotney); Piper of Dundee, Loch Lomond, March of the Cameron Men (Mr. White); Harris, The Hills of Skye; H. White, Jamie, the Robin's Song; Bishop, The Dashing White Sergeant; Mitchell, Stay in the Field; Engel, Wee Wife o' Mine; Coleridge-Taylor, The Viking's Song (Mr. White); Bonnie Mary of Argyle, Caller Herrin; Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town (Mme. Scotney); 41, White, The Singing Soldiers; Crist, Yester Year; Behrend, Bon Jour (Mr. White); Bizet, Agnus Dei (Mme. Scotney with violoncello obbligato.) An American flag will be put up at auction. It was given by the Australian Red Cross to the American Red Cross through the instrumentality of Mme. Scotney and Mr. White, who have just returned from a tour of Australia. The flag was the gift of Australian soldiers, and bears on it in gold letters, "To Evelyn Scotney, from the Boys at the Front." It was auctioned off by them at a Red Cross concert in Melbourne. The purchaser returned it to them, telling them to offer it again in America for the American Red Cross.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert under the auspices of the Boston branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Vitale, Chaconne for violin (Mr. White); Coleridge-Taylor, The Stars, Candle Lighting Time, Thou Art Risen My Beloved (Miss Evans); Coleridge-Taylor, Ballade in C minor (Mr. White); Deep River, By an' By, Swing Low Sweet Chariot (Miss Evans; H. T. Burleigh, pianist); Burleigh, Southland Sketches (Mr. White; Mr. Burleigh, pianist); J. R. Johnson, The Awakening; Burleigh, Just You; W. M. Cook, Mummy; Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death (Miss Evans); Kreisler, Viennese Song; Cui, Orientale; C. C. White, Cradle Song, Negro Dance (Mr. White).

SATURDAY Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Emilio de Gogorza. Gretry, De Ma Barque Legere from "Amerron"; Monsigny, Adieu Chere Louise, from "Le Desserteur"; Gretry Chanson Bachique from "Amerron"; Duparc Phyllis; Moussorgsky, Le Bone; Cuvillier Au Bord du Ruisseau; Carpenter, On the Seashore of Endless Worlds; Rachmaninoff In Silent Night; J. R. Johnson, I Told My Love to the Roses; Lemare, The Bells of Rheims; Alonso, Hermosa Gitana; Ercilla, Tavira o la Romeria; Granados, Canelon del Postillion. Helen Winslow, accompanist.

Program Given by Messrs. Kreisler, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke

Messrs. Kreisler, Letz, Svecenski and Willeke gave their second and last chamber concert in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in F major, op. 18, No. 1; Brahms, quartet in A minor, op. 51, No. 2; Haydn, quartet in D major, op. 67, No. 6.

Another program as rigorously German and Austrian as the first. Yet it was interesting in this respect, outside of the purely musical value: The quartets of Beethoven and Brahms were of the first sets of the composers' music in the quartet field. Beethoven's op. 18, goes back to the beginning of the 19th century, 1800 or thereabouts; the original manuscripts are lost and there is no manner of determining the precise date of composition. The critics at the time were perplexed. One declared that the quartets would make a sensation by their bizarre and laboriously wrought character rather than by any agreeable and spontaneous pages. Another admitted that Beethoven was an accomplished pianist, but if it were asked whether he were fortunate as a composer, the question could hardly be answered "yes." There is a story that when Beethoven played on the piano to some friends the Adagio of the quartet in F major, he asked them what was in his mind when he wrote it. "The parting of two lovers," said one. "No," said Beethoven, "I thought of the tomb scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.'" Beethoven wrote in a letter dated 1800: "I have only just learnt how to write quartets properly, as you will see when you receive them." He was then 30 years old.

Brahms had written piano quartets, a piano quintet, a sextet, etc., before he tried his hand at the two string quartets op. 51. He was 40 years old when they were published. Kalbeck in his voluminous life of Brahms has much to say about them, calling the one performed yesterday "Eusebius," the gentle companion of the stormy "Florestan," who is portrayed in the companion quartet in C minor. He points out the compliment to Joachim, or the remembrance of that violinist, in the chief theme of the opening Allegro of the quartet in A minor; the Hungarian episode in the Andante, and so on and so forth.

Mr. Kneisel and his quartet did much to acquaint Boston with Brahms's chamber music. Probably no Quartet, not even Joachim's, played this music with fuller understanding and a warmor sympathy. It is natural, no doubt, now that Mr. Kneisel is not the leader, for his associates to continue the tradition. Mr. Kreisler, at their head, is a Viennese, but he learned to play the violin at the Paris Conservatory. Is there no chamber music by Frenchmen worth hearing? Mr. Kneisel thought there was. Devoted as he was to Brahms, he recognized the genius of Cesar Franck, nor was the music of Chausson, Debussy, Gabriel Fauré, Loeffler, Ravel, Saint-Saens foreign to him.

Shuberts Buy Boston Opera House.

Lee and J. J. Shubert announced yesterday that they had purchased the Boston Opera House, which was said to have been built at a cost of $1,000,000 by Eben D. Jordan. It is considered one of the finest opera houses in the country. It is in the Back Bay section of the city.

The Shuberts will take possession of the opera house at once, opening it with the engagement of the Chicago Opera Company, which is now appearing at the Lexington Avenue Opera House here.

Following this engagement the Shuberts will present a number of spectacular productions in the building, as well as concerts and operas. The purchase of the opera house by the Shuberts may lead to the entrance of the firm in the grand opera field.

Feb 11 1918

The February issue of the Chronicle (New York), a periodical written by "our best people" for "our best people," contains the following withering criticism: "Moreover, one has every evidence, from her performance as Monna Vanna, that Mary Garden is a meretricious actress who sings. She belongs to the pyrotechnic Leslie Carter-Nethersole school. The Garden rocket is spent. Such an offence as was her rendition of the saintly wife of Pisa! She was dressed more for conquest than for conservation. She unwittingly substituted the glamor of the Orient for the rectitude of the renaissance. For vocalism there was organ. The art of a Garden or a Farrar is as mythical as the accomplishments of the stork or of Kris Kringle."

It is true that Miss Garden dressed Monna Vanna absurdly when the opera was performed here; that she dressed herself in flagrant opposition to the directions of the dramatist, and with an Olympian disregard for the whole point of the play. Even the stage manager, Mr. Marcoux, and Mr. Urban protested, but in vain. That does not prevent Miss Garden being an ideal Mélisande; a ... Thaïs, who is afterwards ... in repentance, a woman of marked personality and power in other ... roles. Fortunately, "Monna Vanna" will not be performed here by the Chicago company. It is a dull opera.

The Problem Solved

As the World Wags:

Eureka! I have solved it! No, not the universe, but more—the traffic problem of the Boston Elevated. It is so simple that I hesitate to put it before the public – but here goes! My plan is this: Take the seats out of the cars (this will please such patrons as Miss Jane Winterbottom) and put in more straps. Where formerly two people sat four may stand. A double row of straps should also be added in the centre, I think. We now have six rows of passengers standing in comfort across the width of the car and untold numbers extending the length. When somebody wishes to get out, have the procession march around, preferably singing some "hike" song, till the person who desires to leave the jolly company reaches the door. In the few cases where the conductor still goes through the car to collect the fares, it will add considerable zest to the ceremony if he winds in and out as the merry crowd sings "Go In and Out the Window," or when it is in a particularly playful mood, "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

This plan seems to me ideal! The benefits are innumerable. The Elevated can, without doubt, carry more people; the people have room to stand and recreation (all for five cents!); not the least benefited will be the tired business man, who will be refreshed beyond all belief by the games of his childhood. The conductor can save his voice from the "Move up forward, please," and his conscience from "Lots o' room up in the car." He will be glad to work for less money, and I can even imagine him standing on his fare box leading the singing a la Rodeheaver.

The motorman has been neglected in my plan, but I am sure that upon the adoption of this measure to aid the Elevated some philanthropist will think up a little entertainment for the motorman. EDITH SNOW.

Jamaica Plain

Our State Flower

As the World Wags:

Why not the snowdrop as our state flower? It seems so much more appropriate than either the arbutus or the ... if you know what I mean.

Newton Centre A. BEAL.

Articles de Luxe

The proposition to tax in France "articles de luxe" has stirred the practical joker to activity. A carriage and pair were abandoned on a boulevard. Tied to the neck of one of the horses was a card marked "Superfluous." A baby was picked up from a dustbin. On its neck was a card bearing the same inscription. "A man has been admitted to a lunatic asylum not far from Paris. The only word that can be got out of him is 'Superfluous.'"

True Patriots

Sir Edward Coates, M. P., is telling the English that their patriotism is to be seen in their dwindling figures, as the result of observing the voluntary ration. This moves the Daily Chronicle to define a patriot as one that grows "fine by degrees and beautifully less."

Author?

As the World Wags:

Can you give me the title of the poem from which the inclosed is a verse? I would much appreciate information from you or one of your readers.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay.
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm or gale
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the Unknown Sea to the Unseen Shore.

Lynn. E. W. L.

JOHN McCORMACK IN SYMPHONY HALL

Popular Tenor Again Entertains Large Audience

John McCormack gave the first of a series of four concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

"My dearest Jesus, I have lost thee" (from cantata), Bach. "Mio caro bene" (from Rodelinda), Handel, Mr. McCormack; prelude, Bach; Minuet, Mozart, Mr. Polah; Spirit Presence, Schumann; Florio, Schubert; May Night, Brahms; The Soldier, Schumann, Mr. McCormack; Concerto (first movement), Mendelssohn, Mr. Polah; Irish Folk Songs (arranged by Hughes): Has sorrow thy young days shaded? The Light of the Moon, Fanaids Grove, Ballynure Ballad, Mr. McCormack; Scherzo-Tarantelle, Wieniawsky, Mr. Polah; When I Awake, Winter Watts; Charming Chloe, Edward German, The Cave, Edwin Schneider; After, H. Clough Leighter, Mr. McCormack.

As usual every part of the hall was filled, including the extra seats on the stage and the standing room in the side aisles. As usual also, Mr. McCormack added generously to the program. The enthusiasm, which he aroused at the outset by his singing of "the Star Spangled Banner" lasted through the performance, which he brought to a close with "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

The singer was as delightful as ever. The varied program gave him abundant opportunity, and he did justice alike to the opening Bach number and to the exquisite little folk song "The Light of the Moon."

Mr. Polah, the violinist, won his audience at the start by his playing of the Mozart minuet. He also had to give several additional pieces.

Mr. Schneider was the excellent accompanist with whom McCormack audiences are familiar. His song, "The Cave," sung by Mr. McCormack, was warmly applauded, and the singer insisted on composer's acknowledging the applause.

The other concerts of the series are set for tomorrow and Thursday evenings, and next Sunday afternoon.

Feb 12 1918

'THE BRAT'

By PHILIP HALE

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"The Brat," a comedy in three acts by Maude Fulton. Produced by Oliver Morosco.

Timson	Leslie Palmer
Mrs. Pell Forrester	Ruth Holt Boucicault
Angela Smythe	Helen Mar Stewart
Jane De Pew	Gertrude Maitland
Bishop Ware	Frank Kingdon
Macmillan Forrester	Percival T. Moore
Steven Forrester	Edmund Lowe
The Brat	Maude Fulton
Margot	Bessie Andra

This comedy was seen at the Plymouth Theatre in February, 1917. The part of Mrs. Forrester was then played by Isabel O'Madigan: that of Angela by Charlotte Ives; Lewis Stone was the novelist and John Findlay, Timson, the butler.

A large audience last night was greatly amused by the slang of the Brat, while she was serving as a "type" for the novelist in his luxurious home. We say "luxurious," remembering the study of the writer of "quick sellers," a spacious, sumptuous room, without books of reference or even a student's dictionary or thesaurus of synonymes. Mr. Forrester needed not those vulgar aids. He wrote out of his head, having studied various types. It appears that it was his custom to lodge his models while he studied them, feed them, and in the case of the poor girl arrested for vagrancy to clothe them. His mother did not object, for she knew he was a genius.

The plot of the play is already familiar to many. There is the novelist's brother, given to strong drink and intimate conversation with the butler. The Brat, overcome by the novelist's kindness thinks she is in love with him, but after Steve, who has been on the water wagon for six weeks, kisses her good-bye as he is leaving for Primrose, Wyoming, she knows that he is her man. The popular novelist would turn her adrift. Steve thinks his conduct outrageous. Last night the audience thought so too and applauded the reformed bum, when he freed his mind to his brother and then turned on Bishop Ware, and told him what he thought of him. The Bishop, pompous, bland, flowery in speech, was considerably shocked. The audience, however, again sided with Steve, and rejoiced when he and the Brat left for Primrose with one railway ticket and $200.

Then there are Angela and Jane fishing for the novelist, with Angela hooking him by a falsehood. In the first act there is lively conversation between the ladies in the drawing room. The light and airy persiflage and the battledore and shuttlecock repartee gave a pleasing insight into life in high society. The choice of cordials after dinner was interesting to the student of sociology. Was it Angela or Jane who preferred brandy? We think it was Angela. This set the example for Steve and the butler, who drank to their physical and verbal discomfiture until the novelist came in with the Brat.

Miss Fulton was certainly amusing; not only by her slang, but by her shrewd comments on life and manners, her views on domestic relations. When she was on the stage laughter was spontaneous and hearty. As she was expected to be constantly amusing, pathetic touches escaped some of the spectators, and there were times when Miss Fulton was genuinely pathetic. For a girl that had danced at the Hippodrome, the Brat seemed astonishingly ignorant, but Miss Fulton knows the stage-life that had been led by the Brat better than the spectator, and possibly there was little exaggeration in the portrayal. Miss Fulton has been playing the part so long that she naturally has acquired a few little mannerisms. Her laugh, for example, became tiresome before the play was over. All in all, her impersonation had decided character and was entertaining. She made one almost forget that the play itself is machine-made, improbable, with the greater part of the dialogue in vaudeville vein; contrived as a feeder to the Brat, a cause for quaint or humorous remarks that would enrich Farmer and Henley's "Slang and Its Analogues."

Mr. Lowe as Steve gave a straightforward, honest performance. Mr. Moore was not wholly successful in an ungrateful part. Mr. Kingdon played the Bishop in an easy and authoritative manner. Mr. Findlay, always an admirable butler, was sadly missed. Miss Stewart and Miss Maitland vied one with the other in the disagreeable speeches written for them, and Miss Boucicault played her part as the mother in a decidedly curious household.

KOSLOFF BALLET

Theodore Kosloff and his Imperial Russian Ballet is the chief feature at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening the S. R. O sign was posted long before the performance.

Kosloff was assisted by a large company, including Vera Fredowa, Natcha Rambova and Maria Maslova. His Russian orchestra was one of the features of the act, and the soloists were Rodion Mendelovitch and Joseph Chosak. Mr. Mendelovitch conducted. The principals danced to music by Tchaikowsky, Arends, Mendelovitch, Victor Herbert, Rubenstein, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Minkus.

This act is one of the best dancing acts that adorns the vaudeville stage at the present time. It is chiefly appealing in the indefatigable application of the performers. This does not mean that the principals were laborious in the endeavors, but rather that there is much that is not ordinary for everyone to do. Most of the dances display the technique of the Russian school, and yet there is the American fantasy, danced to the music of Victor Herbert, that excels in the interpretative sense, in its intense smack of Americanism.

Mme Fredowa, who was seen at this theatre last season, was again interesting both in physical charm and in the excellence of her dancing. In "I Hear the Song of the Nightingale," the dancer was often interesting by reason of the delicacy of her touch, and in the pizzicato movement there was precision as well as a pretty play at coquetry.

Other acts on the bill were Cummings and Mitchell in a comedy sketch, Four Sensational Boises in an aerial act, W. J. (Sailor) Reilly, formerly of the crew of the U. S. S. Michigan, in a singing act that was a rousing appeal to the patriotic impulse; Emmet Devoy and company in a dramatic fantasy, George Bancroft and Octavia Brosko in chatter and songs, Paul McCarthy and Elsie Faye in a musical travesty, Virginia Lewis and May White in a singing act and William Ferry, contortionist.

Feb 13 1918

Liberal Sum Netted at the Clark-Shattuck Recital in Jordan Hall

Charles W. Clark, baritone, and Arthur Shattuck, pianist, gave a concert in Jordan Hall last night in aid of the fatherless children of France. Gordon Campbell was the accompanist. Mr. Clark's program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, O thou Billowy Harvest Field; Morning; Borodin, Dissonance; Tschaikowsky, Serenade; Debussy, Trois Ballades de Villon; Leach, Gospel of Pan; Dvorak, Songs my Mother Taught Me; Sturkow-Ryder, A Messenger; Leo, A Song of Riches; S. W. Hubbard, In Flanders Fields; Gilberte, Devil's Love Song. Mr. Shattuck's was thus arranged: D'Albert, Suite in D minor; Brahms, Intermezzo; Rameau, Gavotte and Variations; Henselt, Berceuse; Berlioz-Redon, Serenade from "The Damnation of Faust"; Mozart-Thalberg, Fantaisie on "Don Juan"; Liszt-Busoni, Polonaise.

There was a large audience. We are informed that the lower part of the house was wholly sold, although there were some vacant seats. The concert itself, without the significance of the cause for which it was given, should have filled the hall.

Messrs. Shattuck and Clark, who have already done much for this most deserving charity, gave the net proceeds of the concert to the fatherless children of France. In the course of the evening Mrs. David J. Johnson spoke appealing for the cause.

The singer and pianist have been heard here before. Mr. Clark was in fine voice. His uncommonly distinct enunciation, expressive diction, musical intelligence and vocal art, his versatility in interpretation, all were fully displayed. It was a pity that the words of Villon's Ballades were not printed on the program. The hearers would then have appreciated more keenly Mr. Clark's masterly delivery of the music so wedded to the text. It was a pleasure to hear the Ballads after the performance last week of Wallace's Symphonic poem, "Villon," at the Symphony concerts. Both Wallace and Debussy gained peculiar effects in the Prayer to

... the World Wags ... the old melodies ...

Mr. Shattuck's program included two unfamiliar pieces, the transcription of Mephistopheles' Serenade from "The Damnation of Faust" and Thalberg's Fantasie on the Serenade and the Minuet in "Don Giovanni." The latter has historical interest. It took one back to the time when Thalberg and Liszt were rivals; when the former introduced a peculiar manner of giving importance to a melody and at the same time embellishing it by pearly runs. Mr. Shattuck's performance of the Fantasie was as brilliant as his playing of d'Albert's Gavotte and Musette was delightful. The two artists were heartily applauded.

McCORMACK CHARMS A LARGE AUDIENCE

John McCormack, assisted by Andre Polah, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, gave the second in his present series of four concerts at Symphony Hall last evening. There was a large audience.

The program was attractive, for it included not only Irish folk songs, but songs by Martini, Giordani, Totti, Gretchaninoff, Rachmaninoff, Hue and others. Mr. McCormack, too, is an industrious singer. He does not shun the labor of increasing his already large repertoire. He looks kindly upon new and unfamiliar composers. Thus "Remember Me When I am Gone Away," by the recently discovered Bryceson Treharne, was also on the program. As sung by Mr. McCormack, it was effective, displayed no little originality and aroused curiosity to hear more of the composer's works.

The tenor displayed the many characteristics for which his singing has often been praised. Fine control of breath, admirable phrasing, excellent diction are among his many virtues. Only now and then did he yield to temptation and prolong a high note unduly, destroying the melodic line. In the case of Gretchaninoff's "Over the Steppe" the ending as conceived by the composer is not improved upon by transposition.

Otherwise the singer was eloquent in familiar fashion, now lyric and tender, now dramatic and impassioned, always sincere.

Mr. Polah, who has a light and suave tone and a pretty technic, played pieces by Pugnani-Kreisler, Wagner-Wilhelmj and Saint-Saens in an agreeable and musicianly manner. Both he and Mr. McCormack were generous in adding to the program.

Mr. McCormack will give a third concert tomorrow evening at 7:45. He will sing songs by Lehmann, Schubert, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Tours and others, and a group of Irish melodies.

MISS GULICK HEARD IN PIANO RECITAL

Large Audience Applauds Performance of the Young Pianist

Miss Anne Gulick gave a piano recital at Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Handel Suite in D minor; Chopin, Sonata B minor, Op. 58; MacDowell, To the Sea, Starlight, Song, In Mid-Ocean, Etude de Concert, Op. 36; Liszt, Waldesrauschen, Gnomenreigen, Etude, D flat major, Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2.

This young pianist was heard in recital last season when she appeared to better advantage. Yesterday her playing showed traces of nervousness and her memory was not always reliable as in the last movement of Chopin's Sonata and in MacDowell's "Starlight."

As yet Miss Gulick cannot be classified as a brilliant pianist or as a player of marked originality. Neither is she wholly cool and classical. It might be said that her playing is in a formative state. At times a care for detail robs her performance of color. Yet when she is more emotionally communicative unimportant notes are emphasized and the rhythmical line is not securely maintained. She will no doubt be heard again. A large and friendly audience rewarded her with applause.

Feb 4 1918

"Spectator" in his graphic account of the snow storm and tragedy that inspired the poem which was once a favorite recitation in schools and lyceums, said that the poem was written by Seba Smith, better known as "Maj. Jack Downing."

"C. M. F." in a letter to the Derry (N. H.) Enterprise, says that the poem was written by Sarah F. Gould, "a native of Vermont and a sister of Benjamin A. Gould, the well-known master of the Boston Latin School."

"Spectator," whose description of the tragedy was published in the Boston Herald and Journal of Feb. 5, is noted for his accuracy; yet "C. M. F." makes a positive and contrary statement concerning the authorship.

"As She Is Spoke"

As the World Wags:

I seldom go to concerts, for I have no musical ear—much to my regret; but I went to one a few nights ago, because

... was organised for a French concert ... The thing that impressed me most was the passionate delivery of the Marseillaise by a young woman of the neighborhood. She began, as I understood her:

> Allonks anfons de la partly
> Le jour de glawr est ahrlay
>
> And when she shouted
>
> Owaronks kitayonks
> Formwaz der battwayonks
> Marshonk, marshonk, qu'een sonk impeer,
> A noze, per che seeyonks.

I felt, although I have a game leg, like rushing to Camp Devens. After the concert the singer received hearty congratulations on her French accent.

Beverly. MARCELLUS GRAVES.

War Notes

A boys school on the English coast advertises in the list of inducements for parents and guardians. "Private heated dugout."

Otto Watzek of Berlin was fattening a pig in his cellar to provide customers with pork chops and ham sandwiches. The pig squealed incessantly when he was in the dark. Watzek therefore turned on a couple of incandescent electric lights which were installed near the stye. The lights attracted the attention of the police, who disregarded the happiness of the pig. Watzek was found guilty of illicit use of electricity and sentenced to arrest for two months. He appealed and was fined a sum equivalent to $125.

Chopping Time

Certain landlords have put into the cellars of apartment houses quantities of hard wood for furnace use. Tenants have bought wood for fireplaces, hoping that the chimneys will draw. The question now comes up, when was all this wood cut? The Old Farmers' Almanack of 1799 contained an entry for Jan. 6: "At this quarter of the moon cut fire wood to prevent its snapping." Was due regard paid by the choppers to beneficent lunar influence?

Tacks, or Sugar?

As the World Wags:

"No people can ever whip Germany who measure their spirit of sacrifice by putting in two lumps of sugar where they formerly used three. They can only win by getting down to brass tacks."

Would you classify this as a mixed metaphor? Fancy brass tacks in the morning coffee! Would you be mad enough to bite a ten-penny nail and so find the simple tack an easy and digestible diet? M. U. L.

West Medway.

Steiermacher's Orchestra

As the World Wags:

Do you know anything about Steiermacher's Orchestra that used to function in the old Melodeon, a beer hall, later a billiard room, that occupied the site of the present Bijou Theatre—Bijou Dream, rather? The Melodeon was altered over into the Gaiety Theatre, conducted by Jason Wentworth, previously manager of the Adelphi Theatre Comique, the site of which is now occupied by part of Jordan, Marsh Company's shop, and later rebuilt into the Bijou for the Hastings. The Steiermacher Orchestra dates back to 1846-47, and there may be some old-timer who cherishes its tradition. Do you suppose the World might possibly Wag him out of his retirement? Yours for Hoover,

ABEL SEAMAN.

Boston.

The Boston Opera House

As the World Wags:

Now that the Messrs. Shubert own and control the Boston Opera House, to the gratification of many who feared lest the building might soon be converted into a warehouse or serve some other foreign purpose, it is to be hoped that they will be able to secure adequate street car service for their patrons. The difficulty of going to the Opera House and coming from it has deterred many from attending the show, however great their wish to see them.

"Mary, Queen of Scots"

As the World Wags:

Though many years have elapsed since I saw or heard the poem referred to by "One of Themselves," I remember it very well as the favorite recitation of one of my friends, and can recall a few lines. We all sympathized with poor Mary, and my friend was particularly impressive in the concluding lines:

> "Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it in silence and alone,
> And weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!"

The author was Henry Glassford Bell (1803-74), a Scottish lawyer. "Everyman" has these particulars of his life: "Born on Nov. 8, in Glasgow; he was educated at the high school there and at Edinburgh University. He founded and edited the Edinburgh Literary Journal in 1828, and in 1832 was admitted to the bar, becoming sheriff-principal of Lanarkshire in 1867. Published two volumes of poems and a prose vindication of Mary, Queen of Scots."

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster.

Jan 5 1918

McCORMACK GIVES HIS THIRD CONCERT

Repeats Previous Successes—Several Songs in Light Vein

John McCormack, assisted by Andre Polak, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, gave the third of his series of four concerts last night in Symphony Hall. These songs were on the program: Lehmann, "Oh! Moon of My Delight"; Schubert, Serenade; Schumann, "Singer's Consolation"; Rachmaninoff, "When Night Descends, Fear Not, My Love"; "Una Baun, arranged by Hardebeck; "Soliloquy," arranged by Somervell; "My Snowy-Breasted Pearl," arranged by Robinson; Dunn, "Bitterness of Love"; F. Tours, "Littlest of All"; Schneider, "Your Eyes"; Sullivan, "The Lost Chord." Mr. Polak's selections were as follows: Gluck, Melodie; Beethoven, Rondino; Tschaikowsky, Melodie; Dvorak-Kreisler, Slavic Dance; Drigo-Auer, Valse Bluette; Hubay, Zephyr.

The hall was again crowded to capacity, there was the usual number of standees and the stage was thronged. Mr. McCormack sang with his usual fervor and there was the same enchanting diction and chiselled enunciation. The Irish group was less in evidence than usual, though the singer, generous to a fault with his encores, favored the audience with songs of the lighter vein.

Mr. McCormack will give the fourth and last of this series of concerts at Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

SELLS FLAG AGAIN, ADDS $55 TO FUND

Mme. Scotney's American flag, presented to her at Melbourne during her Australian tour some months ago, was sold again last evening at the Scottish Night concert in the Tremont Temple course to James D. Brennan, vice-president of the First National Bank of Boston, who obtained it for $55 after some spirited bidding, and immediately presented it again to Mme. Scotney. Already this flag has netted $150 to the Allies War Fund at the several auctions in which it has played a stellar part.

The concert numbers were presented by Mme. Evelyn Scotney, soprano; Herbert Seller, piano, and Howard White, bass. The program closed with the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner" by Mme. Scotney and Mr. White, with Mr. Seller at the piano, and the audience joined in the chorus with enthusiasm.

Negro Concert
Miss Evans. Soprano
C. C. White violinist
H. T. Burleigh acc
of his Southland
Sketches & negro
Spirituals.
Feb 16 1918

All those that are looking forward to being buried and are dreading the cost should communicate with Mr. L. R. Zimmerman, funeral director. His card shows that he lives at Gratis, Ohio.

By the Way

As the World Wags:

Mr. Marcellus Graves's experience with the singing of the Marseillaise recalls a tale that came from across the Charles a few years ago. Harvard men were giving a French play in the original. One of the auditors asked his neighbor, a young Frenchman studying at Harvard:

"Doesn't this make you homesick?"

"No, just sick," was the reply.

I notice also that a patent remedy is advertised under the heading, "Like a Bolt from Heaven's Blue." Fit companion piece to this was the advertisement once put forth by the American agents of a Paris company, "The Bastile of fire insurance." E. S.

Arlington.

For "E. W. I."

Some days ago "E. W. I." of Lynn asked in this column the title of a poem containing a verse that begins, "A few who have watched me sail away."

We have received many answers. Mr. F. S. Hill of Haverhill gives the title, "Some Time at Eve," and the name of the author Lizzie Clark Hardy. Our correspondent refers "E. W. I." to Burton E. Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse," published in 1912. Mr. Alfred Gooding of Portsmouth, N. H., says the title is "When the Tide Is Low," and the poem is anonymous. Miss Selma Wesselhoeft of Cambridge names Miss Hardy and agrees with Mr. Gooding as to the title. This title is also given by "M. E. D." of Somerville, "N." of Allston, "C. H. A." of Allston, and an anonymous correspondent. We are indebted to "C. H. A." and "M. E. D." for a copy of the three verses. The verse quoted by "E. W. I." is the third. Mr. Walter A. Roberts of Yarmouth, Me., also sends the verses, "When the Tide Is Low," by Miss Hardy.

Burroughs and Cruikshank

As the World Wags:

As no edition of Stephen Burroughs's autobiography which was illustrated by George Cruikshank is listed in the catalogue of the British Museum or in any of the bibliographies of works illustrated by Cruikshank, I am of the opinion that he never illustrated an edition of that work. OBSERVER.

Boston.

Service the Worst of All

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that you and your correspondents are hurling bombs at the abominable service which the Boston Elevated Street Railway Company is furnishing the public. I think that the section which is getting from that company the most execrable service of all is that which lies between Coolidge Corner and Brookline Village. The company formerly ran cars through that section (via Harvard street) to and from Park street without change, but that line of cars was discontinued a year or so ago and since that time the vexatious inconvenience to which those who live in that section have been subjected has been outrageous. It is in getting from Boston that the inconvenience to which I refer is met with. At Coolidge Corner passengers are allowed to transfer from Allston-bound cars to cars bound for Park street, and such transfers enable passengers to get the benefit of the subway from Kenmore station and render the making of the trip to Boston as satisfactory as it could be made with the cars routed as they now are. The railway company, however, refuses to give transfers at Coolidge Corner from outward-bound Beacon street cars to cars running south through Harvard street, and it is the company's refusal to give such transfers that causes the inconvenience from which those who live in that section are so grievously suffering. The public service commission should induce the company to grant such transfers, but as yet, I am sorry to say, has shown no disposition to do so. There was little need of such transfers when cars running through the section in question made the trip to and from Boston without change, but the discontinuance of that line of cars has utterly revolutionized transit conditions there and the members of the public service commission should see—and, if they would listen to an exposition of the inconvenience to which the people of that section are subjected under present conditions, could not fail to see—that such conditions imperatively call for the granting at Coolidge Corner of such transfers as I have mentioned. PASSENGER.

Brookline.

Feb 17. 918

DE GOGORZA

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Miss Helen M. Winslow was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Gluck, "Diane impitoyable"; Gretry, "De ma barque legere"; Monsigny, "Adieu, chere Louise"; Gretry, Chanson Bachique from "Anacreon"; Duparc, Phidyle; Moussorgsky, Le Bouc; Cuvillier, Au Bord du Ruisseau; Carpenter, On the Seashore of Endless Worlds; Rachmaninoff, In Silent Night; J. R. Johnson, I told my love to the roses; Lemore, The Bells of Rheims; Alonso, Hermosa, Gitana; de Ercilla, Tavira o la Romerla; Granados, Cancion del Postillon.

The program and the performance were characteristic of the singer. There were first the old French arias, among them the pathetic one from Monsigny's "Deserteur," which Mr. de Gogorza is never weary of singing, nor are his audiences weary of hearing it. There were the airs from Gretry's "Anacreon." It is strange that Gretry, who had much to say about his other operas in the curious and entertaining three volumes of his "Essais," does not mention this "Anacreon at Polycrates's," although it was popular, partly on account of the sumptuousness of the production, and kept the stage for many years. At the end of the program was a group of Spanish songs which Mr. de Gogorza sings with inimitable gusto.

Mr. de Gogorza, who was vocally well disposed, is a Latin, and therefore sings with an abandon that at times leads him dangerously near the line that should separate the concert singer from the operatic artist. His taste, however, prevents him from becoming merely dramatic at the expense of pure song. His versatility and his rare intelligence as an interpreter were shown especially in

two groups. Having sung with becoming dignity and pathos the air of Gluck, he delivered "De ma e legere" with charming grace lightness. Having sung Duparc's iful "Phidyle" with exquisite re- and tenderness, having brought be- one the noonday scene when nature elf is at rest, he interpreted the bit- rly ironical "Bouo" of Moussorgsky h grim humor and a wealth of dra- atic detail.

Singers like Mr. de Gogorza are rare. is visits are far too infrequent. A rge audience was enthusiastic.

"Dinorah" has not been performed in Boston for many years, and is known to the younger generation of opera goers only by the "Shadow Song," still heard, but rarely, in concert halls. Was the last singer to take the part of the heroine Mme. Marimon in the Boston season of 1879-80? The opera will be revived here on Monday afternoon, Feb. 25, for Mme. Galli-Curci.

The history of the opera is a curious one; but let us first of all consider the plot in a condensed form. Meyerbeer forsook his librettist, Eugene Scribe, and chose Jules Barbier and Michel Carre.

The story is about two lovers and a goat. The scene is laid in Brittany. Dinorah and Hoel are the lovers. She is a milkmaid and he is a goatherd.

What passed before the rising of the curtain is described in the long and elaborate overture with the aid of a chorus behind the scenes. It appears that Dinorah and Hoel were to have been married, but on the way to the church a thunder storm came up, the procession was dispersed, Dinorah's home was struck by lightning and burned, and as she then had nothing and Hoel was without a sou the marriage was indefinitely postponed. Hoel determined to be rich at any cost. He consulted a fortune teller, who informed him that there was a mass of gold hid somewhere in Brittany. If Hoel would follow his instructions he could be the richest man in the country round; but he must go far away without bidding anyone, even Dinorah, good-by and pass a year of toil and poverty in order to purify himself. At the end of a year, on his return Dinorah's goat would lead him to the treasure. Hoel disappeared. Dinorah thought she was forsaken, that he loved another. She went mad and associated with no one but her goat.

All this is in the overture, which was played here for the first time at a Philharmonic concert, Carl Zerrahn conductor, on Feb. 11, 1860, for the first time in this country.

The curtain rises. The year is up; Hoel has returned; the fortune teller is dead. At midnight the goat appears and offers himself as a guide to the Cursed Vale, where the treasure is supposed to be hidden. Now the first person who touches the gold is doomed to death, so Hoel takes with him a foolish bagpiper named Corentino. The piper is suspicious, but Hoel overcomes with wine his scruples. When the three arrive at the Cursed Vale Corentino, now sober, refuses to do his part of the work. Dinorah appears. Corentino suggests that she should be the first to touch the gold. Hoel thinks that Dinorah is not flesh and blood, but a spirit sent to torment him. As a matter of fact, she comes in search of her goat. Seeing it, she follows it, to the joy of Corentino. At last, as Dinorah is in pursuit, bounding from rock to rock, she comes to a bridge over a torrent. When she is crossing, "a gust of wind rushes through the ravine, the thunder bursts, the bridge falls into the torrent, and Dinorah falls with it." Hoel, realizing that she is not a spirit, plunges in and rescues her. She revives, is restored to reason. Hoel, rejoicing, no longer desires any other treasure.

In the third act there are songs for a hunter—characterized originally as a poacher—reaper and goatherds, who afterwards sing a morning prayer. These were put in merely to lengthen the opera.

Extraordinary preparations were made for the production of this opera at the Opera Comique in Paris. The machinery for the second act was ordered from the firm of Muhldorfer, father and son, at Mannheim. The theatre was changed to give room to the torrent. Special attention was paid to the scenery. Three goats were put in rehearsal, so that one of them might be fully competent. The chief singers were Mme. Cabel, Faure, and Sainte-Foy. Meyerbeer made three different scores in the chief pages; one in black ink, one in blue, and one in red; all these were played so that he might choose the most effective one. Chorus and orchestra were enlarged. The composer asked a critic to let him down easy. "I have deprived myself voluntarily of all the tricks of war that have made my reputation. I wish to modulate on rustic pipes after I have sounded the heroic trumpet and sung the great passions of the human heart."

There was a dispute over the title of the opera. Should it be "Les Chercheurs d'or," "Dinorah" or "Le Pardon de Notre-Dame-d'Auray." The first was abandoned; it might serve for California as well as for Brittany. "Le Pardon de Notre-Dame-d'Auray" was also discarded. Some say that the censor objected to the name of the Blessed Virgin on a play-bill; others that the title was too long. Finally "Le Pardon de Ploermel" was adopted; but in the foreign versions the opera is known as "Dinorah." This title was rejected in Paris, as signifying nothing.

In France a church festival at which indulgence is granted, or the festival of a patron saint is known as a "Pardon." The name of a village often follows.

After many rehearsals and postponements, Meyerbeer's opera was produced at the Opera-Comique on April 4, 1859. The critics were favorable. Fetis in particular; but the public was perplexed, surprised, uncertain. There were 55 performances during the first year, with an average receipt of f.6100. There were 87 performances in two years. Then it looked as if the opera was shelved. Not until 1874 was the opera heard again at the Opera-Comique. In that year there were 34 performances. In '75, one; in 1881 there were 32 on account of Marie Van Zandt. There were 9 in 1882, 12 in 1883, 6 in 1884, 5 in 1886, 6 in 1887, 16 in 1896, 7 in 1912. Mme. Carvalho sang so brilliantly as Dinorah in London that some wondered whether the opera would not have had more success in the early years at the Opera-Comique if Meyerbeer had entrusted the role to her instead of giving it to Mme. Cabel. In 1860 Miss Wertheimher took the part of Hoel, the baritone part!

Marie Josephe Dreullette, the wife of Cabu, called Cabel, was born at Liege in 1827. She made her debut at the Comique in 1849, but in 1852 sang in other cities than Paris. She returned in 1853, appearing at the Theatre Lyrique. Pougin describes her as then being "young, fresh, amiable, smiling, with the devil in her body, lacking taste and musical style, but endowed with an adorable voice of marvellous purity, whose silvery and brilliant quality made an astonishing effect on the public, singing the most difficult passages with surprising boldness and sureness." She passed to the Opera-Comique, where she created the part of Dinorah, and later that of Philine in "Mignon." She died in 1893.

Meyerbeer's Opera with the Goat as Heard in This Country

The first performance of "Dinorah" in the United States was at the Academy of Music, New York, Nov. 24, 1863. Jacob Grau began a season of Italian opera in that theatre on Nov. 10, 1862, when he introduced Genevra Guerrabella as Violetta. This singer was Genevieve Ward, the actress, remembered in Boston as the heroine in "Forget-me-Not." She is still acting in England. Another American woman, Mme. Lorini, daughter of David Whiteing, sang Norma a few nights later.

The cast of "Dinorah" on Nov. 24 was as follows: Dinorah, Miss Cordier (her first appearance in New York); Hoel, Amodio; Corentino, Brignoli; the Hunter, Susini; First Goatherd, Miss Morensi; Second Goatherd Fanny Stockton. Muzio conducted. The opera was repeated six times that season, which ended on Dec. 15.

Angely Claire Albertine Cordier, born at Vannes in 1840, took the first prize for singing at the Paris Conservatory in 1857 and the first prize for opera comique in 1858. She came to New York from New Orleans, where she had been singing in opera with great success. She died at Caen in 1870.

Jacob Grau had much difficulty in finding a goat to accompany Dinorah. The following advertisement was inserted in the New York Herald:

"Academy of Music—Dinorah. Wanted a Goat for the new opera Dinorah. A good price will be given for a well trained animal. Apply at the stage door."

Vanity Fair of Nov. 15, 1862, commented: "At last accounts, some 20 goats had presented themselves at the Academy for acceptance, and had all been rejected on account of some neglect in their early education. Their appearance in Irving place had occasioned no little consternation in that fashionable locality, and but for the fact that they were candidates for academic honors, they might have been summarily expelled. As it was, they were treated with great respect. Grau's interview with them is said to have been very funny, especially when he was expressing his surprise that none of them had ever 'made opera.' The truth is, they were all from the country, and having nothing particular to do in the city had answered the Herald advertisement as a kind of dernier resort."

On Nov. 29 Vanity Fair announced that there was no presentable specimen of a white goat in Gotham. Black goats wouldn't do. "The prima donna of the occasion, Mlle. Cordier, comes from New Orleans and has a prejudice against color. A deputation from the Tribune headed by Fry in a full suit of opera penitentials, waited upon Grau and urged upon him the importance of requiring that goats as well as gentlemen should always appear at the Academy in solemn black, but the matter was referred back to mademoiselle, who was relentless; while Muzio stepped in, and said if she yielded, the next thing would be to insist on having a contraband in the orchestra. The opera had accordingly to be postponed. . . .

"Meanwhile a liberal bounty having been offered, payable half in postage stamps and half in chest-notes, a young goat of spotless descent presented itself on Thursday, and having passed a rigid and courteous examination on the part of the stage-manager (who is a gentleman and a Scola), was at once put into training, and yesterday received from Mr. Treasurer Wertheimher ten days' salary in advance, with the promise of a dressing-room and a coiffeur (c'est Gentil) all to herself. I was presented to Nanny on Monday by President Kingsland, and although the conversation on her side was purely musical and limited to two or three ba'as, I received a favorable impression of her qualities, and if she doesn't 'clutch the dramatic diadem at a single bound' (Stuart) it will be not for want of either ambition or agility. In fine, she is a perfect chevre d'oeuvre."

The first performance in Boston was at the Academy of Music (the Boston Theatre) on Feb. 12, 1863. The cast was the same as in New York. There were other performances on Feb. 16 and 21. Miss Cordier sang the "Shadow Song" at other operatic performances during the season. The program stated that the libretto conveyed "a moral at once impressive and natural." It also spoke of Meyerbeer's "bold innovation." "Could any one believe that without becoming monotonous, vast dramatic effects could be produced by elements so simple, instead of 'a howling wilderness' of brassy sound and reverberation?" In the opinion of the contemporaneous critics the performance was not wholly satisfactory. Miss Cordier was warmly praised; Susini was applauded for the gusto with which he sang the Hunter's song; but Brignoli was wholly miscast as the cowardly Corentino. The same fault was found in New York. We quote from Vanity Fair of Dec. 13: "Brignoli is a good deal criticized for being so awkward in the part of Corentino, but as he is always awkward and travels exclusively on his voice, which in the matter of quality is unsurpassed, the criticism falls to the ground. Expecting Brignoli to act is like expecting the goat to sing."

"Dinorah" was sung here in English for the first time at the Boston Theatre on Dec. 15, 1870. Dinorah, Rose Hersee; Hoel, Alberto Laurence; Corentino, Brookhouse Bowler; First Goatherd, Fannie Goodwin; Second Goatherd, Zelda Seguin; Claude, J. H. Chatterson; Louis, Arthur Howell. S. Behrens conducted.

The brilliant singer, Marimon, appeared in Boston for the first time on Dec. 29, 1879, as Amina. On Jan. 8, 1880, "Dinorah" was performed with this cast: Dinorah, Mme. Marimon; Hoel, Galassi; Corentino, Runcio; Goat herds, Miss Cary and Miss Robiati; the Hunter, Behrens; the Reaper, Rinaldini. Arditi conducted.

At the first performances in the Boston Theatre in 1863 the Reaper's song, which, according to the play bill, "can only be effectively given by an artist of superior merit," was sung by Brignoli.

In New York Ilma di Murska took the part of Dinorah in April, 1874; Patti was heard in 1882, Marie van Zandt took the part, Jan. 29, 1892, with Lassalle as Hoel the opera being sung in Italian. Oscar Hammerstein revived the opera at the Manhattan Opera House for Regina Pinkert, Feb. 20, 1907. Luisa Tetrazzini took the part at the same opera house on Feb. 26, 1908, with Ancona as Hoel and Daddi as Corentino.

Henry Watkins (1825-1894) wrote many plays, among them "Dinorah, or the Demon's Treasure." Is this related in any way to the opera libretto?

Various Opinions Concerning the Worth of Meyerbeer's Opera

The libretto of "Dinorah" has been universally condemned, and thus has shared the fate of many that still live by reason of the music set to them. Chorley summed up the matter when he spoke of "Dinorah" as a "pathetic, characteristic and simple village anecdote, dragged out of shape and lengthened," and declared that "the long, weary madness of the Breton girl, who, as was to be foreseen, is reanimated into sense and marriage at the Ploermel Saint's day, offered a difficulty rather than a temptation to any composer who desired to mate the madness with musical method." But Chorley, whose judgments are to be respected after 60 years, had much to say in praise of Meyerbeer's music. "From the first to the last of the first two acts, there is an affluence of fresh, wild, quaint melody (the second part always weaker than the first; but this is M. Meyerbeer's weakness). * * * Better snatches of song could be found nowhere in the first act than the cradle song of the poor mad heroine, than the fancy in the duet where she imagines herself reaping, with its delirious coda. Then again, there are few, if any things, better in music than what may be called the formula of the gold diggers, so rough, so sharply cut, yet so clear. The terzett closing the first act is to be specified as having a freshness, subtlety and beauty beyond the reach of any other living or of many a dead writer. The delicious elegance and luxury of instrumentation employed when the subject is returned to; the skill with which interest is heightened and suspended to the very close; the clearness of the ideas; and (what is not habitual with the master) their amplitude, make this terzett something unparagoned; at least in the library of modern music. In the second act, the most popular feature, save for those who care about stage-carpentry ('sensation' they call it now) is the shadow dance. But infinitely better to those who study 'Le Pardon' as a wild opera, will be found the snatch of melody which precedes it, a tune which might have been put into the mouth of Ophelia; and infinitely better is the sinister legend of menace, with which the crazed creature denounces the gold-seeker as one marked for death. In these the freshness of the original thought is not marred by any deficiency in working out the same. As 'snatches of song,' there is nothing better in the whole domain of opera. The catastrophe, when the sluices burst and the bridge breaks, a combination to be avoided, not courted, by any great musician, is virtually weakly treated by M. Meyerbeer. He has relied on the rotten tree and the bursting-out water; and on a considerable noise in the orchestra. But these things do not make an opera. The third act of 'Le Pardon' is an afterthought, a platitude." And of Meyerbeer's "daintiness in instrumental combination" Chorley wrote: "Elaborate, over-wrought as the latter may be found, it is still so full of rich beauty, masked by so many touches of quaint characteristic delicacy, as with all who think largely to redeem it from the charge of being merely a piece of headwork."

Those who delight in savage criticism should read the dozen pages about "Dinorah" in Hanslick's "Moderne Oper." Buelow, who was not easily pleased and had no illusions about Meyerbeer took great pains with "Dinorah" when he rehearsed it for performance at Hanover in 1879. He wrote to Miss Arnim: "I devote to it the utmost care for refinement." He characterized it as "the least garlicky of Meyerbeer's." He preferred it to "L'Africaine," and described the score as "a model, clear, elegant, refined, buon-gustajo."

Notes About Singers Who Will Be Here in Opera This Week

Lucien Muratore, the tenor, who will be heard the first week of the opera in "Carmen" and "Faust" is not a stranger here. He sang for the first time at the Boston Opera House under Mr. Russell's management on Nov. 26, 1913, as Faust. Mme. Edvina then took the part of Marguerite; Paul Ludikar as Mephistopheles made his debut. On Dec. 5 he took the part of Prinzivalle when "Monna Vanna" was performed for the first time in this country. Miss Garden and Messrs. Marcoux and Ludikar were his associates. Other appearances: Dec. 10, Prinzivalle; Feb. 11, 1914, Don Jose with Mme. d'Alvarez, Miss Nielsen and Mr. Mardones; Feb. 23, Prinzivalle; Feb. 28, Prinzivalle with Mme. Beriza; March 4, Romeo with Miss Nielsen, Messrs. Danges and Marcoux; March 13, Don Jose with Mmes. Gay and Sharlow and Henri Danges; March 16, Romeo (second and third act) with Mme. Melba; March 18, Des Grieux with Jennie Dufau; March 27, Faust (acts 1 and 2) with Mme. Weingartner (acts 3 and 4) with Mme. Beriza.

Juan Nadal, tenor, who will sing in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto" is described as a native of Barcelona, where he was educated. It is said that he has sung at Madrid, in leading Italian opera houses and in Buenos Ayres.

Francesa Peralta, soprano, was born in San Francisco. She studied there and in New York, Paris and Milan. Having sung in Italy for a season, she returned to America. For two seasons she was with the Boston Opera company (Rabinoff's). She joined the Chicago Opera company last November.

Messrs. Dalmores, Bakianoff, Dufranne and Mmes. Sharlow and Swartz-Morse are well known here.

Anna Fitziu, a Virginian, educated in Chicago, appeared in light opera, but, going to Paris, studied seriously and took the part of Elsa in Milan. She has sung at Rome and other Italian cities, in Spain, Sicily, Buenos Ayres and Mexico City. The Chicago press agent says that she created the leading soprano role in "L'Amore del tre Re," chosen by the composer. The press agent is mistaken. The first to take the part of the heroine in Montemezzi's opera was Mme. Villani, who has been heard here in the role.

How a Spiritualist Looked on the Play "The 13th Chair"

Susie C. Clark in The Banner of Life, published here on Jan. 19, admitting that Miss Wycherly was successful in her portrayal of old age, "Conscientious, painstaking, according to her conception of the part," asked where she got her conception. "Did she ever see a medium of modern time? Does she not know that, with few exceptions, they are young in appearance and feeling, buoyant, debonair, for one cannot grow old while doing a spiritual work, under the baptism of the Spirit, which knows no age? Did she ever see a tailor-made specimen of a psychic, a well-groomed, richly gowned, bejewelled, intelligent, up-to-date specimen of humanity who is likewise a medium? We trust the gifted lady will pardon us if we remind her, how grieved, even indignant, all intelligent Spiritualists become, to witness her portrayal of a

b[illegible] taken [illegible]verous old woman with [illegible] [illegible] stare. They rebel against the [illegible]ature of their heaven-ordained ministers, teachers and messengers, whom they have reason [illegible] love and respect. We allude to the genuine brand, not to the counterfeit [illegible]. One would like to know Miss Wycherly's reason for assuming a part that does not exist, and which lends an aspect of fraud and disrespect, not only to the part she portrays, but to the play as well, also elicits strong disapproval from those listeners who are to the manner born. All parts assumed in any drama should be true to life, as this is not."

We learn from the same issue of The Banner of Life that on Jan. 6 Wilson

Barrett gave his opinions about "The 13th Chair," also "Peter Ibbetson." Mr. Barrett spoke through Mr. Nicholson, the pastor and psychic. Mr. Barrett, having referred to the Hollis Street Theatre as "one of the grandest theatres in Boston, where I have appeared myself," then characterized "The 13th Chair" as "one of the most explanatory productions of psychic influences up to the present time brought to the attention of a theatrical audience." Having described the play at length, Mr. Barrett concluded: "Thousands of playgoers will not think of the real interpretation—the meaning which the playwrite intends you to comprehend. He did not intend you to comprehend that the psychic was a fraud; he did not intend you should for one moment believe that there was no genuineness about her. She was a sweet, gentle soul, of a sweet, loving character, but she had a thirst to supply the demands and when she found that her gift would only supply a minority she conjured up the rest to please the majority. The dramatist and playwrite intend you to think this. He knew "The 13th Chair" was a message for today to think upon. Its message was not one of murder; it was not to prove she was a charlatan, but it was one to have you know that right prevailed over wrong; that in the end she had raised herself in silent thought and petitioned the omnipotent; she had lifted herself out of the lower deceptive thought to the more elevated. And so let us believe that 'The 13th Chair' came into our community to have us think more deeply upon the psychical, the immortal side of life. And those of you who have not witnessed a performance of 'The 13th Chair,' allow me as one of the old school as coming back to this sphere of life, to advise you to take in 'The 13th Chair.' Study it for yourselves; think it over carefully, and I think you will find that both 'Peter Ibbetson' and 'The 13th Chair' and similar plays which are to be produced in the future are merely complying with the dictates of playwrights and artists who have passed beyond the demarkation line and now dwell in that land of eternal life."

Notes About "G. B. S.'s" Latest Play, the Theatre and Music

The Boston Herald and Journal of Feb. 9 mentioned the production in London of "Annajanska, the Wild Grand Duchess," attributed to Gregory Biessipoff, but credited by the knowing to George Bernard Shaw. The Times and Chronicle, poohpoohing the play, gave no description of the plot. The Daily Telegraph of Jan. 22, received here later, is more informing. The scene is laid in Beotia. The heroine belongs to the great Panjandram family. Her ambition is to save her country, which is in a state of revolution, so she sets out, wearing, beneath an ermine cloak, the uniform of the First Panjandram Hussars. There is a discussion between Gen. Strammfest and his aide-de-camp "which might easily be mistaken for a satirical skit upon the existing situation in Petrograd." Annajanska enters, defies the general, snatches a revolver from his hand and thus secures for herself a quiet tete-a-tete. It turns out that the general belongs to her faction and is ready to execute her orders, especially when throwing off her cloak she reveals herself as the possible saviour of her country. "Frankly the humor of the trifle is not of a particularly exalted character. Miss Lillian McCarthy made a gallant show as the fiery and impetuous Annajanska, declaiming for the general's and the audience's benefit, the nursery legend of Humpty Dumpy with splendid vigor and no little feeling. The piece, if received with no great warmth, was at least respectfully listened to, taking as guiding principle the puzzles in 'John Bull' you will find on careful examination of the name Gregory Biessinoff that the initials G. B. S. leap easier and readily to the eye. This, of course, may merely be a coincidence."

The "busker" had been amusing the queue waiting at the gallery door of His Majesty's Theatre by his quick change impersonations of celebrities of the war—Haig, Jellico, Beatty, Plumer, Joffre, General Pershing—with more or less success. "I shall now," he declared, "give you my famous impersonation of a tank." Curiosity quickened—every head was strained to watch as he moved to the head of the queue. Turning round he pulled off his hat and proffered it for the usual collection.—Daily Chronicle.

The question is, what is a "busker"? To "busk it" meant originally to sell obscene songs and books at the bars and in the taprooms of public houses. It also implies selling other articles; also to work public houses and certain spots as an itinerant musician or singer. A "busker" is a man who thus sings and performs in public houses. An advertisement in 1883, quoted by Farmer and Henley, reads: "Busking—a player on the harp and violin wants a mate."

"Nothing but the Truth" started on a trial trip in England at Eastbourne. A. E. Matthews took William Collier's part, and Paul Arthur, who was an Albanian, and a singer in this country before he went to England, played Van Dusen. Charles Hawtrey was the "producer."

The new Alhambra revue in London is entitled "The Bing Boys on Broadway."

The "adapter" of "Annajanska" gave out that the adaptation was the work of "a well known playwright noted for his shyness and aloofness from the ways of the world."

The concert party of the 29th division, known in the trenches as the "Diamond Troupe," gave an entertainment for a week at the Court Theatre, London, last month to benefit the benevolent fund of the 29th. "The company consists of eight merry and lively young fellows, whose combined efforts make up an entertainment which the original Follies themselves, with that arch-humorist, H. G. Pelissier, at their head, would not have disdained to father. Singing, sentimental and comic, dancing, acting, trick cycling, everything that makes for the promotion of laughter seems to come easy to them."

Sir Charles Stanford, whose "Verdun" is being much discussed by the musical world, began his professional career when an undergraduate at Cambridge, where he was elected organist of Trinity College. His election was supported by Dr. Thompson, the sardonic predecessor of Dr. Butler, who remarked: "We cannot refuse anything to an undergraduate who plays like St. Cecilia." But Dr. Thompson's sarcastic wit soon broke out in the comment: "Mr. Stanford's playing charms and astonishes, and the less he astonishes the more he charms."—Daily Chronicle.

It is said in London that Sir Herbert Tree just before his death was considering a play on the subject of Christopher Columbus and his discovery of the new world. He would have played Columbus.

Stanford's new work, "Verdun," was performed for the first time at the Royal Albert Hall, London. The composition is described as a "Solemn March and Heroic Epilogue," a tribute to the French army that fought with Petain's motto: "On ne passera pas!" The Daily Chronicle said that this phrase is the leading idea in the first section of the work. "The music, always lofty in character and built on one or two forceful phrases, suggests by its atmosphere the grim resistance to the German onslaught, while, later on, a finely elegiac note is predominant, recalling the fallen heroes."

In connection with the sale of "His Majesty's," it is interesting to note that a theatre on that site was the first to be called the "Queen's," a title it soon changed to the "King's." In 1828 another "Queen's Theatre" was opened, off the Tottenham Court road, and had fallen into disrepute when, in 1865, a charming actress, then Miss Marie Wilton, opened it as the "Prince of Wales," and made it in a few years the most fashionable house in London. Soon afterward the old St. Martin's Hall in Longacre was converted into a theatre and dubbed "The New Queen's." It had a checkered career, its chief period of success being when all London flocked thither to see the beautiful Mrs. Rousby in "'Twixt Axe and Crown."—London Daily Chronicle.

The Paris correspondent of the Musical Courier (Feb. 7), in his letter dated Dec. 23, gives interesting news. At a concert conducted by d'Indy—"French poets who have died for their country"—the program included a symphony by the late Fernand Halphen and "Chant Funebre" by the late Alberic Magnard, Sub-Lieutenant Hipert, a member of the Opera Comique and pilot of aviation at Etampes, died, the result of an accident. He was to have sung in "Cavalleria Rusticana" two days later. Thirteen of the Opera Comique have now died for France. Georges Mousikant, Russian composer and pianist, died at Paris, aged 31 years. He was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff. His opera, "La Tragedie de la Mort," was performed at Monte Carlo in 1914. He wrote the music for "Natachka," a lyric drama by Ernesta Stern, also songs. In his letter of Jan. 10 the correspondent, Comte de Delma-Heide, notes the death of Judith Gautier, aged 66 years. The daughter of "Theo" and the wife for a short time of Catulle Mendes, she was greatly interested in music, and a Wagnerite when it was not the fashion in Paris to be one. Her last article, at Christmas, was a study of the composer Fanelli. Maurice Fouret offered in an invitation "limitless extents of the highest musical enchantment" at a concert of his own works, with the Opera orchestra, two singers and two conductors. Monsigny's "Rose et Colas" and Gretry's "L'Epreuve Villageoise" have been revived at the Theatre Trianon Lyrique. Maurice Renaud has been singing in "Thais" at the Opera. Marthe Chenal, who took the part of the heroine, "interpreted in a mimed scene the Meditation." Charles Borde's "Rapsodie Basque," for piano and orchestra, and Marcel Dupre's Fantasie for piano and orchestra were played at the last Colonne-Lamoureux concert before Jan. 10. Dupre was the last of the Prix de Rome men before the war. He is an organist. The prize of the Lasserre Foundation for 1917 has been divided between Gabriel Fauro and Alfred Brunoau.

How Prizes Are Awarded at the Famous Paris Conservatory

The Paris correspondent of the Stage gives this amusing description of a competition at the Paris Conservatory:

"Many of us have assisted in our time at the competitions or performances given by our various schools of acting. It has been quite interesting to watch the young idea shooting, or, at any rate, aiming at dramatic effects. But there has never been anything very thrilling, much less terrifying about the whole affair. It is quite otherwise, apparently with a French "concours" at the Paris Conservatoire. A French critic has given a vivid account of one that he attended. This, he says, is the weirdest and most extraordinary spectacle that can possibly be imagined. It must be remembered that the competition is for tragedy as well as comedy, and for the first hour or so the most terrible scenes of history or legend succeed one another before your eyes, accompanied by shrieks, groans and frenzied gestures. All this takes place, of course, without preparation, without selection and without result, each scene exploding suddenly, and as suddenly concluding. A young girl in a white tulle frock, who looks as harmless as a dove, is about to strangle her lover out of jealousy. A nice young man in a frock coat dashes on to the stage with rolling eyes, and explains that he has murdered his father and become the husband of his mother. He is followed by another, just as crazy as his fellows, who thinks he sees a dagger in the air. He goes out, murders an old king and comes back shrieking that he has murdered sleep. It is an uninterrupted procession of maniacs and assassins, who rush on yelling and gesticulating, murder someone, or are murdered themselves, and then go off.

"The audience, which is composed chiefly of students and professionals, is just as peculiar as the performers. They have the same exaggerated expressions, the same artificiality of manner. They are the most sensitive, the most partial, and the most demonstrative of audiences. They are inspired, one feels, by the most feverish expectation, frantic hopes, and dreams of a vanity that knows no bounds. When the prize winners are announced there is an explosion of joy, enthusiasm, despair, and rage; there are tears, embraces, swoons, hysterics. A girl who has only received an honorable mention falls apparently senseless, with all the elegant abandon of a queen of the boards. A mother who reckoned on a prize for her daughter dissolves into tears, with the gestures of a Niobe, and refuses to be comforted. Evidently for all these people the theatre is everything, and the rest of the world has no material existence. For them the whole of life is bounded by the footlights, the wings, and the back-cloth.

"The comedy scenes and speeches chosen by the pupils (or their professors) were, for the most part, either dull or unimportant, while the pieces chosen from the classical repertory were too well known, since the students had frequent opportunities of studying the inflections, business, and traditions from time-honored models. The critic suggests that each pupil should be given a chance of playing a scene chosen by the jury. He should be allowed four or five hours in which to study it, and then should play it by the light of his own intelligence. This plan might occasionally be adopted in our own schools. It would give the students an opportunity of showing any special gifts of imagination or initiative."

GRAND OPERA SEASON

The short season of grand opera which opens at the Boston Opera House next [illegible]

Monday evening, Feb. 18:

"AIDA"

Aida	Rosa Raisa
Amneris	Cyrena Van Gordon
Radames	Forrest Lamont
Amonasro	Giacomo Rimini
The King	Vittorio Arimondi
Ramfis	~~James Goddard~~ Nicolay
Messenger	Giordano Paltrinieri
Priestess	Marie Pruzan

Incidental dances by Annetta Pelucchi and Corps de Ballet

Conductor.....Giuseppe Sturani

Wednesday matinee, Feb. 20:

"CARMEN"

Don Jose	Lucien Muratore
Escamillo	Georges Baklanoff
Zuniga	Gustav Huberdeau
Morales	Desire Defrere
Lillas Pastia	Charles Meyer
Carmen	Mary Garden
Micaela	Myrna Sharlow
Frasquita	Alma Peterson
Mercedes	Jeska Swartz
Il Dancairo	Constantin Nicolay
El Remendado	Octave Dua

Incidental dances by Annetta Pelucchi and Corps de Ballet

Conductor.....Marcel Charlier

Wednesday evening, Feb. 20:

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

Lucia	Amelita Galli-Curci
Alisa	Alma Peterson
Edgardo	Juan Nadal
Lord Enrico Ashton	Mr Rimini
Raimondo	Mr. Arimondi
Arturo	Mr Dua
Normanno	Giuseppe Minerva
Conductor	Mr. Sturani

Thursday evening, Feb. 21:

"ISABEAU,"

Isabeau	Miss Raisa
Ermyngarde	Miss Sharlow
Ermyntrude	Mme. Swartz
Giglietta	Miss Carolina Lazzari
Folco	Mr. Lamont
Re Raimondo	Mr. Rimini
Messer Cornelius	Mr. Nicolay
Il Cavalier Faidet	Alfred Maguenat
L'Araldo Maggiore	Desire Defrere
Un Vegliardo	Vittorio Trevisan
Arundel Di Westerne	M. Taft
Ethelbort D'Argile	J. Marchand
Randolfo Di Dublino	M. Sake
Ubaldo Di Guascogna	P. Montaldo

Conductor, Mr. Sturani.

Friday afternoon, Feb. 22:

"RIGOLETTO."

The Duke	Mr. Nadal
Rigoletto	Mr. Stracciari
Gilda	Mme. Galli-Curci
Sparafucile	Mr. Arimondi
Maddalena	Mme. Maria Claessens
Giovanna	Miss Louise Berat
Monterone	Mr. Nicolay
Marullo	Desire Defrere
Borsa	Mr. Paltrinieri
Ceprano	Mr. Trevisan
The Countess	Miss Peterson
A Page	Miss Correnti

Conductor, Mr. Sturani.

Friday evening, Feb. 22:

"THAIS."

Athanael	Hector Dufranne
Nicias	Charles Dalmores
Palemon	Mr. Huberdeau
A Servant	Mr. Nicolay
Thais	Miss Garden
Crobyle	Mme. Swartz
Albine	Miss Berat

Conductor, Mr. Charlier.

Saturday matinee, Feb. 23:

"Faust"

Faust	Mr. Muratore
Mephistopheles	Mr. Baklanoff
Valentine	Mr. Maguenat
Wagner	Mr. Defrere
Marguerite	Mme. Melba
Siebel	Mme. Swartz
Martha	Miss Berat
Conductor	Mr. Charlier

Saturday evening, Feb. 23:

"Cavalleria Rusticana"

Santuzza	Francesca Peralta
Lola	Mme. Swartz
Turiddu	Mr. Lamont
Alfio	Mr. Maguenat
Lucia	Miss Berat
Conductor	Mr. Sturani

Followed by:

"Pagliacci"

Nedda	Anna Fitziu
Canio	Mr. Lamont
Tonio	Mr. Rimini
Beppe	Mr. Paltrinieri
Silvio	Mr. Defrere
Conductor	Mr. Sturani

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack's fourth concert. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 15th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 15th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Feb 18 1918

HAPPY ADAPTATION OF A TIMELY POEM

By PHILIP HALE

The Handel and Haydn Society, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor, H. G. Tucker, organist, gave its midwinter concert last night in Symphony Hall. The Society was assisted by the Boston festival orchestra, and these singers: Mme. Hudson-Alexander, Mme. Merle Alcock; Lambert Murphy, Frederic Martin. The profits from the concert were given to aid the war camp huts of the Y. M. C. A. The program included "Peace with a Sword," by Miss Mabel W. Daniels, which was performed for the first time and Horatio Parker's "Hora Novissima."

The text chosen by Miss Daniels was her adaptation of a poem by Abbie Farwell Brown which has been published in the Herald. The motto of the poem is that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The lines as adapted are suggestive of music and admit of varied treatment. Miss Daniels, however, did not attempt to write a cantata, nor did she plan undue proportions. She has written a straightforward, sonorous composition for chorus, a musical statement without delaying episodes, without vain repetitions. Thus the music is direct; there is continuous action. There is an agreeable change of mood beginning with the line "for us no patient peace." A stirring crescendo leads to a climax, which, however, does not anticipate or discount the effect of the vigorous ending. The chorus parts are skilfully led and are eminently singable. While there are no ultra-modern touches—they would be out of place in a composition of this character—the piece is free from commonplace measures and imposing platitudes. The instrumentation is virile but it does not incur the reproach brought once by Saint-Saens against Augusta Holmes—to the effect that when a woman wrote for an orchestra, she was noisier than a mere man, lest it might be said that the instrumentation was weakly feminine.

The chorus sang with spirit and tonal

...ower. Th[illegible] w[illegible] plauded. The com[illegible] and the poet were forced to bow in acknowledgment. Parker's "Hora Novissima" is familiar. Although it is 25 years old, the music is still fresh, beautiful and spiritual, one of the very few oratorios of the later years that have real vitality. Mr. Parker, also, has never equalled this early work, which was composed when circumstances prompted inspiration; but to have written "Hora Novissima" and "Cahal-Mor" for baritone and orchestra will assure him an honorable place among composers. The work itself and the performance were enjoyed by an audience of good size.

Some time ago a man in Florida, greatly daring, suggested an improvement of a line in Gray's "Elegy." Whether he were in earnest, whether he were desirious of taking a "rise" out of some one, or whether he were short of copy will probably not be known. At once there were shricks of protestation. Mr. Hazelton Spencer gallantly came to the rescue. He, too, was roundly abused. He has written a letter, a final letter, which, on account of its length, we have been obliged to condense. And now this discussion concerning tho merits or faults of Gray's "Elegy" ends, so far as this column is concerned.

Mr. Spencer Loq.

As the World Wags:

My correspondence, like yours, is overburdened with Gray. It has been fairly amusing to a timid, modest, retiring soul like me to behold myself hanged, drawn, quartered, interred, damned, resurrected, overhauled and sent back to limbo with such universal enthusiasm.

My unknown friends assign every conceivable cause for my attempt at "improving the unimprovable" (as one of them puts it), from native irreverence to lunacy. A new hypothesis arrives with every post.

You yourself, paterfamilias of the epistolary tribe, suggested kindly that I might seek "to take a rise." Perish the thought! Is it not understood that whiffling, though it run riot elsewhere across this famous page (to right and, alas, to left, occasionally), is strictly non grata here? Have you not stated more than once that you and your contributors aim solely at improving the moral tone of the community?

Now, here is what I have done. If this be treason, make the most of it. I have taken a line from a beautiful poem and given good reasons for condemning one word in it. Did the devoted defenders of the sacred ark respond: "Good reasons must of force give place to better"? Did they get out the brass tacks and nail up again the holy draperies which my unrighteous hand so rudely ripped? Did they? Not they. O ye brass tacks, why stick ye in the gall-bladder of a worm? But the sacred band used no tacks—they were too busy jumping on us, and calling us names, and thumping the tom-toms, and beating the bushes, and scouring the adjacent landscape.

Out of all the fulminating frenzy, they scored two distinct hits—two and no more. "What can blush can be born." Yea!—Sense. "'Born' buoys up the line." Yea!—Sound.

I hate to see a man jumped on for being wrong, by men who are farther from the truth than he is. I suppose that is why I took up cudgels for him of the Everglades.

Is it a weakness to confess that I prefer Gray to Spenser? Come, let us talk of other things. It is said that an Indian had two wives—one could cook; the other couldn't boil water without burning it or, at least, scorching it. Two little nearby villages, Maranacook and Annabessacook, are proud of their etymological lineage from Mary-no-cook and Anna-bes'-cook. All up for Anna. Here is a bit of grist from the Johnsonian mill.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Vladivostok, Siberia.

P. S.—Since I am soon to set out upon a considerable journey in the direction of the North Pole, and shall not be able to address you again for several years, may I assume, for a moment, the customary role? Here is a letter from G. H. F., the typical wall-eyed thirster for the far fountain of foolish facts. Here is his letter:

As the World Wags:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Spencer's letter about our dusty forefathers. Will you please tell me whether the Indians of Maine use the comparative adjectives, or were limited to the positive and superlative? I've always thought of them as wild and free, but Mr. Spencer's anecdote would appear to controvert the accepted theories.

Brookline. G. H. F.

Hasn't that a familiar sound? H. S.

Elucidations Desired

As the World Wags:

Before the disquisitions in your column upon Thomas Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" are brought to a close, I hope that you or some of your readers will elucidate the lines,

> Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
> And melancholy marked him for her own.

The meaning of those lines has been the subject of considerable discussion, but perhaps some of your readers can elucidate them better than has yet been done.

Tradition [illegible] Gen. James Wolfe, on the [illegible] preceding his being killed in battle on the Plains of Abraham, repeated Gray's "Elegy" to some officers about him and said that he would rather have been the author of the poem than take Quebec. I think that the copy of the "Elegy" owned by Gen. Wolfe is still preserved. LOOKER-ON.

Boston.

McCORMACK GIVES FOURTH CONCERT

Singer Performs to Usual Overflowing Audience

John McCormack, assisted by Andre Polah, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist, gave the fourth and last concert in his present series at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. McCormack sang pieces by Schubert, Rubinstein, Sjogren, Moussorgsky, Wood, Joyce, Hardebeck, Stanford, Tours, Coleridge-Taylor, Schneider and Sullivan. Mr. Polah played pieces by Bach, Tartini-Kreisler, Mozart, Chopin-Wilhelmj and Rehfeld.

It was the same story over again. All the seats were taken and every available bit of standing room was filled. The stage presented an interesing picture, from the seats, arranged in steep incline for the various choirs of the Handel and Haydn Society ensemble for the evening performance, held many more than on the singer's previous concerts.

The concert was one of the best ever given by the artist. He was interesting vocally even in the recitative from Motastasio's "Didone."

Mr. McCormack's single mishap was in his singing of the whimsical "The Leprechaun" of the Irish group. Twice the singer attempted to finish the song and as many times failed. It should be remembered that four concerts in eight days with all the preparation implied tax a singer's endurance, and then, too, the singer put further burdens upon himself by his generosity in encores.

Mr. Polah gave a brilliant performance, both in the display of technical proficiency and in an opulently beautiful tone.

Mr. McCormack will give his final concert of the season in Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, April 14.

Feb 19 1919

CHICAGO OPERA

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First night of the Chicago Opera Association, Cleofonte Campanini, director. Verdi's "Aida." Giuseppe Sturani, conductor.

Aida	Rosa Raisa
Amneris	Cyrena Van Gordon
Radames	Forrest Lamont
Amonasro	Giacomo Rimini
The King	Vittorio Arimondi
Ramfis	[illegible]
Messenger	Giordano Paltrinieri
Priestess	Marie Pruzan

Mr. Campanini may well be proud of his chorus, orchestra and stage manager. The chorus is exceedingly well trained, responsive, intelligent. There was a spontaniety in its singing that was refreshing. In the great ensembles there was the true power that suggests reserve force. In the temple service there was a pianissimo, not of a few, but of the whole body, and again there was the suggestion of power if the demand were only made. The orchestra is well balanced, euphonious, plastic, a noble instrument under the skilful control of Mr. Sturani. The solo passages were finely performed, there was constant attention to nuance; there was, and this is rare, respect paid to the singers. We have never seen in this country "Aida" so admirably staged. Never has the temple scene been so impressive. So, too, the great finale of the second act was imposing by reason of the grouping. For once there was an adequate band on the stage, one that was not merely a blare and a blast. The evolutions of the ballet led by Miss Pelucchi, while they were not remarkable, were pleasing, and more was made of this ballet scene than has been customary here.

The chief singers with the exception of Mr. Arimonde, who visited Boston when "Falstaff" was given in Mechanics building, sang here for the first time.

Miss Raisa took the part of Aida. Boston has seen and heard many impersonators of the slave girl, but no one for the last 25 years has acted and also sung so effectively. Miss Raisa's voice is of heroic quality, not distinctively sensuous, but in the Nile scene when she was alone with Radames there was tonal tenderness, irresistible appeal. It is a voice for intensely dramatic music, strong, pure, resonant. The range is a generous one. The tones are even throughout, the lowest have peculiarly fine quality. Miss Raisa is young. She can therefore afford to resist the temptatation of "pushing" her tones to gain the greater intensity. They carry on the stormy ensembles without this.

She is, indeed, a dramatic singer, a singer that feels: that has the gift of expressing her emotions, not only by coloring tone, but by facial and bodily eloquence. She knows the value of the long crescendo in action: not that she saved herself for the Nile scene, which scene is the test of the singer's ability in this role! but here where conflicting emotions were to be made [illegible] audience, she held it from her opening measures to the final trio. The great majority of women in this act are content if they sing the music acceptably and indulge themselves in conventional and laborious gestures and attitudes. Miss Raisa's singing was only a part of a finely conceived impersonation, finely carried out.

Miss van Gordon is an imposing, Juno-like woman, who did not remind one in any way of our Egyptian princess. Her voice is naturally a good one. She has much to learn in vocal art, and as an actress she shows her lack of experience. There is this to be said, however: She was the first Amneris whom we have heard that gave the measures of amorous longing at the beginning of the second act full significance. In her singing and acting, there was a latent intelligence that may in time develop.

Mr. Lamont was not physically an impressive Radames, hardly the warrior, hardly the man over whom two attractive women would quarrel bitterly. He is a young singer, as yet more concerned about the music than about a dramatic realization of the part. There were times when he was vocally pleasing, yes, stirring. The part is a trying one for even a more experienced singer.

We have seen more picturesque Amenasros, some rather dandified in a barbaric way. Mr. Rimini was indeed a captive, outwardly not a ruler of men, but of a kingly spirit. His performance was interesting, but not especially noteworthy. Ramfis was superbly pontifical and for once the King had voice as well as dignity.

The large audience—which included the Governor of the commonwealth and the mayor of the city—was enthusiastic. This enthusiasm, shown especially after the second act and Miss Raisa's aria in the Nile scene, was genuine, not due to the labor of a claque. The season opened brilliantly. Miss Raisa came here almost unheralded. Her triumph was instantaneous.

Mme. Galli-Curci awakened enthusiasm in New York, singing the "Shadow-song" in "Dinorah." According to report, men and women stood on the floor—some on seats—and shouted. There were wild squeals of joy.

The laurels of Miltiades would not let Themistocles sleep. Miss Frieda Hempel, an excellent singer in certain ways, admirable in Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" and Wagner's "Meistersinger" will sing in Symphony Hall next Sunday. Mme. Galli-Curci on the next day will take the part of Dinorah at the Boston Opera House. It is not surprising, then, that Miss Hempel's Sunday program includes the "Shadow Song" in Meyerbeer's opera. The generous of soul may say that Miss Hempel had no knowledge of the opera chosen here for Monday; that as the air is a parade-piece, it was natural for Miss Hempel to select it. Others will see in the choice the desire of a prima-donna to shine before a dearly beloved sister-in-art coruscates and dazzles.

The object of music, said Athenaeus, is to promote affability and arouse a gentleman-like joy.

Vermont Weather

A correspondent sends us extracts from a letter written not long ago at Londonderry, Vermont. "Snow banks 20 feet deep on R. R. (Eugene Field's favorite) near here. Ice on the rails so packed it had to be chopped. Had no train service for nearly three weeks and will be two more before they can get a train up. Have to shove almost every step of the way from Brattleboro. We are literally isolated where we live. Can't get one mile to the R. R. head at S. Londonderry. Have not had sugar at the stores for many weeks, and at times not much in the way of groceries when couldn't freight it there."

A Needless Question

As the World Wags:

In Winston Churchill's "The Dwelling Place of Light" (page 110), occurs the following paragraph with reference to one of the characters in the story: "With his clipped, blond mustache and his straw-colored hair—as yet but slightly gray at the temples—he looked a veritable conquering berserker, in his coat of golden fur. Never had he appeared to better advantage."

How would you explain his reference to the term "berserker"? A. F. W.

Boston.

Consult any dictionary.—Ed.

Some Prison Slang

As the World Wags:

Michael Davitt mentions a dinner can served to him one day in Millbank Prison on the bottom of which the following lines had been scratched with a nail:

> "Millbank, for thick shins and 'graft' at the pump,
> Broadmoor for all 'lags' as go off their chump,
> Brixton, for good 'toke' and cocoa with fat,
> Dartmoor, for bad grub and plenty of chat,
> Portsmouth, a blooming bad place for hard work,
> Chatham, on Sundays gives four ounces of pork,
> Portland, is worst of the lot for to joke in,
> For fetching a 'lagging' there is no place like Woking.
> CRUTCHY QUINN, 10 and ticket."

Glossary. 1—"Graft" (English, hard work).
2—Broadmoor, the criminal lunatic asylum.
3—"Toke," rations.
4-10 and ticket—Ten years penal servitude followed by police supervision.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—George Arliss in "Hamilton," a play in four acts by Mary Hamlin and George Arliss. First performance in Boston.

Alexander Hamilton	George Arliss
Thomas Jefferson	Carl Anthony
James Monroe	Hardee Kirkland
William B. Giles	John D. Ravold
Gen. Philip Schuyler	George Woodward
Count Talleyrand	Guy Favieres
James Reynolds	~~Pell Trenton~~
Zekial	James O. Barrow
Chief Justice John Jay	Wilson Day
Colonel Lear	Harry Maitland
Citizen	C. M. Van Clief
Betsy Hamilton	Mrs. Arliss
Angelica Church	Marion Barney
Mrs. Reynolds	Jeanne Eagels
Melissa	Katharine Hayden
Mrs. Zachery Whalen	Gillian Scaife

Teddy Dizes

The play deals with the life of Alexander Hamilton during Washington's administration. It is much more than a mere drama of knee breeches, of plots and counter-plots, of the honor of men and women, for it vitalizes famous historical figures and pictures incidents that took place at a critical period of national development. Although not a striking example of superior dramatic craftmanship the play affords excellent entertainment and has both atmosphere and distinction.

Mr. Arliss is again seen as a statesman. He is particularly successful in such roles. His striking impersonation of Disraeli was not the only occasion upon which this ability was fully revealed. Those who saw it will not soon forget his superbly drawn portrait of Zakkuri, the Machiavellian prime minister in "The Darling of the Gods."

This time the actor, shrewdly in accord with the spirit of the times, is seen as a character famous in American history, in a play that is not without its appeal to patriotism, not only by reason of certain lines, but by the appearance upon the stage of many celebrated Americans. Hamilton, the statesman, surrounded by his associates, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Gen. Philip Schuyler, Count Talleyrand Chief Justice John Jay, is seen busied with the duties of his office, trying to have a bill passed by Congress which will make the nation instead of the states responsible for the debts of the several commonwealths, bartering with Jefferson and Monroe to put the Capitol in the South in return for their support. Hamilton, the man, is seen in the Reynolds incident, which his enemies hoped would bring about his political downfall and end his career. But confronted by the anti-Federalists and accused of having supplied Reynolds with money to speculate in the public funds upon information supplied by the secretary of the treasury, he bravely tells the truth, bares his private life and risks the happiness of his home. It was a fact that he had paid Reynolds from time to time, but it was from his private purse, and hush money extorted by Reynolds, with whose wife Hamilton had become intimate during Mrs. Hamilton's prolonged absence in England. This scene might end the play, but the dramatists have seen fit to consider Mrs. Hamilton's behavior after the confession, to insert an amusing if fictitious scene between outraged wife and repentant siren and to provide a forced emotional conclusion with the expected visit of Gen. Washington as a crowning benediction to the reconciliation.

Some have quarreled with the use of poetic license by the dramatists in the matter of dates. Others have questioned the accuracy of the character drawing. Sentimentalists, who would have their heroes supermen, have regretted that the Reynolds incident has been used as the basis of a drama. But whatever the acid test applied to the drama and its personages by historians Mr. Arliss cannot be accused of merely fashioning a congenial frame for his own art. In the first act, for example, he does not appear while Count Talleyrand, played with consummate skill, authority and distinction by Mr. Favieres, is the dominating figure.

What about the character of Mrs. Reynolds as the dramatists have depicted her? Hamilton's biographers describe her as "coarse and illiterate." The statesman's grandson, Allan McLane Hamilton, is shocked that his distinguished ancestor should have been "led into an amour with a woman apparently of a very low class," whose letters and notes to her lover are "monuments of vulgarity and bad spelling." Was not Mrs. Hamilton, herself, however, better known for her beauty, sweet nature and good sense than for imposing intellectuality? As played by Miss Jeanne Eagels, who once graced musical comedy and for whom even then a future was predicted by the enthusiastic press agent, she is far from coarse. Her blond seductiveness is girlish, almost childlike, and the dramatists permit her to triumph over the statesman by the age-old device of feminine weakness and an appeal to the masculine protective instinct.

Mr. Arliss has added another striking ... to his gallery of historical portraits. The portrayal is vivid and in every way distinguished. Certain characteristics attributed to Hamilton are eloquently expressed by him. The mixture of aggressive force and ... tenderness and amiability, the energy of a nature passionately devoted to the accomplishment of great deeds, careless of self, oblivious to the need of ... or nourishment, his kindness and concern for the welfare of others, his self-reliance, his rapid emotional changes from gayety to depression, all these qualities are admirably suggested by the actor. Mr. Arliss excels in the ... delivery of humorous and caustic passages, but in the more passionate scenes of the play, when, for example, Hamilton faces his accusers and makes his sacrifice, his vigor and sincerity were fully equal to the occasion.

The acting is generally excellent. Jefferson, Monroe, Chief Justice Jay, ... Schuyler are all capably impersonated. Mr. Favieres, obviously French, with an unmistakably genuine accent, makes much of the role of Talleyrand, the aristocrat, and delivers his lines with a rhetorical emphasis characteristic of the French school of acting.

Mrs. Arliss is sympathetic, gracious and womanly as Betsy Hamilton. Nor should Miss Barney's Angelica and Mr. Barrow's Zekial pass unnoticed.

The settings in the Exchange Coffee House and in Hamilton's house in Philadelphia were both charming and picturesque. In a graceful little speech after the third act Mr. Arliss expressed his pleasure at again being in Boston and assured the audience of the accuracy of the characters represented in essential details and in their relation to each other.

MANY GOOD ACTS SHOWN THIS WEEK

Laura Hope Crews, in "Divorce," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and a highly pleased audience.

Miss Crews appears in a sketch adapted from Victorien Sardou's comedy, "Divorcons." The adaptation was made by Thompson Buchanan. Much of the vital interest of the French version is crowded into this 20-minute playlet. As played last evening there was a tendency to speed the piece after the manner of farce. The adaptation is uproariously funny, but there is lacking the Gallic touch and, with the names of the principals changed, the piece is not un-American in atmosphere.

Miss Crews Plays Well

Miss Crews played with delightful spirit and after the manner of the actress well schooled in her art. Her change toward her husband was acted convincingly, nor was she too abrupt in discarding Adhemar. A. H. Van Buren as the husband played with astounding complacency, as one sure of the ultimate outcome, and the Adhemar of Harry Redding was appropriately obtrusive.

One of the best dancing hits of the season was the act of George White and Emma Haig. The team has the advantage of an appropriate opening of their act, for the two glide and leap about with a fleetness that would arouse the admiration of the most indifferent spectator. Nor does Mr. White confine himself to his own style of dancing, but successively, at the request of enthusiasts in the audience, affected the styles of Eddie Leonard, Fred Stone, George M. Cohan, Will Rogers and others. And in each case, there was not only fidelity in the dance, but there were the characteristics of manner, poise and facial expression. Miss Haig, a dainty morsel of the Dresden china type, romped about with unflagging spirit and led her companion a smart pace, none the worse for the continuous rhythmic vigor of the dance.

Other Acts

Other acts on the bill were "Circus Day in Toyland," a marionette act presented by Mme. Jewell; Frances Kennedy, in songs and monologue; Buster Santos and Jacques Hays, in songs and chatter; Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich, in a singing act; Leon Kimberley and Rena Arnold, in a delightful act with a war motif; Elmer El Cleve, xylophonist, and the Australian Creightons, in juggling and acrobatics.

Visitors naturally go to the Boston Public Library, not only to see the mural decorations, but to say that they have been at the fount of our world-famed culture. The various heads of the departments are to them vast reservoirs of knowledge. Those serving in humbler capacities are looked on with a ... akin to awe.

Yet there may at times be disillusionment. Going up in the elevator a few days ago we heard a policeman and a girlish employe talking together.

Policeman—Let me out at the second. I want a drink of water.

Employe—Don't drink water, Bob. It will rust your pipes.

Herrick Tinkered

Robert Herrick wrote a famous poem "To Anthea, who may command him anything." The first verse is as follows:

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

The Herald and Journal has received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

The marked success attending the improvements of Gray's "Elegy"—the improvements that the seven years spent by Gray upon the Elegy could not discover—has apparently emboldened another scholar to render readable one of Herrick's several lyrics to Anthea. The following is from last Thursday's Boston Traveler:

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy faithful friend to be.

How much better that is than the original line of Herrick, the clergyman! He would be the first to adopt it. Not even the lacking explanation of the liberty is necessary. Now as soon as the same hands can smooth out the crudities of such dabsters as Dryden and Wordsworth we should have some really tolerable British poetry.

Belmont. MATT ARNOLD, JR.

P. S.—I always considered that Herrick's predilection for Anthea was more fancifully shown in the verses involving the tying of her shoe. M. A.

We suppose our correspondent refers to "The Shooe-Tying," which begins:

Anthea bade me tye her shooe;
I did and kist the instep too.

Who was Anthea? As for that matter who was Robert Herrick's Julia? We know little about the poet. He was a bachelor and had a maid servant, Prudence Baldwin. The memory of her faithful service is enshrined in his verse:

In this little urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin, once my maid;
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

We also know that Herrick kept a petpig, which he taught to drink out of a tankard. As for the word "Protestant" used by Herrick in the poem to Anthea, it means simply a man of protestations or devotion, a suitor. Did anyone think it had ecclesiastical significance?—Ed.

Then and Now

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see that the fertile and always interesting topic of bygone children's school books has come to the surface. Your quotation about beer is an immortal instance of the changing standards of life and morals. The first two lines of the primary geography used in German schools are interesting in this connection:

"Germany is a large country in the centre of Europe, surrounded by enemies."

There is, also, a more cheerful side, but equally instructive, which shows the variations in the conventional standard of good taste; as, for instance, the following bit of biblical lore which, if I am not mistaken, is from the New England Primer:

"Jehoshaphat, he waxed fat,
And down his belly hung;
Grew saucy at his Lord, and kicked,
And up his buttocks flung."

Boston. B.

"Mac," "Mc" and "M'."

As the World Wags:

The biographical prefixes, "Mac," "Mc" and "M'" were interestingly discussed by various contributors to your column on Nov. 2, 5, 6, 13 and 14, but those contributors made no mention of the conversion of either of those prefixes into the letter M and the use of the letter as a middle name. (I say use of the letter as a middle name, for I assume that in such cases the letter is not to be regarded as an abbreviation for "Mac," "Mc" or "M'," but as a full middle name.) Are there many instances of such conversions of "Mac," "Mc" and "M'" into M for use as a middle name? I know of two instances of that kind, but those are the only instances that I know of. The instances to which I refer are those of the late Byron M. Cutcheon, representative in Congress from Michigan from 1883 to 1891, and his brother, Sullivan M. Cutcheon, who, like his brother just mentioned, was quite a prominent man, being at one time president of the Michigan House of Representatives. The original surname of those two brothers was McCutcheon, they being sons of the Rev. James and Hannah (Tripp) McCutcheon of Pembroke, N. H., where the brothers were born. If, in the case of the name of those two brothers and other cases ... the letter M is, as I have assumed, not an abbreviation for "Mac," "Mc" or "M'," but a full middle name, I suppose that it should be without a period after it, as in the case of the name of Thomas W Thompson in the sketch of Mr. Thompson given in "Appletons' Cyclopaedia of American Biography." (Some sketches of Mr. Thompson, by the way, give "Weston," and some give "White," as his middle name.)

Brookline. SUBURBANITE.

On the Stump

As the World Wags:

The frequent communications appearing in your column having to do with the use and abuse of the English language have often called to mind two passages which I heard years ago, recited by the late Chief Justice Field as the contribution of his "only parlor tricks" to the amusement of an evening after the manners and customs of the early 80's. The chief justice was a man of the keenest humor and highest dignity, but he could let go, which he did as he delivered those fragments, standing at his full height, coattails swinging with the gestures of his arms, his rich voice making epic the nonsense of the words.

The first bit was Lincoln's description of a stump speaker about to address his audience, of whom he said, "He mounted the rostrum, buttoned his coat, threw back his head, shined his eyes, opened his mouth and left the consequences to God."

The other was the beginning of a report of the first speech made on the floor of the Senate by Gen. John A. Logan, as narrated by a reporter of the Sun: "The gavel sounded and into the arena of debate leaped the Black Eagle of Illinois. Swinging the battle axe of his rhetoric aloft, he turned it ere it fell, and with the hammer end smote the language of forty millions of freemen squarely between the eyes. The floor was scattered with the fragments of a once proud vocabulary, and even the ladies in the gallery were spattered with its go-r-r-e!"

In these days of constant and reiterated expression, oral and written, these salvaged fragments may serve to suggest what not to do, if no other purpose.

Amherst, N. H. RICHARD W. WARE.

Shop-Window Patriotism

As the World Wags:

I think it perfectly splendid the way all the shops are helping Mr. Hoover by showing us the kind of food to eat. And now here's a Tremont street shoe shop with plates and jars of all kinds of corns in its window among the pretty shoes. It takes the eye at once.

Newton Centre. A. BEAL.

Feb 21 1918

GALLI-CURCI SINGS LUCIA

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Evening performance by the Chicago Opera Association: Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mr. Sturani, conductor.

Lucia	Amelita Galli-Curci
Alisa	Alma Peterson
Edgardo	Juan Nadal
Lord Enrico Ashton	Giacomo Rimini
Raimondo	Vittorio Arimondi
Arturo	Octave Dua
Normanno	Giuseppe Minerva

Speak to an opera-goer of the younger generation about "Lucia," and he will smile and say: "A dull, old-fashioned opera. There's nothing in it but the sextet and the mad scene. It is put on the stage only for a colatura singer, who shows her insanity by runs, trills and cadenzas." If you should say in answer that it is an opera in the grand style, full of lyric beauty, an opera to be produced carefully with a strong cast, not merely a brilliant soprano with two or three indifferent singers; he would pity you, regarding you as an old fogy.

Nine-tenths of an audience at "Lucia" go solely to hear the soprano. They yawn until the time of the "mad scene," arousing themselves in the mean time to applaud the sextet if it is well sung. To them the opera ends with the disappearance of Lucia.

It was not always so. The opera was written for a tenor, Gilbert Duprez. The act that was eagerly awaited was the last, in which Edgardo bids farewell to earth. There was no yawning during the preceding acts. The "mad scene" was thought to be only one of many striking episodes. The first question was: "Who takes the part of Edgardo?" It was so in Italian cities, in Paris, in London, in New York. The critics of New York spent their eulogies or censure on the Edgardo of a performance, not on Lucia. The talk was of Bettini or Salvi or some other Italian tenor whose name ended in "i" or "o." Women gushed and wept over the dying Edgardo. The madness of Lucia left them unmoved. Look at Gautier's feuilletons, and see the attention paid in Paris to Rubini, Ricciardi and other tenors in the opera. In 1838 there was a benefit for Fanny Elssler and "Lucia" was on the program. Was it the "mad scene"? No, it was the great scene for Duprez, who brought tears to all eyes.

The first Lucia, Fanny Persiani, whose appearance on the stage was singularly undistinguished—she was described as pale, plain, and anxious, tasteless in dress, her hair her only good point—was "a mistress of the art of singing as few women in any time have been." Her voice was an acute soprano, rather "acrid and piercing, penetrating rather than full, and always liable to rise in pitch; considered as sound, no one could by any possibility find pleasure in it." It is also said that it did not blend with others. "Passionate action was beyond her reach." This voice was developed to its utmost capacity. Her style was perfection. She had the finest possible accent. Every phrase had its fullest measure. There was "secure musical ease." She had taste and extraordinary facility in ornament. Such was the judgment of Chorley, an experienced and discriminative critic. He added that she threw expression into her embroideries and flourishes. Yet in her day "Lucia" was a "tenor opera."

Last night Mme. Galli-Curci sang here for the first time in opera. Her voice, her skill and taste as a concert-singer were already known. Heralded as a great singer of florid music, she then surprised and delighted by her sustained song, by her musical intelligence, taste and emotional appeal. No doubt many in the audience last night went chiefly for vocal fireworks; waiting to be dazzled. Mme. Galli-Curci is much more than an astonishing vocal acrobat.

Donizetti's florid passages, the singer's ornamentation of arias and her cadenza were sung with astonishing ease, without the slightest facial distortion. Those who care only for vocal agility and pryotechnical display were in the seventh heaven of delight. But still more admirable was the beautiful and significant delivery of the recitatives. Tone was colored in them and in the arias for emotional purposes, so that Donizetti's melodies were for once something more than pretty tunes. The singer gave them vitality and meaning. A more exquisite legato has seldom been heard here in operatic performances. Mme. Galli-Curci is a musician as well as a singer. Her portrayal of the part was simple and sympathetic, commendable as much for what she did not attempt to do as for what she did: I would be a sad mistake to act "Lucia" in modern realistic fashion; the music forbids it.

The old and approved traditions were faithfully observed. Lucia carried the inevitable handkerchief in her scene with her brother. She acknowledged the warm reception on her entrance, bowed and smiled after arias, and suspended her madness in order to show how pleased she was with the tumultuous and long-continued applause that rewarded her cadenza. Again becoming insane, she repeated the cadenza, and again had sane moments until the composer demanded her return to lunacy. She and her colleagues sang for the greater part of the time straight to the audience, not to one another. The chorus followed this example, and, during the scene of madness, showed little concern. Old operagoers would not have had all this otherwise for the round world.

Mr. Nadal, the Spanish tenor, has a voice of baritone quality. He sang with spirit, freedom and understanding. Mr. Rimini, whose voice is virile rather than mellow, was inclined to force tone. Mr. Arimondi's sonorous bass gave dignity to Raimondo's music. Mr. Dua, a Belgian tenor, gave distinction to the part of Arturo. He sang agreeably and acted. We say this, for Arturo is usually a poor thing, vocally and histrionically, so that Lucia's murder of him is heartily approved.

The women of the chorus were handsomely gowned in the betrothal scene. It may here be said that this portion of the chorus is the most attractive that has been seen here for many years. The excellent orchestra was again under the firm control of Mr. Sturani. The audience filled the opera house.

The opera tonight is Mascagni's "Isabeau," based on the adventure of Lady Godiva. The performance will be the first in Boston. The chief singers will be Mmes. Raisa, Sharlow, Swartz, Lazzari and Messrs. Lamont, Rimini, Nicolay and Magusnat. Mr. Sturani will conduct.

CARMEN PORTRAYED BY MARY GARDEN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Association, Marcel Charlier, conductor, in Bizet's "Carmen."

Don Jose	Lucien Muratore
Escamillo	Georges Baklanoff
Zuniga	Gustave Huberdeau
Morales	Desire Defrere
Lillas Pastia	Charles Meyer
Carmen	Mary Garden
Micaela	Myrna Sharlow
Frasquita	Alma Peterson
Mercedes	Jeska Swartz
Dancairo	Constantin Nicolay
Remendado	Octave Dua

Yesterday afternoon Miss Mary Garden again appeared in "Carmen" at the Boston Opera House, this time as a member of the Chicago Opera Company. Sylphlike in appearance, she sang the music with authority and revealed her customary spontaneity and vividness in action. A woman of brains and per-

[illegible] her [illegible] certain respects her impersonation [illegible] unconventional. In the first act after Carmen's encounter in the factory she emerged smiling, triumphant, apparently without a scratch and with every hair in place, although she later played havoc with the coiffure of a member of the chorus. In the third act she sang the card scene standing and close to the footlights, as though she was addressing the audience concerning the relentlessness of escaping fate as unerringly revealed in the cards. Thus she was in a sense out of the picture, and although dramatic in declamation she gave no potent suggestion of the impending tragedy.

As a whole, the impersonation was boldly sensual from the moment when Carmen, the woman with perilous eyes and madding gait, rushes down the bridge in the first act until, a glittering vision in black and gold, she meets her deal in front of the arena. Mocking, insolent, cruel, sure of her game, insatiable in the love of conquest, Zuniga, Jose, Escamillo were to this Carmen only as the playthings of an hour.

The performance was otherwise brilliant, for Miss Garden's associates, Mr. Muratore and Mr. Baklanoff, were distinguished. The minor roles were effectively taken, and the chorus was efficient. Mr. Muratore was a virile and striking Don Jose. He sang eloquently, with fine diction and beauty of tone. His characterization was thoughtfully composed. At first soldierly in bearing, he skilfully suggested the man's gradual downfall, the primitive savagery of his nature aroused and loosed in the smugglers' camp, later to culminate in the murder.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Baklanoff again. An excellent Escamillo, he sang the famous song in the tavern with telling effect and a marked improvement in French diction. Miss Sharlow sang Micaela with intelligence and charming tonal purity, while she was maidenly without being colorless. Mme. Swartz and Miss Peterson, as Mercedes and Frasquita, were comely and vocally well matched. Mr. Nicolay as Dancairo had an opportunity to display versatility and a sense of humor. There was a large and appreciative audience.

Dr. Edward H. Bradford, in his lecture last Sunday on "Shoes and Structure of the Foot," mentioned the case of a little girl, a patient at a state institution at Canton, who lost the use of her hands through infantile paralysis.

"At the end of three years, after constant practice, the muscles were so developed that she could sew with, thread a needle, use scissors, write and even tie bows on the top of her hair with her feet. Dean Bradford said that a school teacher who observed this little girl picking up a 10-cent piece with her toes remarked: 'That is the first normal foot I have seen since I left the Philippine Islands.'"

There have been many remarkable cases that led the pious Nathaniel Wanley to exclaim: "There is no stronger argument of the bounty of Providence than that power which God has given to Nature, of supplying her own defects, and atoning for the privation of some members or perfections, by bestowing on others a superior degree of activity, force and capacity."

Philip Camerarius of Nuremberg (1534-1598) told of Thomas Schiveiker, "a young man of one and twenty years of age, descended of a worshipful house, and born without ever an arm, who did with his feet all that a ready man could do with his arms." He saw Thomas take a knife with his feet, cut bread and meat, carry the morsels to his mouth, likewise a cup, with as much ease as another would have done with his hands. Thomas wrote copies in Latin and German letters, "so fair and so straight that every one of us desired to have some of them to keep, as a special monument." Thomas also made good pens with his feet. "While he was thus doing, I observed the make of his feet and saw that the toes were long, fit to lay hold of things."

Camerarius mentions another man without hands, who went about Germany handling a sword, flourishing it about his neck, flinging javelins. All other duties of the hands he performed with his feet. We regret to add that he was afterward broken on the wheel for sundry robberies and murders.

Felix Plater, born at Basle in 1536, saw a woman in that city spinning with her feet, sweeping the house and performing all other offices of a good housewife. He also knew a man who took hold of things with his head and shoulders, and, with instruments and weapons held in that fashion, he did cleave, cut off, dig and strike with a wonderful force.

There was the Swedish woman Magdalene Rudolph Thuinby, seen by Bartholet. She was 42 and the wife of a German soldier. She had no hands or arms. With her feet she threaded a needle, [illegible], wove, charged and discharged a gun, cut paper with scissors and knife into figures, played backgammon and threw dice, drank, swathed her little child, brought it to her breast and head, fed herself and child, and combed her hair.

In Meyers "Historisch-Geographischer Kalender" for 1901 there is a picture of Mr. Unthan, born without arms. He is portrayed as sitting at table, in the act of raising a cup to his mouth. Journeying from London to Dresden in May, 1900, he astonished those in the dining car by eating with his feet and then playing skat. Leaving them at Dresden he shook their hands with his silk stocking clad feet. Standing on one foot, with the other he opened his pocket book. The writer added that the Japanese and the aboriginal Australians had a similarly marvellous use of their feet.

Mr William M. Field, born at Williamstown in 1853 without hands or feet, was an expert penman, had played football, been a book-keeper and store clerk, skilful in driving horses, hitching and unhitching them, a user of carpenter's tools, a repairer of clocks and watches, when he was a candidate for the board of assessors in his native town.

At least two clubs in Boston are caring for certain French soldiers who have been cruelly mutilated. A photograph shows one of these soldiers, without hands and blind, yet by the aid of a mechanical appliance, busied with work. It is said that he is cheerful, even happy.

Dr. Bradford's lecture should be printed and widely distributed. It might have a salutary effect on women, old and young, even among "our best people," who persist in torturing and deforming their feet.

An Opera Lover

As the World Wags:

A dozen operatic performances in Boston are so many handsome girls at Camp Devens—something to clutch at feverishly.

Having even Carmen and Aida in our arms warms the gizzard—though somewhat of a piece with kissing grandpa. Couldn't the sidewheel companies be left to unload this baggage on our operatic wharf? Of course there is "Manon," and "Thais" and "Isabeau." I shall go to "Isabeau," but I have taken seats at Waldron's for the same night. If "Isabeau" like "Iris" proves bad enough to make an Easter cantata you will see me pussyfooting it downtown.

But where are "Louise" and "Pelleas and Melisande"? I knew those first announcements were too good to be true. Without wishing to boom Paris, already a hustling little town, let me suggest that this is an excellent time to produce "Louise." I have heard Mlle. Vix a half-dozen times in this role and she has my full confidence. Are we such a community of corn doctors, German violinists, and upstairs maids that these works are beyond us? S. C.

Boston, Feb. 19.

P. S.—Excuse my fiery Boston nature.

Smith vs. Gould

As the World Wags:

In the letter, which you quote, to the Derry, N. H., Enterprise, "C. M. F." possibly confused Seba Smith's touching poem, "The Snow Storm," with stanzas, by the once popular Miss Gould, entitled "The Snow Flake."

There are three points in "C. M. F.'s" statement to which one must take exception. Miss Gould was not the author of "The Snow Storm." Her first name was Hannah—not Sarah. She was a native of Lancaster, Massachusetts—not Vermont, although the error gains authority from Griswold's "Female Poets" and Mrs. S. J. Hale's "Woman's Record."

The house in which she was born, built by her father, Capt. Benjamin Gould, is yet standing, now within the limits of Clinton, at the corner of Main and Plain streets. J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster, Feb. 21.

Feb 22 1918

Miss Raisa's Impersonation of "Isabeau" Is Artistic in Every Way

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance in Boston of Mascagni's "Isabeau," an opera in three acts, by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc. Mr. Campanini, director. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Isabeau	Miss Raisa
Ermyngarde	Miss Sharlow
Ermyntrude	Mme. Swartz
Giglietta	Miss Lazzari
Folco	Mr. Lamont
Re Raimondo	Mr. Rimini
Messer Cornelius	Mr. Nicolay
Il Cavalier Faidet	Mr. Maguenat
L'Araldo Maggiore	Mr. Defrere
Un Vegliardo	Mr. Trevisan
Arundel Di Westerne	Mr. Taft
Ethelbert D'Argile	Mr. Marchand
Randolfo Di Dubilno	Mr. Saks
Ubaldo Di Guascogna	Mr. Montaldo

The story of the Lady Godiva is known to all through Tennyson's poem. Earl Leofric was the Lord of Coventry in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The first writer who mentions the legend is Matthew of Westminster. He wrote [illegible] years after Leofric's time. What [illegible] he had for narrating the [illegible] town. It was not told by many writers who, preceding Matthew, gave an account of the Earl and his life. Thomas Heywood treats the subject quaintly in his "Nine Books of Various History Only Concerning Women." Godiva, after some little pause, agreed to Leofric's hard condition that she might do good to her people, "and rid in that manner with no more touch of immodestie than when she shifted her smocke in her priuat chamber." But Heywood does not mention Peeping Tom. There is Moultrie's poem on the subject; there is Landor's imaginary conversation between Leofric and Godiva; painters have delighted in this treatment of the nude; London music hall women have ridden as Godiva in pageants; but no one, to our knowledge, thought the subject an operatic one until Luigi Illica and Mascagni put their heads together, and "Isabeau" was the result. The opera, designed for Miss Bessie Abott and for production in this country, was first performed at Buenos Aires on June 2, 1911. Mascagni conducted. The first performance in the United States was at Chicago on Nov. 12, 1917, by the company now in Boston. Mr. Crimi then took the part of Folco.

Illica put the action in the England of the year 1200. He changed the legend beyond recognition, except that the heroine is doomed to ride naked, but not to free her people from taxes. For Peeping Tom he substituted young Folco, who is in love with her.

The story of "Isabeau" in a few words is as follows: Isabeau is the daughter of King Raimondo, who is awaiting princes for a tournament. All lament the fact that she has no husband, so that the royal family may be perpetuated. She, returning from a pilgrimage, sees her father, who informs her that she must wed the victim in the tournament. He bids her put aside the mantle that conceals her beauty. This she will not do, for it is the symbol of her purity. An old woman with her nephew Folco finally gains access to Isabeau, bringing Folco and two doves, her only treasure, to place them in the safe keeping of the Princess. Isabeau accepts them. The princes enter the lists. She rejects them all, declaring that she will marry only for love. The enraged King puts the town under martial law. Isabeau pleads for her people, saying that she alone is guilty. Her father thereupon orders her, as a punishment for her disobedience and modesty, to ride naked through the streets. She consents.

It is agreed that no one shall look on her. She rides, clad only in her hair. Folco, hearing of the outrage, curses all those responsible. As she passes below a terrace he throws flowers on her. Now it was decried that any one spying her should be blinded. The people clamor for his life. Isabeau is terrified by his mad act.

She knows that she loves Folco. They sing their mutual passion. The crowd enters the prison and drags him out to execute the sentence. Isabeau is wounded while she is trying to protect him. The curtain falls in their last embrace.

Does it not seem as if librettist and composer chose this subject for a sensational scene—the woman on horseback? If this were so, the wonder is that they had Miss Abott in mind for the heroine. Why not Miss Mary Garden, or any other renowned protagonist of unchastened opera? Mascagni frankly said that he had seen in his mind Isabeau riding nude on the stage, but he was obliged to put aside his purpose, for some singer might object; or if one consented, she might take cold, for the stage is often draughty. Possibly Illica was thinking of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" when cudgelling his brains for a fresh and startling operatic subject.

There was once an Englishman nicknamed "single-speech Hamilton." It is said that he made other speeches, but the nickname stuck. It is also said that the one speech was a good one. Is it preserved? Has any one ever read it?

Is the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" to be known as "Single-opera Mascagni"? He has written many. We have heard here besides the Sicilian tragedy, "L'Amico Fritz," "Zanetto," "Iris," extracts from "Ratcliff" and other fragments. No one of them has vitality. What will be the fate of "Isabeau"? Did Mascagni shoot his one bolt in 1890?

Only impressions can be recorded here. A single performance does not give a hearer the right to express a solemn judgment. In hearing an opera for the first time the ear alone is not busied; nor is a fair idea of any modern opera to be derived from reading a score for voice and piano.

"Isabeau" is an ambitious work. It is laid out on a large scale, with the evident desire to give dramatic intensity to the situations and the dialogue by the orchestral expression rather than by lyrically dramatic measures for the singers. The musical dialogue is for the most part inexpressive, if not absolutely wearisome, whether the singer and declaimer be the King, Isabeau, the old woman, Folco or another. This is especially true of the first act, in which, however, there is a charming chorus behind the scenes. The chief lyric is the song of the falcon, the effect of which is in large measure due to the brilliant and unusual instrumentation. There is little true characterization in music. Isabeau might be any heroine. There is little differentiation musically between the king and the malignant chancellor. The second act, a short one, is conspicuous for Isabeau's ride, which is portrayed by an intermezzo after she throws off the cloak and is seen for a second apparently nude. This orchestral scene is excessively noisy, bombastic. In the third act there is the "Ave Maria" of the two attendants. The composer is happier here in his phrases for Isabeau, and here he is more distinctively the Italian Mascagni, not striving to be ultra-modern, forgetting Debussy, who haunted him at the beginning of the opera. The only love duet is reserved for the last scene.

As a whole, the opera is a striving and a straining, without marked emotional appeal. The instrumentation is, for the most part, labored and mannered. There are some effective strokes, as in rustic music for Giglietta and Folco; there are brilliant pages, as in the Falcon song; as a rule, the instrumentation is turgid, restless, without finesse, without refreshing contrasts.

The performance was one to put the opera in the most favorable light. Miss Raisa's impersonatiton was beautiful, artistic in every way. Isabeau was revealed in spite of Mascagni's music. It would be difficult to say whether Miss Raisa here excelled as singer or as actress. Mr. Lamont made a much more favorable impression as Folco than as Radames. He sang and acted with more freedom, with greater spontaneity, with fuller and more compelling voice and action. Mr. Rimini made the most of a thankless part, and Mr. Nicolay was admirable in the part of the Chancellor. Miss Lazzari gave life to Giglietta. In the List of Courtesy, when the knights saluted Isabeau, one figure stood out in bold relief and dominated the stage, that of Faidet, taken by Mr. Maguenat. The chorus and the orchestra maintained their high reputation.

The stage settings were so beautiful that it is only just to name the scenic artist, Mr. Peter J. Donigan. Again the costumes were rich and charming in color. The management of the stage again deserved the highest praise.

The ride of Isabeau was discreetly but not prudishly arranged. She was seen for a moment after she threw off the cloak. Twice was she seen on horseback, a glorious apparition with her golden hair. Thus she recalled the lines of Swinburne:

"And all her body was more virtuous
Than souls of women fashioned otherwise."

The opera this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock will be "Rigoletto." Mmes. Galli-Curci, Classens and Berat; Messrs. Nadal, Stracciari, Arimondi and Nicolay. Mr. Sturani will conduct.

The opera tonight at 7:30 o'clock will be "Thais." Mmes. Garden, Sharlow, Swartz, Berat; Messrs. Dalmores, Dufrane, Huberdeau, Nicolay. Mr. Charlier will conduct.

In the list of things that Russia may now obtain from Ukraine, we have not seen any mention of horses. Paragraphers have been singularly reticent. Yet we remember spouting on the school-platform, cold sweat on the back and our knees as if turned to water,

"Bring forth the horse!"—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed.

Perhaps Byron is not read today, not even "Beppo" or "Don Juan." Perhaps vers libre is now heard, shouted or whined in the schoolhouse.

Help, Comrades!

"E. J. D." writes: "One of the old songs during the civil war was entitled 'Come, comrades, touch the elbow.' A past assistant surgeon of the United States navy desires very much to know who the author of it was, and where, if possible, a copy of it can be found."

My Recollections of Noah

As the World Wags:

I wonder if other readers of this column have had anything like my experience with men who bore the name of Noah. When I was a boy in a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, none of my schoolmates had that name; they were all Georges and Franks and Harrys; but in the rural outskirts of the town, reminiscent of its agricultural era, were three heads of households named Noah—Noah Reed, Noah Ford and Noah Shaw. They were gaunt, raw-boned men, of great correctness of life and of entire freedom from fads and frivolities. At least if they had such a weakness our ages were too disparate for me to know it. Each one rode out to the First Congregational Church every Sunday morning with the full membership of his household stowed away for the most part in an old-fashioned covered wagon, into which the back-seat occupants had climbed to their places over the front seat. No woman of the family ever drove the horse.

[illegible] of these Noahs [illegible] of his [illegible] in [illegible]. Each one accentuated [illegible], emphasized the impression of the original Noah which I had derived from Old Testament studies in the Sunday school. This was not true of any other Biblical name. The Jameses that I knew did not suggest to me, then or since, the author of the epistle of James, nor did I see any connection between the Matthews, the Marks, the Lukes, the Pauls or even the Amoses and the Hoseas of the present, with those of the Bible period. But with the Noahs it was all different. Half my impression of the original Noah I find is, today, derived from the picture made upon my youthful mind by the three bearers of the [illegible] name of a scant 50 years ago.

I pictured in my boyhood the builder of the ark as just such a man as the bearers of the same name in the fast-vanishing agricultural era of my native town, and I think I gained thereby a correct impression, for those Noahs were husbandmen and patriarchs. Can you imagine a man named Noah Reed living in a Queen Anne bungalow? He would be too loyal to the architectural traditions of his mighty name. Can you imagine a Noah Shaw engaged in tempering spark plugs in an automobile factory? Can you imagine a Noah Ford conducting a Browning society? You know these men from their names just as well as I know them from some personal acquaintance. They thus perpetuated in my own 19th century the ruggedness and vigor of one of the greatest characters of all history.

Perhaps because of this localized reenforcement of his reputation, Noah has always been my favorite Old Testament character. What a note of triumph there is in all the apostolic allusions to this great figure, rising out of mists of a legendary past! "As it was in the days of Noah," reads the King James in solemn cadence. "They were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage until the flood came and Noah entered into the ark." What a picture for our own and for all time of the man who saw approaching an engulfing flood, the signs of which his neighobrs light-headedly spurned, while he plugged away at the great task of preparedness for the worst. E. D. BERRY.

Boston.

"Marje"

It is strange that until the shortage came nobody troubled to pronounce margarine correctly, with a hard "g." It was always "marjerine," both with buyer and seller. This was mainly because it was a comestible favored by the masses rather than the classes, who have a summary method of applying their own pronunciation to objects without reference to philological exactitudes. And now that the classes clamor for the butter substitute with a hard "g," the masses call for "marje," and let it go at that.—London Daily Chronicle.

As Mr. Frank H. Vizetelly puts it: "The mispronunciation arose from the unthinking adoption of an illiterate error. Margarine before the war was chiefly bought by the poor." Mr. Hedley V. Storey remarked: "The history of words tells us that some one blundered at a certain moment in a word's career, and made a fool of the word forever." So let the young Adolphus speak the "g" hard as in "gout," not soft as in "gin."

Cold or Hot?

We published recently an entertaining letter about the "fresh air fad" from Mr. William Gill, whose surname was there changed into "Gall" by the linotype. Mr. Gill writes again.

"I agree with you that stuffy air of some cars is an abomination, but on the other hand the chill of other cars is dangerous. That was my only reason for advising caution. In my own case, I get fresh air from a window only as long as I can keep warm, then depend on the cold air box of the furnace, adjusted carefully, to supply warm fresh air. What's the difference? I rarely have a cold and invariably only from travelling in ice boxes. The Canadian experiments are only valuable as a check on extremes and certainly as no argument one way or the other against the use of fresh air. By the way, have you noticed that it is advised to discard the cold air box altogether and take cellar air? How foolish, when you remember that the common furnace is generally the only system giving a constant supply of fresh warm air and valuable for that particularly."

No wonder that many men and women [illegible] they are so fortunate as to

[illegible] melancholy expression of countenance [illegible] as Jobert remarked long ago, nothing sooner causeth melancholy than the air wherein we breathe and live. "Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humors."

Feb 23 1918

15TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 3; Liapounoff, Concerto for piano, No. 1, op. 4; Delius, "In a Summer Garden."

Dr. Muck and the orchestra gave a very fine performance of the symphony, which some justly prefer to the other three. It has no pages equal in imagination to the wonderful introduction to the finale of the first; it has nothing in it like the architectural grandeur of the fourth's finale; but as a whole, it is the most poetic of the four. Brahms wrote nothing more commanding than the opening of the first movement. Page after page thereafter might be cited in praise. And in this symphony the natural austerity of the composer is mellowed, his melancholy, as in the third movement, is tender, wistful, not pessimistic.

Mme. Leginska, favorably known here through her recitals, played in Boston for the first time with the orchestra. Liapounoff's concerto was heard here for the first time, although it is nearly 20 years old. It is a singular composition, first of all a parade piece for a pianist, without impressive or emotional contents. No one, hearing it, would at once name the composer a Russian. The influence of Liszt is observable. Liapounoff must have had the Hungarian abbe's concerto in E flat major in mind, but his own is far inferior to that dazzling composition. The most noticeable feature of Liapounoff's is the use of stormy brass as a background for solo bravura. The mild episodes in the concerto are a diluted blend of Liszt and Chopin.

Mme. Leginska, to use an expression of the street, played the concerto "like a house a-fire." Her performance was forcible and brilliant, but she also displayed delicacy and refinement and gave some soul to the pages of thin sentiment. The notes were on the rack, and this surprised those who were unaware of causes for her nervousness. She evidently did not need the engraved assurance. Vladimir de Pachmann and Raoul Pugno were at ease with a concerto only when the piano part was on the rack. We remember hearing Clara Schumann play in like manner.

The music of Frederick Delius is still comparatively unknown in Boston. "Paris" and "Brigg Fair" have been played at Symphony concerts but Mr. Fiedler was not the man to interpret them. He acquainted us with the piece played yesterday. Until yesterday the peculiar idiom of Delius was foreign to us. Surely there are beautiful things in this "Summer Garden"—witness the pages beginning with the cantilena for the violas; the pages of the approach to the emotional climax; the subtle charm of the ending. It has been said that Delius is strongly influenced by Brahms. We believe the accusation to be unjust. By this "Summer Garden" Delius is allied to the modern French, Debussy and the others, although his "impressionism" has substance as well as poetic finesse.

MARY GARDEN SINGS THAIS

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Massenet's "Thais," performed by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc., Cleofonte Campanini director. Mr. Charlier conducted.

Athanael	Hector Dufranne
Nicias	Charles Dalmores
Palemon	Gustave Huberdeau
A Servant	Constantin Nicolay
Thais	Mary Garden
Crobyle	Alma Peterson
Myrtale	Jeska Swartz
Albine	Louise Berat

It surprised many when Anatole France expressed his gratitude to Massenet for setting music to a libretto based on his romance. The irony that salts the novel is not to be found in the opera. The talk of the philosophers, epicures and the men about town at the table of Nicias, one of the most delightful portions of the book, is of course not suitable for operatic purposes; nor was it thought wise to transfer the ending in its Swiftian mockery to the stage. But Anatole France was grateful. So he was grateful recently when he heard that Miss Garden was to act his Thais for the films. Did he not consent to be pictured reaching out his hand to her in thankfulness? It was so said. We have not seen the film.

He is not to be blamed for his appreciation of Miss Garden in this role. Several have appeared here in the part; no one has approached her in acting it. Perhaps last night she was a little too convulsive, too hysterical in the scene with Athanael in her room. Her bodily twistings and contortions, her wreathing and unwreathing of arms, became almost grotesque. With this exception her performance was wholly admirable, fascinating by the sensuous display and by the sweetness of her repentance.

It is hardly necessary to speak of Miss Garden, the singer. She is vocally interesting even when the pedagogue shakes his head and murmurs, "This will never do." She does wonders at times with her voice; wonders in dramatic diction and in tonal coloring for the full expression of the text. How charmingly she sang the song of the statuette, one of the least meretricious pages in the opera!

It was a great pleasure to hear Mr. Dufranne again, with his noble, rich and sympathetic voice, his irreproachable diction, his skill and authority as an actor. Mr. Dalmores sang the music of Nicias in a too heroic manner. We prefer the lightness of Mr. Clement, especially in the scene in which the monk is clothed and perfumed by the graceless girls, attractively represented by Miss Peterson and Mme. Swartz.

The music for the dwellers in the desert farewelling Athanael as he set out on his perilous adventure was finely sung. Again chorus, orchestra, stage settings, costumes and stage management commanded admiration. The ballet was omitted. An audience that filled the theatre was enthusiastic. There were many curtain calls.

The opera this afternoon will be Gounod's "Faust," with Mmes. Melba, Swartz, Berat and Messrs. Muratore, Baklanoff, Maguenat and Defrere. Mr. Charlier will conduct.

The operas tonight will be "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mmes. Raisa, Swartz, Berat; Messrs. Lamont and Maquenat); "Pagliacci" (Anna Fitziu; Messrs. Lamont, Rimini, Paltriniere and Defrere). Mr. Sturani will conduct.

"Bonus" was objected to as "not a nice word" at the University Women Teachers' meeting. It is certainly indifferent Latin. But as it is commercially defined as an extra dividend or allowance to shareholders, its current use in these war times seems correct. "Increased increment" and "additional remuneration," which were suggested in its place, do not strike us as being happy substitutes. It reminds us of the city alderman who, in place of the expression "died poor" on Pitt's monument, urged the common council to substitute "expired in indigent circumstances."—London Daily Chronicle.

"Indigent circumstances." This reminds us of a little story. Years ago in Elizabethtown, Essex county, N. Y., there lived a shiftless fellow, a sponge, a dead-beat, who was a nuisance in the pretty village, surrounded by mountains. At last he died. The neighbors attended the funeral. Here was an opportunity for the minister. He improved it nobly. A fragment of his sermon is still in the minds of the older inhabitants. "Our departed brother was not blessed in this world's goods. His life was a constant struggle, a perpetual toiling and moiling to acquire the wherewithal to avoid financial stagnation."

As for "bonus," it is thought to have been originally stock exchange slang. The word came into use, either through ignorance or by way of a joke, late in the 18th century.

"The Snowstorm"

As the World Wags:

He thought he saw a buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His sister's husband's niece.

If C. M. F. will carefully examine the facts upon which he based his statement in the Derry (N. H.) Enterprise with reference to the poem entitled "The Snowstorm," of which W. L. L. gave a stanza on Jan. 29, and of which I stated on Feb. 5 that Seba Smith was the author, he will see that the statement is as full of errors as a sieve is of holes. He states that the poem was written by Sarah F. Gould, a native of Vermont, and a sister of Benjamin A. Gould, the well known principal of the Boston Latin school, and that the babe whose narrow escape from death in that snowstorm is narrated in the poem was Harrison G. Blake, who in after life was a member of the national House of Representatives from Ohio. It is rarely that so many blunders can be found in so small a compass as in that statement. Harrison G. Blake (his full name was, I think, Harrison Gray Otis Blake) was a representative in Congress from Ohio from 1859 to 1863, but the person who in babyhood had that narrow escape from death in the above-mentioned snowstorm was not Mr. Blake, but was his sister, Rebecca Blake. C. M. F. mixed those Blakes up. Rebecca Blake was only 11 months old at the time of her so narrow escape from death in that snowstorm, but her brother, Harrison Gray Otis Blake, was then nearly 4 years of age, he having been born on March 17, 1818. C. M. F.'s statement that the poem was written by a sister of Benjamin A. Gould who bore the name of Sarah F. Gould and who was a native of Vermont, is shown to be false by the facts that neither of Mr. Gould's sisters was born in Vermont and that he had no sister of the name of Sarah F. Gould. Mr. Gould had a sister of the name of Hannah F. Gould, and she was quite a prolific writer of both poetry and prose. Among the poems written by her is one entitled "The Snowstorm." Otherwise than in title, however, that poem of hers and the above-mentioned one of the same title which was written by Seba Smith are not so much alike that their similarity would lead anybody to confound them with each other. The two poems are not like the twin Dromios of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," who bear so close a resemblance to each other that it is almost impossible to tell one from the other; on the contrary, the two poems are radically different from each other, one being tragical and sombre and the other being light, airy and almost frolicsome. Both of them, however, have the same title of "The Snowstorm," and I suspect that the fact that one of them was written by Mr. Gould's sister, Hannah F. Gould, led C. M. F. into the error of thinking that Seba Smith's poem of the same title was written by a sister of Mr. Gould, though the name of the sister whom he had in mind he erroneously gave as Sarah F. Gould and erroneously stated that she was a native of Vermont. Hannah F. Gould was a native of Lancaster, Mass.

Brookline. SPECTATOR.

Her Pet Poodle

As the World Wags:

While regarding—from the outside—the admirable architecture of one of our bank buildings, my eye wandered to a limousine standing near the curb. In it was the prettiest poodle imaginable. Clothed in a neat sweater he stood looking out of the window with an expression at once intelligent and eager. His young lady owner presently came, took him out on a leash and led him up to a neighboring building. She then with supremest hauteur—perhaps it was unconcern or whatever the owner of a limousine is supposed to have for an aura—took her pet back to his place and drove off. I looked at the building that had been defiled, and it was a restaurant. If people will keep dogs and advertise themselves as immune to disgust and made up of selfishness, that is their affair. But they protest with tears any restraint upon the liberty of their pets. Because dogs have saved property they must be allowed to destroy sheep and poultry in the country, lawns and gardens in the city. Because they have sometimes saved life, they must be free to destroy it by infection carried, and to menace it with their ill-timed barking; and to maim us with their bites, and to leave their loathsome trail of plague spots throughout our cities.

We are splendid barbarians. We live in luxury and we are not clean.

Boston. F. EDWARDS.

We publish this letter but do not approve. We were brought up with dogs, a Newfoundland, two bulldogs and a black-and-tan terrier. All dogs are dear to us except women's lap dogs—poor things. "Let us respect the dog," says Ursus in Victor Hugo's wildest romance; "The dog—what a comic beast!—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail."—Ed.

MME. GALLI-CURCI

Charms Opera-Goers with Her Brilliance as Gilda in "Rigoletto"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Association in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Sturani conducted.

The Duke	Juan Nadal
Rigoletto	Riccardo Stracciari
Gilda	Amelita Galli-Curci
Sparafucile	Vittorio Arimondi
Maddalena	Maria Claessens
Giovanna	Louise Berat
Monterone	Constantin Nicolay
Marullo	Desire Defrere
Borsa	Giordano Paltrinieri
Ceprano	Vittorio Trevisan
The Countess	Alma Peterson
A Page	Maria Correnti

The celebrated Mme. Galli-Curci appeared in a second operatic role at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon, as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto." It is true that this character is a conventional heroine, that her music, except in the last act, has little distinction.

but Mme. Galli-Curci raised Gilda to heights far above the commonplace, both by the brilliance of her vocal performance and by the charm and intelligence of her acting. Comely, girlish, ingenuous, she did not depend upon the florid "Caro Nome" to create a sensation, but gave the role consistent character from the moment of her entance until she disappeared in the clutches of Sparafucile. Again as in Lucia there was no attempt to modernize the role, to discard tradition, but Mme. Galli-Curci's portrayal glowed with a vitality and emotional warmth in song and action seldom associated with coloratura singers.

In this case, too, the interest of the great audience centred in her performance rather than in the impersonation of Rigoletto, more often the dominating figure in the opera. Mr. Stracciari, an experienced singer, well versed in operatic routine was good but not remarkable as the unhappy father. Vocally robust, he sang with intelligence and feeling, but without extraordinary tragic force. He was dignified and pathetic rather than dramatically intense and in his acting of the scene with the courtiers in the third act, in the display of anguish, in the revelation of suppressed and conflicting emotions he has been surpassed by other interpreters of the role, and among them by Mr. Baklanoff.

Mr. Nadai sang easily and with taste. He was gay and debonair, a gallant lover, at home in the sumptuous palace, Rigoletto's garden or the boozing ken, master of every situation. His singing of the popular melody in the last act was spirited, commendably free from exaggeration. Mr. Arimondi was a stalwart Sparafucile, impressive in song and action. Mr. Nicolay, one of the most versatile and valuable members of the company, recalled the late Charles Gilbert by his striking and significant performance as Monterone. Mme. Claessens, an old friend, was again an indelicate Maddalena. Her impersonation has not changed. She is still kittenish and coy, sentimental rather than frankly sensual in her behavior to the amorous duke.

It was an afternoon of repetitions. Mme. Galli-Curci sang "Caro Nome" a second time and to the amazement of seasoned opera goers, after the curtain had fallen on the third act it was raised and the final duet was repeated. Mr. Nadai did not decline to sing "La Donna Mobile" again, while after the quartet Mme. Galli-Curci was twice recalled and Mr. Sturani twice attempted to go on with the opera, but the audience insisted upon a repetition

Feb 24 9.8

The Herald recently reviewed "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," by Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, and at the time referred to the book of "Lonesome Tunes: Folk Songs from the Kentucky Mountains," collected and edited by Loraine Wyman with piano accompaniments by Howard Brockway, whose orchestral and chamber music has been heard here. Miss Wyman and Mr. Brockway were before Miss Campbell and Mr. Sharp in this field. "Lonesome Tunes" was published in 1916. The Herald also spoke of Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley's volume of poems inspired by his sojourn in the Kentucky mountains.

Miss Wyman will sing three groups of these Kentucky songs in Cambridge next Tuesday night in the J. K. Paine concert hall at 8 o'clock. Mr. Brockway will accompany her (The program also includes three old French songs: Le Jardinier Indifferent, Le Roi Dagobert and Biquette.)

The Kentucky ballads will be Pretty Polly,' Loving Nancy, the Bedtime Song, the Ground Hog, Lord Bateman, Peggy Walker, the Barnyard Song, Six King's Daughters, Brother Green, the Old Maid's song, and the Swapping Song.

"Pretty Polly," as nearly all the "folk songs" of the South, are of English or Scottish origin.

In London far city a lady did dwell,
Concerning her beauty no tongue can tell.

There is an abrupt transition to the first person. The villain of the ballad tells how he courted Polly to rob her. The narrator goes on with the tragic story.

He led her over hills and through valleys so deep,
At last pretty Polly began for to weep.
"Willy, O Willy, I'm afraid of your ways,
I'm afeared you're leading my body astray."
She trusted him a piece further and what did she spy,
But a new dug grave, two spades a-lying by,
"Polly, pretty Polly, you're guessing just right,
I've finished your grave I was digging last night.'

"Loving Nancy" is in lighter mood. "The Bedtime Song" may be of local origin, and this is probably true of "The Ground Hog"

They put him in a pot and the children began to smile.
They ate that groundhog before it struck a boil
Up stepped Susie with a snigger and a grin,
Groundhog grease all over her chin.

"Lord Bateman" is, of course, English, but the Kentucky version is amusing. Note the beginning:

There was a man who lived in England,
He was of some high degree;
He became uneasy, discontented,
Some foreign land, some lands to see.

Where did "Peggy Walker" come from? A youth fell in love with a farmer's daughter, who swore to be true to him.

I set my boat for Iceland, strange people I might see.
I met Miss Peggy Walker, she fell in love with me.
I quit my work one evening, went walking up the street,
The stage was just returning, and a postboy I did meet.
He handed me a letter that I might understand,
The girl I left behind me had gone with another man.
While I stood there lamenting, said he "Poor boy, don't cry.
For I have money a-plenty, to serve both you and I."

The vagueness and sudden changes of scene and mood are admirable.

"The Barnyard Song" might be described as cumulative.

VERSE I.

I had a cat and the cat pleased me
I fed my cat under yonder tree
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

VERSE II.

I had a dog and the dog pleased me
I fed my dog under yonder tree
Dog goes bow-bow
Horse goes neigh-neigh
Cow goes moo-moo
Hog goes griffy-gruffy
Sheep goes ba-ba
Goose goes swishy-swashy
Duck goes quack-quack
Hen goes chimmy-chuck, chimmy-chuck
Cat goes fiddle-i-fee.

"Six Kings Daughters" is a variation of the old familiar in which the lover takes the girl to the shore, tells her he has already drowned six maidens there and she will be the seventh, and then bids her take off her costly gown, or smock. She, modest, bids him turn around.

It never shall be said such a rascal as you
A naked lady for to see.

Then with her "little white slender arms" she shoves him into the sea. "Brother Green, or the Dying Soldier," may be of local origin:

Two brothers I will not forget,
A-fighting in this Union:
With my dear wife I have given of my life,
So put down this rebellion.

or the ballad may have come across the water and been adapted. "The Old Maid's Song" might be of any country.

I had a sister Sally that was younger than I am
She had so many sweethearts she had to deny them,
But as for my own part I never had many
If you all knew my heart I'd be thankful for any.

REFRAIN.

Come a landsman a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor,
A fiddler or a dancer, a ploughboy or a sailor,
A gentleman or a poor man, a fool or a witty,
Don't you let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.

"Six Kings Daughters" in the Campbell-Sharp collection is called "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight." A version sung in Georgia begins:

There was a proper tall young man,
And William was his name;
He came away over the raging sea,
He came a-courting me, O me.

"Lord Bateman" in North Carolina becomes Lord Bacon. A strange version of "Pretty Polly" is sung as "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter" in North Carolina and Tennessee. In "The Farmyard" (North Carolina) a variant of "The Barnyard Song," the hen went "Ka, Ka, Ka," which is better than "Chimmy-chuck." The original was a North of England and Scottish nursery song.

Appreciation of Orchestral and Solo Music in El Paso

The El Paso Herald of Jan. 26-27 looked forward joyously to three concerts by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra. First of all there would be Mr. Czerwonky, who once was a member of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

"Czerwonky will play Monday night. El Paso will remember that he is a young man with a very fluent violin; that he can play music that is like a little thread of a stream silvery trickling its way down somewhere through woodsy places with nymphs singing beside it, or he can make the strings rage like a mountain torrent carrying all before it. In fact, this is the orchestra that can play with a dash and roar and clang like war, or like Niagara Falls, and then dissolve the music until it is as soft as a raindrop, or softer."

We do not understand this: "Czerwonky will play a Saint Saens number that has Omphale's spinning wheel and Hercules spinning it." Does he play the whole symphonic poem as a solo, or has he made a transcription of it?

The announcement of a symphony by Beethoven led to this characterization of the composer: "Beethoven's genius is undoubtedly one of the master influences of the world. There is something like the Shakespearean life—wide time, wide range of human emotion and feeling—in all his work. His symphonies throb with a passion so great that one's heart aches with it and through it all come little themes skipping like lambs in daisied meadows or like robust boys whistling down the street, or like woman's laughter. There is no other music so human, so universal."

They like the harp in El Paso. "A harp solo by Henry J. Williams promises the delight of the wild, sweet music of the long singing wires—harp music that, as James Whitcomb Riley says, is like a drift of faded blossoms caught in a slanting rain—elfin music, music of wildwoods, music that is like moonbeams. One is very grateful to any orchestra program that provides a harp solo; good harp music is a rare joy."

Beethoven's overture to "Fidelio" is one of his sentimental expressions and, as in everything he wrote, very humanly interesting, graceful and spirited, and with that inalienable element of grandeur that makes it possible for music to really lift up the soul and give it help."

Mr. Van Vliet was the solo violoncellist. "No one who has heard him can forget how he plays that great deep-toned creature of his—how he and his 'cello and his music seem one—and all of the audience that has heart enough is won with his music, too. It is tremendous music. The most indifferent, the least tuned to musical experience, are bound to be thrilled as he makes the strings throb and sing and thunder and wail and pray and hope and rage."

Musical Doings in Buenos Aires and in Lynn, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

I live in Lynn and I am pitied, therefore, by kind hearted acquaintances, for Lynn has an unenviable reputation for everything that is vile. However, my acquaintances are more misinformed than kind-hearted. There is nothing the matter with the shoe city. The matter lies with the newspapers, or is it with the reading public? That is the question, and it is one which I would like the sage of Clamport to consider and express an opinion thereon.

Whenever anything untoward happens in Lynn the Boston newspapers never fail to give the news adorned with the lurid flourishes in which modern newspaper men are masters, but if any event takes place in the city likely to elevate its moral tone the said papers remain silent.

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. J. A. Supple we have enjoyed in Lynn magnificent concerts by John McCormack, Ignace Paderewski, Amelita Galli-Curci, Nellie Melba, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and last Sunday we heard that exquisite coloratura soprano Senora Maria Barrientos. Yet the Boston papers have said nothing about it. Why? Is the reading public only interested in the assassins, robbers, harlots and strikers of Lynn? Or are the newspapers guilty of a deliberate attempt to pander to the morbidness of the public?

Talking of Maria Barrientos, reminds me of an incident I witnessed at the Teatro Odeon in Buenos Aires about 16 years ago. Maria Galvani was singing there and the opera was Lucia. A group of Italians began to make unfavorable remarks about Maria Barrientos, who was singing at that time at the Teatro Politeama in the same city, comparing her with Galvani. Some Spaniards resented the remarks. A discussion took place in which more patriotic zeal than real musical knowledge was displayed and finally the argument was brought to an end by the police. The joke, of course, was on the Italians, for Maria Galvani is not Italian but Spanish.

I was very glad to see your favorable remarks about Mme. de Vere-Sapio in connection with Beethoven's Ninth. That lady is an old acquaintance of mine. She used to sing for the Moody-Manners Opera Company in Great Britain and was a favorite with the public of Glasgow during the first 10 years of this ill-fated century. The company had two conductors: Herr Eckhold, a paunchy, bull-necked, shortsighted Teuton, with a jungle for a beard and clothed like a scarecrow, and Signor Romualdo Sapio, a well-groomed Italian of keen eyes and suave manners, who always displayed an immaculate shirt and tie and never had a wrinkle in his suit. The Teuton officiated chiefly at the Wagnerian operas revelling in their noisy passages. I can see him agitating his stumpy arms and shaking like a jelly pudding in the street riot of the Meistersingers. Signor Sapio took care of such operas as Faust and Aida. Mme. de Vere came under the direction of both conductors and I should imagine that Signor Sapio must have had a walkover in his courtship. M. J. L.

Lynn.

"Love in a Cottage," a New Play by W. Somerset Maugham

"Love in a Cottage," by W. Somerset Maugham, was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, Jan. 26. Miss Marie Loehr thus opened her season as manager. The Times had this to say of the comedy:

"Ostensibly designed to enforce the old lesson that money is a delusion and a snare, Mr. Maugham's new play has in reality, we apprehend, a more subtle purpose: to expose under the fierce glare of the footlights the demoralizing influence of the lake of Como. Despite the adroit efforts of Messrs. Thomas Cook and other interested parties to conceal the sad truth about the lake, it has long been suspected and now Mr. Maugham gives it relentlessly away. Once you become a lake-dweller the tiniest moral crack in you develops into a gaping fissure. One man, separated from his wife, retires to the lake to live upon her money. Another, at home just a parson comme un autre, is transformed into a sturdy beggar. Spinsters take to demanding, and exacting, fivers for their worthless daubs. Wives with weak nerves become abominable tyrants. A doctor smokes his pipe under the very noses of his lady patients. A millionaire conceives such a disgust for his millions that he commits suicide. A young nurse, hitherto fresh and innocent, amorously fondles a fool just for the fun of exposing his folly and then hies her to Paris for what she calls the joy of living, which appears to be the joy of living with shady companions selected on thorough Como principles. She gives a Louis Quinze ball for the sake of dressing up as Mme. de Pompadour, and invites one of Daudet's rois en exil to come as the King, together with a couple of titled English rogues and a French marquise, who babbles publicly of her lovers.

"All this time you have probably been wondering about these very odd people. You ask yourself what is the matter with them all, and whether their queer ways are due to the whims of actors and actresses insisting, at all costs, upon being conspicuously different from their kind friends in front, or to the exigencies of modern comedy-writing, which must be allowed to twist real life out of all knowledge in order to work in its jokes. For our part, we are driven to fall back upon our original explanation. The whole secret is Como. Mr. Maugham is a Lakist. His people are lacustrine.

"But let us not be unfair to the Lake. If its waters stain, its air bleaches. It is upon the shore of the Lake, whither she has been summoned back from the Louis Quinze ball, that the heroine experiences a change of heart. She recognizes the vanity of riches and shudders at the depravity with which they bring their possessor acquainted. She is to lose her money upon marriage, and weds the one man willing to take her on that condition—the hotel doctor, whom she has all along cherished in her heart. Other suitors, penniless ones, have jibbed at the condition, and we think it is rather harsh of Mr. Maugham to hold them up to contempt. It is certain that if matrimony always beggared both parties the marriage-rate would appreciably decline. But one of the penniless suitors, played by Mr. Gayer Mackay, affords a deliciously comic scene for Miss Marie Lohr, and contributes to it himself; Mr. Whitworth Jones is good as the other, a more serious one; and the third, or winning number, is presented with vigor by Mr. G. H. Mulcaster.

"Of course the lady overtops them all, because Miss Lohr is allowed a free hand and a clear run for her girlish coquetry, sentiment and charm. Saturday was her first night of management, an obvious occasion for nervousness, but she was in capital form and carried the whole piece gaily along. Miss Haidee Wright, too, was at her best as the lady with nerves; and Mr. Sydney Valentine played the millionaire whose millions led to suicide as though he really believed in him. Perhaps we might ourselves, if only we could revisit Como and suffer a lake change."

The Daily Chronicle said: "It is not a great or deep or sincere work of art, but it is a well-polished, clever, sentimental comedy, with two acts of brilliant epigram followed by some acceptable, if not very convincing, drawing room melodrama.

The Daily Telegraph: "You don't need to be told that Mr. Somerset Maugham's humor is of the satiric vein, and rather mordant at that. He is apt to be at his best when he is not being very kind to anybody. * * * We had one act which was the best comedy you will meet in a pilgrimage of many nights, an act through which you were always laughing comfortably inside, sometimes laughing loud, and, aloud or silent, delighted with the mellow art of it all. The rest was not as good as that—what play is as good as its best? You were sometimes aware of a certain erudity in the forced contrasts, sometimes conscious of the plot making efforts to give you scenes, sometimes thinking that Mr. Maugham had let his style become a trifle wordy and theatrical. But this is ungrateful. You were always interested. The play was all good stuff. The 'fundamental brain-work' has been put into it, thought about life and keen study of character. There was feeling, too."

The Old Eagle Theatre and Men That Were Seen There

To the Editor of the Sunday Herald:

I do not remember "Billy" Bartholomew at the Eagle Theatre on Sudbury street near the corner of Court and Hanover streets, but I recall that the house was originally named the Lyceum by John Brougham when he went there from the Adelphi, the bandbox of a place of amusement on Court street, near Cornhill, where he flourished for a time after the stock company of the Federal Street Theatre, of which he was a member, had disbanded on ac-

out of Oliver C. Wyman's failure to make that house profitable. Brougham was not successful in his new venture and soon left it, to shine as a star in Irish comedies and in his own burlesques elsewhere.

The Eagle had a checkered existence. After the National Theatre was burned down for the first time some members of the stock company played a successful season there with Anna Cruise, one of the brightest soubrettes that ever trod the stage, as a leading attraction. Louis Mestayer, the matinee idol of the later 40's of the last century at the Boston Museum, managed the house for a while with his father-in-law, Mr. Crouta, and there were others who tried their managerial hands there who do not come readily to memory.

A boy, whose sister had just risen from the ballet to speaking parts, took me there on a pass on night, and, as we wended our way to the theatre in her company, she said to me significantly: "If I get a reception tonight I shall know whom to attribute it to." Poor I did not know then what a reception was, but her brother said to me when she came upon the scene: "Clap, Johnny, clap!" His sister did not rise to any great distinction, but she inherited from a relative enough to keep her in comfort through her life, and soon quitted the glare of the footlights for the more congenial library lamp at home. She was a generous soul with a character above reproach and merited her prosperity. It was on this same night that I heard first of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Florence as twin stars appearing in the line of business entitled the Irish Boy and the Yankee Girl, originated by Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. The ladies of these rival couples were sisters whose maiden name was Pray. These players, masculine and feminine, imitated nature most abominably, but they were popular ever in the good old days when veterans say that acting was better than it is at present. The doorkeeper at the Eagle told me that the Florences were to be the attractions of the coming week, and that I must come and see them. I saved my pennies, followed his suggestion and was disappointed. Truth to say, I never liked Florence's Irishmen, but in time he developed into a genuine dramatic artist in other characters. Barney was always Barney to the last.

One memory comes back to me of the Eagle, because it concerned a boy that I had known in the vicinity of Lincoln and Essex streets, who appeared there as Young Norval, under the assumed name of Master Henry Barber. John Scott, a good actor in his prime, of the Forrest school, was the Douglas of the cast, but he was then in his decadence. Like some other prodigies, Master Henry Barber disappeared early from the mimic scene, and I heard of him later in Paris, where he died after accumulating a fortune made by his wits in pursuits not related to the stage.

To come back to "Billy" Bartholomew. He was probably trying his prentice hand at the Eagle, and therefore escaped general attention. Even the Pantaloon was once a whining schoolboy.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

About Plays and Music in London and Elsewhere

"A timely one-act play, 'After the Trial,' by Laura Leycester, was produced at the Euston, Jan. 14, Iris Andrews, acquitted on a charge of murder, returns to her hotel accompanied by Mrs. Barford and Jackson. Iris's husband arrives to arrange future plans. The murder in her bedroom of an adventurer, Livski, was attributed to a burglar who stole some jewelry." The scene between husband and wife is powerfully written and contains some excellent lines. "Iris learns for the first time the identity of the burglar. The husband, learning of Iris's infatuation for Livski, had returned from active service, and secreted behind a curtain had seen her kill Livski. The husband took jewels that she might have a defence. But why was Livski in her bedroom?

"Iris confesses to a slight infatuation, but she had feared the threat of compromise and blackmail suggested by Livski as an alternative to his demands for money." Thus her fidelity is established and there is a scene of forgiveness and repentance. "Capitally staged and dressed, 'After the Trial' is certainly worthy of presentation before West End audiences."

Louise Le Baron, a mezzo-contralto, who had sung here often in opera and in concert, died on Feb. 11 at a hospital in Lincoln, Neb. She had made that city her home for several years.

The New York Sun had this to say about Mr. Josef Stransky, the conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York: "One newspaper in this town does not refrain from commenting on Mr. Stransky's readings, but on all occasions pronounces them to be the best possible. Those commentators who disagree with that solitary Solomon have indeed grown weary of censuring Mr. Stransky for the reason that by the association of people of wealth and influence who support him he is held sacrosanct and invidiable. Whatever he does is right and whosoever dares to hint that it is not is little short of criminal. The people behind Mr. Stransky believe that his readings are the best in the world. They decline to admit that any one can honestly believe otherwise. They regard it as inconceivable that any commentator can know that these readings are devoid of merit. They do not know it themselves. All they do know is that these readings are by their Mr. Stransky, for whom they pay a very high price and with whom they are entirely satisfied. No one else has any rights in the matter."

What a lot of talk there has been about the sale of His Majesty's! One or two of the evening papers, somewhat in a state of panic, have suggested various sums as representing the purchase price, ranging from £150,000 to £250,000. They must have imagined the entire block was for sale, including the Carlton Hotel. The actual price the theatre fetched was £105,000, which would be cheap if the ground rent were not so high. It is a very expensive theatre to run, and the late Sir Herbert Tree told me it cost him £500 a week when closed. This is not surprising when one takes into consideration the number of large salaries on the staff that Sir Herbert always retained.—London Daily Chronicle.

The old idea of what used to be termed a copyright performance seems to die very hard. For instance, a performance was given at the Savoy of a play by Odette Tchernine, entitled "Back Windows," a totally unnecessary proceeding, as since the new Copyright Act came into force there is nothing to be gained from it.—The Stage.

On Tuesday night, writes a correspondent, I was caught in the raid in the centre of the western quarter. Looking around, I observed an open door. Rushing there, I inquired if I might take "cover." I was most courteously invited to enter. It was the stage door of a theatre. I was a prisoner in that curious quarter for three hours. While the guns growled and the bombs crashed the play was acted to a reduced audience just as if nothing unusual was going on outside. One of the actresses, when the shooting was alarmingly heavy, got through a long passage in her best manner, without hesitating for a single word or faltering in any of her tones! The Hun could make no impression on that stage.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 31.

When our troops entered Peronne, said Sir A. Yapp at Kingsway Hall yesterday, a West Country detachment was told off to a certain house for its quarters. In one of the rooms was a piano, and on seeing this a young soldier became very elated and was about to strike the keys. He was fortunately warned in time by his officer. On examination it was discovered that a bomb had been connected with the instrument, and that on the striking of one of the notes the house and all those in it would have been destroyed.—London Daily Chronicle, Jan. 28.

Sir George Alexander on Jan. 31, entered on the 28th year of his management of the St. James Theatre. This management exceeds in length that of Irving at the Lyceum and Tree at His Majesty's.

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" company managed by E. T. Platt in England, began its fourth year of tour, Jan. 28.

"Realities," a sequel to Ibsen's "Ghosts" was announced for performance at the Court Theatre, London, Feb. 18.

Ethel Irving will appear in London in a new play by Hall Caine. It is to be hoped that it will be better than his last one seen here.

The title, "The Sure Shield," chosen for Walter Hackett's adaptation of the French naval play, "La Veille d'Armes," by Claude Ferrier and Lucien Nepoty, was suggested by King George's speech in which he called the navy "the sure shield of our shores."

A private performance of Wilde's "Salome" will be given in London next April with Maud Allan as the heroine. She threatens to appear in May as Melisande.

Miss Ethel Irving's tour of "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" was so successful in the English provinces and London suburbs that another company is now on the road with the play.

Sir Arthur Pinero made an urgent appeal for a concert Feb. 3 in aid of the Waterloo station free buffet. The appeal was spoken by Miss Irene Vanbrugh. The conclusion was as follows: "Funds are slackening. There are signs of pinch. There is nothing for it but for the women who have so nobly given their services courageously to hold out their hands for monetary assistance. In their behalf—God bless them! I stretch out my hands to you. Set them free from care, from fearful apprehension! Assure them that their work shall not be interrupted, crippled, ended! Tell them that you will stick to them till the war is over; that you will do your bit, much or little, for the Waterloo buffet till the finish, so that when they finally drop tools it shall be with the gladness in their hearts and the happiest of memories. Will you?"

J. T. Green, Edith Craig and others have formed a committee in London for the production of Italian plays in Italian and English. Rovetta's "Romanticisme" was played in the original on Feb. 18, and on the 25th it will be played in English. The proceeds are for the Italian Hospital.

Frederick Daniels, who died on Nov. 2 last, left £178. This leads the Stage to remark: "The largest fortune left by a regular theatrical manager as distinct from an actor was that of Richard D'Oyly Carte, £240,817."

There was a discussion of the stage and the war at a luncheon of the National Liberal Club, London, Jan. 30, with Miss Lillah McCarthy in the chair. Arthur Croxton argued that if there was nothing to take the people's mind off the war their health and strength would be sapped. "The country was much indebted to those who in good weather and foul had persevered to do their bit to make the nation merry. The stage was keeping the flag flying. The bishop of London had written to him that it was most essential to have good plays presented at the present time. They not only kept people from being depressed, but were a source of legitimate amusement for the men on leave from the front. Gen. Sir H. Smith-Dorrien wrote: 'So far from thinking it is wrong to encourage theatres in this hour of the nation's great crisis, I believe them to be a great national asset. The theatrical profession, when service was voluntary, were no laggards in taking their places in the fighting line, and I honor them for it.' Sir Arthur Yapp also wrote expressing the opinion that the question of providing entertainment both for the troops and for the people at home was of the utmost importance, and he believed very strongly that the stage was doing a great deal in this connection today, and that it could be of the greatest possible service. Over £3,000,000, Mr. Croxton said, had been collected by theatrical effort on behalf of war charities, and of this amount over £100,000 had been contributed from Mr. Stoll's Coliseum and other of his houses. Another aspect of war work in which the stage had endeavored to help the nation had been in propaganda by means of plays and the cinema. There are men, he said, at the helm of the theatrical and variety professions only too willing to originate schemes on propaganda lines, or give their time and service in the furtherance of schemes, but they had never been asked."

Miss Dorothy Vincent, a young pianist who gave her first recital in London Jan. 29, was loudly praised. A suite, "Decorations," by John Ireland, was on the program.

The Daily Telegraph continues to scold concert givers that do not pay much attention to British composers. Thus the London string quartet on Jan. 29 played Ewen's "extremely beautiful 'Biscay' quartet," but that was the sole British work in the series. "If musicians of the calibre of the L. S. Q., whose skill is outstanding, can find the time to study native music, there is no possible excuse for other musicians, whatsoever their reputation, to harp for ever upon the same string upon which they were balanced by their pastors and masters in the years lang syne. The L. S. Q. played Mr. Ewen with an exquisite beauty. The remaining programs consist entirely of foreign music, and this of an almost painfully familiar type, to the West end, though the importers—from Kensington—may not be aware of the fact! We do not ask for decentralization to be, as it were, inverted."

The Grenadier Guards gave a concert in London Jan. 29. "It seemed amazing that solos by Musician Sammons and Musician Salmond could be accompanied so neatly and unobtrusively by wood, wind and horns, and in respect of the contrast of quality the Saint-Saens and Glazounoff they played even gained."

"Nuit de Carnaval" by a young Russian, Nicolas Kazanli, was played by the New Queen's Hall orchestra in London Jan. 26. "This proved to be a composition simple both in structure and in illustrative quality, and in so far had a certain merit. Considerable skill, too, was apparent in the instrumentation. But it was otherwise quite undistinguished, commonplace in theme and rhythm, and displaying nothing arresting in respect of purely musical treatment or of tendencies of a national character. It therefore seemed the more out of place in a scheme which included such works as Brahms's concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra, a symphony of Haydn, and the 'Meistersinger' overture." Such was the judgment of the Times. The Daily Telegraph said that "apart from the gay and glittering colors in which the composer depicts his scenes of revelry," the music was commonplace enough, "though the rhythmic impulse made it agreeable hearing."

Mairi Matheson gave a recital of Hebridean and Gaelic folk and traditional songs in London Jan. 2. "There was a very large audience, a large section of which seemed to know all about 'Chi mi na mor bheanna,' 'Gun crodh qun Aighean,' 'Thainig an Gille Dubh,' and so on, but all the Sassenach can say is that Miss Matheson sang her excellent choice with splendid fervor. Yet to the same Sassenach it seems odd that the characteristic interpretation of these things, fine, tremendously dramatic and strong as they are, should be so forever ferocious. The songs are of the hardy north, it is true, and they are remote from what in the supine south is called art. But is, or was, the Gael really so adamantine yet so ferocious as he is always represented in a London concert room? However, Miss Matheson sang as one inspired; clearly she was, by the sheer beauty of the folk songs, which are the equal, at least, of any contemporary importations."

There is a great output of little plays in Ireland now, and different companies are acquiring a local reputation rapidly. A satirist has appeared, too, and in Dublin last week, at the Myra Hall, in "Percy's First Play," he poked fun at the playwrights who write tragedies "better than that fellow Shakespeare" and at the critics who "see three shows in one night" and condemn them all. Mr. Geraghty, the author, will have to learn much about the theatre before he produces a real play of his own. But he deserves credit for his wild attack on the too sudden new Irish playwrights of the hour.—The Stage.

"The Admirable Crichton" was produced in Petrograd last December in a Russian translation by Lydia Yavorska, who acted the character first played by Irene Vanbrugh.

"Valentine," a romantic comedy opera, book by Arthur Davenport and Charles Wilbrow, indebted to Arthur Sturgess, music by Napoleon Lambelet, was produced at the St. James's, London, Jan. 24. It apparently is a blend of the ordinary musical comedy and the comic opera of the eighties, with topical songs and gags. Lambelet, a Greek musician, who composed music for "The Yashmak" (1897), and "Pot Pourri" (1899), is said to show a partiality for brass and percussion instruments and to be reminiscent. Hayden Coffin is in the company.

English Theatres in "Little Grey Homes" Somewhere

Mr. S. R. Littlewood describes in the Pall Mall Gazette a camp theatre "somewhere," under the control of the navy and army canteen board. At the end of November there were eight official theatres run by soldiers for soldiers, "not on sufferance or in charity, but as a recognized military duty." There is a combined audience each week of over 50,000 playgoers.

"Suppose we go and see for ourselves. We shall find the theatre a 'little grey home' in the regulation wilderness. It is miles from any sort of town. There is nothing in an idea prevalent recently, but now set at rest, that the camp theatres were ever intended to be rivals of civilian haunts. The surroundings can be best suggested by a familiar problem. Think of a dismal place. Double the dismalness. Take away any charm there may have originally been. Add fog, darkness, cold, mud, cinders and a dreary monotony of straight and colorless huts. Result—Any camp, 'Somewhere,' on a November evening.

"Apart from the canteen (which has its temptations), there would appear to be no means of creating a single spark of the joy that makes life worth living amid that all-encircling gloom. Go inside the little theatre, and one will find, twice nightly, 1500 laughing soldier faces, not unaccompanied by fairer ones, radiant with cosey jollity, and no vestige of offence. It is a theatre, not a mere 'place within the meaning.' It is cheerfully and comfortably furnished. The stage may be small, but it is a fully equipped stage, ablaze with light—a very important point. The scenery, 'props,' and all appurtenances are arranged with professional completeness.

"If the piece is a George Edwardes musical comedy—and it was so when I looked in at a camp theatre upon a certain desolate moor a few nights ago—there will be a genuinely brisk, bright bevy of really pretty girls, buxom, bonny, thoroughly trained chorus girls, who know how to bang a smile over the footlights. The principals will be accomplished, experienced, charming players on the level of a 'No. 1' touring company; the whole being a smart, well dressed, well produced, first-rate professional show. Only those of us who have suffered can realize the relief that such an entertainment affords, whatever its limitations. It is a relief not only from the outer darkness. It is so almost equally from such alternatives as have been hitherto available—those long-drawn-out orgies of doleful amateur balladists singing 'God Send You Back to Me' in a half-lit hall; those noble, but conscious, concessions of the lady skirt dancer.

"As yet the N. A. C. B. have not, to be sure, got beyond giving the soldier a sound, popular play, done with clean and heartening competence—a play that is 'good company.' Whether they will go in later on for special experiments remains to be seen. There are melodramas like 'Seven Days' Leave' and 'The Barton Mystery' and 'Under Cover' (with Mr. Malcolm Cherry in it); musical comedies like 'Miss Hook of Holland,' 'The Merry Widow' and 'The Sunshine Girl'; farces like 'Charley's Aunt,' 'Niobe,' 'Jane,' 'The Glad Eye,' and 'Who's the Lady?'—nothing more 'high-brow' yet than, say, 'John Glayde's Honor' or 'Bought and Paid For.' For Christmas, pantomime is promised, with the Egbert brothers in their carpet-beating scene.

All the actors, it should be stated, as well as the scene painters, acting managers, 'producers'—all the men concerned, in fact, are either 'C 3' or otherwise ineligible professionals, duly enlisted for this express purpose. The company are under as direct military orders as if tehy were in the firing line, and visit a different camp each week, putting up at a special hostel. Incidentally, all profits go back to the benefit of the soldier. The organization, considering the difficulties, is remarkable."

A New Irish Play by T. C. Murray at the Abbey, Dublin

The Stage describes a new play in one act by T. C. Murray produced at the Abbey, Dublin, Jan. 7.

"The production of a new play by the author of 'Birthright,' 'Maurice Hart,' and 'Sovereign Love' was looked forward to with much interest, as Mr. Murray had not been heard from for some time. 'Spring' leaves no doubt of Mr. Murray's skill as a craftsman. The opening minutes reveal Andreesh and Shuvawn, an aged pair, on either side of the cottage hearth. The glorious springtime has come. The thrill of the lark pouring out its heart in song, the bleat of 'fine thriving little lambs,' the fresh efflorescence of the trees, the chalky grey of the newly ploughed furrows, the warmth of the sun—all bear the message of the vivifying breath of spring. Mr. Murray knows how to use his tools. This opening dialogue fulfils the purpose of atmosphere and exposition. The talk of homely things, lit up by fine imaginative touches, would make one visualize the true peasant interior, if the play were staged after the stark simplicity of the Elizabethans. It is peasant Ireland, where the soil is poor, and the struggle for existence keen. Why, then, is a note of sadness and fatalism so keenly borne to us? In Ireland there are so many examples of aged parenthood deserted by the young who in the fledgling period have set out to seek fortune. To the old nothing remains but the moonlight of memory. This aged couple live again in the memories of youth. A new generation has arisen, unsympathetic in its own strife. Andreesh, with the burden of 80 years on his shoulders, sits a stranger by his own hearth. His daughter-in-law Jude is mistress of the roof, and worn out by the cares and trials and vexations of 20 years of married life, she has conceived an antipathy to the old man. Things have gone badly with her, and when she and her husband Seumas arrive back from a visit to town there is a violent tug at the old bone of contention between them. There is not enough for her children, and certainly no room for an old man in the way. Either he or she must go. Andreesh eventually promises that he will seek admittance to the workhouse on the following day. The magnanimity of the old man takes her aback, and there is a moving scene in which, for once, she reveals the womanly feeling that hardship and privation had struck to dumbness in her heart. Little Nora runs in with the great news that the Old Age Pensions Bill passed its third reading on the previous night. The broken old man assumes a new stature. 'Look at me awhile ago— and see me now. A beggar I was then, and now I'm like a king, with silver and to spare every week o' the year.' But the suddenness of it is too severe a shock for his worn-out frame. He sets out with his little granddaughter to bear the good tidings to Shuvawn, and hobbles along, 'praying and laughing to himself in turn,' as the little one describes it. But the exaltation is too much for his aged frame, and he staggers and falls. He is brought in and laid down to die on a settle, and while the singing of spring birds is heard outside he murmurs his last words: 'Silver—silver to spare * * * good tobacco * * * ribbons for Nora—fine ribbons. * * * (To Jude) Is that a bird singing, Shuvawn? The spring * * * the spring!' He passes gently as a breath of vapour. The singing outside ceases.

"The play is of much power, and may indeed be called heart-moving when I had the unusual effect on the trained and critical Abbey audience of evoking sobs from a portion of the audience. One quite forgot that Andreesh was really Mr. Fred O'Donovan made up, so masterful and sympathetic was the study. The part of Seumas was most effectively taken by Mr. Peter Nolan. Miss Margaret Nichols gave one of her fluent studies of old age as Shuvawn. With every new production she becomes more popular, though we remember her with greater pleasure in younger parts. As Jude, Miss May Craig sometimes inclined to indulge in melodramatic effects, but she has a haunting Irish voice and a fine stage presence. Irene Kelly was a pleasing Nora."

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Miss Frieda Hempel, soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

Colonial Theatre, 8 P. M. Concert for the relief of Italian refugees. See special notice.

TUESDAY: Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by a String Quartet: I Barbara Werner, Robert Gundersen, Alfred Gietzen, Alma la Prime, assisted by Hana Ebell and Mme. Forbes-DeMailly, pianists. Tschaikowsky, quartet in E flat minor, op. 30, Rachmaninoff violoncello sonata (Mr. Ebell, pianist); Arensky, piano Quintet, op. 51 (Mme. Forbes-DeMailly, pianist.)

FRIDAY Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 10th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 16th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

DOUBLE BILL AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Melba Gives Inspiring Portrayal of Marguerite

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — Chicago Opera Association in Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Charlier conducted.

Faust.....Lucien Muratore
Mephistopheles.....Georges Baklanoff
Valentin.....Alfred Maguenat
Wagner.....Desire Defrere
Marguerite.....Nellie Melba
Siebel.....Jeska Swartz
Marthe.....Louise Berat

The performance yesterday afternoon was brilliant and memorable with Mme. Melba again in a role long associated with her art.

The singer's voice was in excellent condition. Its incomparable and golden quality again charmed the hearers. But Mme. Melba's performance was not one of tonal eloquence alone. Her impersonation was remarkable in its composition and detail, carefully elaborated, not hampered by traditions, not set in conventional lines born of long experience, but alive with the charm of renewed inspiration. Thus her interpretation of the role was more animated, more dramatically significant than in other years, when her associates were the de Reszkes, Mme. Mantelli and the indefatigible Miss Bauermeister.

Her first meeting with Faust was adorable in its simplicity and the exquisite timbre of the singer's voice was immediately apparent in her reply to his addresses. In the scenes that followed, the character was skilfully developed. In the garden scene Mme. Melba largely disarded the traditional business at the spinning wheel. Returning from what was to be the beginning of her great adventure this Marguerite did not at once fly to her distaff as though no time was to be lost. She was restless, inwardly disturbed, and so she wandered among the flowers, plucking one here and there, singing as one in a dream the ballad of Thule's King, while her thoughts strayed back to Faust. In the Jewel song, girlish and innocent wonder was spontaneously expressed. Song and gesture were appropriately treated.

Her singing in the duet with Faust was affecting with the simplicity of true emotion. Marguerite's awakening to love, her ecstasy as she listened to her lover's vows, her passionate confession to the night and later, in the church scene, her agony and despair were among the many features in a performance triumphant in vocally emotional beauty and dramatic intelligence.

Mr. Muratore has sung Faust in Boston before. He is youthful and romantic in the part and he sang with prevailing amorous fervor and dramatic fire. Mr. Baklanoff's sinister and picturesque conception of Mephistopheles is also familiar. His make-up and drab costume, the green light ever and anon thrown on his face, emphasized the malignity of the character. In the garden scene he was like a great bat hovering over the flowers, compelling their fragrant connivance in the embraces of the lovers. Mr. Baklanoff sang excellently with beauty of tone and fine diction.

Mr. Maguenat was a manly Valentin whose dying curse rang with true brotherly conviction. Mme. Swartz, a physically charming Siebel, sang expressively and acted with grace and distinction. Mme. Berat's Marthe was refreshing in its freedom from exaggerated attempts to be amusing. The admirable chorus again did excellent work and the returning soldiers, imposing in numbers, sang in spirited fashion. A very large audience was justly enthusiastic.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Opera Association in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Santuzza.....Rosa Raisa
Lola.....Jeska Swartz
Turiddu.....Forrest Lamont
Alfio.....Alfred Maguenat
Lucia.....Louise Berat

Followed by Leoncavallo's 'Pagliacci"

Nedda.....Anna Fitziu
Canio.....Forrest Lamont
Tonio.....Giacomo Rimini
Beppe.....Giordano Paltrinieri
Silvio.....Desire Defrere

The performance of Mascagni's opera was uncommonly fine. Miss Raisa took the part of Santuzza for the first time in this city and her impersonation will not soon be forgotten. Strikingly handsome, her face was as a tragic masque. She sang with a passionate intensity that swept all before it and the sensuous opulence of her beautiful and expressive voice was fully revealed.

Her acting rivalled her singing in poignant emotional expression. Not for a moment did the character seem the creation of the librettist but a woman of flesh and blood tortured with loving, crazed by fear and shame, mad with jealousy. Miss Raisa has already shown herself to be an accomplished and versatile artist in roles of less flaming intensity. Last evening she was seen as a tragic actress of the first rank.

Her associates were also heard at their best. Turiddu's music lies well within Mr. Lamont's range. He, too, sang fervently and intensified the character by realistic acting. Mr. Maguenat sang and acted with dramatic force. Mme. Swartz was a provocative and sensuous Lola in song and action. Mme. Berat was a sympathetic and motherly Lucia.

Miss Raisa was loudly applauded and she and the other members of the company were repeatedly recalled.

"Pagliacci," too, was excellently given. Mr. Rimini's performance of the prologue pleased the audience. Mr. Lamont acquitted himself well as Canio. Miss Fitziu's voice has youth, freshness and color. She was frankly sensual, both vocally and dramatically, violent in her scorn and chastisement of the amorous Tonio, vehement in defiance of her husband.

In the case of both operas too much could not be said in praise of the chorus. Nor could the stage management, both at the matinee and in the evening, have been bettered.

Eve 25 1918

We were greatly interested in Mr. Paul West's letter to the New York Sun about "Boston's labyrinths," especially as he wrote knowingly about "Loisberg square" and referred to Henry James as "a Boston product." Perhaps the dwellers in the square would prefer Loisberg to Louisberg.

An Important Alley

As the World Wags:

You were doubting, the other day, if there was such a thing as an "unimportant" street, a doubt which the writer of this note fully shares. Take "Pie alley," for instance, a thoroughfare that thousands of people pass every day unaware of its existence, and yet for many years full of local color and interest, the haunt in days gone by of various and sundry wild-eyed Bohemians as well as numerous forerunners of the present-day unspeakable Russian Bolshevikl. Even now, it contains at least one famous resort known to all the printing fraternity, a resort saturated with much that goes to make life worth living, save in the mind of the too ardent prohibitionist. I remember having seen many a Boston celebrity saunter through this narrow passage trying to dodge the greasy hubs of wagons that left such scanty room for pussy pedestrians to pass. I once saw Harry Pearson of Selwyn's try to flatten himself against the wall of the old Herald pressroom in order to let a wandering tipster go by, and great was his relief as well as mine when the agony was over. Our old friend "Joker," or "Tin-Kitchen" Munroe, was often seen in this vicinity sporting a wine-colored surtout, jaunty cane and gaiters, and I distinctly recall the look of anguish on his highly colored visage when one of his faultlessly polished shoes was stepped on by a muddy-footed newsboy. A history of "Pie alley" would be well worth reading, and vastly more interesting than that of many aristocratic Boston boulevards. J. W.

West Roxbury.

The Steyermarkers.

As the World Wags:

A query in your column about the Steirmacher Orchestra is answered on page 56 of Thomas Ryan's "Recollections of an Old Musician."

The author speaks of this orchestra as the first moderately complete orchestra that had come to the United States from Europe. It came in the winter of 1846, contained about 20 men, all good performers, and under the leadership of Francis Riha, who afterward settled in Boston and became second violin of the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of which Thomas Ryan was for many years clarinet and viola.

The Steirmacher Orchestra, or Steyermachs, played light music, but considerably in advance of the then Boston programs. The performers wore the picturesque costumes of their country, with high boots, to the heels of which were attached bits of metal, which in certain lively selections jingled musically and rhythmically.

The orchestra played a short while at the Melodeon and then started to tour the country without much success. Riha came to Boston, and the other members settled in various cities.

This orchestra was followed in 1848 by the Lombardi Orchestra under August Fries, who likewise became a member of the Mendelssohns, the Lombardi having disbanded in Boston, probably owing to the success of the Germania Music Society. The Lombardi furnished Eichler and Ekhardt to Boston, while the Germania added Lueschow, Schultze, Zerrahn, Meisel and Bergman.

HENRY A. SHUTE.

Exeter, N. H.

The orchestra was generally known in Boston of the forties as Steyermarkers. When Riha came to Boston he spelled his surname "Rziha." The Germania Orchestra came in 1848.—Ed.

The Encyclopedia Britannica

As the World Wags:

Apropos of D. M. L.'s failure to find in the Encyclopedia Britannica any information on a certain subject, I wish to inquire regarding the truth of a statement which that work makes in reference to another subject. According to a prophecy which was published in 1862, and which has by many been supposed to have been made by Mother Shipton, the world was to come to an end in 1881, and the statement in the Encyclopaedia Britannica about which I wish to inquire is this statement in the sketch of Mother Shipton: "The suggestion that Mother Shipton had foretold the end of the world in 1881 was the cause of the most poignant alarm throughout rural England in that year, the people deserting their houses and spending the night in prayer in the fields, churches and chapels." I have tried to find out from the Encyclopaedia people what their authority for that statement is, and if it is true, what night it was that the people of rural England spent "the night in prayer in fields, churches and chapels," but I have never been able to get from them the desired information. Can you or any of your readers furnish any information in corroboration of the truth to be "taken from the Encyclopaedia I don't believe that there is a word of truth in the statement, but my mind is open to receive any good evidence that it is true.

In an advertising booklet sent me not long ago by the Encyclopaedia Britannica Corporation, New York city, is a narrative which is stated in the booklet to be "taken fro mthe Encyclopaedia Britannica," and in that narrative is the statement that Sir William Johnson was the father of a hundred children. Is that statement correct? I am aware of the fact that the same statement is made in Baedeker's United States. Though the above-mentioned booklet, as just stated, says that the narrative in it which contains the statement that Sir William Johnson was the father of 100 children is taken from the Encyclopaedia, I have never seen any edition of that work which contains such a statement. Is such a statement in any edition of the Encyclopaedia?

Boston. INQUIRER.

A learned discourse on shrinking undergarments in "Men's Wear" prompts a piteous appeal from a wearer who is himself shrinking. "The pity of it is," he sighs, "that I am collapsing latitudinally, while my alleged woollens wane in the longitudinal direction only. Could we not have a war-time fabric, warranted to shrink in girth alone?"—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS HEMPEL SINGS AT SYMPHONY HALL

Displays Ease and Brilliance in Popular Program

Miss Frieda Hempel of the Metropolitan Opera Company sang at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Paul Elsler was the accompanist. The program included the Romanza and Cavatina from Rossini's "Otello," the "Shadow Dance" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah," "Qui la Voce" from Bellini's "I Puritani" and two groups of songs.

The singer was in voice, poised, self-possessed, yet unmistakably on her metal. From the fact that three coloratura arias were on the program, among them the "Shadow Dance" from "Dinorah" to be sung by Mme. Galli-Curci this afternoon, it was evident that she wished to impress her audience, to remind the public that she, too, is an accomplished mistress of florid song.

She sang the opening number from Rossini's "Otello" with ease, beauty of tone and genuine distinction. In the "Shadow Dance," for which the flute obbligato was played by Mr. Brooke of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Miss Hempel displayed superlative flexibility, crystalline purity, a remarkably even trill, striking brilliance in bravura. In this, as in the aria from "I Puritani" and in Taubert's "Bird Song," the hearer admired the singer's facile execution, the ease with which she surmounted difficulties. Thus her performance was a triumph of sophisticated singing rather than a thrilling exhibition of extraordinary spontaneity.

Miss Hempel's taste in the choice of songs is not always irreproachable. Those on yesterday's program were presumably intended to please a Sunday afternoon's audience. Rimsky-Korsakoff's beautiful "The Rose has charmed the Nightingale," to which the singer did full justice, stood out boldly from the others for its merits. In addition to singing both groups of songs in English, Miss Hempel achieved another popular, rather than artistic, success by a spirited performance of "Dixie" as an encore.

Eve 22

At the Colonial Theatre tonight a concert will be given for the relief of the Italian refugees. The New England orchestra, which furnishes the major part of the program, is composed of some 70 or 80 men, the majority of whom have had considerable experience and routine in the better class

orchestral work here in New England for many years past. Many have felt that there was need of an orchestra to give programs of good music of the lighter character, on Sunday afternoon or evening, at a really popular price, for the greater public. The orchestra is conducted by Emil Mollenhauer, who has given his time, and the benefit of great experience. George W. Stewart has given the use of his library, one of the best in the country. Miss Sharlow and Mr. Trevisan of the Chicago Opera Association will sing, and Mr. De Voto will play the piano.

The program will include these orchestral pieces: Chadwick's "Melponene," overture; Intermezzo, from "The Jewels of the Madonna"; Hadley's suite, "Atonement of Pan"; Hymn to the Sun, from "Iris"; Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris"; Bolzoni's Minuet for strings; the overture to "The Secret of Suzanne"; Miss Myrna Sharlow will sing Michaela's air from "Carmen". Mr Trevisan will sing an air from "The Marriage of Figaro." Messrs. Fabrizio and De Voto will play two movements from Lekeu's sonata for violin and piano. Miss Sharlow and Mr. Trevisan will appear through the courtesy of Mr. Campanini, director of the Chicago Opera Association, Inc.

GALLI-CURCI IN 'DINORAH'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc., Cleofonte Campanini, director. Mr. Conti conducted.

Hoel .....Mr. Rimini
Corentino.....Mr. Dua
Dinorah .....Mme. Galli-Curci
Un Cacciatore.....Mr. Huberdeau
Un Mietitore.....Mr. Paltrinieri
Una Capraia.....Miss Maxwell
Un Capraio.....Miss Lazzari

"Dinorah" was last performed in Boston early in 1880, if we are not mistaken, when the chief singers were Mme. Marimon, Annie Louise Cary, Galassi and Runcio. Then, as now, the opera was revived for the glory of a coloratura singer. Then, as now, the audience sat through the long overture and the first act impatient for the "Shadow Song."

But there are other pages in "Dinorah" well worth hearing. There is the trio at the end of the first act, beautiful in itself as music and dramatically expressive. It was well nigh ruined yesterday, for Mr. Rimini's voice wobbled here as elsewhere in the opera: a singer by main strength, without nuances; and while Mr. Dua acted the part of Corentino in an intelligent and spirited manner, his voice and vocal method were not suited to this trio. There are charming pages for Dinorah, pages of sustained song as well as bravura. Mme. Galli-Curci is as much to be praised for her singing of the recitatives and cantabile measures as for her brilliance in florid song. By her vocal art, by her unexaggerated acting and by her ingratiating personality she actually made Dinorah an interesting character, one that will stand out in the great operatic gallery.

The opera is called a Breton idyll. The idyll, alas, is long drawn out, and we have the mad girl with us from the rise of the curtain till the breaking of the bridge when she undergoes a hydropathic cure. Sudden insanity in opera may thrill the spectator, but here we are forced to keep company with the mad girl of the village for two acts. Well, even when the part is well acted and the music well sung, is a wholly unsympathetic person if not a contemptible one.

Mme. Galli-Curci was yesterday the opera; yet it is only just to say that the choruses were delightfully sung; Miss Lazzari made much of her song in the second act, with her rich, pure voice of generous range and her free delivery; and the scene of the torrent with the breaking of the bridge and the fall of Dinorah was an excellent bit of stage-craft, highly creditable to scenic artist and stage mechanician. But, we repeat, Mme. Galli-Curci was the opera. How fascinating the quality of her voice; how reassuring her ease and poise; how artistic the delivery of the simplest phrase! It was to be expected that the great audience would be enthusiastic after the "Shadow Song"; that the singer would be obliged to repeat the cadenza. Mme. Galli-Curci did not save herself for the florid air. From the moment she came on the stage, her art was apparent in every phrase. This art was shown simply, as though the heroine of Meyerbeer's opera could not express herself otherwise than in perfect and haunting song.

Mr. Conti must have had much to think of as he came out to conduct the performance. Perhaps he recalled the first opera given in the Boston Opera House, "La Gioconda," on Nov. 8, 1909. He trained the orchestra of the Boston Opera Company, and for four seasons was one of its leaders. The last season he was not here in service. He saw yesterday a changed theatre, an audience appearing [illegible] unknown to it a year ago. His presence yesterday should have been warmly recognized. Singers and conductors all have their day. Audiences are forgetful.

The opera last night was Massenet's "Manon." Mr. Charlier conducted.

Manon Lescaut.....Mme. Vix
Des Grieux.....Mr. Muratore
Lescaut.....Mr. Dufranne
Pousselte.....Miss Maxwell
Javotte.....Miss Sullivan
Rosette.....Miss Pruzan
La Servante.....Miss Berat
Le Comte Des Grieux.....Mr. Huberdeau
Guillot.....Mr. Dua
De Bretigny.....Mr. Defrere

Mme. Genevieve Vix sang here for the first time. At the Paris Conservatory she won only a second accessit for singing, but in 1904 she was awarded a first prize for opera and a second prize for opera-comique. She made her first appearance at the Opera in Paris on Jan. 7, 1905, as Daria in Marty's opera of that name. Her voice was not strong enough for the huge auditorium of the Opera, so in the fall of 1906 she joined the forces of the Opera-Comique, and that year was heard there as Louise, Manon, Charlotte (in "Werther"). Her first appearance in the United States was at Chicago Dec. 1, 1917, as Manon.

Her voice is not pleasing in emotional scenes. It is thin, wiry and not firm; but in the light conversational music of the first act it served her well. Manon's entrance, her business with the rascally Lescaut, her native coquetry, her envy of the light-skirts entertained by Guillot, her sudden determination to see Paris in company with a desirable young man—these were well expressed, effective, in the true spirit of opera-comique. Here she shone as actress rather than singer. In the emotional scenes that followed, her performance was not significant, seldom vocally agreeable, generally without authority.

Mr. Muratore was loudly applauded for his robust voice and his robust delivery. He was not a romantic Des Grieux. The traditional elegance of an Opera-Comique impersonation was foreign to him. He sang the music in "Edeles 'veln," too often without tenderness, without sentiment.

"Manon" is not a heroic, not even a grand opera; it is an intimate opera, charming in its Dresden-china way, rising to true emotion in St. Sulpice scene; but even there Des Grieux should not sing from beginning to end with full force. Mr. Muratore is a striking figure in certain roles. He is not romantic as actor or singer in operas where delicacy, sensitiveness, "the emphasis of understatement," are required.

On the other hand, Mr. Dufranne gave a capital performance of Lescaut, the bully and swindler; Mr. Huberdeau played and sang Des Grieux's father in the best Opéra-Comique manner; and Mr. Defrere was excellent as Britigny.

The opera was carefully mounted. The chorus did well what it had to do. There is more beauty in Massenet's score than was brought out by Mr. Charlier. He too, seemed anxious to turn "Manon" into a heroic opera.

"Visitors in camp tomorrow and Sunday may see on the Robbins pond clubhouse door this sign: 'Ladies are admitted to the club only for inspection.'" Boston Herald and Journal.

War has its amenities.

At Camp Devens

As the World Wags:

Now we have it straight from a man with a "fiery Boston nature" (only there "aint't no such animal") that a handsome girl at Camp Devens is "something to clutch at feverishly." How about the plain girl. Does she get clutched, but not feverishly? And who are the principal clutchers? Do the officers get their clutches in first?

If a mother, like myself, feels an uncertainty about the quality of her daughters' looks, would you advise her to take them to Ayer and watch results? Is this clutching performed publicly? If so, why not charge each on-looker a quarter for the benefit of the Red Cross? Is there any special day when this testing-out could best be done? My three daughters and 11 other girls on the block are willing to enter the contest, but object to the low sum I have mentioned. One says she won't stake her beauty for less than $1, and another that she will be clutched for $1, but shall expect the spectators, or even her chaperon to pay $2 if done very feverishly.

Who will work up a program? Shall we ask the fiery "S. C." to act as umpire? He may hold the thermometer. Let him prepare, however, to have his gizzard warmed without the aid of Carmen or Aida, and tell him that both grandpa and grandma will be on the side lines. MOTHER T——.

Cambridge.

Odd or Even

As the World Wags:

Seneca in his essay "The Contempt of Death Makes All the Miseries of Life Easy to Us," says: "The truth of it is, there is but one chain that holds all the world together and that is the love of life. It is [illegible] that I propound the making of death so indifferent to us, as it is, whether a man's hairs be even or odd, for what with self-love, and an implanted desire in everything of preserving itself, and a long acquaintance betwixt the soul and body, friends may be loth to part, and death may carry an appearance of evil, though in truth it is itself no evil at all."

Can any reader explain the phrase "Whether a man's hairs be even or odd?" Does it refer to some Roman superstition, and is the superstition alive anywhere in the world today in its exact, or maybe, modified form?

TITUS.

Malden.

Some have interpreted literally the line in the New Testament: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." Rory O'More merely echoed the wisdom of the ancients when he said: "For there's luck in odd numbers." We have not yet been able to find any explanation of Seneca's phrase, although we have searched curious treatises on the hair, wigs, etc. The belief in the lucky significance of odd numbers is very old. There is an interesting chapter on this subject in Dr. Robert Means Lawrence's "Magic of the Horse-Shoe," published in Boston in 1899. Is it safer for a man to persist in calling out "Odd" when he is guessing at the number of coins or at the date of one of them? These are grave questions.—Ed.

At Stoke Pogis

As the World Wags:

The discussion in your column in regard to the merits or faults of "Gray's Elegy" brings to mind the existence of a curious stained glass window in the little church at Stoke Pogis whose graveyard is the scene of the elegy and the final resting place of the poet's remains.

The window is oval in shape, contains some heraldic devices and, in the upper central portion, appears a machine of the hobby-horse type with the date 1643. No local records have been found to confirm the existence of this device and it may be only the product of a Jules Vernean imagination; yet the idea of a man-motored machine is there and it has served as a peg on which the historian hung his hat, a starting point in the development of rapid transit.

I have before me a fairly accurate water color reproduction of this window. At first glance it seems to be well designed and put together with due regard to bilateral symmetry, but, on closer inspection, discloses all sorts of discrepancies, the most glaring of which is in the lower central portion, where a cord and tassel are shown upside down. This would seem to indicate that the window had been constructed of scrap glass—perhaps the remnants of old broken windows—but that does not detract from the interest in the hobby-horse and its accompanying date, 1643.

So long as the ipse dixit has gone forth and you have closed the discussion on the merits of the poem mayhap the disputants would like to devote their energy to ferreting out the history and significance of this odd piece of stained glass. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

WILBUR THEATRE—William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity," a play in two acts by Clare Kummer. First performance in Boston.

Henry Wilton.....William Gillette
Emmie.....Louise Rutter
Eddie.....Norval Keedwell
Marguerite .....Ruth Findlay
George Struthers.....Richard Sterling
Clarence Rivers.....Robert Rendel
Julie Partington.....Katherine Alexander
Conners.....William Devereux
Pietro Rafaelo.....Manart Kippen
Dr. Brodie.....Claus Bogel
John Belden.....Charles Lane
Albertine.....Maria Ascaraga

Miss Kummer's comedy is rare entertainment, delightful in the photographic realism of its characters, diverting in its cynical comments upon life as led by the idle rich, admirable for the skill with which a slender theme is developed. The playwright's inspiration, however, failed her slightly towards the end when the mood of the piece changes to melodrama and conventional sentimentality.

Henry Wilton, a wealthy railroad man, cursed with a young and frivolous wife, a linnet-headed daughter, an indolent, pleasure-loving son, longs for a quiet evening at home. Conners, his butler, who sympathizes with his master, tells him that in comparison the poor are to be envied for they cannot afford to go out often. This gives Wilton an idea. He tells his family he is ruined. The change is wonderful. Wife, daughter, son rally around him. They even agree to spend the evening at home. Wilton plays cribbage with his wife, but when the family has gone to bed he sneaks off to a prize fight with the faithful Conners.

Miss Kummer's exposition of character is deft. She knows the frivolous, card-playing, irresponsible young men and women, sons and daughters of the idle rich. She knows that family life is not taken seriously, that parents are treated cavalierly, if not with open disrespect; that the father is tolerated chiefly as a provider, that private interviews with his children are rare unless there is need of reimbursement. She has met the careworn, busy financier, wistfully longing for affection and true companionship, dragged unwillingly to teas, dinners, musicales, balls by a giddy wife whose sole aim is to see and be seen. Miss Kummer's characters, too, are real because they are not wholly bad. The better nature of woman, girl and boy comes to the surfaces with disaster.

That the play ends awkwardly with the supposed elopement of Mrs. Wilton and her adoring Italian portrait painter, with her return and the explanation of her absence, with scenes that permit Mr. Gillette to be sorrowful, magnanimous and sentimental, is not important. No one should miss the enjoyment of Miss Kummer's nimble wit in dialogue and her adroitness in characterization.

The comedy is perfectly acted. It would be difficult to think of other actors or actresses in the roles. Henry Wilton affords Mr. Gillette a part excellently suited to his familiar style of acting. He excels in the art of effective restraint, yet he managed to be human, lovable even, in the scenes with his wife, quaintly humorous in his treatment of his daughter and her suitors.

Miss Rutter was charmingly feminine as Mrs. Wilton and another attractive companion portrait of Dresden china femininity was provided by Mrs. Findlay as Marguerite. The rival suitors were excellently played by Mr. Rendel and Mr. Sterling, while the Conners of Mr. Devereux left nothing to be desired.

COLONIAL THEATRE—For the first time in Boston "The Rainbow Girl," a musical play in three acts; book and lyrics by Rennold Wolf (founded on Jerome K. Jerome's humorous story of "Fanny and the Servant Problem," and the farce, "The New Lady Bantock," derived from it; music by Louis A. Hirsch. Julian Mitchell and Herbert Gresham staged it. Joseph Urban fashioned the scenes. The principals in the cast:

Daisy Meade.....Marguerite Haney
Buck Evans.....Billy B. Van
Gus Norton.....Robert G. Pitkin
Lord Wetherell.....Harry Benham
Mollie Murdock.....Beth Lydy
Miss Terriss.....Miriam Medle
Miss Gwendolin.....Marguerite St. Clair
Clergyman.....Frederic Solomon
Miss Dudley.....Jane Burby
Miss Dudley.....Margaret Merriman
Martin Bennett.....Sydney Greenstreet
Susannah Bennett.....Claire Grenville
Honoria Bennett.....Kathleen Lindley
Ernest Bennett.....Harry Delf
Jane Bennett.....Lenora Novasio

"The Rainbow Girl," as a musical play, will survive through its own merits of book, verses and score.

In drawing from Mr. Jerome's original story, Mr. Wolf has maintained a praiseworthy respect for the wealth of characterization and the continuity of the unfolded tale.

Mr. Hirsch wrote well in his preceding score for "The Grass Widow." He, too, has gained in felicity of rhythmic expression, in inventiveness of orchestration. Especially successful is he in his lighter numbers for the dancs. His ballads are less distinctive, yet musically sound and pleasing. Mr. Urban, seen in interiors for a change, has revealed new talents. The four scenes, the green-room of the Frivolity Theatre, London, and the boudoir, drawing room and breakfast room of Wetherell Hall, are effective by their simplicity of colorings and contrasts.

Miss Lydy, as the actress who marries into nobility only to encounter among those in the family service a small army of relatives from whom she had fled in early youth, who successfully solves the perplexing problems which follow and saves her own face as well as that of "the 12 other Bennetts," is comparatively new to Boston. Hers is a mellow mezzo-soprano voice, used skilfully at all times. She made a very lovable, albeit, clinging bride. Mr. Benham, redeemed from the "movies," was a gallant lover. Mr. Van, as the much married "Buck," low comedian of the Frivolity, was always broadly humorous, making the most of several splendid opportunities for fun-making.

The butler of Mr. Greenstreet was a gem of artistic characterization. The dances, which were interjected frequently and without warning into the tale, were invariably of highest order. Here Mr. Delf and Miss Novasio took chief honors, with the Misses Haney St. Clair, Waro and Medie well to the fore.

"The Rainbow Girl" is all that a Klaw and Erlanger musical play should be. It has "class," distinction, novelty; cleanliness of fun.

BLANCHE RING IN PATRIOTIC SONGS

Star of Keith Bill Makes Big Hit with Her New War Ditties

Blanche Ring, Boston born, favorite everywhere, heads a delightful bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week that includes almost everything in the real vaudeville line. Miss Ring was welcomed last night by a host of friends, who recalled many of the musical comedies of a few seasons ago in which she starred as she sang "Bedella" and "Rings on My Fingers" once again. But she does not rely on her past. She has something new—a repertoire of songs with a bit of a war flavor which she

...gs in that peculiarly p... ...ing ...er. There is "Did You See Mc... ...le Jimmy Marching?" a song with a ...p to it, and a sudden change to ...hos in "I Gave Him to the U. S. A." ...t it was "We'll Bing Bang Bingen on ... Rhine" that brought down the house. ...mett Corrigan, character actor, ...y assisted by a company of three, has ... poetic novelty, "War Ballads," that ...s real American blood stirring. His ...erpretation of Robert Service's Brit... Tommy in "Afternoon Tea" is par...ularly good.

...ustin Webb and company have a ...y Sunday offering, "Hit the Trail," ...at has a laugh in every line and a ...oral at the end. Walter De Leon, who ...de his stage debut with the University of California productions only a few years ago, is seen in an original ...it "Behind the Front." He is assisted ... Mary Davies.

Artie Mehlinger and George W. Meyer win applause in a musical melange, ...nging their own compositions, and Deiro, with his piano accordion, is a hit. DeWitt Young and sister have a juggling act in black and white, and then there are Andru Lewis and Helen Norton in song and chatter and the Four Kings, wire artists.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Very Idea," a comedy in three acts, by William Le Baron. Cast:

George Green	Purnell Pratt
Gilbert Goodhue	Ernest Truex
Marion Green	Miss Josephine Drake
Edith Goodhue	Miss Dorothy Mackaye
Dorothy Green	Miss Florence Moore
Nora Tra...	Miss Florence Oakley
Joe Garv...n	William P. Carleton
Alan Camp	Richard Bennett
Miss Duncan	Miss Mabel Allan

It is a 100 to 1 chance that 99 out of every 100 in the Shubert audience who had not read advance notices of this piece—especially maiden ladies from Malden or Millis, or young persons there with their young men—when they discovered the theme of it, a childless couple arranging to obtain a baby with the aid of a eugenic scientist's chauffeur and their own parlor maid, exclaimed inwardly, "The very idea!"

Alan Camp, the scientist, fixed it all up, despite the blundering "aid" of Goodhue, the diminutive foster-father to be, and, though the proposition was a shock to Nora at first, she finally was won over by Camp's plea for science, the $15,000 she and Joe were to receive for the job and, beyond all, the fact that she and Joe were engaged and would be married that evening. As they started off for the wedding Camp said, "Wish you success!" Goodhue, with his usual mental acuteness, blurted out: "Hope it will be a boy!" right before his business partner, Green, and the latter's wife, who were not in the secret.

The childless ones went away to Southern California for a year. When they came back to surprise their friends with the baby, Goodhue "helped" by telegraphing ahead to his partner about it; so Mr. and Mrs. Green were there to see the baby. It didn't help matters that neither father, mother nor the genist could tell them whether it was a boy or a girl, but Goodhue came to the rescue with "You stick around and find out for yourself."

Nora and the baby and Joe came at ...st, while the Greens were in the ... room. Nora refused to give up her child, and Goodhue sent around to a nearby orphanage for "No. 66" he had seen there before. "No. 66" proved to be a husky red-headed 10-year-old boy. Then all confessed.

Mrs. Goodhue refused to give Nora the baby things she had made, because, she told her husband, blushing, she had a secret she hadn't told him in California, keeping it as a happy surprise.

"Wonderful state California!" exclaimed Goodhue.

In the hands of a less skilful playwright and less capable actors, this whole thing would be impossible. As it was, gasps were as frequent as giggles in the first act while the eugenic arrangement was being made. The funny complications, however, Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue's comic lies and the humor of the third act now that the first shocks were over, thoroughly amused even the Malden and Millis maidens.

Little Ernest Truex's amiable stupidity is delightful. The naturalness of Richard Bennett's absorption in Camp's eugenic theory is contagious and convincing. Miss Oakley and Mr. Carleton, as the honest Nora, and Joe help mightily in the illusion of reality, while Miss Moore and Mr. Pratt add strong bits in their portrayal of the astonished and mystified Greens.

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—A. H. Woods presents "Potash and Perlmutter in Society," a comedy in three acts, by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue. The cast:

Abe Potash	Jules Jordan
Mawruss Perlmutter	Charles Lipson
Marks Pasinsky	Maurice Barrett
Rosie Potash	Jennie Moskowitz
Irma Andrieff	Jennie Moskowitz
... Perlmutter	Eleanor Martin
Mozart Rabiner	Pearl Sindelar
...ris Andrieff	Dore Rogers
Henry S. Wolf	Frank Martins
...s B. Gans	Joseph Sweeney
Gaits	Belle Mitchell
...	Louis Morrell

When this play was first produced in Boston, Barney Bernard was seen in the role of Abe Potash, Charles Lipson as Mawruss Perlmutter and Jennie Moskowitz as Rosie. Last evening Mr. Lipson and Miss Moskowitz again appeared in their original roles, and Jules Jordan appeared here for the first time as Abe Potash.

Has Humor and Pathos

The play is first of all entertaining for the excellence of its types, for the skilful hand displayed at character drawing. The characters of the imagination of Mr. Glass not only step from the pages of fiction—they are vitalized as well as visualized. And it might be said, witnessing the performance last evening, that such characters have walked this earth even as the rest of us.

But above all this, the play itself is interesting in its appeal, for its "earthy" character. Nothing that takes place during the unfolding of the story is beyond the bounds of probability. And as the big audience laughed uproariously last evening, it had its moments when there was a pull on the heartstrings that not only sent its shafts home, but, besides this, gave the comedy stability.

And so once more one listened to the uproariously funny dialogue of the pinochle game, to the comment that preceded and followed the arrival of the wedding anniversary guests; again the audience followed the oily speech of B. Gans that resulted in the incorporation of the cloak and suit company and the pathetic separation of the partners; once more one listened to the passionate appeal of the life insurance agent. Nor was the audience less attentive as Ruth drew on B. Gans to his ultimate undoing, and there was again joy when Potash and Perlmutter were once more reunited in business, reduced, but expectant and ambitious, and again and forever there was the explosive quarrelling.

Jordan Excels in Role of Potash

Mr. Lipson's Perlmutter is already known as well as the Rosie of Miss Moskowitz, but it must be again said that they played their respective parts without the slightest touch of caricature, and this, indeed, is saying much.

Jules Jordan as Abe Potash played with fine imagination and reserve. A character that lends itself too easily to exaggeration, he always kept within the meaning of true comedy, nor did he find it necessary to resort to the grotesque in make-up. A picture not easily erased was his contemplation and admiration for his Rosie. Many others of the cast gave pleasure in various roles.

Judging by its reception last evening this comedy will undoubtedly have its appeal to Greater Boston theatregoers.

Feb 27 1915

We are glad to learn that many of our correspondents are well versed in the Old Testament.

Then and Now

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent "B" in the Boston Herald and Journal of the 20th inst. is somewhat "off his base." I understand that the facts in the case are as follows: In Deuteronomy xxxii., 15, is the simple statement, "Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked." It appears that some unknown scribbler, versified, amplified and stultified this simple statement into the following ridiculous parody:

Jeshurun waxed fat,
And down his belly hung,
Against the Lord his God he kicked,
And up his buttocks flung.

I have not a copy of the "New England Primer" at hand and cannot speak positively as to the presence or absence of the foregoing stanza in the old primer. I feel sure that no reputable hymn book ever contained such silly stuff. Sternhold and Hopkins published their poetical version of the Psalms of David in 1549 to 1562 and Tate and Brady theirs in 1690. I do not believe that the foregoing quatrain can be found in either version. To use no harsher term, it must be conceded that these old versions employ many unique and uncouth forms of speech, which would seem strange, if not ludicrous, to modern ears. They evince that in respect to hymnology as with reference to many other matters, the public taste has undergone a marked change in the passing centuries. Whether all such changes are in the line of genuine progress and improvement may be a debatable question.

I have seen the statement, but would not vouch for it, that in some old hymn book is found this glowing apostrophe to the orb of day:

All hail, thou glorious sun,
Bright as a new tin pan
The roundest, purest, truest source
Of bread and cheese to man!

I remember that, when a little boy, I read in old hymn book the following lines:

Ye monsters of the deep,
Your Maker's praises spout.
Up from the sands ye codlings peep,
And wag your tails about.

Unless I much mistake, the author of these lines was Dr. Isaac Watts. Some way these lines tickled my childish fancy immensely. I imagined the codlings standing on their heads, with their tails projecting, periscope fashion above the surface of the water, while those tails wiggled and wriggled in mute ecstacy.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H. J. W. H.

The Old Bay Psalm Book

As the World Wags:

We notice a grave error in "As the World Wags" Feb. 20th issue of the Boston Herald and Journal). The writer evidently had in mind the following lines which are from Sternhold and Hopkins's metrical version of the Psalms, the first book published in Massachusetts, and known as the "Old Bay Psalm Book":

Old Jeshurun waxed fat,
And down his belly hung,
Against the Lord his God ho kicked,
and up his buttocks flung.

In the article referred to this shameful impiety was ascribed to Jehoshaphat, one of the kings of Judah, concerning whom we read in II. Chron. xx., 32: "And he walked in the way of Asa, his father, and departed not from it, doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord." Jeshurun is a symbolical name for Israel.

The material for the above effusion is derived from Deut. xxxii., 15.

WENDELL P. SMITH.

Wells, River, Vt.

A good many years ago a venerable and worthy man living in Northampton wrote a volume of sacred poetry, which was suppressed by his family—a son was afterward on the supreme court bench of this commonwealth. One of the poems began:

The Lord is like the kangaroo,
And like the raging buffalo.

There are queer lines in Ravenscroft's "Whole Booke of Psalmes: with the Hymnes." We quote from the edition of 1633:

Yea, thou didst breake the heads so great,
of whales that are so fell:
And gavst them to the folke to eate,
that in the desart dwell.

Our copy belonged to Ursula Wynell. The name is written in an elegant but old-fashioned hand. We picked up the book at the sale of Vervoitte's library in Paris. He was the maître de chapelle at Notre Dame. Did Ursula—we wish we had known her—ever think as she sang from this book, the godly maiden, that it would find its way to Paris? No doubt the book was fresh from the printer when she first held it.—Ed.

Dogs and Fleas

As the World Wags:

The following excerpt taken from this morning's Herald and Journal:

"Let us respect the dog," says Jesus in Victor Hugo's wildest romance: "The dog what a comic beast'—whose sweat is on his tongue, and whose smile is in his tail!"

under the heading, "Her Pet Poodle," coupled with the assurance that you were brought up with dogs, gives me courage to ask where the saying "put a flea in his ear," originated?

I, too, had the good fortune to be brought up with dogs—and others—and confess that anything about dogs (or on dogs [written]) interests me in a marked degree.

I think it was one of the discoverers of one of our north poles who is credited with saying, "The tail on the dog is for the purpose of keeping his nose warm." That fact, coupled with the concealed smile, makes the tail more attractive and useful! I write to ask if it is quite fair that dogs alone should be given this double blessing? And yet we hear our neighbors speaking, at times, derogatively about living a dog's life! Now if mortals could only boast of a—but what's the use!

Boston. JACOB FAITHFUL.

To "put a flea in his ear," said of a mortifying reproof or rebuff, which sends one away discomfited, or of anything that surprised or alarmed, goes back to the middle of the 17th century, the phrase "to go (send) away with a flea in one's ear" goes back to the 15th century. The French had the same phrase.—Ed.

Dr. Johnson's Tribute

On Jan. 30 a letter written by Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale was sold at auction in London for £35. Dated Aug. 1, 1775, it contained a tribute to the American soldier:

"America now fills every mouth and some heads. . . . I do not much like the news. Our troops have indeed the superiority. Five and twenty hundred have driven five thousand from their entrenchment, but the Americans fought skilfully, had coolness enough in the battle to carry off their men, and seem to have retreated orderly, for they were not pursued. They want nothing but confidence in their leaders and familiarity with danger.

"Our business is to pursue their main army and disperse it by a decisive battle, and then waste the country till they sue for peace. If we make war by parties and detachments, dislodge them from one place and exclude them from another, we shall by a local, gradual and ineffectual war, teach them our own knowledge, harden their obstinacy and strengthen their confidence, and at last come to fight on equal terms of skill and bravery without equal numbers."

CONCERT BY NEW STRING QUARTET

A string quartet, Mme. J. Barbara Werner, first violin; Robert Gundersen, second violin; Alfred Gietzen, viola, and Alma La Palme, violoncellist, assisted by Mme. Claire Forbes-De Mailly and Hans Ebell, pianists, gave a concert at Steinert Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Tschaikowsky, quartet, E flat minor, op. 30; Rachmaninoff, sonata for piano and violoncello, op. 19; Arensky, quintet for piano and strings, op. 51.

It is said that this quartet was organized by Mr. Ebell. Attractive pieces were chosen for the first concert. No doubt the quality of the ensemble will improve with subsequent performances. In Tschaikowsky's quartet the intonation of the players was not always pure, nor did their interpretation rise to the heights of its many beautiful and inspired pages. Mrs. La Palme, a young cellist of uneven merits, played Rachmaninoff's sonata with Mr. Ebell, while Mme. De Mailly was the pianist in Arensky's quintet.

Feb 28 1915

MELBA SINGS

RAISA IN "JEWELS OF THE MADONNA"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance of Puccini's "Boheme" by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc.; Cleofonte Campanini, director. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Lamont
Schaunard	Mr. Fornari
Benoit	Mr. Trevisan
Mimi	Mme. Melba
Parpignol	Mr. Paltrinieri
Marcello	Mr. Stracciari
Colline	Mr. Huberdeau
Alcindoro	Mr. Trevisan
Musette	Miss Sharlow

Mme. Melba was the first Mimi in Boston. Mr. Charles A. Ellis produced Puccini's opera at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 25, 1899. The other singers were Mme. de Lussan, and Messrs. Pandolfini, Bensaude, De Vries, Boudouresque, Rosa, Viviani, Del Sol. Mr. Seppilli conducted. There was a very large audience to hear Mme. Melba, rather than the opera itself. Puccini's music disconcerted the great majority of the hearers. They complained that it was not melodious. They missed the long sustained, conventionally constructed melodies of the older Italian school. Mme. Melba was appreciated; the comedy was enjoyed; but the music perplexed the crowd. There was another performance that month. Mme. Melba appeared as Mimi again in April, 1901; at the Boston Opera House in December, 1910, and at the same opera house in Acts III. and IV., March 16, 1914, when her associates were Mme. Beriza, and Messrs. Tanlongo, Danges, Pulcini and Mardones. On the same night she sang in the second and third acts of "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Swartz and Messrs. Muratore, Danges, Marcoux, Dern, Grand and Wronski. These were her last operatic performances in Boston until yesterday afternoon.

She has been singing in opera a little over 30 years. (Her first appearance in Boston was as Juliet on March 1, 1894.) Yet her voice has still the peculiar quality that has long enchanted the world. Her art remains, the vocal art that is still admired by all and envied by some of the younger singers. There is the sureness, the inevitableness, the simplicity of the perfect vocal art that she has displayed here in Gounod's two operas, in "Lucia," "Semiramide," "The Huguenots," "Rigoletto," "Manon," "The Barber of Seville," "La Traviata"; also in "The Damnation of Faust" and many other concert performanes. The career has been long and glorious. In all the years she has kept faith with the public, respected it and the composers. On the stage she has not found it necessary to indulge herself in prima donna tricks. At the height of fame as a coloratura singer, she did not rely merely upon brilliance in florid song; she bestowed as much care upon a recitative as upon a dazzling cadenza; her phrasing was always that of the accomplished musician.

Yesterday her finest qualities were fully displayed in the third act, in which she sang with tonal beauty and in the truly pathetic vein. In the first act also the scene with Rodolfo was charmingly sung.

In other respects the performance of the opera was below the standard set here by the Chicago company. Mr. Lamont is not yet ripe for his part. There have been many Rodolfos in our theatres. Mr. Pandolfini, the first, looked the poet, was more romantic than any one of his followers, and his light voice was expressive. No one sang the music of Rodolfo so beautifully as Mr. Bonci. Mr. Lamont should consider his vocal ways. The voice is there; too much of it; art is lacking. Mr. Stracciari acted with spirit and humor, and sang for the most part respectably. Our old friend Mr. Fornari was as voluble as ever when opportunity offered. Mr. Huberdeau farewelled his coat in the appropriately touching manner. But the ensemble of the Bohemians ... too often vocally unsatisfactory. Miss Sharlow, a vivacious Musette, was not the singer known here four years ago. Yesterday her voice was shrill, without body or carry-

[illegible] power. Mr. Trevisan was an [illegible] [illegible] Benoit.

The whole performance, viewed as a [illegible], was inferior to many that have [illegible] in Boston. The first act [illegible] was turned into a string of episodes; there was not a continuity of musical flow. The second act was not played with the customary spirit. A very large [illegible] brought Mme. Melba before the curtain many times.

Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" was performed last night. Mr. [illegible] conducted.

G[illegible]o	Mr. Hamlin
[illegible]mel[illegible]	Miss Berat
M[illegible]a	Miss Raisa
Rafaele	Mr. Rimini
B[illegible]so	Mr. Trevisan
[illegible]cil[illegible]	Mr. Baltrinieri
St[illegible]	Miss Pruzan
[illegible]nceta	Miss Peterson
S[illegible]a	Miss Swartz
Grazia	Miss Pelucchi
Totonna	Mr. Dua
R[illegible]co	Mr. Fornari

Boston has seen several Maliellas since this repulsive and sacrilegious opera with its generally vulgar music was performed here in January, 1913; Mmes. Edvina, Carmen Melis, Amsden, Stanley, Soroya, perhaps others whom we do not now recall. There have been entertaining performances of the opera with distinguished tenors and accomplished baritones, but no one of these performances was so dramatically engrossing as the one last night.

Miss Raisa is, indeed, versatile as actress and singer. Take her Aida, Isabeau and Maliella; mark how she gives character to each heroine. Her santuzza is said to be equally remarkable. Not only does she truly impersonate in action and in repose; she characterizes in song. It would be difficult to say in which act she excelled last night. Perhaps the most striking feature of her performance was the portrayal of her spitefulness towards Rafaele turning to passionate love—love as this hot-blooded woman understood the word. Yet the scene in which she donned the stolen jewels and admitted the embrace of Gennaro with the name of Rafaele on her lips was marvellously portrayed. Here is a singer who can be fiery and ascetic, passionate and meditative; not merely an actress that incidentally sings, but a singer that is lyrical, dramatic and imaginative.

Mr. Hamlin, for many years esteemed here as a singer of rare intelligence in concert and oratorio, appeared in Boston for the first time in opera. His conception of the part was interesting. His Gennaro was in religion a fanatic. His one wish was to save the reckless girl from Rafaele. His love for Maliella was secondary. This conception was finely carried out, but the original libretto with its amorous scene at the end of the second act—this scene was greatly chastened last night, possibly out of regard for Bostonian sensitiveness—contradicts in a measure the conception. Mr. Hamlin sang the music admirably, freely, powerfully when intensity was demanded, and with constant appreciation of the text and the situation.

It is a pity that Mr. Rimini is so poor a singer. His voice is naturally good. He acted well the part and was a Neapolitan type to the life. Miss Berat was [illegible] Carmela. The minor parts—and [illegible] are many of them—were unusually well taken. Mr. Trevison's Biasco in particular. The whole performance was full of vitality. There was the stir, the bustle, the abandon of an Italian crowd. Scenery, stage management, effects of light were all that could be desired. A large audience was warmly applausive.

The opera tonight will be Rossini's "Barber of Seville." Mmes. Galli-Curci and Berat, Messrs. Rimini, Nadal, Trevisan, Arimondi, Paltrinieri, Defrere will be the singers.

The London Daily Chronicle paid the last honors to John L. Sullivan. "His way with the then Prince of Wales was simple: 'I talked affably to him and put him at his ease.'

"With all his comic egotism he was a remarkable man, an honorable opponent, a terrific hitter and a good sportsman."

Scotland Forever

The Daily Chronicle, by the way, is greatly daring. It boldly declared a fortnight or more ago that the haggis was originally an English dish. It is true that the haggis—there are many variants of the word—was a popular dish in England down to the beginning of the 18th century. "Hagese" was mentioned in the "Liber Cocorum" published about 1420. Recipes were given in that century. Markham in 1615 wrote: "This small Oat-meal mixed with blood, and the Liver of either Sheep, Calfe or Swine, maketh that pudding which is called the Haggas or Haggus, of whose goodnesse it is in vain to boast, because there is hardly to be found a man that doth not affect them." Hobbes in his clumsy translation of the Odyssey represents Antinous bringing a "haggas" filled up with fat and blood.

Yet one Burton in 1864 remarked: "There is something transcendentally Scotch about a haggis," and today the haggis is inevitably associated with the Scots. What can he say [illegible] and other English [illegible]? Tell him that a recipe of the ancient Romans was "a boiled pig's stomach, filled with fry and brains, raw eggs, pulped pineapple, seasoned with 'liquamen' obtained by mixing fish, blood, wine and spices," and he will refer you to Robert Burns, who called haggis the "chieftain of the pudding race."

Christopher North said that in the presence of haggis he felt himself immortal. There are many allusions to the dish in the "Noctes Ambrosianae." There is the Shepherd's description of a haggis feast at Laidlaw's house and what happened when some evil spirit put it into his head to slit the back with his gulley. The Shepherd on another occasion caused the table to be flooded in like manner, and remarked: "'Death is common—'tis but 'passing through Natur' to Eternity.' And yet—to be drooned in haggis 'll be waur than Clarence's dream.'"

In Cumberland it was long the custom to serve haggis for breakfast every Christmas day. Some one of the family sat up all night to have it ready at an early hour. In later years it was served at dinner. In Roxburgh there was a singular superstition. We quote from Wright's "English Dialect Dictionary," delightful reading for the folk-lorist: "As it is a nice piece of cookery to boil a haggis, without suffering it to burst in the pot and run out, the only effectual antidote known is nominally to commit it to the keeping of some male who is generally supposed to bear antlers on his brow. When the cook puts it into the pot, she says, 'I gi'e this to—such a one—to keep.'"

Haggis-headed means soft-headed, foolish, stupid. Haggis-hearted is a soft, cowardly heart. Haggis-bag is a contemptuous term for anything. Haggis also means the paunch, a pudding-headed person. In boxing, the verb "haggis" means to cut-up, to "do for." "Haggisland" is Scotland.

War Notes

London journals note that one or two restaurants are now offering "half-portions" of certain dishes on the bill of fare. "It is an example all might follow, and a welcome return to the custom which until a few years ago was a feature of certain famous old restaurants in the West End." Much depends on the size of the whole portion.

Suburban butchers near London give this notice. "Customers are kindly requested to bring their own paper for wrapping up."

Mr. Frederic Harrison in the Fortnightly Review predicts a new social order as a sequel to the war. "There will be no special ruling class, no select educated class, no idle class." He was shocked when he visited London shortly before Christmas."

"As I walked about streets, blazing with gems and gold and every form of extravagance, I asked myself—and is this the war for very life of a great race? If the Kaiser could come and see it all, he would say, 'I shall conquer yet, for all they threaten me.'"

In the same review Dr. Dillon says that Ritzonian government brought England to its present plight, and not least in its ignorant and self-sufficient handling of Russia throughout the war. What is a Ritzonian? Dr. Dillon thus defines him: "A Ritzonian is one of an intellectually and morally middle-class crowd who loves indolence and luxury, loathes system, shuns effort, feels an insolent contempt for merit and labor, and fancies himself unfitted to undertake a task of any magnitude."

The Cravat Signal

We spoke recently about the foolish, unwarranted prejudice against a red cravat. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is still on the water wagon but will dismount gracefully on March 1, gives us this note from his vast sociological storehouse: "In England a red cravat has been part of the uniform of guards and porters since the beginning of railways. It was decreed so that every railway servant might have always at hand something red to improvise into a danger signal when a red flag was not available."

march 1 1918

in Rossini's "Barber of Seville".

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Barber of Sèville," performed by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc., Cleofonte Campanini, director. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Il Conte D'Almaviva	Mr. Nadal
Dr. Bartolo	Mr. Trevisan
Resina	Mme. Galli-Curci
Figaro	Mr. Rimini
Basilio	Mr. Huberdeau
Fiorello	Mr. Paltrinieri
Berta	Miss Berat

Rossini's delightful, fresh, youthful opera, although it is now over 100 years old, needs no brilliant coloratura singer to make it enjoyable. We have heard performances in third-rate Italian theatres by singers of hardly moderate ability, yet the vivacity, sparkle and unflagging good humor of the music were irresistible.

Last night there was a brilliant Rosina, an Almaviva, who could not do justice to the florid measures, a Figaro, who would have been excellent if he had not been called upon to sing.

Many Rosinas have outwitted old Dr. Bartolo in this city. Some have turned her into a cheap soubrette. Some have been cold and respectable, anxious about the singing lesson. Others have sung with spirit, but gone "galumphing" through the scenes, heavy-footed, without sense of humor.

Mme. Galli-Curci's Rosina was a young woman, well-bred, fit to be a Countess, but coquettish and roguish. It was expected that she would be brilliant in "una voce poco fa" and in the singing lesson, nor did she disappoint expectation; but her brilliance was no more noteworthy than was the significance she gave the recitatives, the archness of her musical conversation. For once the recitatives were not boresome. An accomplished comedian gave musical emphasis to the spoken word. The mockery of Dr. Bartolo was not merely facial, or a matter of gesture. Her slyness and affected modesty when Figaro was urging her to write the letter for her lover found climax in the half-bashful, half-exultant cry: "Here is the letter." In the florid music she displayed finesse taste in ornamentation and the technic that has already excited admiration.

In the lesson scene she sang the Bell Song from "Lakme." Afterwards she sang "Home, Sweet Home," in English that was intelligible. (She speaks English fluently and correctly.) This reassured any who doubted that she was, after all, a real prima donna. The fact that she accompanied herself on a harpsichord and added "The Last Rose of Summer" riveted the conviction of any doubting Thomas.

Mr. Nadal as the Count was more fortunate in the dialogue than in the serenado and the bravura measures that followed. In late years only Mr. Bonci triumphed vocally in the first act. Mr. Nadal was not a dashing lover, nor did he act with bravura. Mr. Rimini was a spirited Figaro, light in recitative, painful to hear in sustained melody. We have seldom heard "Largo al factotum" sung so poorly. There was voice. Nothing else except volubility. Mr. Huberdeau, an excellent artist, replaced Mr. Arimondi as Don Basilio. His voice is not heavy enough for the "Calumny" aria, but he respected Rossini's music, and, unlike some of his recent predecessors in the part, he did not distort the rhythm and break the musical line for the sake of exaggerated dramatic business. Mr. Trevisan was an amusing Bartolo in his way. Bartolo, however, was a more pompous, more foolishly dignified old fuddy-duddy than he was portrayed last night.

A very large audience was enthusiastic over Mme. Galli-Curci. It must be added that Mr. Rimini's shouting of "Largo al factotum" was also heartily applauded.

Tonight the opera will be Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." The chief singers will be Mmes. Vix, Swartz, Berat and Messrs. Muratore, Dua, Maguenat, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Arimondi and Defrere.

Dr. Maurice F. Egan, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Denmark, now in this country, gave an interesting address in New York on the respective attitudes toward the central powers and the internal conditions of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. He neglected, however, to say that, according to a traveler, one can tell in Scandinavia the nationality of a man by the way he lights his cigarette. "A Swede strikes a match, uses it, and throws it away. A Dane uses the match first, and then offers it to you. The Norwegian strikes a match, offers it to his companion, and uses the fag end himself."

Mr. Winkley's Book Shelf

As the World Wags:

Your recent reference to the rule governing the use of quod, quoniam and quando struck a sweetly responsive chord in the mental recess where are still stored, and fondly cherished, the tattered remnants of a classical education, a residuum of culture which successfully resists obliteration.

As students we had a modicum of respect for the laws of the Medes and Persians because of their reputed stability, but we were certainly inclined to criticise those 52 rules of Harkness, claiming that each had its 152 exceptions. The late John W. Dickinson, afterward secretary of our state board of education, guided us between the Scylla and Charibdis of syntax because he could apply the sub-note under the 20th exception in such a way as to give it the importance of a rule.

Perhaps it was this same classical reference of yours that called forth those interesting contributions on readers, speakers and old text-books.

With due respect for Dr. Eliot and his "five-foot shelf of books," you and I know that each lover of knowledge has his own collection of priceless tomes around which cluster the best memories of life. When business is perplexing, when the goddess of chance refuses to smile and stocks go down instead of up, when piercing Boreas howls defiance at Mr. Storrow and the coal conservers, what better surcease than to light the large black pipe, and, as the smoke arises like incense in the air, take a sun bath and toast your soul in the atmosphere of a companionable old book, one that caters to your moods and fancies and yet commands respectful attention.

My shelf contains some curious specimens, most of them respectable, although shabby—and others, not being expurgated editions, are to be used with discretion. From the farther corner peeps out a tiny volume done in half levant and illustrated with characteristic oriental scenes and figures. Its title is "Printemps Parfume," and the introduction gives the interesting information that it is the first Korean romance ever translated into any European language. Then the eye catches a glimpse of the dignified lexicons—Leverett and Pickering—near neighbors to Tom Jones who, for conscience sake, is stored between "Emerson's Conduct of Life" and dear Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia," and these are followed by Taine and Ganot and a galaxy of others, ending with a little ragamuffin duodecimo whose title page reads: "The Works of Horace, Translated Literally Into English Prose; for the Use of Those Who Are Desirous of Acquiring or Recovering a Competent Knowledge of the Latin Language." The author is C. Smart, A. M., of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and the work was printed in Dublin in 1815. It has the Latin text on the left hand pages and the translation opposite. Originally in full calf, it is now without covers and the paper is frayed and yellow with age, though the binding is otherwise in fine condition.

If the house caught fire and we had only a few moments to escape I think I would seize the Horace and a pair of cuffs and make for the open, being satisfied with the cuffs for a "dress-up" and depending on the poet for the food, clothing and shelter for the soul. Have such books a price? On a peace footing and on a gold standard what would you take for them?

"Happy he whom neither greed of gain nor the ever encroaching limits of a populous city hath forced from his ancestral home," and happier he who in such a home possesses his own particular shelf of books to which he can confidently turn for the encouragement that is a priceless solace in times of trouble, and in which, too, he can readily sense the approving smile that adds a zest to the greatest pleasures of life. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

Mr. Winkley's edition of Smart's "Horace" is by no means the first, yet he is an enviable possessor, if only for Dr. Johnson's association with the unhappy translator. In 1763 Smart was in a madhouse. Johnson said of him: "My poor friend, Smart, showed the disturbance of his mind by falling upon his knees and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place. Now although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray that their understanding is not called in question." Smart dug in the garden of the madhouse. "Before his confinement," said Johnson, "he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. . . . He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as any one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it."—Ed.

Mch 2 1918

16TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 16th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Dukas, Symphony in C major; Saint-Saens, Concerto for Violin, No. 3; Sibelius, "Pojhola's Daughter" and "Nightride and Sunrise."

Dukas is known here chiefly by his Scherzo "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," which at first seemed to be an excellent bit of humor in music, but now sounds like an old joke. The symphony, which was played here for the first time in Boston, if not in the United States, was composed in 1895-96, a year or so before the Scherzo. Its prevailing fault is dryness—dryness in thematic material and in the scholastic use of the material. There is little or nothing that can be called imaginative; the only approach to the poetic is in the second movement, at the beginning of the middle section, which is also noticeable for more ingenious and effective instrumentation than is elsewhere displayed. The harmonic schemes are orthodox, without a touch of ultra-modernity. There are a few traces of Cesar Franck's influence, as in a jubilant passage where trumpets play an important part, also in one melodic line that recalls the Franck of the Symphony in D minor. Dukas's symphony is a serious work, the work of a man enamored of development, delighting in working out contrapuntal problems; a laborious work, one without the quickening breath of inspiration.

Miss Seydel, now in her 22d year, has had uncommon experience in playing before the public since she was 10 years old; experience in this country and in Europe. Yesterday she played at a Symphony concert in Boston for the first time, although she has played with this orchestra in Providence and twice in Cambridge. She chose Saint-Saens's familiar concerto in B minor. When the concerto was first performed in Boston by Mr. Adamowski the critic of a leading newspaper condemned it as "insipid, colorless," hastily put together as for a pressing occasion. The second movement reminded him of Gounod; the third of Bizet. Another critic said that the music was "without the characteristics of Saint-Saens," and saw a short life for the concerto. Let this be a warning to us, dearly beloved brethren! Let us not venture in prophecy. Miss Seydel displayed a sound, sure technic. Her performance was careful and feminine. There are women violinists of whom it is said admiringly: "She plays like a man." We do not wish to hear a woman, young or old, play with the virility of a male virtuoso. This concerto admits of broader treatment, of greater dash and brilliancy than were shown yesterday; at the same time, a milder interpretation, a woman's interpretation, is welcome, if it is as musical and agreeable as was that of Miss Seydel's. Certainly the second movement did not lose its pastoral charm, and Miss Seydel's harmonics were more secure than those played by some of her male predecessors. If her performance was feminine, it was not effeminate.

The two pieces by Sibelius were heard here about a year ago. "Pohjola's Daughter" illustrates a rune in the Finnish epic "Kalevela"—the wooing of Louhi's daughter by Vainamoinen and the ride of the disappointed and wounded lover who could not meet all the tests proposed by the mocking maiden. The fantasia is program, descriptive music, entertaining, now wild, now lyrically charming, often impressive. There is no printed argument for "Nightride and Sunrise." Whoever rode, rode for a long time and hard. The galloping figure becomes monotonous. The sun, in this fantasia, loudly calls attention to its rising, as if it were an extraordinary phenomenon. The final sonorous pages do not make one forget the monotony of those preceding.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala"; Lalo, violin 'cello concerto (Joseph Malkin); Beethoven, Symphony No. 2.

Mar 2 1918

MR. MURATORE SINGS ADMIRABLY AS EXILE

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Performance of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc. Cleofonte Campanini, conductor. Mr. Charlier conducted.

Juliette ..... Mme. Vix
Stephano ..... Mme. Swartz
Gertrude ..... Miss Berat
Romeo ..... Mr. Muratore
Tybalt ..... Mr. Huu
Mercutio ..... Mr. Maguenat
Gregorio ..... Mr. Defrere
Capulet ..... Mr. Dufranne
Frere Laurent ..... Mr. Huberdeau
Le Duc de Verone ..... Mr. Arimondi

The performance last night was pleasurable in that it recalled performances of past years. Shall we ever see again in opera so romantic a Romeo as Jean de Reszke, or one that will sing the love music as luciously as Alvarez? Shall we see again as beautiful a Juliet as Emma Eames, or hear the foolish waltz sung as brilliantly as it was by Mme. Melba? The shapes arise! We remember Montariol a tenor who died too young, a dashing Tybalt; Castlemary, Duke of Verona, whose entrance to quell the riot was superb; the sensuously beautiful Olympia Guercia as Stephano; Plancon, jovial as Capulet, unctuously pontifical as the Friar, a role in which we preferred him to Edouard de Reszke. Mancinelli and other conductors of this opera are also gratefully remembered.

But the performance itself in certain respects gave pleasure. The chorus was excellent throughout, in the great ensembles and in the more delicate passages. The costumes in the ball scene were sumptuous and striking. The stage settings and the stage management were seen to be heartily commended.

Mr. Maguenat was the first Mercutio in the city that gave true significance to the Queen Mab song. By his voice, diction and action he gave importance to music that in itself is a feeble exposition of the text. Mr. Dufranne was a worthy Capulet. Mr. Huberdeau sang the music of Frere Laurent in the appropriately dignified manner. Mme. Swartz made much of the page's song, doing it better than her predecessors in the part.

Mr. Muratore aroused the enthusiasm of the audience by his spirited singing in the Exile scene. Here his robust voice was exerted to its full power, and was legitimately used. In the love music he was not so fortunate. He shines only in forte and fortissimo measures. When he is required to be vocally delicate, tender, emotional, the quality of his voice is not sympathetic; his tones are not well controlled; he does not always keep to the true pitch. He is a robust, heroic tenor; at his best when the part taken by him demands constant vigor. Give him the music of the Exile scene, or of the stormier powerful scenes in "Monna Vanna," and he will be surely and justly applauded.

Nature was not generous toward Mme. Vix when she distributed voices. Nor has Art made full compensation. As Juliet, she was pleasing to the eye, creating sufficiently an illusion of maidenhood. The waltz is not for her. Her voice does not lend itself easily to bravura passages. In sustained song she did better, within her natural limitations. In all probability Juliet is not one of her best roles. She would be more successful with lighter music; music that has not emotonal depth, and is largely tripping and conversational.

The opera this afternoon (at 1:45) will be "La Traviata." Mme. Galli-Curci; Messrs. Nadal and Stracciari.

The opera tonight, "Aida," will bring the end of the engagement. Mmes. Raisa, Van Gordon and Pruzan; Messrs. Romont, Rimini, Nicolay, Arimondi, Paltrinieri.

We have received several anonymous letters. As they are anonymus, we are not able to publish them. We regret this in the case of two or three. One letter, however, was an ill-natured attack on a prominent citizen who, at present, as he has serious troubles of his own, should not be unduly irritated.

Germans and Tree-Squeaks

We are indebted to E. H. Crane of Brattleboro, Vt., for a copy of the Middlebury (Vt.) Register of Jan. 25, which contains news that will interest all sportsmen who are in the habit of visiting Maine:

GERMAN ATROCITIES

Trouble in Maine Woods Causes Shutdown in Factories

Because of the prevalence of tree-squeaks in the Maine forests, Capt. True Durkee of Upton, federal administrator of educational products, has issued an order to close down all spelling-book handle factories for the duration of the war.

It is believed that German agents are responsible for this condition. The only remedy for tree-squeaks is the playing of bonaphones, but there are no bonaphones to be had as they have been sent to Europe in large quantities for the Y. M. C. A. huts.

"Hamilton"

As the World Wags:

Not as an unappreciative layman of dramatic art but simply as an American who is a hero worshipper of our first secretary of the treasury, may I, through your interesting column, express my disappointment of the current play, "Hamilton." To many the great Alexander Hamilton is merely a character in the birth of our nation who was shot in a duel with Aaron Burr: but to those who have the time to peruse deeper or who have read Gertrude Atherton's delightful "Conqueror" he stands first as a youthful soldier at Yorktown, then a colonel in his 23d year and finally at the right hand, literally and figuratively, of the great Washington. Why does the great artist, and I say that sincerely, now portraying Hamilton, select for the plot of his play the events involving so strongly his liaison with an adventurer? When the same interpreter produced "Disraeli" he dramatized the most admirable traits of the great statesman. This interpreter, it appears, has taken the man's weakest and certainly most intimate points, which in times like these do not kindle our patriotism but only the inevitable interest for scandal. We are assured that the play is historically correct. How easily could Hamilton's life be dramatized so that every student, every patriot could be reminded of the sacrifices necessary for the foundation of the United States.

Not for those whose Hamilton lives in their hearts as one of the strongest figures in American history but for the multitude who will draw their greatest impression from what is so graphically objectified before them I regret, the work of the dramatist. I would not care even to see an American play "Hamilton" from the atandpoint it is being portrayed much less an Englishman, because, although Hamilton was born on the island of Novis, he is the embodiment of our ideals. R. C.

Allston.

To us, Hamilton is more interesting as a human being than as a secretary of the treasury or a political writer. John Aubrey, writing to Anthony Wood a letter that serves as a preface to the former's "Lives of Eminent Men," remarks: "I remember one saying of Gen. Lambert's, 'That the best of men are but men at the best.'" Hamilton's behavior in the Reynolds affair won the admiration of his bitterest enemies. There are those who esteem him more for that than for his views on government.—Ed.

Hoary Gray Questions

As the World Wags:

Let me offer a few last words over the grave of the late discussion on Gray. The "Elegy" gives an unfailing fountain of those preferring to "make talk" rather than to look at the accessible sources of information. Sundry questions, for length and certainty of their up-springing, have hardy perennials 'skun a mile'; a typical instance is the last query in this column, Feb. 18, as to the meaning of

Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

During a long period this query could be counted upon to reappear in 10-year cycles in (London) "Notes and Queries" (before the war nearly killed this), in five-year cycles in the Transcript's "Notes and Queries" (before that department took to "runnin' to empt'in's" two or three years ago). Comparing the date of the "Elegy" with those of the quotations, under the personified words in the New English Dictionary will readily show that the ground of "Looker-on's" troubles is that these words have changed their meanings; that then science was a much broader word, and melancholy was desirable; accordingly, the two lines might be prosed, knowledge came easily to him and made him thoughtful.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Bay Psalm Book

As the World Wags:

Mr. Wendell P. Smith is mistaken in identifying the Bay Psalm Book—the first book printed in North America—with the version of Sternhold & Hopkins, long annexed to the ordinary editions of the Bible. This was the psalmody in use by the Massachusetts Bay colonists when they arrived in this country; but their desire for a translation in verse expresaing more exactly the meaning of the original Hebrew brought about the publication at Cambridge in 1640 of the Bay Psalm Book, the work of various divines in the colony.

This information is taken from Wilberforce Eames's introduction to the facsimilie reprint (New York, 1903) of the first edition of the Bay Psalm Book.

J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster.

Jan 3 1918

We are informed that in the performance of "Isabeau" in Italian opera houses, the ride of Isabeau, nude, through the streets of the town, is left to the imagination. Tho foolish Folco throws flowers on her, but she is unseen, far below the terrace. Nor does she, after moments of trepidation, throw off her mantle and go down the inclined plane as though she were listening to an encouraging voice: "Come in! The water's fine." The ride is supposed to be portrayed by the bombastic intermezzo.

Mme. Galli-Curci has in mind several operas for next season. Mr. Campanini, it is said, is thinking of "Semiramide," but Rossini's opera demands more than one singer skilful in florid music. "Linda di Chamounix" and "L'elisire d'unore" tempt Mme. Calli-Curci. Why not "Lakme"? Mme. Galli-Curci's contract with the Chicago company calls for one year more of service. Will she then go to the Metropolitan Opera House?

It was a pity that Mr. Crimi, the tenor, was prevented by sickness from singing here. The company is weak in tenors. Mr. Lamont is young, and he was suddenly called on to take parts for which he was not wholly prepared. Mr. Naval, satisfactory in certain parts, is not a tower of strength. Much was said about Mr. Rimini before he came to Boston, but as a singer he disappointed expectation. His voice wobbles, and his vocal art is slight.

The excellent Mr. Dufranne was not a stranger here. He first visited Boston with Mr. Hammerstein's company, in April, 1909, when he was heard as Golaud—he was the first Golaud in Paris—Garrido in "La Navarraise," and the Prior in Massenet's "Jangleur." In 1910, again with Mr. Hammerstein, he took the part of the Marquis in "Griselidis," also appearing as Garrido and Golaud.

Mr. Arimondi is a still older friend, for he sang at Mechanics' building with the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company, making his appearance as Raimondo with Mme. Melba, Russitano and Campanari in "Lucia" in 1896. With that company he was also heard as Pistol in "Falstaff" with Mme. Saville, Beeth, Kitzu, Scalchi, Maurel, Cremonini, Campanari, Vanni, Rinaldini, and as Ferrando in "Il Trovatore" with Nordica, Mantelli, Russitano and Campanari. In New York he took the part of Arkel when "Pelleas and Melisande" was first performed, but was replaced in Boston by Veniile.

Mr. Huberdeau came with the Hammerstein company in 1910, appearing as Orestes in "Elektra," the devil, in "Griselidis," the prior in "Le Jongleur," and Arkel in Debussy's opera.

Mr. Nicolay was also in that company, an admirable actor with a telling voice. How much he made of the little part of the servant in "Thais." As the king in "Aida" he made a marked impression.

"X. Y. Z." asks if Mme. Melba ever sang "Manon" in Boston. Yes, at Mechanics' building, Feb. 26, 1896, when the other singers were Miss Huni, Jean de Reszke, Maurel, Plancon, Castlemary and De Vries. The question is also asked who first took the part of Athanael in "Thais." Renaud, March 30, 1909, with Miss Garden and the tenor Valles.

Of the newcomers Miss Lazzari and Mr. Maguenat were noteworthy. According to the Chicago press agent, the former was born in this commonwealth of an Italian family. She was educated here and at the Ursuline College at Milan, where she studied singing and took piano lessons. She made her first appearance last November at Chicago.

But the statements of this press agent are not always accurate. Thus, he states that Mr. Maguenat "sang for the first time in Paris the baritone role of Montemezzi's 'L'Amore dei tre Re.'" Now this opera was produced in Paris by Messrs. Higgins and Russell at the Theatre des Champs Elysees on April 25, 1914. Mme. Edvina took the part of Fiora. Ferrari-Fonta was the tenor. Vanni Marcoux took the part of the blind Archibaldo. The baritone was Cigada. If Mr. Maguenat was the first in Paris, he preferred to be known as Cigada. He is said to be a Parisian of Swiss parentage, who wished at first to be a painter. The press agent says that he made his debut at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1907. This may have been, but the "Annales du Theatre" of that year does not mention him. Later he sang at Nice, again in Paris, also in London.

We have mentioned Mr. Nicolay. It is said that he was born of Greek parentage at Alexandria. Was the city as portrayed in "Thais" familiar to him? Educated at Athens, he became there a teacher of ancient and modern Greek. He studied singing at the Paris Conservatory, sang in Paris in concert, in opera in Italian cities, and in other countries, until he joined Mr. Hammerstein's company.

A young woman, Miss Alma Peterson, had compartively little to do, but she was an attractive figure in "Thais," where more of her was seen than heard. It is said that she was born and educated musically in Minneapolis and had sung with the Symphony orchestra of that city.

Octave Dua, the Corentino in "Dinorah," a good buffo, is a Belgian. Having studied in Brussels, he was for some years at the Monnaie. Later he sang in Paris and London.

Stage Liberties Taken with Chopin and Other Famous Men

Chopin is a prominent figure in "Madame Sand," which will be produced here tomorrow at the Tremont Theatre. It is not the first time he has appeared on the stage.

He is the hero of an opera in four acts, "Chopin," book by Angelo Orvieto, music arranged from Chopin's piano pieces by Giacomo Orefice. The opera was produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Milan, Nov. 25, 1901. The first act, "Noel," takes place in a garden in Poland. Chopin is in love with Stella, almost a child. In the second act, "April," he is passionately in love with Flora. He is older and famous. In this act his intimate friend, Elio, urges revellers at Flora's village to rise in defence of their fatherland. The third act, "The Storm," passes in an old castle on the island of Majorca, where he is trying to regain his health. A tempest is described in music. Chopin fears that Flora and others at sea in a boat will be lost. In the last act, "Autumn," Chopin dies with Elio near him, also Stella, his first love, who has brought a silver box containing soil of his native country. At Milan the two chief singers were Borgatti, the tenor, and Mme. Cesira Ferrani.

This opera was produced at San Francisco, Jan. 29, 1907. Chopin, Martinez Patti; Flora, Velia Georgi; Stella, Bianca Nuncz; Elio, Antola.

Other composers have been introduced in opera, as Haydn in "Il Piccolo Haydn." Music by Cippolini (Como, 1883), performed in London in 1897. Stradella served Flotow. Beethoven figures in a stupid, foolish German play, in which Mr. Bispham still takes the part of the composer.

A long list of famous men and women that are mimed in opera and in drama could be drawn up. This week Hamilton, Monroe, Jefferson, Talleyrand, Schuyler and Mrs. Reynolds are to be seen at the Hollis Street Theatre. How many Napoleons have been staged on the stage! This is not surprising, for there are many men in private life that liken themselves or resembling the Emperor. There are some that even thus pose in church, with carefully arranged forelock.

Passages in Moeller's "Madame Sand" Not Heard on the Stage

The New York Times of Dec. 2, 1917, published passages in the manuscript of "Madame Sand" written by the author for the assistance of the players:

"Here, for example, is Moeller's description of the publisher, Buloz, and the poet, Meline, as they make their entrances in the first act:

"Buloz is a sort of sublimated journalist, terse, pat, with his eyes perpetually

[illegible] He is editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes and finds [illegible] an attractive feature. [illegible] a tense, wandering soul who has [illegible] to the spiritual haven of [illegible] keen—he is dyna- [illegible] essentials."

[illegible] description of young Al- [illegible] as the latter appears [illegible] his entrance in a mood [illegible] and dejection at the thought of [illegible] George Sand, from whom [illegible] he is about to part without [illegible] plumbed the depths of that lady's secret soul.

"Alfred is a poet, an aristocrat and something of a landy. His glance is firm, his red lips half open. He is [illegible] and fine with that exquisite delicacy of virility so irresistible to women."

Moeller thus describes George herself when that erratic genius flashes on the scene:

'And at this moment enters George, the brilliant, sumptuous, ridiculous, but conquering George. She is never sentimental, never sententious, never conscious of her exuberance or her exaggerations, mistress of everything but her emotions, which, though she thinks she masters, master her.'

'A moment after her entrance, following the reading of a fragment of verse by the melancholy de Musset, George becomes flamboyantly romantic, and, in an ecstasy of fervor, remarks that 'we were born but to say good-bye.' At this point the author inserts in parentheses:

'There is a danger that the moment may become unbearably sublime, but Rosalie opportunely arrives with the steaming tureen of soup.'

"A little later in this act when Alfred, under the influence of George's seductions, has decided to fly in the face of his mother's opposition and go with his mistress to Venice, Mme. de Musset unexpectedly enters and suggests that perhaps her son would care to drive him with her. Alfred hesitates 'between love and duty,' and George, in tremulous exasperation, stands silent. Here Moeller remarks, in parentheses:

'A tense moment. The literary history of France hangs in the balance—and then Mme. de Musset brilliantly comes to the rescue with sudden inspiration: "Delightful weather for December."'

"Dr. Pagello, George's Italian lover, is introduced in the second act in these words:

'He is George's deep-eyed, hesitant, but none too brilliant Italian doctor. He has no mental distinction, no authority, no particular magnetism, but he is charmingly simple, and George has discovered in him a latent talent for the tender, one-syllabled sort of love which, at the moment of the threatening debacle of her affair with de Musset, her soul needs.'

"In this act Dr. Pagello's Italian love, Lucrezia Violente, is introduced. Here is the description of this fiery creature:

'She is tense, dark, scented—a colorful combination of a languorous poppy when happy, and an angry firecracker when stirred.'

"In the last act Franz Liszt comes on the scene, being described as follows:

'Liszt is thin, pale, distinguished, aesthetic, but not of the exquisite fragility of Chopin. He is a queer mixture of impetuousity and method. A surprising streak of practicality governs his pyrotechnic nature.'

"Chopin is fragile, exquisite, spiritual. There is something about him as of flame and sleep. He is simple and profound, childlike and dominant. His whims are emotional necessities. He is part reticent reserve and part sudden irritability. Withal he is a genius who, in the words of Balzac, was less a musician than a soul which makes itself audible."

"At the end of the scene between George Sand and Chopin, where the former once more falls under the sway of the great passion which she had declared she was done with for all time. Moeller has inserted this explanatory note:

"'And he kisses her. A pause—and then she breaks from him—there are tears in her eyes—for a moment she stands watching him—the old wonder ever new breaks in her heart.'

"And at the end of the play, when she has gone home with Chopin 'to put the poor tired boy to bed,' as she wrote in the note which she leaves for Buloz, one of the guests at the reception finds her message and reads it aloud. The author finishes his play with these words:

"'Mlle. de Latour presses the letter with adoration in her album as Liszt, the untiring, thunders from the music room the beginning of a brilliant polonaise as the curtain falls.'"

High Prices for Concerts in London; Notes About Music

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph has this to say about the prices charged by concert givers in London:

"The prices are still far too high, even when they have been reduced from their primordial absurdly high level. And again I hark back to my old argument that a live shilling is better than a dead half crown, a fact clearly illustrated by my correspondent. It is, however, not a case of going into the highways and byways to cajole the cleanly shilling that is in point. It is the question whether any substantial good is being achieved by concert-givers who play or sing, even in these days, to half-empty houses, while the same houses might be filled to capacity if prices were brought down to date. That I take to be my correspondent's idea. I am often told that a large number of concerts are given for the main purpose of obtaining press notices. From what I know of the press I should say that a full house will make a stronger impression on the critic than an empty one! Will no one take in hand now, at once, the very serious question of prices in concert rooms? It is one that must be faced one day, and changes made that are much more drastic than anything in recent years. Why not now? The Queen's Hall not long ago sacrificed what once was its dignity and lowered its prices. Is there any embargo laid on similar lessened prices at the other halls? I take leave to doubt it!"

The music critic of the Daily Telegraph (Feb. 4), said of Mr. Moiseiwitsch's performance of Liszt's B minor piano sonata: "It is surely no exaggeration to say that no other living pianist could surpass, even if he could approach, the art which gave such distinction to his interpretation."

The French Players in London brought out Tristan Bernard's comedy, "Le Volonte do l'Homme." A susceptible married man and father falls a complete victim to the simple wiles of a pretty and sympathetic governess. So much so that he loses his will completely, and changes all the family plans in accordance with her whims. He is upbraided for this by a strong-minded bachelor friend, who promises to give the prety governess a 'straight talking to.' The strong-minded bachelor does so, but with the result that he least expected—namely, that he, too, succumbs, and becomes the second captive, while the now repentant Benedick is restored to domestic bliss."

At the performance at Dorchester (Eng.) Jan. 31 of "The Mellstoch Quire," a comedy adapted by A. H. Evans from Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," carols of from 80 to 100 years ago, which were sung in the parish of Hardy's novel, were introduced. The old country figure, "Haste to the Wedding," and the old country dance, "The Triumph," were performed. "This last once favorite tune and figure, nicknamed 'Follow My Lover' three generations ago, is described in Preston's 'Country Dances for 1793,' 'as performed at Court, the Bath, and all Publick Assemblys.' It is there stated to be new in that memorable year—as tragic as the present for France—and it was much in vogue through many subsequent seasons, having been danced, it is believed, at the famous Waterloo Ball in 1815."

The 100th performance of the revival of "Brewster's Millions" in London took place at the Queen Theatre on Feb. 5. The play has been running almost continuously for 10 years.

The 150th performance in London of "The 13th Chair" took place at the Duke of York's Theatre Feb. 9.

Foreign papers state that Alexandre Siloti, the Russian pianist, who visited Boston and played here delightfully, now the chief conductor of the Maryinski in Petrograd, was imprisoned on the charge of favoring a counter-revolution, but a day or two later set free on bail.

In days like these, when everything is changing, one is thankful for a reminder of anything that points to stability. And such a reminder surely comes with the announcement that Monday evening brings with it the 800th concert of our Royal Philharmonic Society. On March 8, 1813, was held the first concert, with Salomon as leader of the orchestra and Clementi at the pianoforte. Not until 1820, when Spohr appeared as conductor, was the old-time "dual control"—a ludicrous affair—swept away, and then, for the first time, the Philharmonic's patrons beheld a "wielder of the baton." (who invented the classic phrase?). Surely there is something solemn in the thought that Beethoven the Immortal (whose bust still serves to link up the present with the past) had barely entered upon his third period when our oldest musical institution was born—in the same year that brought Verdi and Wagner into the world—and that London concert-goers were attending its functions while yet both Schumann and Chopin were toddling infants.—London Daily Telegraph, Jan. 26.

It is said in London that Sir Walter Parratt will resign the Oxford professorship of music, which he has held for about 10 years.

Under the heading, "Krupp and 'Peaceful Penetration,'" the February issue of the Musical Times quotes an interesting and suggestive "appeal" published in the Paris Courrier Musical. Basing his remarks upon information received from Switzerland, the writer, who is evidently very much in earnest, declares that the enemy is preparing for "after the war" in music as in all other things, and that some 24,000,000 marks have been devoted to the purposes of German musical propaganda. It is, he asserts, the funds supplied by Krupp that are inundating Switzerland, whilst Holland, Sweden and Spain "are receiving offers of orchestras, virtuosi and artists of every sort from beyond the Rhine, duly furnished with programs, materials and complimentary tickets." To meet this flagrant danger, "what," he asks, "are we doing to industrialise our art beyond the frontier? Where is the French capital, where are the big firms, whose patriotic elan will victoriously counterbalance the influence of the factories of Essen?" Might not something on similar lines be urged on behalf of a propaganda in the interests of British musicians?—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 2.

Performances of "Elijah" in operatic form were given at the Old Vic Theatre, London, Jan. 31 and Feb. 2. "As there is still a measurable element of novelty, so there is always an almost immeasurable element of risk in presenting on the stage an oratorio like 'Elijah.' The risk is, of course, that the desire to heighten effects by scenic contrivances should be overdone to the point of irreverence." The writer adds that Ben Greet and Miss Bhylis "wisely insisted on a cautious reticence, which allowed the dramatic possibility of the work to be accentuated without being spoilt."

One result of the innumerable concerts given to soldiers in training or on active service is the raising of the standard of the programs. A famous singer says: "At the beginning of the war it was music hall songs that soldiers were supposed to want. Now they expect the best music we can give them. As for the performers, since the leading members of the profession have appeared at concerts the audiences are growing critical. The one sort of song they detest is one of highfalutin' heroics about going to Berlin." Other artists indorse this opinion.—London Daily Chronicle.

A Supplementary Note About the Old Eagle Theatre

To Editor of Herald:

In my letter about the Eagle Theatre, published in the Herald of last Sunday, I omitted to state that W. Humphrey Bland was associated with Brougham in his managerial ventures in Boston. He was in Wyman's company at the Federal Street Theatre. So was his wife, who had been a London favorite at Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden in the thirties of the last century. She died in Boston in 1847, and was much older than her more celebrated sister, Helen Faucit. And what a strong company the Federal Street Theatre had in the middle forties! It included among others, besides those I mentioned, John Gilbert, W. M. Flemming, Thomas Placide and Mrs. W. H. Smith, one of the Riddle sisters, then in her prime of youthful loveliness and good-natured charm. At this playhouse, as a small boy, I saw both Thomas and Henry Placide in a piece, the name of which has escaped my memory, but I know that I enjoyed the play immensely whatever it was called. There, too, I witnessed the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean in "The Wife's Secret," and listened to the singing of the Seguin English opera troupe.

JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

The Story of B. F. Keith and the Princess's Theatre in London

The Stage (London) of Jan. 24 published the following story:

"I am told a syndicate is being formed to acquire the old Princess's. I have often wondered why it was allowed to be idle for so long. It is on a very large site, and could be made into the largest and handsomest playhouse in London. Nothing can be attempted in the way of building till after the war, but at the price theatres are reaching now it would be cheap at £50,000, which is in the neighborhood of what is asked. I think the ground rent is £1500. After all, it is in one of the leading thoroughfares, and not up a back street, so it should do well. It is not many years ago that the Princess's was one of the most popular theatres in London. It always drew large and delighted crowds whenever a good play was presented. Two managers, to my knowledge, made fortunes there, and lost them elsewhere. Neither of them spent any money on the upkeep of the theatre, and it gradually got worse and worse till at last, for the public safety, the L. C. C. stepped in and condemned it. My friend Keith of the Continuous Vaudeville Theatres of America, came over about 1903 or 1904 and bought the property for £28,000, with a view to making it an up-to-date variety theatre and winter garden, the latter to be an elaborate affair underneath the theatre—something entirely new to England. I forgot how many million dollars it was to cost. Unfortunately for these plans, there was difficulty with a wine merchant who had the cellars underneath the theatre on lease, with about seven years to run, and who stoutly refused to disturb his wines without heavy compensation. Thus things stuck for a time, and Keith thought he would freeze him out by refusing to pay anything, and kept the wine merchant in a state of uncertainty. Eventually Keith, having married again, sold the property to an hotel company. I presume the war has interfered with their plans, for it is now offered for sale again.

"He was a fine old chap, was Keith, and he carried his 75 years when last I saw him like 55. He often boasted that the theatres he owned had all been 'rag and bone shops' when he first acquired them, and he got them at his own price and made a huge fortune. He also told me that he had selected the Oxford street site after testing by numerous devices he had found effective in the United States, which street in London attracted most traffic during the day, and Oxford street came out a big winner. I shouldn't like to say how much it has cost its owners in rates and taxes during the years it has been closed."

Should There Be Incidental Music in Theatres?

The Stage (London) published this letter from Mr. Edward Anderson:

"With regard to music in the theatre, so far as your correspondent's plea touches overture and entr'acte music I entirely sympathize with him. The orchestra happily bridges over the tedium of waiting for the rise of the curtain and the equally great tedium of the intervals between the acts—intervals which some resident managers, mindful of the profits of the refreshment bars, prolong to the limit of boredom. Further, a considerable proportion of an audience attend singly—that is to say, without any companion—and to such the overture and entr'acte music are a much appreciated boon.

"At the Repertory, Birmingham, an experiment was made for a time of working without any orchestra whatever, but the gaps of silence were somewhat ghastly, and when ultimately the management installed a small but excellent orchestra, the patrons of the theatre welcomed it with delight.

"On the other hand, to Mr. Wilson's plea for 'incidental music' I must enter the strongest possible protest. By incidental music I understand music during the performance of an act. How stodgy must be the mentality of his example: an auditor who wants to hear some Hungarian music merely because an actor is relating an experience in Vienna! That our streets are full of music I freely admit—very much too much so—but there is no parallelism between that and the subject under discussion.

"When the voice of the actor or actress is of right quality, timbre and articulation, incidental music is a muffler. It causes a straining of the ears to catch the exact words which are being spoken, and it deprives the audience of some of the mental and emotional effect which the pure human voice produces. On the other hand, if the voice of the actor is bad or indistinct, then incidental music serves merely as 'camouflage,' and the true remedy is a change in the cast. Frequent instances of such 'camouflage' are to be heard in connection with the cracked voice of a music hall fallen star comedienne.

"To take an illustration at random, 'Leah Kleschina.' I have sat in a theatre of 2000 people when the grip of the play has been so strong that one could have heard the fall of a feather. Incidental music would only have marred the magnificent silence. Another random illustration of a different kind is 'A Little Bit of Fluff.' Incidental music, if introduced, would only mask the rapid dialogue, and could not possibly add to the uncontrollable laughter which greets the various entanglements of the piece.

"Speaking as a playgoer for 30 years, I have never heard among educated people anything but condemnation of incidental music; and, indeed, of late it has scarcely been heard in the provinces, except in the melodrama of theatres of the second and third class.

"Chacun a son goût. Those who want drama mixed up with music can get ample supply in grand opera and in musical comedy."

Stage and Screen; Some Differences in Acting for Them

Helena Millais contributed to The Stage of Jan. 17 an article with the above title.

"Which is the more difficult art, stage or film acting? What are the differences? I have played leading parts for both, and can therefore speak of some of the differences that have struck me.

"An actor or an actress, to do really able work on the stage, must be well educated, used to decent society, able to speak correctly, fairly well read, have a good voice and a knowledge of how to use it, a well-built body, a certain amount of grace and movement, keen insight, imagination, and above all, dramatic instinct.

"To be a film artist one must have the requisite looks for a part, a quick intelligence with which to carry out the producer's wishes, that self-same dramatic instinct without which no sort of acting is really engrossing to the audience; but your film actor or actress needs no voice, no refinement of accent. One cannot imagine Sir George Alexander engaging as his leading lady a girl who asked for the part of Juliet by saying: 'What price me in in that part?' But if he were producing a film he might say: 'She will look the part perfectly, and, thank heaven, she will not have to speak.'

"I am not suggesting for an instant that film artists are uneducated. But I do not think that education is so essential for their art as for the stage actor.

"I remember once playing lead to a Frenchman who could not speak a word of English. That would have been quite impossible on the stage. Then, again,

I know an old man who [illegible] face, who has often played such parts as doctors and lawyers on the film, but he would be useless on the stage, having no roof to his mouth.

"People often wonder at the failure of a stage-star on the screen, but I think the worst failures have been because the people have been 'getting on in years,' and the camera has shown up all their lack of youthful charm, and shown none of the still very much-alive charm of voice still perceptible on the stage. Also, such stars usually play big leading parts, demanding knowledge of screen work. Some film producers have said that they prefer artists who have no knowledge of the stage. This, I think, is a mistake. I dare aver that more stage-stars would be successful on the film than film-stars on the stage, given the test.

"Providing he has the looks and personality for his film part, the stage actor needs to unlearn a good many effects of the stage. He must get used to playing in a small space; remember he cannot rely upon his voice to express what he needs to convey, and, above all he must get used to the producer's voice breaking in during a scene. All theatre people are used to rehearsing a scene till perfect, and then 'letting themselves go.'

"Kinema acting is cold-blooded. One has not the inspiration that footlights and audience give to the actor. One plays in a studio, that is either very hot or very cold, before a camera; the waiting about wearies, and one plays in the early hours of the day and not at night. All this is strange at first. There is no time to get into the skin of a part, or to build up a scene as one can on the stage. Film effect is more calculated, the effect produced is quicker, and the actions are more deliberate. I have come to the conclusion that the actor who 'forgets' himself in a part is not so good 'on the screen' as the one who, under all stress of emotion, can keep his mind fixed firmly upon 'what I am doing' and not 'what I am feeling.'

"But, these things learned, film acting should be easy to the good stage performer, and it is less engrossing to the average actor.

"I think it requires less to make a film star, but it also requires some difference. Do we not all know the handsome young actor or the pretty young chorus girl who, without talent for the stage proper, scores a well deserved success on the screen, because all their best points are revealed (some of which were lost on the stage) and their worst faults hidden, 'because we cannot hear them'?

"The producer of films requires greater all-round knowledge than a stage producer, whereas a stage star can often carry a badly produced play into something like success, a badly produced film is ruined even with a perfectly beautiful woman star in it. It is essential that a film producer should have a thorough understanding of stage production in most of its branches, and to be ideal he should be well read, have a wide knowledge of the world of art, such as painting and sculpture, be au courant with the big films produced by other people, a good organizer, well educated, and know how to handle all classes of people with tact. His time should be spent in producing, not in having to do half a dozen people's work, as most English producers seem to do; an efficient staff is essential to all branches of successful production.

"The stage and screen are closely allied, but distinct arts, as distinct as drawing and painting. But to be educated in both helps either.

"Which has the greater appeal is surely a matter of individual taste. Which has the greatest educational value? Apart from the purely literary point of view, I should say the kinema. It is universal in its appeal.

"If one has a great truth to give to the world, the best way is via the papers and the kinema. He would be a dull dog indeed who did not have a chance to learn it."

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Eugene Ysaye, violinist; Marcia van Dresser, soprano, and Beryl Rubinstein, pianist. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor. Part songs: Hawley, Bugle Song; Fox-Gartlan, The Foggy Dew; Coleridge-Taylor, Tell, O Tell Me; Daniels, Secrets (with tenor obbligato); Baldamus, Benediction of the Alps (with baritone solo); Pflueger, When All the World Is Young; Weber-Saar, Serenade; Rodgers, This Is She; Heartz, The Early Bird; Lund, Greek War Song (Miss Conkling, soprano; Walter H. Kidder, baritone). Lina Conkling, soprano, of New York, will sing "Comme il tient ma pensée" from Massenet's "Esclarmonde," and these songs: Loewe, Canzonetta; Handel, O, Had I Jubal's Lyre; Huberti, Chanson de Mai; Foote, There Sits a Bird on Every Tree.

WEDNESDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Concerts by the Paulist Choristers of Chicago, Fr. William J. Flynn, director. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Alice McDowell's piano recital. Mozart, Pastorale varie; Schumann, Sonata in G minor; Chopin, Impromptu No. 3, Mazurkas 45, 40 and 10; Rachmaninoff, Prelude and Humoresque; Albeniz, Tango; Granados, Danza Española; MacDowell, Preciudium, Rigaudon, Etude de Concert.

THURSDAY—Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. George Copeland, pianist, will play pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Chopin, and Spanish Dances. Evelyn Jeanne, soprano, will sing "Ah fors e lui" and a group of songs. The Boston Philharmonic Orchestra, Charles Leavitt, conductor, will play the overtures to "The Barber of Seville," Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre" and an intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna," selections from "Rigoletto" and the "Blue Danube" Waltz.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 17th concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 17th concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

CHICAGO COMPANY ENDS ENGAGEMENT

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon performance of Verdi's "La Traviata" by the Chicago Opera Association, Inc. Cleofonte Campanini, director. Mr. Sturani conducted.

Violetta Valery ..... Mme. Galli-Curci
Flora Bervoix ..... Miss Pruzan
Annina ..... Miss Berat
Alfredo Germont ..... Mr. Nadal
Giorgio Germont ..... Mr. Stracciari
Gastone ..... Mr. Paltrinieri
Barone Douphol ..... Mr. Defrere
Marchese D'Obigny ..... Mr. Trevisan
Dottore Grenvil ..... Mr. Nicolay
Giuseppe ..... Mr. Minerva
Servant of Flora ..... Mr. Franzini

Mme. Galli-Curci not only sang the music of Violetta in an enchanting manner; she also showed that she is an emotional actress. Violetta, as a rule, satisfied with the applause bestowed on "Ah, fors, e lui," walks through the part, politely affected when she abandons Alfredo, hurt by his conduct in the hall-room, and finally dying because the librettist has doomed her.

Yesterday we saw a woman of flesh and blood, the woman that Dumas the younger knew and made immortal. Certain singers in their effort to be realistic as Violetta have vulgarized the heroine in a manner to satisfy those who, witnessing the play, sob violently over the fate of "Cam-eel," as they are pleased to pronounce the name; but the great majority of sopranos represent her as an animated puppet with a curious facility in song.

Mme. Galli-Curci's performance was as though Mme. Modjeska with Mme. Galli-Curci's voice and art had appeared before us at the height of her fame. There was the same elegance, the same simplicity, the same naturalness, the same brilliance in the opening act, the same pathos of the farewell and the death. Violetta was no courtesan courted simply for her beauty. She shone in the highest circle of the demimonde. How deftly Mme. Galli-Curci made this evident in the opening scene! She "nothing common did or mean." Her coquetry was high-bred. Her gaiety was not too forced. And here, as in the acts that followed, there was no superfluity of gesture. Every pose, every movement, the facial expression—these were eloquent. The voice in song or recitative, with tones colored for the expression of the text, the sentiment and the emotion, was ever charged with significance.

Equally admirable was her conception of the scene with Alfredo's father. It was as free from exaggeration as was her behavior in the ball-room when she was crushed by Alfredo's taunts. Then came the final scene, an overpowering climax of great pathos. Throughout the opera there was no thought of a famous singer condescending to appear in one of Verdi's operas; the hearer and the spectator were under the spell of voice and action, believing for once implicitly in the familiar tale now made fresh and vital; finding new beauties in the music, which never before had seemed so inevitably the music to which Violetta reigned, loved, suffered, died.

For once "Ah! fors' e lui" was not merely a show-piece for a painstaking and unmoved prima donna. For once the recitatives were not perfunctory measures to be hurried through. For once the airs of Verdi had more tenderness, a deeper note of pathos in them than even Turgenieff found in them, when he described the opera in one of his romances. It was a lyrico-dramatic triumph. Singer and actress were one. The great audience, enthusiastic at the end of the first act, paid the highest tribute through the scenes that followed: rapt attention, hearts touched to the quick.

Mr. Nadal acted the part of Alfredo much better than he sang. In fact, he often made sad work of the music, not so much by the quality of his voice, which at the best is hardly sympathetic as by his method of singing. Mr. Stracciari was dramatically an impressive Germont the elder. His singing was not to be commended. In his effort to improve the celebrated air sung to Alfredo, he distorted the rhythm; attempting to be effective, he was singularly ineffective. The minor parts were adequately taken. Flora, the friend of Violetta, as played by Miss Pruzan, was actually comely; she actually had an agreeable voice.

The opera was beautifully mounted. The setting of Violetta's salon was especially noteworthy. So, too, the management of the stage and the performance of chorus and orchestra were again to be heartily commended. In the third act the little ballet was not an eyesore, contrary to the tradition long observed in Boston.

The season ended last evening with a repetition of "Aida."

The fortnight of opera gave pleasure to many. The production of the operas was uncommonly good. The stage settings were more than adequate. Some of the scenes were very beautiful. The costumes were rich, not gaudy, chosen with fine taste to heighten the effect of the ensembles. The stage management showed a practised hand.

The chorus deserved the highest praise, whether the appointed task were simple or difficult. The orchestra was a euphonious and dramatic integral part of each performance, a body of capable musicians who had been well trained. For once the orchestra did not obtrude itself between the performance and the audience; it supported, it sympathized with the men and women on the stage. The only regret was that Mr. Campanini, on account of his physical indisposition, could not lead it in person.

In the Italian operas the company was weak in solo tenors and baritones. Mr. Nadal, an honest singer, is not yet one of high rank. Mr. Lamont has much to learn in the management of his voice. Mr. Rimini's faulty method, if his manner of singing can be called a method, seriously impaired more than one performance.

Old friends were welcomed: Mme. Melba, Miss Garden, Messrs. Dufranne, Huberdeu, Nicolay, Arimondi, Mr. Dalmores had little to do. The music of Nicias demands a lighter style. Mr. Muratore, miscast as Des Grieux—"Manon" is too intimate an opera for his robust vein—aroused enthusiasm as Romeo.

Of the newcomers, Mr. Maguenat as actor and singer made his mark. Miss Lazzari was also appreciated. Miss Van Gordon gave promise.

It is hardly necessary, after what has already been written during the fortnight, to speak at length of Mme. Galli-Curci and Miss Raisa. The latter showed versatility in the interpretation of widely-contrasted roles. Mascagni's "Isabeau," an opera not worth the trouble of production, was made endurable by her exquisite performance of the heroine; by the authority of Mr. Maguenat; by the scenery, grouping and other stage effects. It should be said, however, that if Miss Raisa does not exercise more restraint in dramatic song her voice will surely suffer.

It was a misfortune that Mr. Crimi, the tenor of whom much was expected, was unable, through sickness, to visit Boston. His absence was severely felt in the Italian operas. The return of the Chicago company next season, strengthened in the ways to which we have alluded, will be heartily welcomed. Let us hope that we shall be permitted to see Mme. Galli-Curci as Mimi and as Gounod's Juliet.

Mar 4 1918

A patriotic woman in Greater Boston, pitying the loneliness of Radio boys away from home, invited two of them to dine with her. At the appointed house only one came. She said, "I invited another one of you boys. Couldn't he come?" To which the boy answered: "Oh, yes, he read his invitation; but we two tossed for it and I got stuck."

Our Own Clancy.

As the World Wags:

It is very gratifying to an admirer of the late Frothingham Clancy (and I own that I am such) to witness a renaissance of interest in his poetry. I had hoped that my learned friend, Prof. Thersites K. Deedledum, in whose charge the precious manuscripts are, would accept the invitation of one of your correspondents and bestow upon a waiting world another of those immortal lyrics which have made the province of South Boston famous throughout the length and breadth of Europe, Asia and the cultivated portions of Africa.

While in Boston about two weeks ago, I ventured to call upon Dr. Deedledum, and found him still excessively mortified because of the criticism he received after the publication of his last letter to your column, in which he misquoted a line from the poetry of Robert Browning. That his critic, in correcting Dr. Deedledum, also misquoted was no solace to the latter. I tried to convince the worthy doctor that his chagrin, while highly creditable to his sensibilities, ought not to keep him from further efforts in behalf of Clancy's fame. I assured him that he was too thin-skinned, and pointed out that if I had adopted his attitude I would long since have wilted quite away under the fiery scornful blast.

The doctor, however, was adamant. His only concession was to place in my hands a copy of the poem which I append to this letter, and along with it a sheaf of notes critical and explanatory. These I shall not publish, deeming them unnecessary, and the good professor will be none the wiser; for, to tell the truth, he never reads this column, but expresses a highbrow contempt for it and condescends to make it the vehicle of Clancy's fame only because a conspiracy of jealous editors has long been successful in keeping the South Boston bard obscure to the American public.

In answering your correspondent's inquiry regarding Clancy himself, you fell into the common error. The "thin volume" is indeed the only one of Clancy's works to be found in the Boston Public Library, and even that, along with the works of Masefield, Galsworthy and Noyes, is always out. Is it possible that you are unacquainted with the celebrated Riverdrive edition of Clancy's "complete" works, in its handsome binding of purple and gold? The edition includes Clancy's novels and romances, his critical estimates of contemporary friends and enemies, and that superb collection of verses libre which has been chiefly responsible for Clancy's fame in Europe. According to several of the leading French critics, but two names in American poetry—those of Poe and Whitman—outshine Clancy's.

The furore which attended the European publication of Clancy's first volume of free verse (Pickled Feelings) and really started the whole free verse movement is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that only recently, through the agency of Dr. Deedledum, has any of Clancy's master workmanship been printed. Dr. D. has informed you that, in the burning lyrics he is possessed of, Clancy laid his heart absolutely bare; and so could not bear to have his greatest poems published during his lifetime.

HAZLETON SPENCER.

Kent's Hill, Me.

A SORT OF IMMORTALITY

By Frothingham Clancy

And after I am dead, to lie and rot,
Where curious worms observe how dusts return,
In some dull, disenchanted sylvan spot
They've tried to camouflage with flower and fern;
Yet there, for paths secluded, still may turn
New lovers and shall find, of me evoked,
Another crocus, born because I croaked.

A Scotch High

As the World Wags:

On the last heatless holiday I tried to console a man who had climbed nine flights to his lawyer's office, by quoting from "David Balfour" (in the British editions of Stevenson "Catriona," pronounced Catree'na) viz: In the Thistle edition, VI., p. 13, the hero found a barrister had his office: "at the top of the longest stair that ever mason set a hand to; 15 flights of it, no less, and when I had come to his door, and a clerk had opened it, I had scarce breath enough to send my porter packing."

Many similar buildings were in old Edinburgh, the available ground-space being very limited; the consequences of the city being thus set on end were followed out by the logical Scottish mind so that the long staircases were called "streets," and the different floors "houses"; furthermore, these "houses" often belonged to different owners so that the estate, to which Balfour went, may have had 17 owners—one for the land and 16 for the floors. Still more curious is that sundry Scots have brought this custom to our country; I once found that a five-story building on Court square, Springfield, Mass., had about that number of Scottish owners—which would have made a bad quarter of an hour for any conveyancer who did not known the custom and came across an incomplete description of any part of the "estate."

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston.

Maj. Jack Downing

As the World Wags:

In the chapter on "Boston" in Thomas Gold Appleton's volume entitled "A Sheaf of Papers" (1875) he says: "The famous Jack Downing Papers—continued so cleverly by a son of New York—had for their author a Bostonian, father of an illustrious historian." Who was that "illustrious historian"?

Brookline. INQUIRER.

Ysaye and Marcia Van Dresser Give Concert

Eugene Ysaye and Marcia Van Dresser, soprano, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Beryl Rubinstein and Kurt Schindler were the accompanists. The program was as follows: Beethoven, sonate, op. 30, No. 3, in G major; Wieniawski, concerto in D minor, No. 2, op. 22; Ysaye, Berceuse Divertimento; Saint-Saens, Havanaise, Vieuxtemps, finale, concerto in E major; Haydn, Gia la Notte; old Italian, Fingo per mio diletto; old German, Bethlehem Shepherd's Cradle Song; Bach, The Heavens Glorify the Lord Everlasting; Duparc, La Vie Anterieure, Extase; Faure, Mandoline; Spross, The Day is Done; Fiske, The Bird.

Mr. Ysaye gave an extraordinary exhibition of varied tonal color. From the second movement of Beethoven's sonata, stately and tender, with the old-fashioned grace and flavor of another day, to the exotic melodies and haunting rhythms of Saint-Saens's Havanaise, this supreme master of his instrument displayed infinite variety and inspiration in his treatment of familiar music. Wieniawski's concerto, for example, glowed with new romance, while the violinist's own Divertimento was an amazing succession of ravishing tonal contrasts.

Miss Van Dresser, a singer of mediocre attainments, made the best of her vocal limitations. Her voice lacks both flexibility and sensuous charm, but she is generally intelligent and discreet in her use of it. The upper tones have

... forced ... day, with no suggestion of reserve. ... singer, she was ... performance of Haydn's ... La Notte ... in the old Italian and German melodies than in the trouble ... Duparc ... to which she ... the subtle beauty of tone ... subtlety in interpretation.

... and singer were repeatedly recalled by an audience of good size ... added to the program.

mch 5 1918

'MADAME SAND'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Madame Sand," a comedy in three acts by Philip Moeller.

Rosalie	Alexa Flor
Madame De Musset	Muriel Hope
Paul De Musset	France Bendtsen
Casimir Dudevant	Ben Lewen
Buloz	William H. St. James
Heinrich Heine	Georges Flateau
Alfred De Musset	Jose Ruben
George Sand	Mrs. Fiske
Doctor Giuseppe Pagello	John Davidson
Lucretia Violente	Olin Field
Mlle. De Fleury	Marjorie Hollis
Mlle. Roland	Imogene Fairchild
Mlle. De Latour	Caroline Kohl
Franz Liszt	Owen Meech
Frederick Chopin	Alfred Cross
Lackey	Charles Peyton

In a preface for the comedy, which was published in the play-bill, Mr. Moeller says that in writing the comedy his "point of view" was of satire, a "satire of geniality." He also says that many of the hifalutin speeches put into the mouth of George Sand are taken from her letters and from her books. He might have added that some of the characterizations of the heroine, smartly uttered by Heine and others in the play are to be found in Baudelaire's summary of her career, in the volume of his posthumous works. Perhaps Mr. Moeller would say that he had anticipated this comment by his admission of indebtedness to "the voluminous printed gossip of her times."

He calls his play a satire. It is rather a burlesque, an amusing one at times, but a burlesque. He has taken a string of amorous episodes in the life of a remarkable woman and without too strict attention to the facts in the case has made the actress and the actors in them ridiculous. It is not necessary to show how certain facts have been perverted for an evening's entertainment; to point out that Alfred de Musset's mother was not so silly a person as represented; that Paul was not a milk-sop; that Pagello was not wholly the character shown on the stage. Let it be granted at once that while there is an attempt to portray the characters physically, to show them facially and bodily, there is no endeavor to treat the subject with any psychological shrewdness.

The chief comedians are known to all: Mme. Sand, Musset, Pagello, Buloz, Heine, Liszt, Chopin. The first act might be entitled "Musset"; the second "Pagello"; the third "Chopin."

A good many years ago Elise Polko wrote some short stories in which prominent musicians were the heroes. These stories dealt romantically with facts. George Sand is treated by Mr. Moeller in the Polkian manner.

Now, George Sand was not the flippant, insincere, flighty, light skirt of the play. She had lovers, a procession of them. She was polyandrous, to borrow Mr. Huneker's adjective. Her passions were strong. Her devotion while a liasion lasted was deep. There is no need of dwelling on this side of her life. That she ruined the career of the well-being of any one of her lovers is absurd. Musset loved absinthe more than he did George Sand. Chopin would probably have died earlier if it had not been for her care. Besides, he was not an easy man to live with.

It is a pity that Mr. Moeller spent so much pains in elaborating and burlesquing the episodes that are more than counterbalanced by the many years of a serene, busy, happy life; episodes that are as nothing in the balance with her great gifts to the world, her scorn of all that was mean and petty, her love for the humble and oppressed, the noble soul that was as clearly revealed as her genius in the novels and memoirs that followed her "Sturm und Drang" period.

The question then comes up: Is the play itself amusing? Heine has his smart sayings; Pagello's Italian girl screams and rages; Chopin tells of his loneliness; Pagello is indefatigable in his study of gall stones; others put in their word; but Mrs. Fiske is the play. She succeeded better than one would imagine in creating an illusion. It was not to be expected that she could wear the exact mask of the French woman, but she was not too unlike some of the portraits. Fortunately for her she could not make up the lower part of her face to be so sensual. She played with an ever-present and delightful sense of humor. Never too serious in the part, she realized the amazing insincerity of the comedy, struck at once the right key and maintained it to the end. Her reading of the lines and her by-play, always sparkling and vital, were at times delicious. It was she that made the comedy endurable.

There was natural curiosity to note the resemblance between the comedians and the men they portrayed. In this matter of make-up the Chopin of Mr. Cross was easily first. Liszt was not so old at the time as he was represented. Heine could have been recognized. While the Musset of Mr. Ruben was well acted, the make-up was not so striking. The men read their lines acceptably. Miss Field's Lucretia was overdone, tiresome and, for the most part, her speech was unintelligible.

Next week Mrs. Fiske will produce Henri Lavedan's "Service," which will be preceded by Dunsany's "A Night in an Inn."

The Newport (R. I.) News of Feb. 27 published an article referring pleasantly to the Westminster Gazette's weekly invitation to literary composition:

To the Editor of the News:

As we are to be rationed as to food, as well as fuel to cook it, let us be cheery about it, like the English. The lack of coal has been good for us, for we have discovered that we kept our homes too warm. Now we shall discover that we always did eat too much and were too fat—not too sassy, however, but only sluggish from repletion.

The last Westminster Gazette, which invites literary composition each week, offered a prize for the best poem on "Breakfast in Bed." There were many entries, quite a number on "Browning" lines. The one below is very bright and clever:

"Round the clothes of a sudden I spring to see
The little blue plate with the wooden rim
But small is the pat o' gold and slim,
And the need of a bigger piece for me."

There were others—triolets, sonnets, and some long and serious under the surface—but the prize was given to a young woman for an octet in which the rhythm of a Gavotte will account for the disaster.

"Prostrate Cousin Laura lay,
Underneath the upset tray,
While Nurse Watts removed with care
Tea leaves from her tangled hair.
Smith, the housemaid, just looked on:
'Even if the rest has gone
(Stonily I heard her mutter),
'Try and find that bit of butter.'"
(HILDA NEWMAN.)

Newport, Feb. 26.

Quelque Rime!

As the World Wags:

The following stanza of Dr. Isaac Watts may be found in hymn 37 of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" (edition of 1818).

Ten thousand praises to the King,
Hosanna in the highest!
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

Boston. L. W. W.

Dr. Johnson included Watts in his "Lives of the Most Eminent Poets," but he said of Watts's poetry: "The rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent," and found his devotional poetry, "like that of others, unsatisfactory," for "the paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction." Few, knowing mediaeval religious poetry, the poetry of Christina Rossetti, and the sacred poetry of Verlaine will agree to this dictum. Johnson told Boswell that Watts's poems were not his best works: "I cannot praise his poetry itself highly." Was Watts the author of

"So Samson when his hair was lost
Met the Philistines to his cost"?

"Watts and Select" was the title of the hymn book in the pews of the church which we frequented, twice on Sunday—in the little village where we were reared. The volume was small and chunky.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Webster's Dictionary says that "'Mac' is often abbreviated to 'Mc' and, in British usage, 'M''." Nothing is there said about the abbreviation of "Mac" to "M'" (with the comma inverted), but it is sometimes so abbreviated, as is stated on page 236 of John Wilson's Treatise on Punctuation, where it is also stated that "the same mark is sometimes annexed to the letter 'O' in proper names; as 'O'Neil.'" VERBALIST.

Boston.

Lavery and Graham

As the World Wags:

Honor to whom honor is due!

Ours is a very democratic country, but in spite of our democratic principles the aristocratic spirit is rampant.

Hundreds of societies, clubs, cliques, etc., are formed by snobbish nonentities who wish to distinguish themselves from mere mortals and can only do so by sticking multi-colored pins in their buttonholes and bestowing upon each other high sounding though empty titles. Yet these very people scoff at the titles bestowed by European governments.

I don't believe the fair contributor in Sunday's Herald and Journal is one of those people I am talking about. I rather think she knew extremely little about her subject, otherwise she would have told us that "Mrs. Lavery is now 'Lady' Lavery, for her husband was knighted the first of the year I think.

In a letter which I received last week Mr. Cunninghame Graham tells me that: "Lavery is much pleased (with his knighthood) and his wife even more so."

Lavery and Cunninghame Graham have been friends for a long time, and the former painted, some years ago, a full length portrait of the latter—and it is a very fine portrait—which belongs to the city of Glasgow, where it may be seen in the Art Galleries, in the West End Park, opposite the university.

Lynn. M. J. L.

The following paragraphs from a recent issue of the London Daily Chronicle should interest our correspondent and the admirers of Cunninghame-Graham's delightful volumes of travel, sketches and short stories:

"There will be general regret in literary circles at the decision of Sheikh Mohammed El Fasi to abandon the writing of books. Lest there should be any doubt about the identity of this distinguished author, it should be explained that, in this country, he is known as Robert Bontine Cunninghame-Graham, the writer of many brilliant 'sketches, stories, studies, or what you may call them' (his own description), laird of Ardoch, in Dumbartonshire, and, generally speaking, a rebel against civilization. Although a laird, Mr. Cunninghame-Graham has never been rich, and shortly after his return from South America in the early nineties he was obliged to part with his beautiful estate of Gartmore, in Stirlingshire.

"On that occasion he took an affecting farewell of the tenants and publicly confessed his inability to maintain the old place. His appearance, both at Ardoch and Gartmore, after long years on the Pampas, somewhat startled the 'douce' country folks, but they soon got to know and admire him, and, above all, they liked to watch him riding through village streets and country lanes on his black horse with a seat which none of the country gentlemen could approach. But, as he himself might say, one does not learn business habits listening to Paraguayan 'tristes' on the guitar."

There is an amusing characterization of Cunninghame-Graham by George Bernard Shaw in one of his notes to "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion." Mr. Shaw says that he did not make him the hero of the play, "because so incredible a personage must have destroyed its likelihood. There are moments when I do not myself believe in his existence. * * * He is, I understand, a Spanish hidalgo; hence the superbity of his portrait by Lavery (Velasquez being no longer available)."

Science and Melancholy

As the World Wags:

The epitaph which the imaginary author of Gray's "Elegy" suggests for his own tomb-stone begins:

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own."

"Looker On" has asked that the third and fourth lines of this stanza be interpreted. Is not the meaning this? The youth was born with a taste for learning and a gloomy, at least a pensive, disposition. These qualities, as "science" and "melancholy" are personified as presiding influences at his birth. Anything beyond this, it seems to me, must be read into, rather than drawn from, the lines. J. C. L. CLARK.

Lancaster.

Sketch at Keith's Is Intimate Picture of Undersea Life

"Submarine F7," a melodramatic sketch, written and staged by Henri de Vries, is the chief feature at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house, and the audience applauded vigorously.

The act was the single serious feature of a recent frivolous show of the New York Winter Garden at a local theatre. The piece shows a United States submarine in action with a faithful reproduction of all the details of machinery. The broad expanse of the ocean above is pictured on the reflector of the periscope and the passing craft are readily discernible by the audience. An enemy ship is torpedoed and the submarine loses its periscope; the undersea craft becomes helpless and rests on the bottom of the ocean; there is nothing left for the crew to do but cheerfully yield to their fate. Resigned to the inevitable, they are rescued by a passing ship. All the principals helped to make the picture convincing. The chief performers were John J. Ward, Ralph Thompson, Louis Alter, J. Wallace Clinton, Sam Stein, Ed. Darcy and Frederick Dale.

In contrast to the seriousness of this act is the comedy work of the Three Dooleys. As an example of eccentric comedy—comedy that is far removed from the conventional acts of this kind —the act is one of the funniest and novel seen at this theatre in a long time. The participants, too, know the value of reserving their ammunition; their act opens in a mildly amusing way, and there is a steady crescendo of fun till the riotous finish; thus the trio retires to a demonstration on the part of the audience that for warmth must repay them for their vigorous work. William Dooley not only dresses his act in an ingenious, if wildly incongruous style, but he dances in a manner that puts him beyond the pale of well-meaning imitators. The burlesque of the cabaret is worthy of the best traditions of the vaudeville stage.

Other acts were Bert Levy, artist-entertainer; Moss and Frye, in a conversational and singing act; Gus Edwards' "Bandbox Revue," a lively musical sketch with juvenile performers; Elsa Ruegger and company, instrumentalists; George M. Fisher and company, in a comedy sketch; Corbett, Shepard and Dunn, vocalists, and Sansone and Delila, in an acrobatic act.

mch 6 1918

GIVES HER FIRST RECITAL IN BOSTON

Miss Moody, Soprano, Wins Applause of Large Audience

Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano, assisted by William Powers, flutist, and Maud Farrow, pianist, gave her first recital in Boston last evening at Steinert Hall.

Miss Moody, young and talented, has an unusually beautiful voice, evenly developed throughout. Her range is wide and her extreme upper tones, pure in quality, are round and full. She sings easily with a fine command of breath and the secure mastery of technic that admits of musical expression. Her program included three coloratura numbers, "Charmant Oiseau," from David's "La Perledu Bresil;" the Bell Song from Delibes's "Lakme," and "Ah, fors 'e lui," from Verdi's "Traviata." There were also songs by Beach, Fiske, Scott, Poldowski, Schubert, Weckerlin and others.

In the contrasted music the singer displayed skill, interpretative intelligence and spontaneity. She sang the coloratura airs with brilliance and flexibility. The varying moods of less elaborate songs were voiced with emotional eloquence, while her archness and piquancy in Weckerlin's "Bergerettes" were a further proof of versatility. A large audience was justly approving, for Miss Moody gives promise of a brilliant future.

PATRIOTIC SONGS AT APOLLO CONCERT

Audience Joins in Singing When Invited by the Conductor

The Apollo Club, Emil Mollenhauer conducting, gave its third concert of the season last evening before an audience that filled Jordan Hall to capacity. The soloists were Miss Lina Conkling, soprano; Walter H. Kidder, baritone; Bruce Hobbs, tenor; and William H. O'Brien, baritone; with Frank H. Luker at the piano and Homer C. Humphrey at the organ. The work of all the artists was received with appreciation. Cardinal O'Connell was in the audience.

A distinctly martial spirit was conveyed by the war and patriotic songs that made up a very considerable part of the program, beginning with "The Star-Spangled Banner," and including "The March of the Men of Harlech," "A Song of Liberty," by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Byron's "Greek War Song," and the familiar "America." When the audience, which joined in the closing number, failed to put life into its singing, despite the inspiration of the conductor's vigorous wand, he shouted: "Sing, folks—sing!" and the response then filled the auditorium with a volume of sound.

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Reviewing Mascagni's "Isabeau," the Herald alluded to "Single-speech Hamilton." "It is said that he made other speeches, but the nickname stuck. It is also said the speech was a good one. Is it preserved? Has any one ever read it?"

This led a reader to write the following note:

As the World Wags:

The version of the story which I think was usually accepted was that he made one speech after quite a lengthy membership of the House and that he never repeated the effort. Also that the speech when it came was as remarkable as the number of times that he had taken his seat, walked through a division lobby whenever a vote had been taken, and performed the routine duties of the ordinary M. P. without ever having tried to "catch the Speaker's eye," as the phrase goes, or sought to break the silence of the House. It is I believe an Egyptian tradition that the Sphynx actually utters some audible words once in a hundred years, and should a mortal be so fortunate as to be within hearing at the actual moment, some great secret which baffled the sages of all the centuries would be his. With almost as much surprise as if the huge monument of stone on its sandy plain near the

Nile began to talk, must the startled assembly have greeted the rising of Mr. Hamilton, his formal recognition by the Speaker, and the speech. He begged to call the attention of the House to the rather close condition of the atmosphere and to suggest that some of the windows be opened. That was all. His first and last effort. If he had followed it up by even brief and infrequent contributions to subsequent debates, he would doubtless have escaped the nickname by which he is at least not forgotten, while many who have done the very best work in debate and committee are scarcely ever named and will be soon as if they had never lived, because they barely missed reaching the front bench of tho "ins" or "outs," the Government or the Opposition. Perhaps some among the many erudite contributors may have a version differing from this one. I would not want to vouch for its absolute accuracy.

Noddle Island. ORION.

"Orion's" version is far from being accurate. First as to the nature of Hamilton's speech. We take up the first phrase-book at hand: Reddall's "Fact, Fancy and Fable." "Single-Speech Hamilton. Rt. Hon. W. G. Hamilton, who was chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, spoke but once in Parliament (Nov. 13, 1755), but that was 'a masterly torrent of eloquence which astonished every one.'"

Here is a misstatement. Hamilton spoke in Parliament more than once. We quote a footnote in George Birbeck Hill's "Boswell's Johnson" (Vol. 1, p. 566): "Single-Speech Hamilton, as he was commonly called, though in the House of Commons he had spoken more than once. For above 30 sessions together, however, he held his tongue." There is a reference to Prior's "Burke" p. 67.

Dr. Johnson, who had a long acquaintance with William Gerard Hamilton, held him in high esteem and in the codicil of his will left him a book to keep as a token of remembrance. Boswell, speaking of Johnson's death, quoted the words of Hamilton, an "eminent friend," words which he uttered with "an abrupt felicity, superior to all studied compositions: He (Johnson) has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up. Johnson is dead. Let us go to the next best—there is nobody, no man can be said to put you in mind of Johnson." Other remarks of Hamilton's quoted by Boswell show that he was not an ordinary man. He was generally suspected, according to Horace Walpole, of being the author of the Junius letters. Miss Burney described him as "extremely tall and handsome; has an air of haughty and fashionable superiority; is intelligent, dry, sarcastic and clever. I should have received much pleasure from his conversational powers had I not previously been prejudiced against him, by hearing that he is infinitely artful, double, and crafty." Many instances of his generosity are noted. It was he that said of Burke, "he understands everything but gaming and music."

What has the great Dictionary of English Biography to say about his "single speech"? It quotes Walpole's account of it, the speech of Nov. 13, 1755: "The there was a young Mr. Hamilton, who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection. His speech was set and full of antithesis; but those antitheses were full of argument. Indeed his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing but what was beyond whatever was, and that was Pitt." The writer of the article "Hamilton" in the dictionary adds: "It was from this speech that he acquired the misleading nickname of 'Single-Speech.'"

Hamilton spoke "and shone again" in the House of Commons early in 1756. During the session of the Irish Parliament (October, 1761-April, 1762) Hamilton made five speeches, which "fully answered the expectations of his audience on whom so great was the impression of his eloquence that at the distance of near 50 years it is not quite effaced from tho minds of such of them as are yet living." He never spoke in the House after he returned from Ireland, "yet he contrived to retain his fame as an orator." He was opposed to the taxation of the American colonies. Copies of the rough drafts of two of the Irish Parliament speeches have been preserved.

St. Botolph's Town

St. Botolph's town, which by a curious contraction became Boston, was in Plantagenet days one of the principal ports in the kingdom, and did not wholly lose its pride of place until simultaneously the export of English and the import of Irish wool was forbidden. Today it recovers something of its lost glory, for it is on all lips as being the first town to give welcome to our heroes from their internment. It owes this to Germany, and so it holds the unique if not enviable position of being the only town in England which has reason to be grateful to the foe.—London Daily Chronicle.

MISS McDOWELL GIVES RECITAL

Pianist's Technic Pleases Large Audience at Jordan Hall

Alice McDowell, pianist, gave a recital last evening at Jordan Hall. She played Schumann's sonata in G minor and pieces by Mozart, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Albeniz, Granados and Edward MacDowell.

Miss McDowell exhibited a dry tone and an efficient technique. A cool and competent pianist, she wisely chose pieces that required deftness and skill in rapid passages rather than emotional depth or a singing tone. There was one conspicuous exception, Schumann's sonata. The interpretation of this music requires something more than technical ebullience. In Mozart's Pastorale varie, in Chopin's Mazurkas Nos. 45 and 10 and an efficient technic. A cool and Miss McDowell was brilliant in a superficial manner. There was a large and friendly audience.

PAULIST CHOIR

The Paulist Choristers of Chicago, an organization of 100 boys, Fr. Finn, conductor, gave a concert in Symphony Hall last evening in aid of the French restoration fund. The organization sang pieces by Schuetky, Farrant, Grieg, Waddington, Tschaikowsky, Gretchaninoff, Rachmaninoff, Fr. Finn, Archangelsky, Bach, Converse, Verdi, Brahms, Delameter, Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The soloists were Thomas F. McGranahan, Parnell Egan and Clay Hart, tenors; Frank H. Dunford, basso-cantante; Masters Richard Finn, William Probst, Hallet Dolan, William Hallisey and Joseph Walsh, sopranos. Assisting were Horace G. Anderson, second conductor; Miss Mary Anderson, accompanist; William Ripley Dorr, organist, and Hallet Dolan, senior chorister.

In the afternoon the program included these compositions: Terry, Kyrie; Tschaikowsky, legend; Rheinberger, Ela Mater; Finn, Alleluia; Cherubini, Veni Jesu; Waddington, Salve Regina; Bach, All breathing Life; Speaks, When the Boys Come Home (Mr. Dunford); Leslie, Lullaby of Life; The Mocking Bird, arranged by Fr. Finn (Master Hallisey); a tenor solo by Mr. McGranahan; Delameter, The De'il's Awa'; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Kolyada. There was an enthusiastic audience of good size.

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TO JANET WINTERBOTTOM ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Fairest and frailest of your sex
We trust that no occurrence fatal
Has dimmed the lustre that bedecks
The dazzling day that you call natal.
(We tremble lest some subtle form of torture
Should haunt the radiant maid perchance and scorch her).

Take counsel, Janet, and this pad,
(We send it under separate cover)
Asbestos, quite the latest fad:
Accept it from your ardent lover,
(Who, burning words would utter to his siren,
If he wern't sure that she'd turn on the Pyrene!)

No longer shall you twist and turn,
And toast and frizzle on the gridiron;
No longer threaten, as you burn,
To wreck it if you had a midiron:
Watch others writhe and twist as if they'd got 'em,
For you, my love, have now a Winterbottom.

URIAH COLE HEPBURN.

Tree-Squeaks and Swinets

As the World Wags:

By unusual coincidence I am able to corroborate tho information regarding the prevalence of tree-squeaks in the Maine forests given in your column on the 2d instant by statements contained in a letter from my former guide, Doublebitt Peavey of Pattagumpus, which came to hand in the same mail. He writes under date of Jan. 12, the mail having been delayed, that the stock available for spelling-book handles was almost depleted even then, and that the bung stopper factories at Mattawamkeag were nearly as badly off. As the product of these factories is absolutely necessary for the thousands of barrels the Aroostook potato shippers will require if their crop is to be moved with safety, it would seem as if the food administration should do something towards speeding up production at once if the war is not to be lost through this most recent machination of Hunnish perfidy.

Mr. Peavey had just returned from a cruise in the Umbazooksis region in search of a further supply of adequate stumpage, and had taken with him for protection his dogs Boozer and Snoozer, the last couple of rumhounds in the state of Maine, but the tree squeaks proved too much for even such a trio, and the cruise was a failure.

As you say, the playing of bonaphones is the only remedy for tree-squeaks in common use, but as I read the Herald it occurred to me that in the present scarcity of those instruments, the swinet might prove to be an efficient substitute. On a trip through Wyoming in the early 90's I found this instrument in common use as a remedy for the ground squeak or gopher. The instruments were strung from fence posts with the wires stretched to vibrate in A minor. The sounds given forth under the touch of a good performer invariably lulled the little animals to a trance-like state in which they forgot to eat, and so soon perished.

It occurred to me that if a number of swinets were strung from tree to tree in the infested districts, beneficial results would almost surely follow. This undertaking at the source of supply would seem to be a proper one for the music bureau of the war department.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

Street Railway Fare

At the World Wags:

I hope that Gov. McCall's recommendation that the fare on the Boston Elevated street railway be left to the decision of the public service commission will be rejected. From the general attitude of the commission toward the public, it can be stated that in such a case the decision would almost certainly be in favor of the street railway company in its desire to have the fare raised. I should like to see that public service commission abolished. If the abolition of it could be submitted to a popular referendum, I have no doubt that it would be abolished by a practically unanimous vote. The commission does practically nothing for the public, and the public would be better off without it. By the way, what does that commission cost the state per year for the salaries of its members and of its clerical help? Whatever the amount is, it should not be paid by the public but by the public service corporations, for it is they, and not the public, who get any appreciable benefit from the commission. Do the members of that commission know from actual experience in riding upon the street cars what kind of service the Elevated company is giving the public, or do they do their riding in automobiles?

GEORGE SEAWELL.

Chestnut Hill.

"Seven Hands"

As the World Wags:

Can any of your readers give me the name of the author of the poem of which the following is a fragment?

I saw three shadows steal over the grass
As in the moonlight I sat alone—
Seven hands in the bright moonlight
And drops of blood on a stone.

The seven hands all shook with fear,
The moon shone bright o'er vale and hill,
The whippoorwill sang to his mate
And the stone was bleeding still.

Wellesley. E. C. H.

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17TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Goldmark, overture, "Sakuntala"; Lalo, Concerto for Violoncello; Beethoven, Symphony No. 2.

The gorgeous overture of Goldmark was played in a manner to arouse enthusiasm. When the overture was performed here for the first time over 40 years ago the players were so enamored of it that, as Mr. Zerrahn once told us, they hummed the chief themes at rehearsals of other compositions for many months, whistled them in the streets, and were eager for frequent performances of it. Yesterday's performance was the 15th at the Symphony concerts, yet the music is as fresh, as oriental in its sensuousness, as it was when it was first heard.

"Oriental" is, after all, a loose term to be applied to any occidental music; but this overture with the prelude and other pages of Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba" are more suggestive of the East than Japanese, Chinese or Hindu music that has been played or sung here in public or in private. If true oriental music is not thematically like that of Goldmark's; it should be. In "The Queen of Sheba" the influence of the composer's Hebrew blood is clearly revealed, especially in the Temple scene; but tho opening measures of the "Sakuntala" overture, like those of the orchestral introduction to "The Queen of Sheba," are redolent of the Orient; the one suggesting lush vegetation and sensuous anticipation; the other vast sandy stretches and the blazing sun; both hinting at what Henley called "the tedium of the East."

Lalo's violoncello concerto is one of the very few elaborate compositions for the instrument that repay the art of the player and the attention of the hearer. Many years ago Hanslick of Vienna protested against the pompous introduction with the blasts of brass. We like to hear a violinist, pianist or violoncellist announced with a flourish of trumpets, with the jubilation of the full orchestra. It is as if the composer said: "Here comes one that is worth hearing. Mark how he will play my music." Perhaps tho first movement of Lalo's concerto is interesting by reason of the general structure and the singularly effective instrumentation rather than the thematic character. How more modern composers have borrowed liberally from Lalo and Chabrier in the matter of orchestration: in the use of the brass and wood wind; also in the delicate treatment of the string choir! The second and third movements are melodically grateful, nor is it fanciful to find in these movements the influence of Lalo's Spanish descent on the rhythm and the melodic lines. Mr. Malkin gave an artistic and pleasing performance.

Dr. Muck bestows as much loving care on the interpretation of the first and second symphonies of Beethoven as on that of the greater ones. The two early symphonies are fairly familiar by this time. The pleasure to be derived from them is chiefly a question of performance. If we must hear early works of the masters in Vienna, would not the unfamiliar symphonies of Mozart and Haydn, some of those for the smallest orchestra of that period, be more entertaining?

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be away next week. The program for March 15 and 16 will be as follows: Chadwick, Symphonic Sketches; Saint-Saens, Symphony No. 3 in C minor.

Capt. F. M. Howes, now of Brookline, but for many years pleasantly known to all passengers on the Merchants & Miners' vessels sailing from Boston to Norfolk, Va., writes a personal and entertaining letter, in which he speaks of a word in fisherman's slang.

"'Decess'—accent on the first syllable—was a common word among the fishermen of Chatham, when I was one of them as a lad in 1851-2-3. I have never heard it outside of the fishermen of those days. It meant, in so far as I understood it, bad luck, or ahoodoo, a word often used when every one else was hauling the fish in hand over hand, and some fellow coudn't catch on to the general joy, he would sing out: 'Who in hell has put a decess on my line, or hook?'"

"Cess" in Irish, Cheshire and Devonshire dialects means luck. It is generally used in connection with the word "bad"; "bad cess to." "W. C. T." has the term in the following letter:

A "First Book" Experience

As the World Wags:

Mention of "Rory O'More" in this column stimulates recollection. That was the first "grown-up" book I ever read. An original edition it was, too, with the steel engraving of "Molly and the priest's dog" in front. Bad cess to the spalpeen who stole it from me! The family's modest supply of literature was never urged or forced upon me, and a few desultory dips into it had convinced me that the things the elders of the house read were dry, tasteless, utterly profiless for a live boy. I had looked into "Rory O'More" among the rest, and rejected it as mere husks.

But one day I looked again; got interested in Rory's feat of stopping out an Irish rain with two gridirons, and the whole personnel of the story, before only lifeless and dusty, stuffed figures, with blank voids for faces, came suddenly to life and action. Phelim and his "Pigmaylion"; de Lacy, the French secret envoy; Rory's signal to the smuggler, "One, two, three" (which he explained by his bit of antiquo superstition, "There's luck in odd numbers," the scene in the cellar, the adventure in the colonel's dark porch, his trip to France, the jury which convicted him of murder, even after de Lacy himself had walked into the court room before their eyes, and their convenient theory for their action, tho fight with Shan Dhu over the ducks—I was glad Rory gave him "the lingth and breadth of as foine a lickin' as ever he got." For Regan was in physical, moral and mental need of a licking, as truly as the Kaiser is today. And the kindly generosity of them, except the openly ugly-tempered ones like Shan Dhu, who were scarce, the whimsical fun, the mixture of quick wit and blunders, tho clean, wholesomeness of it all!

They were all vividly alive, who had been but mummies; and they were in no wise foreign folk, either; I knew them. Perhaps it was the Celtic ancestral fraction of me that recognized them, the part that sends me walking into fights which I did not start, restrained only by the major fraction of Scotch-English which sometimes holds me out, or says: "Take a gun and a few grenades with you, if you insist on jumping into that hostile trench."

I looked with new interest upon Andy Ryan, the "Finnegan" of the railway line westward, who lived down by the tracks. I began to understand how he could be so whimsical and jolly a cracker of jokes with me after business hours, and so stern and unapproachable a czar from 7 to 6, barring small boys utterly from his narrow domain and commanding his squad with the authority of Top Sergeant of the World, in their evolutions in "raising track." It always seemed to me that here was work for the sake of making more work, as he sighted along the rail and shifted the men with levers back and forth, with hours' orders to attack

[illegible] Run bridge, [illegible] topographical point [illegible]

After the revolution (of 1798) failed, [illegible] came to America, Rory and [illegible] de Lacy [illegible] Mary and the [illegible]. That was the only Irish book [illegible] the shelf at that time, but it was the first book that lived for me. Scott and Dickens and Elijah Kellogg shared [illegible] attention in due order, and the days of the Nickel Library came shortly thereafter, with the practical creations of Jules Verne a favorite ground—those marvelous dreams which have "come true" with but one exception, the trip to the moon. And considering how much moon philosophy is ruling today in this world, he might reasonably claim that it was only a reversed current of thought that caused his error—that instead of men going to the moon, Luna's influence has descended to earth and inspired Lunarians and Lunatics in all the corners thereof.

And if I ever meet another book which [illegible] me as did "Rory O'More" I'll raise a mighty yell, for I shall be sure that a great writer has writ. Probably others have had like experiences with "first books."

W. C. T.

Brookline.

Maj. Jack Downing

As the World Wags:

In this morning's issue of your newspaper I read the notice, entitled "Maj. Jack Downing." At the end of it is the question, "Who was that illustrious historian?" He was John Lothrop Motley, author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The United Netherlands" and "John of Barneveld." His father, Thomas Motley, my grandfather, wrote the original Maj. Jack Downing papers. He was intellectual and witty; this was his nom de plume when writing clever, short articles in regard to various coming elections, nearly a century ago.

J. ELEANOR MOTLEY LOW.

Brookline, March 4.

"Maj. Jack Downing" was the pseudonym also of Seba Smith (1792-1868), whose letters about Andrew Jackson and other politicians were long famous. His "Life and Letters of Maj. Jack Downing," originally written for the Portland Daily Courier, was published in Boston in 1833. His "Thirty Years Out of the Senate, by Maj. Jack Downing," was published in 1859.—Ed.

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Shaw's "Philanderer" will be produced at the Copley Theatre tomorrow.

A noun "philander," now obsolete, meaning a lover, one given to making love, was in use from about 1682 to 1813. Coming from the Greek, loving or fond of men; (of a woman) loving her husband, "it was used as a proper name in story, drama, dialogue; in later use especially for a lover (perhaps misunderstood) as being equal to a loving man." The Oxford dictionary adds this note: "Thus in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' Filandro was the youth beloved and ruined by the lustful Gabrina; and in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Laws of Candy' one of the personages is 'Philander, Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erota'; but the name seems to have been more particularly matched with Phillis, as in quotation, 1682." This quotation is the title of a ballad: "The Faithful Lover's Downfall; or the Death of Fair Phillis, Who Killed her self for loss of her Philander." Thus the word was used by Congreve, Moore and in the Tatler: "Entered Philander, who is the most skilful of all men in an Address to Women."

But now "philander" or "filander" is a name given to certain marsupial animals, "From the name of Philander de Bruyn, who saw in 1711 in the garden of the Dutch Governor of Batavia the species named after him, being the first member of the family known to Europeans." This was the small wallaby (macropus brunnii). The name is also given to a South American opossum; and to an Australian bandicoot. In the 16th century, the "philander" was an intestinal worm in hawks.

In 1737 the verb "to philander" came into use: to make love especially in a trifling manner; to flirt; to dangle after a woman. There is also the obsolete meaning to pay court to: "I could have philandered the daughter and complimented the father." And so we have the verbal substantive "philandering" as in Thackeray: "Henrietta Howard accepted the noble old earl's philanderings; as in the Saturday Review. 'Sham piety and philandering religiousness.'"

The word "philanderer," one who philanders, a male flirt, apparently did not make its way into English literature before 1841.

Let us note a curious use of the verb "philander" in Scottish dialect now obsolete, to prance, to caper. Moir in "Mancie Wauch," 1828: "And up and down philandered the beast on its hind legs and its fore-legs."

In Farmer and Henley's "Slang and its Analogues" the statement is made that the verb meaning to spoon, to flirt, to wanton, is applied to both sexes. The general application, we believe, is to the male. Smollett in his translation of "Gil Blas" has this phrase. "In a philandering tone of voice."

The history of the word "philanderer" is amusing. The man thus characterized lived centuries before 1841. He is still to be found, even among "our best people." He will exist as long as there are men and women.

Shaw had something more in mind when he wrote the play than the portraiture of a type. In his preface he speaks of "Widowers' Houses," how it happened to be written and produced in 1892. "It made a sensation out of all proportion to its merits or even its demerits; and I at once became infamous as a dramatist . . . I had not achieved a success; but I had provoked an uproar; and the sensation was so agreeable that I resolved to try again. In the following year, 1893, when the discussion about Ibsenism, 'The New Woman,' and the like, was at its height, I wrote for the Independent Theatre the topical comedy called 'The Philanderer.' But even before I finished it, it was apparent that its demands on the most expert and delicate sort of acting—high comedy acting—went quite beyond the resources then at the disposal of Mr. Green. I had written a part which nobody but Mr. Charles Wyndham could act in a play which was impossible at the Criterion Theatre, a feat comparable to the building of Robinson Crusoe's first boat. I immediately threw it aside, and returning to the vein I had worked in 'Widowers' Houses,' wrote a third play, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' on a social subject of tremendous force."

But why did Shaw call the amusing play "The Philanderer" unpleasant?

"No doubt"—we quote again from the preface—"all plays which deal seriously with humanity must wound the monstrous conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter. But here we are confronted, not only with the comedy and tragedy of individual character and destiny, but with those social horrors which arise from the fact that the average home-bred Englishman, no matter however honorable and good-natured he may be in his private capacity, is, as a citizen, a wretched creature who, while clamoring for a gratuitous millennium, will shut his eyes to the most villanous abuses if the remedy threatens to add another penny in the pound to the rates and taxes which he has to be half-cheated, half-coerced into paying. . . . In 'The Philanderer' I have shown the grotesque relations between men and women which have arisen under marriage laws which represent to some of us a political necessity (especially for other people), to some a divine ordinance, to some a romantic ideal, to some a domestic profession for women, and to some that worst of blundering abominations, an institution which society has outgrown but not modified, and which 'advanced' individuals are therefore forced to evade. The scene with which 'The Philanderer' opens, the atmosphere in which it proceeds, and the marriage with which it ends, are, for the intellectually and artistically conscious classes in modern society, typical; and it will hardly be denied, I think, that they are unpleasant."

When "The Philanderer" was produced at the Court Theatre, London, in 1907, the cast was as follows: Charteris, Ben Webster; Mrs. Grace Tranfield, Miss Wynne-Matthison; Julia Craven, Mary Barton; Col. Daniel Craven, Eric Lewis; Joseph Cuthbertson, Luigi Lablache; Sylvia Craven, Dorothy Minto; Dr. Paramore, Hubert Harben; the Club Page, Cyril Bruce. The Daily Telegraph said that the chief doubt that might have occurred to anybody was why the author labelled the play unpleasant. "It is to some extent an unpleasant play to read, because we are then apt to analyze some of the characters presented to us, and the result of such analysis, granted that they are real persons, must be distasteful." Acted, the play was another matter. The dramatist said that his object was to prove the absurd character of matrimonial laws, which render such a personage as a philanderer possible. "The play is much more concerned to prove how idiotic were those ladies and gentlemen who a good many years ago formed themselves into Ibsenite societies, believed in women who were not womanly and in men who were not manly, dressed in the most extravagant fashion, and advocated short and transitory unions between the sexes. Certainly, Mr. Shaw manages to show up these people in a ridiculous light with no little success."

The London critics were not kind to Mr. Shaw. He evidently perplexed, if he did not irritate them. The Times asked: "Has he no friend who will challenge him to produce a wordless play? It would be a wholesome discipline for him and might be a joy for us. His people would then be forced to show us what they are, and from their conduct we should judge them. At present they only tell us what they are, explain their own conduct with the aid of a lecturer's wand or by the process of question and answer, or else jump out of their skins and deliver impartial judgments on themselves as though they were somebody else."

One reason perhaps why the London critics were in bad humor was on account of remarks about that august body. Here's a sample:

Charteris—Nonsense; he's a dramatic critic. Didn't you hear me say he was the leading representative of manly sentiment in London?

Craven—You don't say so. Now, really, who'd have thought it! How jolly it must be to be able to go to the theatre for nothing! I must ask him to get me a few tickets occasionally. But isn't it ridiculous for a man to talk like that! I'm hanged if he don't take what he sees on the stage quite seriously.

Charteris—Of course; that's why he's a good critic. Besides, if you take people seriously off the stage, why shouldn't you take them seriously on it, where they're under some sort of decent restraint?

The critics in New York were more indulgent, although they complained that the play was not well acted. (The same complaint was made in London). The cast in New York was as follows: Charteris, Charles Maude; Grace Tranfeld, Ernita Lascelles; Julia Craven, Mary Lawton; Cuthbertson, W. R. Staveley; Col. Craven, Reginald Dance; Sylvia Craven, Muriel Reddall; the Club Page, E. J. Ballantyne. The Evening Post, which does not love Shaw and his works, admitted that "The Philanderer" is "a satirical farce, brilliantly written, packed with whimsical ideas—chance products of an active and Puckish imagination most pithily and wittily expressed—often most felicitous in its mockery of social shams, fads and follies." The reviewer then deplored the disregard of the author for truth or moral responsibility.

Notes About "Servir" and Lord Dunsany's Grim Play

The famous actor, Frederic Febvre, was present at a performance of "Servir," at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. He went to Guitry's dressing room to congratulate him on his magnificent performance. "In a moment of affectionate admiration," so M. Stoullig tells the story, "he took from a buttonhole of his coat the rosette of an officer of the Legion of Honor and exchanged it with the one worn by Col. Eutin in the play. 'Wear mine,' said Febvre, 'wear it. I assure you I shall be proud of it.'"

It is said that the drama met with a cold reception when Lavedan read it to the Comedie Francaise's committee; that he was vexed when he was acquainted with the disinclination of the committee to accept it before it consulted the Minister of Fine Arts; therefore he withdrew "Servir" and all his former plays from the repertoire of the theatre. Guitry, in turn, was disappointed by the failure of "Kismet," and as the part of Col. Eutin suited him admirably he eagerly accepted the play for the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

The Paris correspondent of the New York Sun in a letter dated Feb. 14, 1913, thus described the closing scene:

"As they argue, the Colonel tells the news of the second son's death, and the mother and only remaining son are overcome with grief. Suddenly the cannon sounds; war has been declared. The mother dries her eyes, where fearless courage now shines. 'I am no longer the same woman. I am another woman. I have other thoughts, other feelings. An invincible force is driving me on. Were I a man, I would go and join them where they have fallen. Go!' she says to her son. 'Go! without even turning round, without even kissing me.' 'I go,' the son replies, in a tone that shows that he has at last been won over by this ardent, sublime faith, and has learned that his true duty is also 'to serve.'"

"Servir" was produced in Paris a year and six months before Germany treacherously invaded Belgium. The Paris correspondents of London journals protested against the "patriotic tirades"; they spoke of Lavedan as "a great militarist, although like all people who advocate war, he keeps on the safe side, and lets others do the fighting." The Daily Telegraph sourly said: "After seeing the play, one can understand the inhospitality of the Francais. For the piece, if splendid rant, is rant all the same. It is a play of patriotism, of patriotism 'outrance.' With M. Lucien Guitry it is magnificent, but it is also la guerre—la guerre with a capital 'G.' And the old Aristotelian tag will out—the plot involves."

The Era's correspondent wrote a sentence that now is bitterly ironical. "The patriotic utterances which he puts into the mouth of his hero do really not seem in keeping with the age of wireless telegraphy, airplanes and other scientific discoveries."

In what a different vein would these correspondents have written if "Servir" had been produced after August, 1914! The play is timely and important in this country.

The Neighborhood Players of New York in April, 1916, were looked after by Alice Lewisohn. Lord Dunsany, now serving in France, gave her the right of producing "A Night at an Inn." This is one story. It was acted by amateurs from the boys' departments of public schools on the East side. They had played "The Glittering Gate" the year before and sent photographs of the setting to Dunsany, then in the trenches. He was greatly pleased, and, according to another story, they thus obtained "A Night at an Inn" from him. No doubt the two stories are reconcilable. The New York Times of June 4, 1916, said that the triumph of the play at the Neighborhood was dazzling. "At each performance the box office tearfully turned away more than 100 outraged patrons. Modestly announced, the news of this wonder play spread rapidly over the city. Great folk came from far and near, and there were so many automobiles lined up at the curb each night as to confirm the neighborhood's original suspicion that the new building was a garage. Any night in the lobby you might run across any one from Mrs. Fiske to Jacob Schiff. Indignant delegations of the visiting clubwomen journeyed to Grand street with guides only to find the theatre packed. The enthusiasm for the play, which animated the account of it that appeared in this newspaper, soon became widespread, and for the last performance enough checks were received by mail in belated reservation of seats to sell out the theatre for four more performances." Dunsany sent these players the manuscript of "The Laughter of the Gods."

Should not a sentence of the Times that we have quoted read: "The enthusiasm for the play, which the account of it that appeared in this newspaper animated, become widespread"?

The story of the play was thus told in the Nork York Tribune: "Four thieves have stolen a ruby from the forehead of an Indian god Klesh and have been followed to England by a trio of priests, who seek to recover the gem. Three of the thieves are ignorant sailors. The fourth is a dilapidated gentleman, the brains of the party. Under his direction the sailors lay low in a lonely inn while he sits with his back to the door. One by one the priests crawl in to get the jewel, only to be pounced upon and stabbed by the ambushed seamen. When the Hindus have been killed the sailors are all for celebrating. In the midst of the revelry the god Klesh, a horrendous creature, enters and the party is petrified with fright. He approaches the table, picks up the jewel and resets it in his forehead. Then he departs. Just as the thieves relax a grim voice summons them to the outer lawn, and one by one, though they do their best to resist, they are drawn out the door to an unknown doom, all the more horrible because it is unknown."

Some will at once recall the plot of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone." The critic of the N. Y. Times also mentioned Conan Doyle's "Mystery of Cloomber" and Dunsany's own "Gods of the Mountain." "It recalls the latter not only in its uncanthly denouement but in its resident impression of a hideous impiety inexorably avenged."

The Baltimore correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror (Nov. 17, 1917) wrote: "For some unearthly reason 'A Night at an Inn' was received by the first-night audience in Baltimore as a farce comedy. Heaven alone knows why, but the fact remains that it was received with howls of mirth. It was not due to any fault on the part of the actors, each of whom gave very creditable performances."

The other plays produced in New York by the Neighborhood Players on April 23, 1916, were Tchekoff's "A Marriage Proposal"; Sholom Asch's "With the Current" and "The Price of Coal," by Harold Brighouse.

Sir Arthur Pinero's New Play, "The Freaks," in London

Whatever may be said about some of the rest, there was one really beautiful, simple and sincere moment in "The Freaks," last night's new Pinero play at the New. It was that in which Mr. C. V. France, as the vicar, leads a suburban household in family prayers on behalf of a sick giant—a real giant, from the circus—who was ill upstairs. Here, amid much which Sir Arthur's stanchest friends cannot well put upon a par with his greatest work, was the one touch of nature making all kin. That the invalid was a giant did not really matter. Any conventionally unwelcome guest would have done. The important point is just that they prayed for him.

No need to worry about the rather work-worn machinery by which Sir Arthur Pinero brought his company of freaks to the suburban house, nor about the suburban satire. The machinery was the now almost inevitable resource of the conditions of a will, and the satire showed curiously little knowledge of the modern suburb. Enough that the "freaks" arrived—the giant (on stilts), the "skeleton dude," two midgets, and a lady contortionist—and that they startled uncle and aunt and the doctor and the parson at a tea-party. The rest of the play is taken up with two love affairs. The "skeleton dude" and the lady contortionist prove to be not freaks at all, but just a hard-up wastrel and an orphan acrobat. The daughter and the son of the house fall in love with them respectively—but the "freaks" return to their "freaking."

The trouble with most of it is that Sir Arthur Pinero seems to be incidentally laboring a merely illogical thesis that the commonplace majority of people are the real freaks. This is simply inaccurate. However dull and uninteresting they may be, freaks are exactly what commonplace people are not, either physically or mentally. There are deformed people and lunatics in plenty outside circuses—and Heaven pity them! But Sir Arthur Pinero is evidently not trying to "get at" these. If he is, Heaven pity him! So we are left with a sort of circus—"Trelawny"—minus the prettiness.

However, there are some good "jottings" and there is some excellent act-

... An example of ... was Mr Fred Kerr's little fireside monologue from "Macbeth" as the uncle, Mr Ben Webster as the "skeleton" hero and Miss Laura Cowie as the lady contortionist, Miss Babs Farren and Miss Katie Snow as the very American midgets, Miss Isobel Elsom as the daughter, Miss Irene Rooke as the mother, Miss Helen Ferrers as the aunt, and Mr. Leslie Howard as the son all put in good work.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 15.

How They Took "Nothing But the Truth" in London

As "Nothing But the Truth" with Mr. Willie Collier as the truth-teller is fresh in the minds of our readers, the reception of the play in London is a matter of interest. The farce was produced, after some performances outside London, at the Savoy Theatre Feb. 5. The Times said of it:

"As the audience laughs without intermission from beginning to end of this American farce, it has triumphantly served its purpose, and there can be no harm, therefore, in saying that the author doesn't play quite fair. His theme is the old one: the dire confusion caused in this imperfect world by persistent, absolute veracity. He supposes his hero to have made a bet that for four-and-twenty hours he will tell nothing but the truth, and the fun arises ing but the truth, and the fun arises from the efforts of the other side to entrap him into a lie—efforts which only result in his telling truths very much to their discredit. He tells the truth in the stock market and upsets dishonest bargains. He tells the truth in the domestic circle, with terrific consequences to peace between husband and wife. He goes nigh to losing his own sweetheart by telling her truths about his past. M. Anatole France says that a woman may be considered truthful who doesn't tell unnecessary lies; the gentleman in the present case presents the opposite quality; he tells unnecessary truths. Unnecessary, we mean, in the conditions postulated. He says he thinks a lady's singing voice terrible and her hat hideous. But these are matters of opinion, and he would not have lost his bet had he said he thought the contrary. Further, he tells truths about his past which are known only to himself, unnecessary therefore, as he could never have been convicted by the other side of lying. In short, while supposed to be behaving under conditions laid upon him by a bot, he actually behaves like a man under the dominion of some supernatural power or an inexorable conscience. The author has forced more out of his initial postulate than it legitimately holds. But in farce laughter excuses everything, and beyond all doubt 'Nothing but the Truth' is an immense success. The audience shrieked with delight over the ludricrous embarrassments of the truth-telling hero, played with engaging sincerity and quiet restraint by Mr. A. E. Matthews. There is an admirable foil in the truculent humors of Mr. Charles Glenney. Miss Dorothy Minto and Mr. Clarence have each their chance and profit by it; and Miss Renee Kelly adds a touch of dainty mousey-pousey grace to the general fun."

The Daily Telegraph, reviewing the farce, made these remarks applicable to many farces: "And so we laughed at high pressure the whole time, and there is nothing much more to be said that matters. You may call it as preposterous as you please, but that is not a valuable remark to make about farce. You may feel it your duty to note that the scheme is not new. But what is there new in the world of farce? All we want is that the classic motives should be set to work in high spirits and on pleasant material."

The American "crook" play, "Cheating Cheaters," was produced in London at the Strand on Feb. 4. The Times found that the scheme is ingenious, but it has its weak point. "The spectator's mind, once set on the track, is apt to outpace the author's ingenuity. . . . The great point is that the audience is continuously amused. . . . Miss Shirley Kellogg, from the 'variety' stage, is evidently a popular favorite. She has plenty of aplomb, a good resonant voice, an American accent and half a dozen Parisian gowns—altogether an ideal equipment for a heroine of crook drama."

Sir Rabindranath Tagore's play, "Sacrifice," was produced by the Indian Art and Dramatic Society, London, Feb. 9. The Daily Telegraph said: "Among the few subjects of which a dramatic critic may be allowed to confess ignorance is Hindu theology. Yet some familiarity with its essential principles and its modern development is necessary to appreciate 'Sacrifice.' It remains to do what we can by applying occidental standards. And according to our notions 'Sacrifice' is very little of a play. It has, indeed, what the old Indian drama seems to lack, a conflict of will and thought, but it has points of view, philosophic or religious principles instead of people. One character we recognize as a type which, according to Sir Rabindranath Tagore, seems to be much the same in the east as in the west, in the Hindu faith as in other creeds. Another has moments in which we catch glimpses of a living personality. The others are mouthpieces at most. Yet the play, so far as we understand it, has great interest. It is a plea or protest against the doctrine that there are gods who must be appealed to by the shedding of blood. The King ordains that no more animals are to be killed to the honor of Kali, that amiable goddess whose hideous images wear a necklace of human skulls, and who is, we believe, the patron or principle of death. Kali's priest curses the King, and tries to have him assassinated, but fails, and is defeated. Tragedy arrives in the propitiation of the goddess by the suicide of the boy whom the priest loved. Thus Kali has her sacrifice after all, but a sacrifice which makes an end of the worship, for the priest is horrified into disowning her. 'Where is the goddess?' they ask, and he answers, 'The goddess is nowhere, neither above nor below,' a sentence with an odd Greek echo. And, indeed, more than once through the play we are reminded of Euripides and his subtle destructive criticism of the gods of Olympus. The boy who kills himself recalls in the simplicity and beauty of naturo now and then revealed, as in his tragic trouble with the god, the Euripidean Ion. But Euripides worked out his plays with individual characters, and it is only in the priest, a quite convincing portrait of the unscrupulous, ruthless ecclesiastic, that we feel in touch with reality. It can hardly be said that the performance on the platform of the Y. M. C. A. hall, with little but the costumes to suggest illusion, was satisfactory. But Miss Edyth Goodall gave us a beautiful piece of acting as the boy, and the rest of the cast worked with sympathy and skill."

H. Benedict James's "The Little Brother" was produced at the Ambassador's Theatre, London, Feb. 6. The Times said: "If the author had been content to confine his Jewish rabbi and Russian priest to their legitimate dramatic use as characters in violent contrast and conflict, he might have produced a real work of art. As it is, the bitter irony of their common confusion when their children intermarry and the catastrophic irony of the final revelation that the persecuting anti-Semite is himself a Jew are both strikingly dramatic. Indeed they are of the quintessence of drama, the mere scene, the mere juxtaposition of the personages, conveying the full force of the situation to the spectator's eye almost without the aid of words. Unfortunately, our Frankenstein loses control of his monster. Neither rabbi nor priest can forget that he is a preacher, and each indulges in verbose tirades, proclaiming his faith, just at the moment when, for dramatic purposes, silence would be golden. The priest is by far the heavier offender. For the moment the discovery that he is a Jew had stricken him dumb, and you had thought that there was an end of the matter. Not a hit of it. The preaching instinct promptly reasserts itself, and his brother and foster-mother have to 'sit under' him while he delivers an edifying sermon on religion in general and the future religion of religions in particular. He had previously endeavored to wrest a new-born infant from its mother's arms in order that he might bring it up in the true faith. Pray, sir, asked some one, what would you do if you were left alone with a baby?—the very question with which Boswell so angered Johnson. It was a good story in Boswell, but only makes the serious dramatist more comic than he had supposed. His intentional fun, provided by a Jew marriage-broker, is much better. But let it be said the 'The Little Brother,' 'queer, unbalanced, inartistic though it is, is never dull. For the conflict of world-old faiths and the contrast of fanatic types are matters that come home to all men's 'business and bosoms': the author interests you because evidently he is much interested himself; and, to play his antagonists, he has two of our most vigorous and accomplished actors. Mr. Fisher White's genial rabbi is finely matched against Mr. Lyn Harding's grim, iron priest."

It is said that C. Aubrey Smith will join the ranks of the actor-managers. "Pillicoddy" in the Stage asks "Why not?" and adds: "He has many things in his favor, and although he has had to wait a long time for recognition he has it firmly now, and is extremely popular with the London public. When first I met Aubrey Smith he was already tasting popularity as a cricketer. It is not often a man succeeds in establishing two distinct reputations. There are certain parts for which authors have shown a weakness of late, obviously Aubrey Smith parts."

Our old and esteemed friend J. H. Barnes—"Handsome Jack"—is now taking the part of Edward Palmer in the London production of "Cheating Cheaters."

Cyril Maude will soon come from Australia to the Pacific coast, where he will be seen in "Grumpy," "General John Regan" and "Caste."

Victoria Cross has turned her novel "Five Nights" into a play.

Mr. Max Eastman is the author of this poem, published in the Liberator of March.

ISADORA DUNCAN.

You bring the fire and terror of the wars
Of running infidels in shining hordes,
With spears like sun-rays, shields, and
 wheeling swords
Flame shape, death shape and shaped
 like scimitars,
With crimson eagles and blue pennantry,
And teeth and armor flashing and white
 eyes
Of battle horses, and the silver cries
Of trumpets unto storm and victory!

Who is this naked-footed lovely girl
Of summer meadows dancing on the
 grass?
So young and tenderly her footsteps
 pass,
So dreamy-limbed, and lightly wild and
 warm,
The bugles murmur and the banners
 furl,
And they are lost and vanished like a
 storm!

So Isadora is "dreamy-limbed." Not when we last saw her.

J. T. Grein of London hopes to send a company of English players to Holland for the benefit of English prisoners of war interned there.

Marjorie Patterson, who was seen here as Pierrot in "Pierrot the Prodigal," will produce "Pan in Ambush," a play in one act.

There is still keen anxiety on the part of London managers to secure American plays, mainly owing to the rather pronounced success of one or two recent productions. The result is that prices have gone up out of all proportion to their commercial values. I was told this week of one play for which the New York managers demanded a premium of £2000, a royalty of 15 per cent. on the gross, and a share of the profits. What is more—they got it. Talk about gambling! Still, I suppose openings must be found for those excess profits. Believe me, had there been no war, there would not have been any premiums on American plays.—The Stage, Feb. 14.

Paul Arthur is playing Van Dusen in the London production of "Nothing But the Truth." The journals speak of his "brisk Van Dusen." The tedious performance of the part in Boston by Mr. Ned Sparks with his affectedly rasping, irritating voice is fresh in the minds of all that saw the amusing farce.

Sir A. Pinero's firstling, "£200 a Year," was staged as long ago as 1877. Sir Arthur once told me the story of its inception. "It was written," he said, "for my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carton (Miss Compton), as a labor of love when I was an actor. The 'love' was more considerable than the composition, which didn't occupy me more than a single afternoon. For my next venture, 'Two Can Play at That Game,' Mrs. Bateman paid me £5, and I played in it myself at the Lyceum. Then I wrote 'Daisy's Escape,' to furnish myself with a part when Irving opened at the Lyceum in 1880. He, knowing perfectly well that I should have been too delighted to make him a present of it, paid me £50 for it."—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 12.

Mrs. Langtry's latest little play—"Blame the Cinema!"—by Martin Lano (London Coliseum, Feb. 4), is said to be of the flimsiest description, with a weak and unsatisfactory finish. She appears as a smart jewel thief.

A "Gounod Day" in England in Honor of the Composer

Frederick Wedmore on Feb. 10 wrote this letter to the London Times: "Not altogether unconnected perhaps with the high interests of England in these times and the fulfilment of her simple obligations is the due thankful recognition of the boon conferred on civilization, with an unstinting hand, by the great artistic Frenchmen of quite recent, if not of actually present days. And perhaps there is nothing of special inappropriateness in one who has no other claim than that of an English writer who has loved France for 50 years reminding people of authority and wider influence in an art not his own that this year sees the centenary of that magical master of music, Charles Gounod. A prominent French critic of the craft that Gounod practised with a variety seemingly exhaustless and with so unspeakable a charm—I mean M. Camille Bellaigues, of the Revue des Deux Mondes—has urged convincingly the offering of a systematic tribute to Gounod by the land that gave him birth. May we not here in England plan and execute a scheme less obviously elaborate and prolonged, but still serviceable, and ask to have on June 19 our Gounod Day: a day in which there may be heard in church—in many churches—the 'Messe Solennelle' or others of the composer's Masses; in many concert rooms his miscellaneous and romantic melodies, now too often ignored, and at the opera his 'Faust,' his 'Romeo and Juliet,' or, what is still better—much better for the purpose—that other opera that his own land inspired—that 'Mireille,' which is so characteristically French, and to boot, so marvellously Provencale? That, sir, is the suggestion which I would humbly dare to offer."

Mme. Kirkby-Lunn sang last month a group of songs by Albert Mallinson. "He has a strong sense for vocal and rhythmic effect, but the value of the music does not penetrate very far from an emotional point of view, and in consequence the group had a decided ring of monotony."

Among the various settings of Rupert Brooke's wonderful sonnet, "The Soldier," quite the best that has yet come to light in a song version by Mr. H. T. Burleigh. Mr. Burleigh has done his work well. He has a vivid touch, shown with due reticence in the opening bars, "quasi una marcia funebre," and his quotations from "Rule Britannia" and "The British Grenadiers" are both apposite and cautious. Without pretending that this is a great song, one may safely say it is a very good one. The composer has chosen a line from which he might easily have strayed into banality. He has successfully avoided the risk, and his music is almost as grave and pregnant as its theme.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 9.

The Daily Telegraph speaks of Cyril Scott's songs, "Requiem" and "The Pilgrim Cranes," published by Elkin & Co., "As usual, Mr. Scott is as fastidious in the choice as in the setting of his lyrics. In this case he has taken verses by Stevenson and Lord de Tabley, and has devised for the latter's words an accompaniment figure that entirely fits the idea of the opening couplet:
The pilgrim cranes are moving to their

The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south,
The clouds are herded pale and rolling slow.

Mr. Scott's piano pieces, 'Rondeau de Concert' and 'Dance' (the latter from 'A Little Russian Suite') are less satisfactory. That they are clever goes without saying, but they are also restless and eccentric."

A series of "Quaint Sayings" ("Pribautki") or "Chansons Plaisantes," by Stravinsky, was announced in London for performance by Miss Olga Haley, singer.

Elizabeth Burke-Sheridan has made her appearance as Mimi at the Costanzi in Rome. Tom Burke, a Lancashire tenor, a pit boy at one time, who was sent to Italy, has made his appearance in Milan. James Tootell, formerly a private in the British army, blinded in active service, purposes to sing in concert. He is a tenor.

Fritz Kreisler will co-operate with Victor Jacobi in writing the music for "The Marriage Knot." The libretto will be by William le Baron.

Fraser Gange sang Somervell's "Maud" cycle in London last month. The Daily Telegraph makes this ingenious criticism:

"Mr. Gange semmed to be a little handicapped by what is really one of his best qualities. For he is pre-eminently a sane singer, always self-restrained, and never prone to exaggeration, and these traits stood in curious contrast to the element of insanity in the words which Dr. Somervell has caught so happily in his music."

Miss Gertrude Peppercorn gave a piano recital in London last month. (She has played in Boston.) On her program was a piece by "our own McEwen," said the Daily Telegraph, "the poetic and musically fine 'Cote d'Argent' Vignettes, which being English, have, of course, not yet found a publisher." The reviewer added: "That precisely is the kind of scheme we ask, and we thank Miss Peppercorn for providing it —one in which native music 'takes its lawful place as a lawful part of the scheme'; not as either an exotic or freak."

Sir Frederick Cowen has been appointed a professor of the Guildhall School of Music by the music committee of the corporation of London. He will teach grand opera and train pupils for oratorio.

Stephen Philpot's two-act opera on the story of Dante and Beatrice has been accepted by the Royal Carl Rosa Company. Was not this opera produced in 1889 in concert form at Brixton? Philpot, a pupil of George A. Macfarren also wrote the opera "Zelica" and "La Gitana."

At a conference of the army and navy song leaders of the northeast district, held in New York, it was agreed that every American soldier, sailor and marine should be able to sing the following songs: "America," "Star Spangled Banner," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Marseillaise," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Kentucky Home."

Florent Schmitt's symphonic study, "The Haunted Palace" (after Edgar Allan Poe) was produced in London on Feb. 9. Sir Henry Wood conducted. The Daily Telegraph said: "Although the composer has not attempted to do more than suggest a general impression of the poem, the result, unlike that often achieved in the domain of "atmospheric" music, is that acquaintance with the text helps one to an intelligent understanding of the score itself. But this, after all, is only another way of saying that Florent Schmitt, however revolutionary—to some ears—his tendencies, is of those who can think and reason clearly, and put their thoughts into organic shape. There is nothing in the work to which we listened on this occasion that suggested to us a mere deliberate defiance of accepted canons of art. the dissonances seemed to be in the right place, and not merely inserted for the sake of freakish effect. And there are tokens enough in the ingeniously-wrought score that the composer does not subscribe to the methods of those moderns for whom music is all color and no line. In short, a clever, sincere, interesting work, and one that —the better to appreciate its details—we would gladly hear again, though obviously it perplexed a good many in Saturday's large audience." This composition, published in 1900, was performed at a Lamoureux concert in Paris, Jan. 8, 1905.

Lily West played in London Cesar Franck's Prelude, Choral and Fugue, "remarkably well," said the Pall Mall

[illegible] of the fact that she [illegible] musical sense, which is far more [illegible] and even ascetic than her interpretation made one feel."

Some Long Runs of Plays in London

Walter Howard's drama, "Seven Days' Leave," has now to be added to the list of plays which have a record of a continuous run of a year or more in London. "Romance," which is now well on its third year, takes pride of place, then comes "A Little Bit of Fluff," also in its third year, while "Chu Chin Chow" is in its second year. These are wonderful records in the history of the theatre. With the 500th performance of "Seven Days' Leave," which takes place this evening at the Lyceum, that piece will enter upon its second year. "The Maid of the Mountains" reached that happy condition on Monday, and, as stated by us a fortnight ago, "General Post" will have a similar tale to tell on the 14th of next month. The long run of the Lyceum play has, so far, been surpassed by one other other melodrama, "The Harbour Lights," the work of George R. Sims and Henry Pettitt, which, brought out at the Adelphi on Dec. 23, 1885, had 512 continuous representations. Mr. Sims was concerned as author in another famous play, "The Lights o' London," which, produced at the Princess's on Sept. 10, 1881, enjoyed 223 consecutive performances. "The Silver King," which followed, was first acted on Nov. 16, 1882, and ran for 289 nights. Those were great runs, for, be it borne in mind, the matinee was an unknown factor. At the present time the afternoon performance is, in many cases, the mainstay of the theatre. "Seven Days' Leave" was acted nine times a week until Christmas, and since then 12 times. It has the distinction of having enjoyed the longest run during the hundred and odd years of the history of the Lyceum as a theatre. Of course, there were some long runs during the Irving regime, but the longest was that of "Faust,' which had (allowing for a vacation of six weeks, during the summer of 1886) no fewer than 375 continuous representations, spread over 16 months, Dec. 19, 1885, to April 22, 1887. "Faust" had many other representations at the Lyceum. In June, 1894, it was played by Irving for the 500th time on that stage. The last revival took place in April, 1902. From the standpoint of the number of actual performances at the Lyceum "Faust is still to be beaten, although the 500th representation of "Seven Days' Leave" tonight is a record of its own, and a remarkable one too, seeing that the approximate seating capacity of the present building is 3000. Messrs. Walter and Frederick Melville, who came into the management of the Lyceum in 1909, together with Mr. Walter Howard, may be congratulated upon their good fortune.—The Stage, Feb. 14.

Mch 11 1915

A letter to Mr. Herkimer Johnson has been sent in our care to the Boston Herald and Journal office. The eminent sociologist should have left the water wagon at midnight Feb. 23. We have heard that he anticipated his descent by about 12 hours, but this may be only an ill-natured rumor. However, as we have not heard from Mr. Johnson for a fortnight, and as the charwoman and postman who call at his rooms in Blossom Court have not seen him for some days, we fear the worst. We, therefore, publish Mr. Webster's letter, hoping that it will attract Mr. Johnson's attention and bring him back to a state of sweet reasonableness and beneficent activity.

To Mr. Herkimer Johnson

Honored Sir:

If your monumental work has not yet gone to press, which I venture to guess may be the case, in virtue of the demand made on all labor for building ships, I desire to contribute a few thoughts which may perhaps be found worthy of finding place in an appendix, vermiform or other. I regret that I have been unable to contribute to the discussion on whether heating cold air makes it warmer than hot air * * * whether that which we call sugar by any other name would taste as sweet, and (returning to number one) whether air kept in the house and breathed a hundred times, as dictated by scientific management and vocational training, is better than the present March breezes. I have not been down in a submarine, but I do not need to, as in happier days when interned in the University of Berlin I have often been sealed up for two hours with nothing but boches and kultur, and was always easily revived without the aid of a pulmotor, not yet invented in those ancient days. Was it Canning, or Thackeray, who said:

Whether or with bigger view,
This world that's such a whirl in,
I think with horror of the University of Berlin.

The reason that I have not been able to write is that I have been absorbed in the study of the income tax, especially the problem of how such a small income can breed such a large tax. I presume my experience is not unique. You have probably had a similar one. My friend, the president of the trust company, whose tax is only half mine, when invited to explain it, says he presumes mine is a particularly taxable form of income. That is just what it had seemed to me, but I could not have put it so neatly.

But putting aside all camouflage, what I intended to say was that my mind has not been inactive. During the last three years I have received about a ton of literature from friends in England, France and at first from Germany. I have a large set of the charming Continental Times, published in Berlin, for issuance to the marines, with those refined German cartoons that so well exemplify German art, and those fables which so surpass the brothers Grimm in imagination. I have found this paper very convenient for my curly, brown dog Francois (ne, or rather geboren Fritz) to lie on in the muddy weather that intervenes between winter's zero and the arrival of the street oiler, and to wipe up the marble pavement that leads to my porte-cochere, I mean porch, when he, I mean Francois, comes in exhausted from biting the sheep that throng Main street from the City Hall to the Trust Company, and sometimes they bite him back. But what I was going to say was that I have given three-quarters of a ton of this literature to the University Library, and the remaining quarter I have subjected to a hydraulic press and removed the juice, which if drank immediately before it has time to ferment will not be found intoxicating. This I know will interest you, even if only in a negative manner.

These gems of thought, to change the figure, though I have not had time to polish them, I now offer you freely, so that they are free verse. Please do not call me a verse-librettist. My objects in writing them are three. First, to rest my brain; second, to practice on my new typewriter; and third, to show the proper pronunciation of the word Bolsheviki. This, I think, is enough justification. Remember, the first syllable is like that in the Italian bagliore, or Tagliamento. I tried to get this in, but couldn't. You may call this the New England Primer of the War, or La Guerre au Jour le Jour, or Facts Not Generally Known, or suit yourself. Some of the rhymes are a little rough, but the rhythm is O. K.

Now tell us all about the war
And what they killed each other for.
—Southey.

When Willy wired to Nicky R.,
He surely meant to cause a jar,
But Nicky used some active verbs
Implying he'd protect the Serbs.
Then Willy said, "Your world's a boor;
I'll hand it some of my 'Kultur.'"
But Albert answered, "Sale voleur!
Nous defendrons notre cher honneur."
Now, Georgy frantic Willy saw,
For Belgium's saks mix in the war,
And Nicky, not to act by halves,
Would liberate the Jugo-Slavs.
At Willy he made bold to whistle
By sending troops to take Przemysl.
By threats the cruel Turk was had,
Because of railroad to Bagdad.
But Willy his high horse came off
When he was balked by Papa Joffre,
And quite astonished was the boche
He'd never heard of General Foch.
The dagoes now to join were pressed,
And did, but they must have Trieste.
Poor Italy, almost we mourn her,
Because they didn't help Cadorna.
When Willy everybody'd tricked,
He prayed for help to Benedict,
Who naturally felt averse
To issuing a general curse.
Kultur was making such a muss,
They looked across the sea to us,
And we in freedom's sacred name
Joined boldly in the dreadful game.
Now look! and marvel what came then,
Unheard of by the oldest men.
When we from tyrants freedom won,
We had the sword of Washington.
When France cast off her ancient woe,
She heard the voice of Mirabeau.
But freedom became bogus there
When France was ruled by Robespierre.
When Russia broke her shackles off
She looked for light to Milyukov;
But now! Of traitors all, I ween,
The worst is Nikolai Lenine.
O Lord! how long? When may we see
The end of these bolsheviki?

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.
Worcester, March 3.

GALLI-CURCI AT BEST IN CONCERT

Mme. Galli-Curci, assisted by Manuel Berenguer, flutist, and Homer Samuels, pianist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon: The program: Caro mio ben, Giordani; The Pretty Creature (Old English), Hook; Deh vieni e non tardar ("Marriage of Figaro"), Mozart; Una voce poco fa ("Barber of Seville"), Rossini; La Capinera (with flute), Benedict; Watteau Pastorale, Saint-Saens; Le Papillon, Mana Lucca; Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Reynaldo Hahn; La Ballata, Sibella; Minuet, Je connais un berger discret, and Non je n' irai plus au bois, Bergerettes of the 18th century, Weckerlin; Mad Scenes from "Hamlet" (with flute), Thomas.

The hall was crowded, all the spare space on the stage being filled with chairs and all the standing room occu- [illegible] was received with intense enthusiasm and responded to insistent recalls by adding many extra songs with extreme generosity and abounding good nature.

It is doubtful if her wonderful voice was ever in finer condition or her remarkably sensitive powers of expression and her consummate artistic skill were ever at a keener edge. It is certainly hard to imagine that her songs of yesterday could have been sung with more moving effect. The exquisite limpidity of her tones, the simplicity of her method, the ease and delicacy with which the most difficult vocal feats were accomplished were all there and intensified.

Her hearers responded with particular pleasure to the unusual quality of her art, a characteristic more or less wanting in singers of the highest rank, by which with startling vividness the beauty, the clarity, the loveliness and the expressiveness of her tones increase rather than diminish in the more florid and difficult passages and actually reach the acme of their appeal when the apparent limit of vocal agility is reached.

Mr. Berenguer's flute playing was warmly received and Mr. Samuels was most satisfying as an accompanist.

Mch 12 1915

"Apple Tree" of Boston writes: "The efforts of some of your contributors in trying to improve Gray's "Elegy" reminds me of a conundrum that I heard long ago. It reads: What reason have we to suppose that the ancestors of Hamlet the Dane were buried in England? Because we read in Gray's "Elegy" that in Stoke-Poges Churchyard "The rude forefathers of the Hamlet sleep."

This reminds us of a passage in Artemus Ward's story, "Pyrotechny":

"In this peaceful hamlet lived a young man named Pettingill.

"Reuben Pettingill.

"He was an agriculturist.

"A broad-shouldered, deep-chested agriculturist.

"He was contented to live in this peaceful hamlet.

"He said it was better than a noisy Othello.

"Thus do these simple children of nature joke in a first-class manner."

His Hopeless Condition

The condition of Martin Belaske, an aged night watchman, who was attacked by two men in Crane's lumber yard, Burlington, where he was on duty Thursday night, is very serious. His jaw is broken and he has been deleterious for hours.—Rutland (Vt.) Herald, March 2.

The Reynolds Episode

As the World Wags:

"R. C." does not write as if she had seen the play. "Hamilton," she criticizes. I should like to advise her to do so as the best way of disabusing her mind of a most erroneous impression.

The episode in Hamilton's life to which she objects is used in the most delicate manner as a shadow to enhance the light of inherent nobility and patriotism in the man. It seems to me that the principle of America first, yourself and self-interest afterwards is very clearly exemplified in the interpretation given by a talented actor of this episode in the life of Alexander Hamilton.

Milton. E. G. M.

Cunninghame Graham

I was indeed greatly interested in your quotation from the Daily Chronicle's penny-a-liner. I always was interested in fiction. However, let me reassure the admirers of Cunninghame Graham (without the hyphen). He is not going to abandon writing. In fact, he wants to write, for in the letter from which I have already quoted—a 16-page document written in those curious characters which Bernard Shaw is, and rightly, too, proud to be able to deciphe—he says to me: "It would be both an honor and a pleasure if you would entrust me with another preface to the venture you announce. (This is the publication of a translation of Cervante's 'Exemplary Novels.') However by that time your name will be made . . . and we poor 'rancherazos' will not be in request." And further on, referring to my Introduction to "Riaconete and Cortadillo," for which he wrote me a preface: "Your preface is highly interesting, and I expect you will have to defend it. . . . Let me know, for I should like to have a hand in the business." All of which does not sound as if he were going to lay aside the pen. Heaven forbid!

The fact of the matter is that Cunninghame Graham is as active as ever. Since the war started he has traveled half the world, and even his handwriting shows no signs of coming old age. Some facetious person might say that his handwriting could not grow worse, but it could. It might become totally unintelligible to Bernard Shaw and myself. Of late he has not had much time for writing, for he says: "During the last two years I haven't thought of anything but horses and beef and packing houses." But I have no doubt that as soon as he finds himself free we shall have the pleasure of reading him.

Where, I wonder, did the D. C. scribbler get the notion that lairds are bound to be rich?

In [illegible] readers should be interested in "triste." I want to call their attention to the fact that the Columbia people have a record of one by Constantino. This "triste" is not Paraguayan but Argentine. Personally I never heard any Paraguayan "tristes." On the same record there is a "milonga," a real Argentine product. Both the "triste" and the "milonga" I have often heard in the Pampas, not with orchestra accompaniment, as in the record, but with a guitar. There is something in that "triste" which goes straight to the heart . . . but I suppose other records will sell better.

Lynn. M. J. L.

Author?

As the World Wags:

In the "Moonlighter of County Clare," by the late Julian Sturges, we find the informer singing the following song entitled, "I'm off to Philadelphia in the mornin'."

Can you tell me who was the author of the words of that song? I knew Julian Sturges through an introduction given me by William George Pellew. Pellew wrote under the name of George Pellew; he is principally known by his works, "In Castle and Cabin," a "Tour Through Ireland in the Year 1887," and also by his "Life of John Jay," American statesmen series. Pellew died of consumption in the year 1892. He practised law in Boston in the eighties with such men as Waldo Colburn, and Charles A. Mackintosh, but it was as a literary man that he is affectionately remembered by us.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.
Boston.

"The Philanderer" Falls Far Below Author's Level

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Philanderer," a play in four acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced at the Cripplegate Institute, London, Feb. 20, 1905. Produced in New York at the Little Theatre, Dec. 27, 1913.

Leonard Charteris.....Leonard Craske
Grace Tranfield.....Jessamine Newcombe
Julia Craven.....Benita Lascelles
Mr. Joseph Cuthbertson.....Frederick Annerly
Col. Daniel Craven.....H. Conway Wingfield
Page boy.....Ann Remlig
Dr. Paramore.....Leon Gordon
Sylvia Craven.....Beatrice Miller

"The Philanderer" is one of Mr. Shaw's earliest plays. Any performance of it in 1918 is belated, because the target for many shafts of his wit was taken down and thrown on the dump-heap long ago. The Ibsen club, the chatter about its members, the unwomanly woman, and the unmanly man—are no more a subject for jesting and irony today than the aesthetic movement that led W. S. Gilbert to write "Patience." Nevertheless, and although there is far too much talk about stale topics, although there are many lines that now miss fire, there is enough in the dialogue to furnish a pleasant entertainment to those that enjoy incessant dialogue and do not demand action and a display of sentiment and emotion.

Mr. Shaw, in "The Philanderer," as in some of his latest pieces for the stage, is a clever ventriloquist. In the preface to the published play, which he labelled "unpleasant," he stated his purpose: to show "the grotesque relations between men and women which have arisen under marriage laws." Marriage is, after all, the best solution of a vexed and difficult social and economic problem that has yet been found. Marshal Saxe realized the "grotesque relations," but he was man enough to propose a remedy; a marriage for seven years, at the end of which the couple should appear before a magistrate and say whether the union should continue or be dissolved. Mr. Shaw does not propose any remedy. He simply laughs his cynical laugh. One cannot help feeling that his cynicism is insincere.

He has his fling at medicine—as today he is asking in the English Review what shall we do with the doctors; he has his little jest at vivsection, and is has his little jest at vivisection, and is cartoon or editorial article in Life. He has his puppets well in hand and they squeak and chatter his opinions. Some of these puppets are extravagantly, grotesquely fashioned; some of them bear a faint likeness to human beings; but they are there only to voice Mr. Shaw's opinions. He is voluble. More than once the spectator wishes that the dramatist had looked at the signs "Silence" in the Ibsen Club and respected the warning.

Yet there are at least two characters to be found in every city, probably in every village: Charteris, the philanderer; Craven, who followed faithfully his physician's advice and was enraged when he found that the diagnosis which

compelled him to live on p[illegible] out alcohol proved to be wrong [illegible] the physician is not overdrawn. But Charteris is so extravagantly conceived that to some he would seem unreal.

There are a good many amusing lines, for Mr. Shaw in four acts could not fail to be often witty. As a whole the comedy falls far below his level. It is no wonder that it is seldom played. There is no heart in it; there is no sympathy; the majority of the characters would be a rubbishy lot even in opera-bouffe.

Mr. Craska had a difficult task. He acquitted himself well. Miss Jessamine Newcombe gave a definite impersonation of Grace.

Mr. Winfield was an amusing Craven, when sluggishness in speech and too great deliberation in movement did not impair his performance. Mr. Annerly made nothing out of Cuthbertson. Mr. Gordon might have made more out of Dr. Paramore. Miss Miller was capital as Sylvia.

Miss Lascelles had an extravagant part, but at times she was over extravagant. She was hysterical when she should have been fiery, consumed with passion.

Next week "The Eccentric Lord Comberdene" by R. C. Carton will be played "for the first time in America."

TREMONT THEATRE—Mrs. Fiske in "Service," a play in two acts, by Henri Lavedan of the Academie Francaise (English version by William C. Taylor). First performance in Boston.

Colonel Eulin.....Lee Baker
Lieutenant Eulin.....Georges Flateau
General Girard.....Roger Lytton
The Minister of War.....Ian Robertson
Madame Eulin.....Mrs. Fiske
Pauline.....Alexa Fior

Preceded by Lord Dunsany's "A Night at an Inn," in one act. First performance in Boston.

A. E. Scott-Fortescue (The Toff) Frank Goldsmith
William Jones (Bill).....Tracy Barrow
Albert Thomas.....Robert Vivian
Jacob Smith (Sniggers).....Gerald Pring
First Priest of Klesh.....Charles Peyton
Second Priest of Klesh.....Owen Meech
Third Priest of Klesh.....Rikel Kent
Klesh.....Rene de la Chapelle

Two grim plays. One a tragedy of war and the family; the other a cunningly contrived succession of murders, with the gods avenging theft and sacrilege.

There is a tradition among the older generation of actors that war plays are more successful after than during the conflict. Certainly in the presence of tragic actualities "Service" affords small relief from the tension of anxiety. It intensifies realization. Lavedan's play presents a relentless exposition of war's effect upon the home. There is the agonized woman, daughter, sister, wife, mother of soldiers, yet rebellious at each new bereavement, awaiting the next with quivering nerves. Col. Eulin and his son Pierre, two vivid psychological studies, show the conflict of stern militarism with youth that sees visions and dreams of a world when bloodshed shall be no more.

"Service" was impressively acted. Mrs. Fiske gave a remarkably poignant impersonation of Mme. Eulin. The woman's bitterness at her husband's seeming neglect, her passionate maternity were vividly suggested. Her performance was emotionally spontaneous; touching by reason of its dignity, simplicity and womanliness. Mr. Baker's Col. Eulin was the creation of an experienced actor. A martinet at home, he showed plainly his contempt for his wife's sentiment and worship of her children. He spoke his lines with authority, and in his defence of his life there was fire, pathos and nobility. Mr. Flateau was a manly Pierre. He, too, spoke with conviction, was tender and affectionate in the scenes with his mother, exultantly idealistic in the expression of his convictions.

Dunsany's melodrama is a stroke of genius. From the moment the curtain rises with the sailors discussing their theft of the ruby, while the imperturbable Toff reads his newspaper, the atmosphere is tense and ominous. Horror is piled on horror, murder upon murder with extraordinary cumulative power until the climax is reached. It is a pity that the playwright insisted upon bringing the god Klesh upon the stage. The footsteps upon the moor freeze the blood. How much better had the imagination been permitted to preserve the unvisualized illusion of a hideous monster. The voice luring each man to his death would then be more horrible. This is the only rift in the lute of an otherwise admirably constructed melodrama in which dramatic contrast is used most effectively. The little play was excellently staged and capably acted by every member of the cast upon the merits of each one of whom much depends.

An audience of good size was interested and appreciative.

'ODDS AND ENDS'

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "Odds and Ends" of 1917, a revue in two parts, with book by Bide Dudley and Jack Norworth, lyrics and music by Messrs Dudley and Norworth, and James A. Byrnes, the latter directing, was presented last evening for the first time in Boston. The program gives no cast but the principals may be written down at once as Mr. Norworth, Miss Lillian Lorraine, Harry Watson, Jr., Joseph Herbert, Jr., Jack Coogan, Jay Dillon, Frank Shannon Miss Maxine Brown, Miss Marjorie Poir and Miss Bettie Parker. There are many others who have speaking parts, but who doubtless present no claims to being other than essential factors in the entertainment.

Mr. Norworth, Miss Lorraine and Mr. Watson, a talented and versatile trio, start in by assuring that part of the audience assembled at the curtain's rise that few patrons see the first act, anyway, and that consequently whatever is said or done on the stage for the first hour is of little consequence. Thus is established that detached, helter-skelter mode of procedure which marks the remainder of the evening—a song, a dance, a bit of clowning, a serious sketch with both patriotic and humorous aspects, girls in attractive groups, a few chorus men to aid Mr. Watson in his comic rookie drill, and so on, ad lib., until everyone is satisfied to call it an evening.

Mr. Norworth sang "Fancy You Fancying Me" to Miss Lorraine, seated on a sofa on a black stage, with only a red spot to disclose them. His readiness in rhyme, his aptness at melodic jingles and his distinct enunciation are still with him. He speaks frequently to his audience and urges them to join in the alliterative lines of "Swim, Sam, Swim." He does a splendid bit in the trench skit, "Somewhere with Pershing," as a sergeant with a Second avenue diction in a scene with Miss Marjorie Poir, who speaks real French, much to his discomfiture. He has through all poise and ease of bearing, but he does not develop that chummy feeling in his audience. There is only one Hitchcock.

Miss Lorraine has improved. She suffered from a severe cold last night, but withal she gave several finished character songs their full flavor of witty or sentimental appeal.

Mr. Watson brought laughter to the screaming point with his telephone travesty, and was scarcely less amusing as that pugilistic fakir, "Young Kid Battling Dugan," in a training quarters burlesque.

For the rest, there were Mr. Coogan and his wonderfully pliant dancing limbs, Mr. Herbert, youthful replica of his more famous sire, to dance and act as interlocutor, and the various young ladies of the select chorus to prove that in these advanced days feminine members of that historic body may have a little cleverness concealed about their witching persons.

The music as a whole runs lightly, chiefly to piano and strings. The lyric invariably are bright and many of the lines actually clever.

KELLERMANN'S ACT A HIT AT KEITH'S

Annette Kellermann's Revue, including Edmund Makalif and the Kellermann Girls, is the chief feature of the program at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and a highly demonstrative audience.

The scenes in Miss Kellermann's act, "conceived and staged by herself," are: "In the Land of Flowers," "The Deep Blue Sea," "The Peacock's Paradise," "The Forest Glades," "Up in the Air," "The Golden Wall," "On Board the Battleship U. S. A.," "Bottom of the Ocean" annd "Deep Sea Grottoes."

The outstanding feature of Miss Kellermann's Revue is the indefatigable work of the principal herself. Thus she takes her turn as a toe dancer, comedienne, monologuist, tight-rope walker, and, finally, as the swimmer and diver, the role in which she first won success in our own Wonderland of a few years since.

But Miss Kellermann is first and last the swimmer, nor is she without ardent admirers who first of all regard her for her physical charms. To be sure, the actress is interesting in the dance, but this is rather the result of indefatigable labor than natural charm. And in this feature the principal uses the dancer, Makalif, rather than rely on herself in a sustaining way, always sure that the virile Russian will encompass her at the conclusion of her pirouetting. Miss Kellermann is not without her charm as a comedienne. Thus discreetly giving her act a light touch, she may be forgiven for her attempt at song. In the concluding scene the swimmer is seen in her enchanting diving and swimming act, ingeniously arranged in a glass tank and illuminated to bring out all the subtleties of her natatorial art.

The act is interesting, too, in a spectacular sense. The piece is staged with a generous hand, and the chorus, one of the prettiest seen either on the vaudeville or the legitimate stage in recent years, is high-spirited and commends itself quickly for its youth and fleetness.

Other acts on the bill were Mlle. Cronin's Spectacular Electric Novelty, introducing the dancer Juliette; Ray Fern and Marion Davis, in an act unique for its excellent comedy and opulence of wardrobe; Lt. B. C. Hilliam, in songs and stories, Olive Briscoe, in songs and stories; Bert Melrose, international clown; Wilbert Embs and Helen Alton, singers and instrumentalists, and Black and White, aerobats.

Mar. 13 1918

A London journal informs us that Miss Murray Lambert, a young violinist, is a pupil of Miss Knocker. An auspicious name for a teacher; still more auspicious for a critic.

War Note

"Sausages and mashed" are now known as "two Zepps in a cloud" in certain London eating-houses.

On the Common

As the World Wags:

It was all very well on the Common this morning, but we old-timers—Mr. Herkimer Johnson and I—could not help missing Marie Bonfanti and Rita Sangalli and Emily Rigl.

Tell Mr. J. that I found a gray hair this morning. S. T.—1860—X.

Boston, March 11.

P. S.—Did she ever spell it Wrigl? And if not, why not?

As the World Wags:

The undersigned beg to call attention to the fact that they have never parted with the rights to "Tha Black Crook," and that the wholesale plagiarism of the setting of the last scene on the Common this morning is a direct infringement.

The matter has been put in tha hands of a lawyer with instructions to proceed against the park commission in the courts. JARRETT & PALMER,

Managers of Niblo's Garden, N. Y.

March 11.

Maj. Jack Downing

As the World Wags:

For a good many years I have been collecting data in regard to "Jack Downing," but the note in this morning's issue of the Herald brings into the discussion for the first time (so far as I am aware) the name of Thomas Motley. Will Mrs. J. Eleanor Motley Low be kind enough to offer proof of her statement that Thomas Motley "wrote the original Maj. Jack Downing papers," and tell us when and where Thomas Motley's articles were printed? As correctly stated by you, Seba Smith waa tha author of "The Life and Writings of Maj. Jack Downing," first printed (from 1830 to 1833) in the Portland Daily Courier, and published in book form in Boston in 1833. So far as I am aware, Seba Smith is the only person entitled to be called "the original Jack Downing." Attracting little attention at first, these articles were later widely copied into other newspapers, and in the spring of 1833, when President Andrew Jackson made his tour to the East imitators sprang up in great numbers. The most noted of these was Charles Augustus Davis, whose "Letters of J. Downing" first appeared in the New York Daily Advertiser, and were printed in book form in New York in 1834. Any information about Thomas Motley will be greatly appreciated.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, March 9.

Bonaphone and Scrunch

As the World Wags:

I was much interested reading the letter of Mr. Abel Adams in regard to the prevalence of tree-squeaks in the Maine woods and the scarcity of bonaphones with which to combat them. I think it safe to say, however, that bonaphones will become more plenty when the Lenten season ends, although I am not wholly convinced that bonaphone playing has the effect on tree-squeaks that a good many people seem to think.

Capt. True Durkee of Upton, the most accomplished bonaphone player I ever heard, told me once that he attempted to charm a herd of tree-squeaks which he came across in the vicinity of Aziscohos Falls in the summer of 1896, and found to his surprise that they were apparently oblivious to the most delicate tones he could produce. He thought, however, that this may have been due to weather conditions, the bonaphone, you know, being a wind instrument.

I know for a fact that in recent years Capt. Durkee has given up the bonaphone as a tree-squeak exterminator, and now places his reliance wholly upon the scrunch. This, as you are probably aware, is an implement that used to be widely used in post-hole mills in the days when holes were turned out by hand instead of on lathes. Anyone not familiar with this tool might wonder how an animal as agile as the tree-squeak could be made to succumb to it, but Capt. Durkee tells me he has speared as many as 5300 on a still afternoon in midsummer. He says their carcasses make excellent fertilizer for growing maple sugar beets.

ARDEN HUMPHREY.

Brattleboro, Vt.

Swift and Empey

As the World Wags:

You or some of the book lovers who contribute those recondite tid-bits to the column can probably help me. Is the appended anecdote an established feature of each war? The Dean times it for the 17th century, but Empey in "Over the Top" tells it of the present struggle. If it is a set feature of each appeal to savagery, when did it start?

"To which Swift replied, 'It is all true, my lord; but let me tell you a story. In a sea fight, in the reign of Charles II., there was a bloody engagement between the English and the Dutch fleets: in the heat of which a Scotch seaman was very severely bit by a louse on his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it, just as he had put himself in that posture, a chain-shot came and took off the heads of several sailors that were about him; on which he had compassion on the poor louse and returned him to his place, and bid him live there at discretion; for, said he, as thou hast been the means of saving my life, it is but just that I should save yours.'" Sheridan's Life of Swift.

Glance at Empey's version of this at least 200-year-old story and note how few changes will modernize it. Can somebody trace it to its inventor?

Boston. TERRAE FILIUS.

BREESKIN RECITAL WINS MARKED FAVOR

Violinist Especially Charming in Handelian Melodies

Elias Breeskin gave a violin recital last evening at Jordan Hall. Lawrence Goldman was the accompanist. The program included Bruch'a Concerto in D minor; Handel's Sonata in A major, and pieces by Powell, C. Burleigh, D'Ambrosio, Rachmaninoff and others.

Mr. Breeskin played here earlier in the season. Ha then displayed a fine tone, abundant technic and placidity as an interpreter. Last evening he showed a marked gain in authority. His playing was direct, not perfunctory. Even his already beautiful tone, seemed deeper, more emotional, and with Mr. Breeskin tone is an important asset. He was eminently successful in his treatment of Handelian melodies, whila ha imparted personal force and decided character to Bruch's rambling and reiterative concerto in such a manner as to command the interest and arouse the admiration of the audience.

A sensitive musician with pure taste and high ideals, Mr. Breeskin will no doubt go far in his profession as development increases with passing years.

Mar 1. 14 1918

Mr. George P. Bolivar of Beverly writes to us: "I heard recently in Boston a man speak for at least three-quarters of an hour. His speech reminded me of the answer of Cleomenes, the son of Anaxandridas, to Samian Ambassadors, who made long harangues urging him to make war on the tyrant Polycrates; but there was this difference; the speaker in Boston urged that there should ba a speedy and amicable peace; not peace through military conquest. Now the answer of Cleomenes was this: 'The beginning of your speech I don't remember, and therefore I cannot understand the middle, and the last I don't like.' This would have been my answer to the spouting pacifist."

Luther's Hymn

The Emperor William in his telegram to the German Evangelical Missionary Society alluded to Martin Luther's hymn. This led A. Wolf to say in a letter published by the Pall Mall Gazette: "Nietzsche made use of the same hymn in order to castigate German Jingoism, its insatiable thirst for power, and its readiness to sacrifice everything to its ambitious imperialism. Nietzsche succeeded in imparting a sinister meaning to the concluding verse of the hymn by punning on the word Reich, which may mean tha 'Kingdom' (of heaven) or the (German) 'empire.'

And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their value small,
These things shall vanish all,
The Kingdom it remaineth!

"(Cf. my 'Philosophy of Nietzsche,' pp. 63f.)"

The Boss Barber

As tho World Wags:

A perplexing, baffling question has kept me tossing on my pillow for several nights of late, and now it occurs to me that perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson has devoted a chapter to it in his colossal work. The question is this: Should one tip the boss barber?

Years ago I yielded gracefully to tho custom of tipping the hireling journeyman barber. I found it a short cut to a contented mind. On tha few occasions when I had tried to recognize the barber as a man and a brother by keeping all the change he showered into my palm, my retreat from tha "tonsorial parlor" had been abject. I had hurried on collar and tie, I had hurried on coat and hat, I had shuffled hastily to the door feeling glances of baleful resentment boring through the back of my head. Better 50 tips and sweet peace of mind. Being of a retiring disposition, I have seldom presumed to mount into the chair of the boss barber. He had his favorite

[illegible] public force, actors [illegible] to claim a share in [illegible] but now and then it happens [illegible] barbers are all engaged [illegible] the boss is for the moment [illegible] there is nothing for it but to [illegible] his throne humbly and submit [illegible] ministrations. And all through [illegible] I am tormented with [illegible] Shall I tip him or shall I not [illegible]? He is the boss barber. He receives [illegible] for his boots than a mere [illegible], yet he performs the same service as the wage-earner at the next chair. I [illegible] the reflection of his face in the [illegible] and wonder what his views on the subject may be. If I venture to offer him a tip, will he courteously refuse it? Will he dash it on the floor and vehemently assert that barbers never will be slaves? Or will he accept it with suave joy? It occurred to me once that I could very easily find out what he thought about it. I would tender him a dollar. If he gave me in change no coin smaller than a quarter I could be tolerably sure that he considered it beneath his dignity to take a tip. Alas! on that that occasion he mixed two dimes and a nickel in the change, having resolved, no doubt, to leave the question to me. He looked so like one of nature's noblemen that I could not muster up courage to tip him. I slipped all the change into my pocket. But now I'm afraid to go to him again. Suppose that I erred! Suppose that he remembers! He might cut my hair so that I would look like a dog with the mange. Many young fellows, I am aware, like their hair cut in that fashion. I should not like mine so. Still, if I do go and he does cut it in that frightful way, I shall be pretty sure that the only proper course ever after will be to tip every blessed soul in the shop.

W. E. K.

The Bolo Family

Who can remember where a Bolo appears in English fiction? Lovers of Dickens will hardly need to be reminded that a lady of that name—a Miss Bolo—was Mr. Pickwick's partner and looked daggers at him whenever he made a mistake in the game of whist he played with three female card-sharpers at Bath. At the conclusion of the calamitous game we are told that "Miss Bolo went home in a flood of tears and a sedan chair." An oft-quoted instance of what pedants style "syllepsis," that is, the same word used in different senses.—London Daily Chronicle.

George Putterham in his "Arte of English Poesie" (1589) speaks of the figure, syllepsis as the "double supply," "conceiving and, as it were, comprehending under one, a supply of two natures, and may be likened to the man that serves many masters at once, being of strange Countries or Kindreds, as in these verses, where the lamenting widow shewed the Pilgrim the graves in which her husband and children lay buried:

Here my sweete sonnes and daughters all my blisse,
Yonder mine owne deere husband buried is.

MME. LEGINSKA AT JORDAN HALL

Performs for Benefit of N. E. Surgical Dressings

A very large audience filled Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon when Mme. Ethel Leginska, pianist, gave her services for the benefit of the New England Surgical Dressings. The program included Paradies' Sonata No 10 in D major, Liszt's Sonata in B minor, and pieces by Scaralatti, Godowsky, Balakrieff and Chopin.

The pianist is thrice gifted. She has mentality, temperament, superlative technical ability. Her playing glows with the divine fire that is akin to genius. Yesterday the feature of the recital was undoubtedly her superb performanee of Liszt's Sonata, a performance that swept all before it in tonal eloquence and emotional exaltation from the moment when the great song of triumph appears for the first time. The depth and breadth of Mme. Leginska's conception of this music was the more striking following as it did upon the heels of a florid sonata by Paradies and Scarlatti's joyous Pastorale and Capriccio, all three executed with the utmost definiteness, clarity and brilliance.

Godowsky's neatly turned, but commonplace "Angelus," heard here for the first time, seemed tame in comparison, but Chopin's well-worn Polonaise, op. 40, No. 1, in the working repertoire of every piano student, was re-created with all the pianist's electrical vitality and played with veritable martial eloquence. Balakrieff's Islamey and Liszet's Mazeppa afforded other opportunities to display extraordinary virtuosity and creative power. Recalled again and again, Mme. Leginska added to the program.

mch 15 1918

FLONZALEYS AT

By PHILIP HALE

The Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, Pochon, Bailly and d'Archambeau) gave its third and last concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Debussy, Quartet in G minor; Mozart, Quartet in D Major (K. 575); Dvorak, Quartet in F major.

It is said that Debussy delighted, when he was sojourning in Russia, in listening to the music of the gypsies; that he then determined to leave the conventional path, to think freely, to let his fancy run riot. This quartet made a sensation when it was first played by Ysaye and his co-mates. No wonder it startled the orthodox. The more lenient critics regarded it as an interesting study in the exotic manner. The music reminded them of Eastern bands with strange instruments exciting curiosity at a Paris exposition. Is it possible that hearers in that year were deaf to the delightful piquancy of the scherzo, to the ineffable beauty of the third movement, in which Debussy certainly did not go a-gypsing?

Jean Marnold, speaking of Ravel's string quartet when it was first played, remarked that the appearance of a composition in this form was an event. It is not given to every composer to write one. Cesar Franck wrote only one, and that was in his latter years. Saint-Saens waited a long time, having tried all forms of composition, opera, oratorio, symphonic works, before he modestly girded up his loins for a quartet. Verdi laughingly apologized for daring to make an experiment in this field. Debussy, however, had the brilliant audacity of youth. Today this quartet is not only one of his finest compositions; it is one of the most fascinating, the most beautiful works in quartet literature.

Mozart's quaret in D major was the first of the three written for Frederick William I. of Prussia. This monarch played the violoncello, probably no better than a king should play it. We regret to add that biographers say he was without mental qualities of a high order. At any rate, he appreciated Mozart and gave him a gold snuff-box stuffed with gold coins. To please Frederick, Mozart entrusted to the violoncello a more important role than the instrument played in the set of quartets dedicated to Haydn.

The transition from Debussy to Mozart was not abrupt. If Mozart were living today it is probable that he would write more in Debussy's vein than in that of Brahms or of Richard Strauss. Debussy once extolled Mozart as having that hardly definable quality known as style. How fresh and even modern scunded many of Mozart's pages last night!

Dvorak's quartet, sometimes called the "American," was played for the very first time in Boston by the Kneisel quartet. It is not necessary this late day to ask whether the music is American, Congo or Bohemian. It is frank, ingenuous, pleasing.

Nor is it necessary to speak at length of the Flonzaleys's performance of Debussy's and Mozart's music. The ensemble was as perfect as anything can be perfect in this nervous and distracted world. The players breathed, lived, thought as one great virtuoso. Add to polished mechanism singular euphony, rare musical intelligence, the poetic, imaginative, vivifying soul and you have the ideal performance of an incomparable quartet.

Dr. Murray is dead; the English are fighting valiantly against the autocrats and for civilization; yet a new section of the Oxford English Dictionary has crossed the Atlantic: the October section —"Stillation-Stratum"—belated, it is true.

We turned at once to "Stoughton bottle" and found it not. "There he sat, like a Stoughton bottle." Is the term strictly American? There are many American terms in this section. Let us note some of them:

Still-hunt, the noun and verb. The first quotation is from Mayne Reid's "Hunter's Feast." Theodore Roosevelt supplies a quotation. Audubon is the first contributor to Still hunter and Still hunting.

The Cyclopaedia of Temperance and Prohibition (1891) calls one addicted to stimulants a stimulator; a vile use of a respectable word.

There is an American use of stockholder as equivalent to shareholder.

Stogy is also spelled stoga and stoggie. Here is an interesting note: "Originally stoga, short for Conestoga, the name of a town in Pennsylvania, used attributively in Conestoga wagon. It is alleged that 'stoga books' and 'stoga cigars' were so called because they were used by the 'stoga drivers,' i. e., the drivers of the Conestoga wagons plying between Wheeling and Pittsburgh. Among the illustrative quotations is one from Kipling: "It would take more'n this to keel me over," he said, ignorant that he was lighting that terrible article, a Wheeling "stogie."

Stone-boat finds its place. In England it is not a flat bottomed sled, but a boat for transporting stones.

There are American uses of "stool": "Material spread on the bottom for oyster spawn to cling to;" a decoy bird; stool-pigeon.

Store: "Chiefly United States and colonial. In early use a shop on a large scale and dealing in a great variety of articles. Now the usual United States and colonial equivalent for shop." This is the 12th meaning. The first meaning (13th century) was "that with which a household, camp, etc., is stored; food, clothing and other necessaries collected for future use. Now rare."

Storekeeper is not only a shopkeeper, but in "United States slang, an article that remains so long on hand as to be unsalable." Is this slang term familiar in Boston?

Farmer in his "Americanisms" includes "storietto" or "storyette"; but the quotations in the Oxford Dictionary are from English writers.

Storm-door, storm-flag, storm-house are classed as Americanisms, so is the verb "storm," to blow violently; also to rain, snow, etc., heavily, yet it was once in use in England, where stormy, meaning snowy or rainy, is still in dialect; so is storm, meaning a hard frost, a fall of snow, a spell of snowy or frosty weather.

Story, a narrative or descriptive article in a newspaper, is an Americanism. Story, the subject or material for it, is also an American term.

We find straddle, a colloquialism in politics; and each of the vertical timbers by which the different sets are supported in a shaft. Straddle-bug, the long-legged beetle, also belongs to us.

Straight—"neat" spirits—to drink straight, to vote the straight ticket—these phrases are peculiarly ours, as is "straight out," a straight-out Democrat or ticket. The voter is known as a straight out.

Stranger. "Vocatively. Said to be in rustic use in the U. S., the customary mode of address to one whose name is unknown." In England one meaning of stranger was "a person not belonging to the parish." It is surprising that under this head there is no reference to the common mistake about the ending of Massinger, the dramatist. The entry of his interment in St. Saviour's Southwark reads: "1638, March 18, Philip Massinger, stranger in the church . . z ii." This entry has occasioned moralizations on the dramatist's pathetic latter years.

Strap-iron, straprail, straprailroad, strapskein are American words.

Certain English words in this section invite comment. Strafe is entered as slang. "From the German phrase 'Gott strafe England'; 'God punish England,' a common salutation in Germany in 1914 and the following years. Used (originally by British soldiers in the war against Germany) in various senses suggested by its origin: to punish; to do damage to; to attack fiercely; to heap imprecations on; also absolutely. Also Strafe substantive; a fierce assault." The earliest quotation is from the Times's Literary Supplement, Feb. 10, 1916: "The Germans are called 'The Gott-strafers and strafe is becoming a comic English word.'"

Stilton cheese is made at various places in Leicestershire. It was not named after the town where it was made, but it was so called from having been originally largely sold to travellers at a coaching inn at Stilton, a village in Huntingdonshire on the Great North Road from London.

Stirpiculture. This quotation from Galton should interest those that have seen "The Very Idea." "Mr. Wells spoke of 'stirpiculture' as a term that had been used by others, and was preferable to 'eugenics.' I may be permitted to say that I myself coined that word and deliberately changed it for eugenics."

Stout was originally a cant name for strong beer. In present use it means only a strong variety of porter.

Was "stove," meaning the metal structure of a more or less open fireplace—a grate—ever used in New England?

There is an explanation of "strain at a gnat," to make a difficulty of accepting "swallowing something." This use is due to misunderstanding of the phrase "strain at a gnat," in Matt. xxiii 24. It has been asserted that "straine at," in the Bible of 1611, is a misprint for "straine out," the rendering of earlier versions. But quotations of 1587 and 1594 (from Green and J. King) show that the translations of 1611 simply adopted a rendering that had already gained currency. It was not a mistranslation, the meaning intended being "which strain the liquor if they find a gnat in it." The phrase, however, was early misapprehended, the verb being supposed to mean "to make violent effort."

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MAYO WADLER

By PHILIP HALE

Mayo Wadler, violinist, played last night in Jordan Hall for the first time in Boston. His program was as follows: Vitali, Concerto (with organ accompaniment); Wieniawsky, "Faust" Fantasy; Sgambati, Serenata-Napoletana; R. Strauss, Reverie; Godowsky, Valse Macabre; Juon, Cradle song, Swedish dance; Cottenet, Chanson Meditation; Smetana, Aus der Heimat; Carl Lamson was the accompanist.

Mr. Wadler, a young violinist, going from New York, we are told, studied five or six years with Mr. Willy Hess, formerly the concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Returning to New York, Mr. Wadler gave a recital there some weeks ago when he was treated respectfully by the critics.

He has decided talent for the violin. While he has not yet reached the stature necessary for an authoritative performance of Vitali's Chaconne, he showed musical intelligence and an appreciative spirit. Sometimes a youthful interpretation is interesting by reason of unexpected phrasing, an original conception, even though the phrasing and conception may be disputed.

In his performance of Wienlawsky's composition, Mr. Wadler displayed marked facility and a command of varied musical expression. The composition itself is indeed a fantasy, a most ingenious one, in which the composer deftly weaves together thematic material from the opera and tastefully embellishes it. We should have preferred the waltz section with the flageolet tones taken in a stricter tempo, not with the slackening of pace adopted by the violinist, for he broke the rhythmic flow in his endeavor to be accurate in the matter of notes and intonation.

The smaller pieces were played expressively. Strauss's Reverie, a transcription of a piano piece, if we are not mistaken, is in Schumann's romantic manner. The Cradle song of Juon has more originality than his Swedish dance.

Mr. Wadler would do well to devote himself to purely violin music, music by Wieniawski and the unjustly underestimated Vieuxtemps; music that is first of all to be judged as music for the violin. This young man has the talent for the virtuoso's career. His bowing might be less stiff; nevertheless as it is, he sueceeds in producing agreeable tone.

Mr. Lamson again proved himself an admirable accompanist. An audience of good size was warmly appreciative.

O Noah built himself an ark,
Hurrah!
And made it all of hick'ry bark,
And we'll all feel gay
When Noah comes sailing home.
The animals went in one by one,
And Japhet with a big bass drum.
The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.
O Noah, he went on a spree
And banished Ham to Afrikee.

Concerning Noah

As the World Wags:

The letter of your correspondent of Feb. 22 on "My Recollections of Noah," I find persistently stirring memories that demand utterance. On an April day nearly 80 years ago there was born in a country parsonage in New York state an atom of humanity hailed by the parson as "my son." He was promptly named William Henry, but at the end of a month, as he would afterward humorously say, having lost one half pound of the original three and one half, it was decided to change the name to one of lesser proportions. Aroused to the fact that he was expected in future to answer to the name of an esteemed ancestor, one Noah Reed, my hero, failing to appreciate the honor, put up so strong a protest that he promptly reclaimed the lost half pound, added thereto and attained length of days with honor.

Your correspondent tells us that each of the three Noahs of his acquaintance "were gaunt, raw-boned men of great correctness of life and of entire freedom from fads and frivolities. . . . Each one rode out to the First Congregational Church every Sunday morning with the full membership of his household . . . Once in church, each of these Noahs sat at the head of his pew in substantial solemnity" and typified for him the patriarch of that name.

It is a pleasure to note that they were men of a "great correctness of life," for therein our impressions are identical. To this I would add from my own knowledge the adjectives "genial" and "gentle," as the Noah of my acquaintance proved himself to those who knew him best. That he did not occupy the head of the pew was due to the fact that it was his business to keep the "head" of the pew from nodding while he himself occupied the pulpit. Without disloyalty to the "architectural traditions of his mighty name," I still seem able to associate it in connection with a "Queen Anne bungalow," or with a "Browning society," since in truth my Noah was both preacher and poet, also with "fads and frivolities," if the exploring of the rivers and lakes of his native state in a shadow canoe and the organizing of a canoe club, of which he was the loved commander, would come under that head.

But there are other memories associated with the name which have a value equal to any possessed by the

the previous [illegible] and, [illegible] in all respect, by the ancient patriarch himself.

When one has so clearly demonstrated to the mind of a child that no joy or sorrow or matter of interest which touches her life lacks in importance to him while it is under consideration; that no weakness or fear is too small to be met and overcome by his never-failing, reassuring strength; that though the golden chord be broken, yet as long as the life of the child goes on she need never say "Father" in vain; when, indeed, one has distinctly honored his name, be it that of prophet or patriarch. GRACE MITCHELL EVERTS.

Newton Centre.

Well, who built de ark?
Brother Noah did, Noah did.
Who built the ark?
Brother Noah built de ark.
Well, wasn't Noah a mighty man
To build his house on de sandy lan'?
First came de elephant,
And den came de whale,
And den came de darkey without any —
Who built the ark?
Brother Noah did.

"The Snowstorm"

As the World Wags:

"Spectator," as in the case of Capt. Peary, has shown his proofs. We must accept them. "C. M. F." appears to be the Dr. Cook of the controversy. And yet, "Spectator" may have his Crocker Land.

"The Snowstorm" appears in full in Dr. George B. Cheever's "Poets of America," published in 1847. In his comprehensive anthology, which contains a large number of the poetical gems published previous to that date, there is no mention of the name of Seba Smith in connection with the poem. It is puzzling that the painstaking Dr. Cheever, a man of renown and a contemporary of Seba Smith, should have been in doubt as to the authorship of one of the most remarkable pieces of verse of that period.

It was a generally accepted belief among the inhabitants of my native village that the author of "The Snowstorm" was Isaac McLellan, Jr., It was written in his favorite metre, and is it a mere coincidence that in "The Hymn of the Cherokee Indian" we find the following stanza?

"Indian woman, to thy breast
Closer let the babe be pressed,
For thy garb is thin and old,
And the winter wind is cold;
On thy homeless head it dashes;
Round thee the grim lightning flashes."

Compare with the third stanza of "The Snowstorm."

"Spectator" states that Hannah F. Gould also wrote a poem entitled "The Snowstorm." The best known piece by her is "The Snowflake and the Frost." Did she write a poem entitled "The Snowstorm"? W. L. L.

Melrose.

Mch 17 1918

Letters have been written here protesting against the prominence given to Alexander Hamilton's affair with Mrs. Reynolds in the play now at the Hollis Street Theatre. It is not easy to understand the state of mind that cads anyone to make this protest. The affair is a matter of history. Hamilton's behavior strengthened his hold on political foes and on the country at large. The patriot rose superior to the man.

The constant belittling of Gen. George Washington is to us objectionable. Not only do persons on the stage sneer at Washington in a contemptible manner; Hamilton does not make a gallant defence of his superior, and Mr. Arliss in a curtain speech that he made a week ago last Friday took pains to say that in his opinion Hamilton was the greatest figure in American history. (Mr. Arliss, having been born in London in 1868, and coming to this country in 1901, is enabled of course to take a wholly unprejudiced view.) Having made this statement, he proceeded to support it by mentioning the fact that statues of Hamilton were to be erected in one or two cities. Then he touched on "reflected glory" and told of an American woman who seeing an effigy—bust or statue, or bas-relief?—to Disraeli in London, was pleased at the tribute thus paid to Mr. George Arliss. So the future historian may write that the memory of Hamilton was kept alive and embellished by the impersonation of a well-graced actor.

It is to be regretted that an actor of Mr. Arliss's ability and position is persuaded, or thinks it necessary, to come before the curtain, before the play is ended. There are many in an audience that like to preserve an illusion. There are some that do not think they have had their money's worth unless an actor or an actress steps out of the frame to make a speech, which, nine times out of ten, is perfunctory, stammering, inane or laboriously humorous. Let it be taken for granted that Roscius is delighted to be again in Boston—especially if the audience is large and not thickly sprinkled with deadheads; that he finds Boston more appreciative of his genius than any other city; that his colleagues and the managers, the scene painters, the costumer, and the stage mechanics are all equally grateful. If the play itself is a good one, whether it be emotional or amusing, it is not necessary for the leading actor to impress the fact upon the spectators. The great majority of them have seen plays before and are possessed with a reasonable amount of intelligence.

Many of the roles in "Hamilton" are admirably acted. Mr. Dudley Digges's portrayal of Reynolds, the sly pimp, was finely drawn, a subtle characterization, fascinating in its repulsiveness. Miss Barney's Angelica was another feature of the performance, a veritable impersonation of the frank, sensible, breezy, lovable woman, a true helpmate. She almost persuaded the spectator that Hamilton would have fared better had he married her instead of Betsy; but the dramatists have hardly been fair to Betsy; according to history she had already forgiven Hamilton before he told the public about his scrape. Mr. Ravold's Giles was dramatically authoritative. Was the Giles that was graduated from the University of Virginia and held many important positions so uncouth a person as is represented in the play?

Do the dramatists maintain that Jefferson, Monroe and Giles called on Hamilton with the Reynolds letters? Were not the three visitors, Venable, Muhlenberg and Monroe? Did they not profess themselves abundantly satisfied with Hamilton's explanation? Did not Venable and Muhlenberg honestly express regret that they had meddled in Hamilton's amorous life? Did not Monroe profess the like regret? Was Jefferson in Philadelphia at the time? Did Tallyrand leave the city as quickly as is stated in the play?

Historical accuracy in a play dealing with well known characters is not so important as the inherent worth of the play itself, unless a dramatist insists that he has followed history with scrupulous attention to facts.

A Few Words About "The Philanderer" at the Copley

Lack of space Tuesday morning forbade an extended review of the performance at the Copley Theatre last Monday night.

Shaw's "Philanderer" was first performed at the Cripplegate Institute in London on Feb. 20, 1905. The Era made no mention of the production, possibly because the play was acted by the New Stage Club, but the production was duly noted in the Era Almanac of that year. The Era was not then friendly towards Mr. Shaw. It poohpoohed his plays and attacked him editorially.

Miss Newcombe, Miss Miller and Mr. Craske were more successful in their portraiture of the characters than were their colleagues. Miss Newcombe's Grace answered Shaw's description in his voluminous stage directions, which at times are more entertaining than the printed dialogue on the same page. She was sensitive in expression, firm of mouth and chin; she carried herself with determination, self-respect and a certain elegance. This widow was well-bred. Miss Newcombe's impersonation was consistent throughout. Her scene with Julia in the third act was wholly admirable in its dignity, self-restraint and womanliness. And she gave this impression: Grace's apparent coldness—Julia taunted her with it—was superficial, but she had too clear perceptions to be fooled by Charter is after she had learned of his philandering with Julia. Inwardly she wondered how any man could have been infatuated for a moment with Julia—especially as she was played by Miss Lascelles. We are inclined to think that if Grace had been wooed by a robust, primitive man in true buccaneer fashion she would have thrown her [illegible] with her dignity over the windmill. Miss Newcombe's reading of her lines was a delight to the ear and the mind.

Miss Lascelles it is true, had a difficult part to play. Julia was an extravagant, violent person, but Miss Lascelles played hysterically, not with true passion. Too often the spectator suspected that she was conscious of Julia's extravagance in speech and action, but found simulated hysteria the only just expression. Nor did Miss Lascelles answer to Shaw's description: "A beautiful, dark, tragic looking woman." Miss Lascelles was comely enough to the eye, but she was not dark, she was not tragic in facial expression or in general bearing. A dusky passionate woman of a melodramatic film play should have been her model, a film woman in spoken drama, with rich, viola tones, now caressing, now raging. Many times Miss Lascelles reminded us outwardly by her flopping of Mr. Jerry Cruncher's wife. This Julia inspired the suspicion of insincerity. Now Julia was terribly in earnest. She knew what she wanted and was bound to have it.

Mr. Craske gave one a convincing sketch of Shaw's caddish hero; in his selfishness, his flippancy, his inordinate self-conceit, his inhuman irresponsibility. Would that his male colleagues had been equally successful! Mr. Annerly was tiresome as Cuthbertson, who, while he had no illusions, was a man of some importance. Mr. Gordon, for once, did not interest us. He was Mr. Gordon reading the British [illegible]. He might have been any young man of good breeding and [illegible] attainments. There was no suggestion of the physician or the pathologist. There was no trace of the "bedside manner" attributed to him by the dramatist.

Miss Miller was a capital Sylvia, not too mannish, alert, ready-tongued, a good fellow and eminently sane.

Mr. Wingfield, a careful, painstaking actor, made much of Craven's character as drawn by Shaw, but there was a fatal sluggishness in speech and movement. The conversation between him and Cuthberson was boresome, irritating.

This slowness of pace has been a prevailing fault in the performances at the Copley Theatre since Mr. Jewett brought his players together. The undue deliberation does great harm to the dramatist, the players, the audience. The performances are thus unduly protracted. With the slowness on the stage and the length of the waits, a performance is often ended a half-hour later than is necessary. Does Mr. Jewett—for he probably superintends rehearsals—believe for a moment that dialogue gains in effect by being drawled, by long pauses between the sentences, by dilly-dallying in movement? The majority of his players speak distinctly, when they occasionally, one might say accidentally, are swift in statement and reply. Surely Shaw's dialogue should be brisk.

Barrientos and Lazaro the Stage and in Records

Not long ago Mr. Joseph Miles lectured before the Music Teachers' Association in London on the gramophone and musical appreciation. He spoke in praise of the gramophone's fidelity in reproduction of aria, song, piano or violin piece, chamber and orchestral music; of the reproduction of a singer's virtues and faults; valuable therefore to teachers, pupils, as well as a source of great pleasure in the home. He advised his hearers to get the best and ended by saying that the gramophone must always be used seriously; "never as a kind of 'super-toy.'"

What would one not give for a record of famous voices, of the old Italian singers, later those of Malibran, Grisi, Jenny Lind, Lablache, Cruvelli, Rubini, not to mention many others! Future generations will be more fortunate than we in this respect.

Often a singer of great reputation is first made known to us through a record. His arrival is eagerly awaited. Then there are many that, through force of circumstances, distance from the city, invalidism and other causes, are able to hear a singer only by a record.

The Metropolitan Opera Company next month will introduce to Boston as one of its leading singers Hipolito Lazaro, the tenor. He will be heard as the Duke in "Rigoletto" with Mme. Barrientos and De Luca, and in Bellini's opera "I Puritani," which has not been performed here for at least 30 years. The tenor part calls for a singer of unusually high range if he sings the music as Bellini wrote it.

Mr. Lazaro was made known to music lovers of this country, before he sang at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, through the Columbia Records: arias from "La Boheme" "L'Africaine," "Tosca," "Aida," "Rigoletto," "I Puritani." These records excited admiration and an intense desire to hear the man himself.

Mr. Lazaro was born at Barcelona in 1890. It is said that in his youth he worked in a dye shop and drove a cart. Soldiering in Morocco his singing drew attention. He was sent back to Europe, where he studied for opera. In 1912 he was singing "tabloid" opera in a London music hall. The director of Covent Garden, Mr. Higgins, who visited Boston for two or three seasons, gave him a trial, which did not lead to an engagement. Mr. Hammerstein displayed his shrewdness, as in other instances. Lazaro appeared in opera at the London Opera House. Mr. Hammerstein offered him a five-year contract for his new Lexington Theatre in New York. Marie Barrientos, by the way, was also engaged for this theatre. Lazaro then went to Central and South America, winning a great reputation, but his name and his voice became familiar here through the Columbia records. Not only has he a remarkable voice; he has youth, and he is good looking.

Marie Barrientos, on the other hand, known through the Columbia records, is not a stranger here. She will visit Boston for the second time with the Metropolitan Opera Company and will be heard with Mr. Lazaro in "Rigoletto" and "I Puritani." The records are taken from "Lucia di Lammermoor" and Gounod's "Mireille," but her repertoire is not a limited one. Born in Barcelona, she showed a musical nature when she was only three years old. At 14 she was an accomplished violinist and pianist. She composed. Not being physically strong she was advised to sing. When she was 13 years old, she appeared as Inez in "L'Africaine" at Barcelona. After two seasons in Spain, she went to Milan, where she took the part of Lakme. Her first appearance in Berlin was as Rosina, Oct. 27, 1900. She sang in many opera houses, European and South American. After her marriage to Mr. Keen, an Argentinean of English descent, she retired from the stage for some years.

In June, 1913, it was announced that Hammerstein had engaged her for 40 performances at $2000 each. It was also reported that she had been engaged by the Chicago Opera Company, but refused that offer because she did not wish to sing with Titta Ruffo. Havana heard her in April, 1914. Early in 1916 she made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in a revival of "Lucia di Lammermoor."

She took these parts at the Boston Opera House in April, 1916: Lucia, Gilda, Amina, Rosina. Her voice was then small, but agreeable; her intonation was singularly pure; her trill, uncommonly good; her staccati notes were sure and brilliant. She was a mistress of the art of swelling and diminishing a tone. A most accomplished singer, she was more than a lay figure. Her Rosina was sparkling and high bred.

A Letter from Henry E. Krehbiel on Politics and Music

The N. Y. Tribune has denied the report that Mr. Krehbiel is no longer on its staff as musical critic. It states that he is in the South recovering from a nervous breakdown, and it hopes that he will be on its staff as long as he lives. May he have a speedy and complete recovery! His reviews of concerts and operas in New York have been sadly missed.

On March 9, Mr. Krehbiel addressed the following letter to the Tribune from St. Petersburg, Fla.:

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: Since international politics has been permitted to play a part in our musical season (though an amusingly inconsistent one), may I suggest that the inclusion of Tschaikowsky's overture "1812" in the program of the Philharmonic concert on March 21 and 22 is of very questionable taste or propriety? In it there is a celebration of Napoleon's defeat by the Russians. The composer's device is simple and easily comprehended even by the musically illiterate. The melodies of "The Marseillaise" and the erstwhile Russian anthem, "God Save the Czar," are brought into conflict amid sounds of warfare and the latter tune emerges triumphant. Historically, this is correct, of course, but in the present circumstances, with Czarism dethroned, France fighting with us for democracy and the righteous battle obstructed by Russian anarchy, the emotions aroused by the composition might be the reverse of pleasurable.

Our whole politico-musical situation at present is paradoxical in every one of its phases. We have banished from our opera house Wagner, who took part in the German revolution and had a price set on his head by the King of Saxony, but give places of honor in our concert programs to men like Max Bruch, who was one of the German "intellectuals" who signed the infamous document defending the rape of Belgium. We refuse to listen to some German singers and instrumentalists and hail others with delight.

Polish and Russian virtuosi and conductors are taken to our bosoms without inquiry as to their attitude in the war, though some of them (and especially their American wives) are known by their friends to be violently pro-German in their sympathies. We do without meat and wheat and heat, but pour out money so that foreign virtuosi may live more luxuriously than they have ever lived in their native lands. Obviously we feel a greater craving for luxuries than necessities and fear the charge of chauvinism more than we respect the duty of patriotism. Might we not profitably Hooverize or Garfieldize or Wilsonize music?

H. E. K.

How Verdi in 1870 Foresaw the Present War

Henry T. Finck quotes in the Evening Post, March 2, a letter written by Verdi, Nov. 30, 1870, to Prof. Cario Paladini of Florence. The letter was published in the Musical Courier several years before the present war. It reads, in part, as follows:

"This calamity of France puts a desolation in my heart, just as it does in yours. It is true that the bluff impertinence and presumption of the French are insupportable, but then France has given our modern world its liberty and civilization, and if she falls, let us not deceive ourselves, our liberty and civilization will fall with her. Our men of letters and politicians well may boast of German knowledge and science and—God forgive them—even of the arts of those conquerors, but a glance backward would let them see that the old blood of the Goth is still running in German veins; hard, intolerant, despisers of all that is not German, and inclined to a boundless rapacity. Men of brains but heartless, strong but uncivilized. And that King (William I.) who, in the name of God and Providence constantly on his lips, destroys the best part of Europe and thinks himself destined to reform the manners and punish the vices of our modern world!!! What a missionary! Attila of olden times—another missionary—stopped before the majesty of the ancient world's capital, but this one is going to bombard the capital of the modern world, and now that Bismarck wants people to know that Paris will be spared, I fear all the more that it will at least partly be ruined. Why? Perhaps in order that there may no longer exist so

[illegible] as [illegible] as we [illegible] to [illegible] Paris [illegible] I saw so beautiful, so gay, [illegible] last April. And afterwards? I [illegible] a more generous policy [illegible] our part and a debt of gratitude paid off. One hundred thousand of our men [illegible] have saved France. At [illegible] I should have preferred signing a peace defeated with the French [illegible] that will cause us to be despised one day. The European war we shall not avoid, and we shall be devoured. It will not be tomorrow, but it will be some day. An excuse is easily found. It may be Rome, the Mediterranean, and then is there not the Adriatic sea they have already proclaimed German?"

"The Girl and the Puppet" and Other Plays New and Old

If only for the remarkable playing of Miss Joan Vivian-Rees—already to be remembered as the "ruined girl" of "Damaged Goods"—yesterday evening's production by the Pioneer Players at the Princes Theatre deserves attention. The play—"The Girl and the Puppet"—translated by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell from Pierre Louys and Pierre Frondaie, is a very doubtful affair. Its heroine is, in a way, the exact contrary of Carmen. She is a Seville cigarette girl, who has a married lover (played by Mr. Allan Jeayes), and refuses to become his mistress—not for moral reasons, but through a sort of whim of prolonged technical chastity. Afterwards he discovers her dancing, undraped, but screened from the Princes audience, to a couple of English tourists in a Cadiz cafe. In the end she shuts the lover out of a fine house he has bought for her. At this he is so provoked that he strikes her with his fist, whereupon she instantly promises to become his "wife," and throws herself into his arms, saying, "Promise you'll kill me!" Views may differ as to the probability of a character of this kind—a Prevost's "demi-vierge" translated into the Spanish temperament. If one is to believe Merimee, amatory niceties are hardly typical of the Andalusian work girls. Moreover, even if both lover and lady were possible, the vision in the last act of this pair of dishevelled sensualists grabbing at each other in needlessly postponed rapture suggests that it is a matter of no great importance to humanity whether they get married or not, or what they do. But there can be no two opinions as to the extremely fine work of Miss Vivian-Rees, even though the part seemed not particularly suited to her. A young actress to watch!—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 18.

Lloyd George's life story will be told in a two-hour film, scenario by Sir Sidney Lowe, entitled "The Man Who Saved the Empire." It will show the most human and dramatic moments in the prime minister's life from his childhood. Four actors will be required for the part.

A report from Dresden speaks of a remarkable play written by Reinhardt Goering, entitled, "The Sea Battle." The scene is laid in the interior of a battleship during the Skagerack fight. The last act contains a representation of an armoured tower in the ship, the characters being seven sailors, who are supposed to be firing the guns. The climax comes when an English bomb containing asphyxiating gas destroys the tower and kills all seven gunners. The dialogue is said to be in the harshest strain against the present naval administration. Hence the Dresden commandant forbade the public performance, which was taking place before a number of guests. The play has also been banned in Berlin by the Kaiser's order.—London Daily Chronicle, Feb. 14.

Austin Fryers produced in London on Feb. 18, "Realities," part of which he insists was written by Ibsen as a sequel to "Ghosts." The critics agreed that the play has no sign of Ibsen's characteriseic power, almost nothing of his manner. "The characters are either quite unlike the characters he drew or have lost all their vitality. The action is often preposterous." The story in a nutshell is as follows. Oswald after six months in an asylum is patched up. He has gone to Paris and engaged himself to a French actress who comes to look for him in Norway. Regina, his illegitimate half-sister, is now a "tragic apostle of duty." Mrs. Alving has convinced her that neither she nor Oswald should ever marry. Regina preaches the doctrine. When a sailor makes love to her and kisses her she shoots herself. The shock gives Mrs. Alving a paralytic stroke. "The actress resolves to give Oswald up. Thus you arrive at a last act in which Mrs. Alving, speechless and helpless, sees Oswald give the girl a drug. As he goes off to outrage her, Mrs. Alving recovers sufficient vitality to stab him. Ibsen had apparently been studying the art of the Grand Guignol." The reference is probably to "La Griffe." The last scene recalls "Therese Raquin," performed here with Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew in the leading parts.

A memorial tablet was unveiled Feb. 19 at the "Old Vic." Theatre in honor of the men of the theatrical profession, musicians, actors and writers, who have given their lives for their country during the war. Maj.-Gen. E. B. Ashmore (general officer commanding London air defences) unveiled the memorial, and the Bishop of Southwark dedicated it. Addressing the audience, Maj.-Gen. Ashmore said the people of the stage had done a great deal of good work in the war, both by the men they had given to the army and the entertainment they had provided to keep people cheerful during such a trying time. The people of the stage had done much to maintain a spirit of optimism in the people of this country, and particularly amongst the people of London. "We Londoners owe a great debt of gratitude to those on the stage who night after night in times of great difficulty and danger, set us such a noble example of coolness and courage." A well known actor and a capable flying officer, Mr. Robert Loraine, did so much to improve the punctuality of the squadron which he commanded, said Maj.-Gen. Ashmore, that whenever they were required they could go into action at a wave of the hand. Among the names of the fallen soldier-actors are Harold Chapin, Guy du Maurier, Sydney Brookfield, Clarence Beerbohm, Alan Campbell; also sons of William Farren, Eugene Oudin, David Bispham, Sterndale Bennett, Henry Jones, Harry Lauder, Mary Rorke, F. T. C. Benson and Horace Vachell.

The London Times describes George Robey as "one of those natural comedians who can keep an audience amused without calling upon the management to provide anything but bare boards, a back-cloth and a loose wardrobe."

Israel Zangwill's new play, "Too Much Money," was produced at Glasgow Feb. 18. "The theme is that of a highly aesthetic lady married to a rich man with a rather prosaic outlook. The lady, enamored with high art, bemoans her fate in being the wife of a man who, under the influence of a shrewd old Scotsman, has risen to wealth by dealing in fish. The husband pretends to the wife that he has become bankrupt, and they are reduced to living in a garret. The purpose of the play seems to be to show that poverty is at times a cleansing influence. The dialogue is in Mr. Zangwill's best vein, with Miss Lillah McCarthy, Mr. Marsh Allen and Mr. Morand in the leading parts. The farce had a capital first performance and its reception was very cordial."

For the moment activity in the domain of play production has come to a halt. For this there are two reasons, which, although opposed to each other, are operating in the same direction. The first is the general spell of prosperity which managers have been enjoying lately and which relieves them of any urgent obligation to consider a change of bill. The second is the uncertainty created by recent events. Here we have a factor that will, we all hope, prove of a transitory character. But, obviously, until the point is settled there is a temptation to carry on along existing lines, even should the step prove a little less remunerative than of yore. Within the course of the next few weeks the daylight-saving bill will be in force again. As there seems to be a disposition on the part of most managers to keep early hours, theatres will then be cleared of their audiences before darkness sets in, and playgoers thus be enabled to reach home without inconvenience or any great risk. On the whole, the outlook, taking one thing with another, is fairly reassuring.—London Daily Telegraph.

In Berlin 33 high-class theatres are open every night, nearly all of them with plays or sketches or revues varying from night to night. This does not include inferior places of entertainment. Two or more opera houses are open every night, where operas by Mozart, Weber, Gluck, Wagner, Gounod and Verdi are performed. The Lessing Theatre devotes a week to one-act plays by new dramatists. Plays of Shakespeare are performed. "The managers of theatres inform the public that as their houses are unheated, owing to the scarcity of coal, the rule of divesting one's self of overcoats and other wraps has fallen into abeyance. Two plays are entitled, one "The Victory March to Venice," the other "The Food Hoarder."

Ellen Terry played Portia in the trial scene in "The Merchant of Venice" at the London Coliseum Feb. 18.

Weber and Fields will be together in a new musical piece, having "a coherent story" in April. The German dialect will be discarded, but Mr. Weber will wear his false stomach.

William A. Brady will revive "Way Down East" with "prominent players."

A bill at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham, Eng., included Dunsany's "Night at an Inn," Maeterlinck's "Death of Tintagiles" and Gertrude Jennings's "Five Birds in a Cage." The Stage said: "It is not the brightest of entertainment."

Our old friend Lennox Pawle recently told a London reporter that he was getting over the shock of seeing himself on a film for the first time, and his great ambition was to prevent his wife from seeing the film.

Albert Chevalier and Arthur Shirley will write a series of plays.

A New Opera, "Ping Sin," Produced in Paris; Also an Allegorical Ballet

The Paris correspondent of Musical America, writing on Feb. 1, described a new opera, "Ping Sin," book by Louis Gallet, music by Henri Marechal, produced that week at the Opera Comique. We publish extracts from her letter:

"Critics are divided, as they always are, but the majority see nothing thrilling or original in the music itself. The singing, acting, costuming and stage setting did all they could to make the work charming as it was as a whole. Had not 'Ping Sin' had such trimmings it might have fallen flat. As it is, it will live through the winter and draw people always on the lookout for something novel. And 'Ping Sin' is novel from point of view of consuming and stage setting, but the music is in no way characteristic of China—though perhaps many of us have been falsely educated concerning the harmonic broken bars of Chinese strains. A chorus of young girls at the beginning of the opera is delightful, classic and refined, also the suggestion of a funeral march as the work develops, and the duos between the young couple are sweet and refreshing; but outside these morsels, things are rather banal. Paul Vidal directed. This is a synopsis of the play: 'Ping Sin,' a young Chinese, and Yao, who have loved each other since they were adopted by Kam Si, are the principal characters. They have just been married when a revolution breaks out. The crowd discovers that Yao's father years ago was an enemy to the present regime. The insurrectioners demand the head of the young man, and he is to be executed at dawn. The soldiers will come to fetch him off during the night. The bridegroom is distracted, but out of consideration for his wife thinks not to tell her of his impending fate. However, Ping Sin discovers the plot, and with woman's quick intuition decides to act. She prepares a sleeping draught, makes her husband drink and then pretends to drink to his health. While Yao slumbers heavily, Ping Sin dons his habit and otherwise disguising herself is ready for the soldiers when they come for their prey. At the moment of execution something occurs to absolve the supposed guilt of Yao, and the bridegroom is twice happy—first of all for having won so noble a woman for a life companion; second, for escaping death and remain at her side. The principal singers in the opera were Mlle. Brothier and M. do Creus. Their acting and singing were delightful.

"The dramatic and lyric allegory, 'Au Beau Jardin de France,' followed 'Ping Sin.' The scenario of Guillot de Saix and the music of Francis Casadesus make the one-act ballet one of the most satisfying ever presented at the Comique. There is no plot to the 'Beau Jardin.' One part represents the horrors of war, another the heavenliness of peace, with France as victor. The Primavera of Botticelli is reproduced as well as a singing ballet and tableau may be. Cleo de Merode represents Primavera, and she, with other exquisite fairies, is killed in the war. But all ends happily."

When "The Lilac Domino" was produced in London Feb. 21 the Daily Telegraph wondered how the composer found inspiration in a book "so strangely lacking in point and substance, and deficient in humor." The reviewer was pleased with the "quaintly dry" humor of Frank Lalor.

Turgenieff's story "Clara Militch" has been turned into an opera by a Russian. Morewski's symphonic poem "Nevermore," suggested by Poe's "Raven" has been produced at a Colonne-Lamoureux concert in Paris.

"Les Moulins de Don Quichotte" by Pierre Langlors, played at a Colonne-Lamoureux concert in Paris, Feb. 3, is described by the Paris correspondent of Musical America as "full of color and some of the bravura sentiments of the lean hero. She missed "a pensive strain" and found the music "too noisy, too tempestuous."

The London Daily Telegraph, reviewing Miss Fairless's violin recital on Feb. 19, said she was a pupil of Sevcik and Max Mossel. "To the former she can owe little enough, for he, like his pianistic counterpart, Leschetitzky, killed more musical souls than he created, and Miss Fairless possesses a very strong musical soul, which we suspect to have developed in spite and not because of Sevcik." Miss Fairless is 18 years old.

Isidore de Lara on Feb. 19 gave his 900th entertainment under the war emergency scheme. "At these concerts over £8000 has been paid in fees to the artists who have appeared at them, and, immense though the work must have been, the committee and their associates can surely feel that their labors have been very far from vain."

Dr. Cyril Rotham's quintet was performed in London on Feb. 15. "No metaphysics or philosophy and a 'program,' no 'psychological' scheme is here to worry the hearers. All is perfectly plain sailing, so much so that the work seems a little old-fashioned."

Napoleon Bertrand Eugene, 13 years old, gave a "creditable" performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto on Feb. 16 in London. "Naturally enough his tone is small, but it is very sweet and pure, and he played the music easily and with no little natural feeling." The Gainsborough Orchestra, "a very capable little company of ladies," accompanied him.

Louis Vierne's new violin sonata (London, Feb. 2), struck the Times as a "loveless" work. "The ear tires of listening in vain for points of beauty, and some ingenious rhythmic devices were not enough to sustain the interest."

"Storm Wrack," a one-act musical play, by James Lyon, text by T. Barlow, was produced at Liverpool, Feb. 15. "It is a simple story of dramatic strength, illuminated with music, the story itself articulated by only the four people concerned in it. Its base is the well worn, but always safe theme of the husband, the wife, and the other man. And in saying this there is nothing more really to be said because we know its kind." The husband and wife are finally reconciled, after a scene in which the two men draw knives, but join in rescuing sailors in distress. The music "generally lacks continuity and homogeneity; it is too restless and disconnected; but the composer has the root of the matter in him, and in a less tragically dramatic work his undoubted gifts would have better play and result in an opera creditable to him and to English music."

Eugene Ysaye will conduct the Cincinnati May music festival. The chief works to be performed are Bach's Matthew Passion (complete); Haydn's "Seasons," Stillman Kelley's "Pilgrim's Progress" (composed for the festival), Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova." The solo singers will be Mmes. Hinkle, Garrison, Matzenauer, Alcock; Messrs. Williams, Murphy, Whitehill, Werrenrath. All the profits of the festival will be divided equally between the war funds of the American Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.

Ossip Gabrilowitsch conducted the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra's concerts of March 8-9. His progam was as follows: Beethoven, overture, "Egmont"; Mozart, symphony in G minor; Tschaikowsky, "Romeo and Juliet"; Liszt, Piano Concerto No. 2; Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser." Rudolph Ganz was the pianist. Mr. Gabrilowitsch will conduct the concerts of March 22-23.

Reviewing a concert in London by Mr. Boult Feb. 20, the Times spoke of a symphony by Vaughan Williams unknown here: "The 'London' symphony is English, not so much for the scraps of tune that make up a London day, but for the direct, blunt way they are put—to like them or leave them—and the feeling that there is something big behind them. There is not much waiting anywhere, and no waste. Vaughan Williams has a way of getting a silence when he wants to say something, and getting it listened to because he is not going to say it twice." And of Pierre de Breville's "Au clair de la lune" the Times said: "His scale is small, but he makes it seem big by the number of things he does in it." Vaughan Williams's symphony was first played in March, 1914.

There is prevalent a style of singing that is not without considerable artistic effect and yet is comparable to "living on capital." Its method consists in placing the voice where so much of its tone value is wasted, that what remains can only be increased with effort, and it is not the singing, but the effort that encroaches upon vocal capital.—Pall Mall Gazette.

In the opinion of Miss Ethel Levey the new song "Proud Am I," which she will sing for the first time at the Victoria Palace on Monday night, bids fair to exceed the popularity of "Tipperary." The melody is most haunting, and I shall be greatly surprised if all London is not whistling, or "humming" it before many days are over. The song is a compliment—and a deservd one—to America, and records the "hustle" which has characterised their welcome entry into the war for civilization.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 16.

The "Village Coquettes," on which Sir Frederick Bridge gives two Gresham lectures this week, is a literary and musical curiosity. The libretto, by Charles Dickens, shows the novelist in the rare character of a lyric poet, and the music is by Dr. John Hullah. It was produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1836, and was the work by which Hullah first became known to the public; but the whole of the music was soon after destroyed in a fire at Edinburgh.—London Daily Chronicle.

London critics differed about W. H. Reed's violin concerto played on Feb. 13 by Jessie Snow. The Daily Chronicle found that it contains some "very charming" music, while the instrumentation is "very picturesque and brilliant." The Times said: "This is a cento of useful phrases and figures that have made the success of violin concertos within living memory grateful to play, but not very edifying as music." The Daily Telegraph, admitting that the material is of "a not unfamiliar type" pronounced the concerto "a bright and cheery work of unusual brevity," with the material "cleverly and effectively treated."

Of two groups of pieces by Frank Bridge and John Ireland (Feb. 17) the times said: "The first were not at all important in idea, although they had the merit of being thoroughly effective. Mr. Ireland's 'Chelsea Reach' was stronger, having considerable harmonic and structural interest. 'Ragmuffin,' on the other hand, touched the common place. Both composers rely too much on purely pianistic decoration, and neither surmounts the accompanying difficulty of avoiding sameness of effect."

Arthur Symons Writes About German Logic Without Life

George Meredith wrote in "The Idea of Comedy and of the Uses of the Comic Spirit" in 1877: "I am mindful that I was in Germany, when I observe that the Germans have gone through no cosmic training to warn them of the sly, wise emanation eyeing them from aloft, nor much of satirical. The French controversialist is a polished swordsman, to be dreaded in his graces and courtesies. The German is Orson, or the mob, or a marching army, in defence of a good cause or a bad—a big or a little. His irony is a missile of terrific tonnage; sarcasm he emits like a blast from a dragon's mouth. He must and will be Titan. He stamps his foe under foot, and is astonished that the creature is not dead, but stinging; for, in truth, the Titan is contending, by comparison, with a god." And he adds: "Heinrich Heine has not been enough to cause them to smart and meditate."

I turn from this splendor of attack on the Germans' lack of comedy to consider another question—that is of music. Richard Strauss is the only decadent in music, and he has tried to debauch music as Stuck has tried to debauch painting and as Klinger has tried to debauch sculpture, for the satisfaction of a craving which is not "simple, sensuous and passionate," but elaborate, intellectual and frigid. The whole tendency of modern German art is summed up in his tone-poems, and it is a tendency towards an orgy of the brain, at once idealistic and gross, a perversity which proceeds from impotence and culminates in that emphasis which is worse than vice, because it is vulgar.

Strauss does things with the orchestra which no one has done before him: he delights you with his effects as effects, and, though I am complaining of this very fact, I wish to credit him with all that it means, for good and evil. When people call Strauss's music ugly they are mistaking the question at point. Technique carried to the point at which Strauss carries it has a certain incontestable value, and it matters little whether it is employed on good or bad material. There is such a thing as having a genius for technique, and while even genius for technique never produces a satisfactory result, the plain, simple result of greatness, it produces a result which is sufficiently interesting to detain you by the way. Strauss calls off your attention from the thing itself to the way in which the thing is done. The talk of ugliness is a mere device for drawing one aside from the trail. Vital sincerity is what matters, the direct energy of life itself, forcing the music to be its own voice. Do we find that in this astonishingly clever music?

I do not find it. I find force and tenacity, a determined grip on his material, such as it is, the power to do whatever he can achieve. But I feel that that constructive power which weaves a complex but tightly woven network of sound is at its best but logic without life; but, though the main ideas are expressed with admirable force and coherence, they are not great ideas, they are exterior, lifeless, manufactured ideas.

In spite of Holbein, Durer, and Cranach, in spite of the builders in stone and the workers in iron, the German genius has never found its complete expression in any of the plastic arts. Germany has had both poets and philosophers who have done great things; but it has done nothing supreme except in music.

Durer created a very German kind of beauty: philosophers from Kant to Nietzsche have created systems after system of philosophy, each building on a foundation made out of the ruins of the last. Goethe gave wisdom to the world by way of Germany. But Goethe, excellent in all things, was supreme in none; and German beauty is not universal beauty. In Beethoven music becomes a universal language, and it does so without ceasing to speak German. On the whole, Germans have not been ungrateful. But they have had their ways of expressing gratitude.

A German sculptor has represented Beethoven as a large, naked gentleman, sitting in an emblematical armchair, with a shawl decently thrown across his knees. In this admired production all the evil tendencies, gross ambitions, and ineffectual energies of modern German art seem to have concentrated themselves. It is to be regretted that Beethoven, rather than any more showy person—Goethe, for instance, with his "Olympian" air, or Schiller, with his consumptive romanticism—should have been made less conspicuously victim of this worst form of the impotence of the moment. There is a sentence spoken by Emilia in George Meredith's "Emilia in England," through which we may see Beethoven as he was: 'I have seen his picture in shop windows; the wind seemed in his hair, and he seemed to see with his eyes; his forehead frowning so.' To look from this visible image in words to the construction in stone of Max Klinger is to blot out the vision with the dust of the quarry. During his lifetime Beethoven suffered many things from his countrymen, and now that he is [illegible] they can [illegible] or alone [illegible] grave, but must first come [illegible] with heavy fingers at his skull (we are told its weight), and then setting up those dishonorable monuments in his honor.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 5, 1918.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

Sunday—South Congregational Society, 12:15 P. M. Organ recital by William E. Zeuch. Liszt, Prelude and Fugue, B, A, C, H.; Jongen, Cantabile; Stoughton, An Arcadian Sketch; Bird, Oriental Sketch No. 3; Sommervell, Shepherd's Cradle Song; Federlein, Scherzo Pastorale; Stebbins, Where Dusk Gathers Deep; Schminke, Russian March.

Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by the violinist, Jascha Heifetz. See special notice.

Emmanuel Church, 8:30 P. M. Organ recital by Joseph Bonnet.

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert of the Berkshire String Quartet (Messrs. Kortschak, Kotlarski, Evans and Stoeber). Its first performance in Boston. Brahms, Quartet, Op. 51, No. 1, in C minor; Haydn, Quartet in D major (Peters Ed. No. 50); d'Indy, Quartet in G major, Op. 45.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Eighteenth Symphony concert (A). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Clara Clemens-Gabrilowitsch. Scarlatti, O cessate di pilar garmi; Vivaldi, Un certo non so che; Cesti, Intorno all' idol mio; Durante, Danza; Lully, Air d'Oriane; Duny, Arietta; Dalayrac, Esconto d'Jeannette; Garat, Dans la printemps de mes annees; Gretry, Je crains de lui parler; Tschaikowsky, Romance; Moussorgsky, Parasha's Dance, An Idiot's Love Song, Old Scotch songs arranged by Helen Hopekirk, Ye Banks and Braes, My Love She's But a Lassie Yet, I'm Wearin' Awa', Oh Charlie Is My Darling. Kurt Schindler will be the accompanist.

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Eighteenth Symphony concert (B). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Mch 8 1918

The London Daily Chronicle, noting Adelina Patti's birthday, Feb. 10, said: "She is so much one of ourselves that we are apt to forget something which our fighting Sammies will remember—she is American born." Mme. Patti happened to be born in Madrid, Spain, in 1843.

Yet Motley wrote of her when she was making a sensation in Vienna: "She is a dear, unsophisticated little thing, very good, and very pretty and innocent. She considers herself an American, and sang 'Home, Sweet Home' after dinner the other day because she said she was sure we should like to hear it, and she sang it most delightfully." Mme. Patti first visited Vienna in 1863. She did not sing there again until 1872.

Several Questions

As the World Wags:

In a novel recently I read this sentence: "A horse and buggy with two men in it flogged into view." Is not this a far fetched use of the word "flogged"?

In the same book this occurs: "What Mr. —— had was character, not intelligence." Can one have intelligence and not character?

When the United States House of Representatives gives consent to a member "to extend his remarks in the Record," can he print anything he chooses? Is there no oversight before the Record goes to the public? H. P. C.

Jamaica Plain.

"Flog" is almost always a transitive verb. We find no authority for the novelist's use of it. There is an intransitive use, as when a sail beats or flaps heavily. "The storm-staysail flogged and cracked with a noise louder than the gale." Marryat's "Phantom Ship." There is a singular use of the transitive verb in nautical speech, to flog the glass or clock: "of the steersman who turns the watch glasses before they have run out, in order to shorten the period of his watch." Then there is flog, meaning to excel, also to tire out. "Of all the brimstone spawn that I ever came across that same she-devil flogs them." In English dialect "flog" has various meanings; to work with a hammer and chisel, to be tired out; and of plants, to droop, flag. In Yorkshire a horse tired in riding is said to be flogged. A "flogger" is anything superlatively excellent. "To flog doll" or "flog t'doll" is an exclamation of surprise. "H. P. C.'s" second question brings up another question: What does he mean by "character"? A man may be intelligent and yet not have "character"—that is he may be morally weak, irresponsible, depraved, wicked. We cannot answer the third question. Some of our friends read the Congressional Record instead of subscribing to a comic weekly.—Ed.

On the Trail of the Irish Bull

As the World Wags:

John Carr, Esq., of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, London, visited Ireland in 1805 and gave to the world a record of his visit in a book called "The Stranger in Ireland, or a Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country." An American edition of this book was published by I. Riley & Co., New York, in 1807. The book is prolix and commonplace and contains much that is of little interest, but John Carr, Esq., of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, was apparently a good-natured man, one who looked at things outside his own island not with "the stony British stare," which Tennyson mentions, but sympathetically and with an effort to understand. And it is quite interesting to note his disappointment in not having heard during his stay in Ireland even one Irish bull.

He had come prepared to hear many examples of this blundering form of speech, for in his introduction describing his journey through Wales he tells of picking up, at an inn where he stayed, a French-English dictionary and of finding under the head of "Abbreviation of Christian Names" the following: "Johnny, an abbreviation of John; Robin, an abbreviation for Robert; Jemmy for James; Jenny for Jane." "I looked upon these lexicographical bulls," says the author, "as a tolerable (sic) good preparation for those I was to meet in Ireland." At the end of his book he, however, writes with regret: "I quitted Ireland without hearing one Irish bull."

Once he felt himself quite on the trail of one. He was present at the swearing-in of the lord mayor of Dublin. "Upon my descending into the court-yard, before the chief magistrate had retired," he writes, "I found an immense crowd to witness the state and show which were exhibited on this day of civic parade. I had been in Ireland some time and had been wofully disappointed in not having heard one bull; I thought it impossible that among so many persons I should not be gratified, and in a few minutes the event turned out as I expected. Curiosity induced a fine fresh-faced girl to get up behind one of the carriages in the castle yard; the mob laughed, and the coachman drove her round the circle; a footman in the viceregal livery exclaimed 'That woman is the first footman I ever saw in petticoats.' To be quite sure the man was an Irishman I went up to him, inquired where he came from, and found he came from Cambridgeshire."

Mr. Carr arrives at the conclusion, as the result of his failure to hear an Irish bull, that the bull is not indigenous to the "ould sod."

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

HEIFETZ CHARMS

Jascha Heifetz, the extraordinary young Russian violinist, made his second appearance at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Andre Benoist was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Vitali, Chaconne; Mendelssohn, Concerto in E minor, op. 64; Chopin-Auer, Nocturne in E minor; Brahms, Joachim, Hungarian Dance, No. 7; Mendelssohn-Achron, On Wings of Song; Paganini, Caprice No. 13, No. 20; Wieniawski, Polonaise A major.

Young Mr. Heifetz again aroused the wonder and admiration of an audience that filled the hall in every part, many sitting upon the stage, others crowding the standing room.

He began by a superb performance of Leopold Charlier's arrangement of Vitali's Chaconne, a performance remarkable for its authority and brilliantly displayed variety of tonal color. The violinist's supreme mastery of technic defies description. Intricate passages, florid phrases are to him but as trifles, so graceful and facile is his execution. But his artistic strength is far from being limited to show pieces for his tone is one of unusual depth and beauty, purity of timbre, emotional eloquence. His musical understanding as an interpreter, too, is that of one far beyond his years. Simple, modest in behavior on the stage, he neither struts nor sways. An exquisite stream of sound flows from his instrument as if by enchantment while, lost in his music, the grave and earnest expression of the player's face remains unchanged.

His beautiful playing of Mendelssohn's Concerto enhanced the value of the piece. It was serene, mature, not overburdened with exaggerated and youthful exuberance. In the cadenza in the first movement there was a dazzling display of uncommon virtuosity. As in this work, so with the other numbers on the program. Each one was magnificently played. The great audience was justly enthusiastic.

Mch 19 1918

CROOK PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Cheating Cheaters," a play in four acts by Max Marcin. Produced at Asbury Park, N. J., June 19, 1916.

Steve Wilson	James Marlowe
Antonio Verdi	Edouard Durand
George Brockton	Martin L. Alsop
Nell Brockton	Anne Sutherland
Nan Carey, alias Ruth Brockton	Eileen Huban
Ira Lazarre	Frank Monroe
Mrs. Palmer	Winifred Harris
Grace Palmer	Gypsy O'Brien
Tom Palmer	Edward Ellis
Edward Palmer	Arthur Barry
Phil Preston	J. M. Holicky
Morton T. Hanley	Fletcher Harvey
Holmes	John Sharkey

This play is very entertaining and not only because it is ingeniously preposterous. It does not pretend to be anything but entertaining. It has no sanctimonious moral; it does not presume to be a "slice of life," a "human document"; it is simply amusing; and it is well acted by all the members of the company.

The title might be thought unfortunate by some, in that it forewarns the shrewd spectator; but the first surprise is so cleverly managed that even the most experienced do not anticipate it. The second surprise is a little more obvious.

It has been said that a play based on a surprise has not a long life before it; that one audience may be surprised or mystified; but the secret once out, there is no future for the drama. This has been disproved here more than once: witness the long run of "Under Cover" and of "The 13th Chair."

Yet it would not be fair to tell the story of "Cheating Cheaters" in detail. It is enough to say that a band of crooks masquerade as a highly respectable family with the intention of robbing another highly respectable family of famous jewels. The two families, neighbors in a suburb of New York, are mutually surprised. Ruth Brockton, the leader of the band of crooks, falls in love with the genteel Tom Palmer, the pride of the Palmer family, so heroic on a sinking ship that he was considered worthy of the Carnegie medal. She surprises him; he surprises her; and at the end she surprises everyone—everyone on the stage at least.

The play is of crooks, detectives, sparklers, double-crosses and revolvers. A crook play is usually fascinating. Thackeray wrote that we admired military bravery because the most of us are cowards at heart. Do we greedily read about daring burglaries, hair-breadth escapes and rejoice in plays that put the men and women of the underworld on the stage, because from lack of courage, fearing public opinion, respecting too deeply the conventions, we prefer to play the safe game, as Ira Lazarre tries to play it in "Cheating Cheaters?" As boys we revelled in yellow covered stories of highwaymen, burglars, all manner of criminals read behind Mitchell's Geography on our desks in school. Is not Prof. Moriarty as great a hero as Sherlock Holmes? And when the leading real or supposed crook is a charming woman what sensitive, we will not say susceptible, spectator does not wish for the moment to be admitted to the gang?

The play was capitally acted. Messrs. Durand, Monroe, Barry, Harvey, Anne Sutherland and Gypsy O'Brien were in the original company.

Miss Huban—her part was taken at first by Marjorie Rambeau—played in a delightfully simple manner; she was not too shrewd, never extravagant; not hinting at her identity by look or gesture for the enlightenment of the audience; unaffected in the love scenes, in which Mr. Ellis seconded her with fine restraint. Mr. Marlowe was amusing as safe-blower, temporary butler, out-and-out crook, one that gloried in his calling. Amusing also were Mr. Durand as the exuberant music-teacher. Mr. Monroe was another who gave an exhibition of excellent character-acting. Miss Sutherland's sudden transformation from a thieve's moll to a society dame accustomed to serving tea was irresistibly funny; she was a joy throughout. Miss O'Brien not only charmed the eye; she read her lines with marked significance. But we are going through the cast, which was in no respect weak.

A large audience was greatly entertained. There were many curtain calls. The interest is well maintained. If it flags for a moment it is in the second scene of the third act. The play should have a long and prosperous run.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "Eccentric Lord Comberdene," a farcical romance in three acts, by R. C. Carton.

Joseph Radburn, J. P.	Fred W. Permain
Rev. Alwyn Pilbrow	Cameron Matthews
Brook Farlowe, M. P.	H. Conway Wingfield
Hotel Clerk	William C. Mason
Bell Boy	A. N. Remlig
Captain Clamp	Frederick Annerley
Walter	Irving Jackson
Hon. Hugh Chilvers	N. Murray Stephen
Daphne Farlow	Marjorie Seeley
Earl of Comberdene	Leon Gordon
Marchioness of Glenmoray	Jessamine Newcombe
Grand Duchess Ina Drovinski	Beatrice Miller
Madame Pigache	Viola Roach
Winton	Nicholas Joy
Scoyle	Leonard Craske
Grugger	William C. Mason
Lieutenant Cornfield	Nicholas Joy
Prince Melikoff	Leonard Craske
Sub Lieutenant	Irving Jackson

The plot is hatched in the lounge of the Imperial Hotel at Shingleford Bay in the afternoon. Radburn, a John Bull type; Pilbrow, disguised as a clergyman, and Capt. Clamp are the arch-conspirators. They are awaiting a box of stolen jewels. Scoyle arrives with a box answering the description, but the Marchioness, who is looking for a box containing state papers, obtains it instead.

The thieves plan to recover the jewels by entering the apartment of the Marchioness and the Grand Duchess at night. Comberdene, however, plays the hero, and after lowering the two women to the ground from a window he locks Radburn and Pilbrow in the vacated bedroom. Thus ends the second and best-played act.

[illegible] Comberdene's [illegible] which [illegible] to [illegible] of the [illegible] to [illegible] the Marchioness and [illegible] to [illegible] respectively, [illegible] affair is brought to a head early the next morning. Camp, whom Comberdene had engaged as his captain, without looking into the sailorman's past, is [illegible] by the crew in a sudden stroke to gain possession of the vessel. For the moment he holds in his power both the stolen jewels and the Grand Duchess, who has reason to fear Nihilist activities. [illegible] Comberdene parleys with Camp while the Marchioness is secretly signalling for aid from a battleship in the offing. By a quick move he [illegible] Camp's pistol and turns the mutinous captain and crew over to the officers of the warship.

The play, first produced in London about seven years ago, is a trifle out of harmony with the spirit of the present. Nihilism and Russian imperial intrigue are for the moment rather things of the past, and the tearing up of a perfectly good bed sheet into strips jars one's ideas of conservation.

Miss Miller was charming as the Duchess. Mr. Gordon measured up to his part as Lord Comberdene throughout. Mr. Craske, in brief appearances in two widely different roles, made the most of both, especially as Scoyle, the vagabond. Mr. Stephen was excruciatingly funny at times. Mr. Permain, Mr. Winfield, Miss Seeley, Miss Newcombe, Miss Roach and Mr. Mason realized many of the possibilities of the other major parts. The third act requires speeding up if the lack of punch in the story itself is to be overcome.

TREMONT THEATRE—"Miss Springtime," musical comedy in three acts, book adapted by Guy Bolton from Martes Brody's "Miss Rabbit Foot," lyrics by P. G. Wodehouse and Herbert Reynolds, music by Emmerich Kalman.

Paul Pilgrim	Charles Meakins
M[illegible]el Robin	John E. Hazzard
Katski Schmidt	Lizzie Wilson
Henry Wenzel	Nick Burnham
Hugo Knaus	Maurice Cass
Rosika Wenzel	Else Alder
Jo Varady	George MacFarlane
Maimie Stone	Frances Cameron
D[illegible]sl[illegible]n Stone	John E. Young
Officer	William Coman
Inspector Block	Percy Woolley
Secretary to Rudolph Marto	Wayne Nunn
Russie	Ethel Duffield
Cessie	Evelyn Corey

This delightful musical play that might well be called an operetta began a return engagement at the Tremont Theatre last evening.

Mr. Kalman's music is spirited. It has decided character, graceful and haunting melodies. But a musicianly score is by no means the only merit of the piece. There is a good libretto. The lyrics are bright. Comedy and song are skilfully united and form a pleasing background for a pretty romance.

Then there is the fantastic and beautiful scenery, especially the settings of the first and third acts, showing a quaint Hungarian village and the stage of the Grand Opera House at Budapest, both of which represent the art of Joseph Urban at its best.

Many will remember the story based on the love of a village girl for a famous baritone. There is a surprise ingeniously contrived.

When "Miss Springtime" was first given in January, 1917, Frank McIntyre, Ethel Pettit, Zoe Barnett and Harrison Brockbank were in the company. The present cast includes members of the original New York company. There are George MacFarlane, John E. Hazzard, Charles Meakins and others.

Miss Alder, who took the part of Rosika for the first time in Boston, showed animation as an actress, grace in dancing and made the most of an indifferent voice, lacking in flexibility. Mr. MacFarlane sang pleasingly and played the part of the masquerading opera singer in a manly and straightforward fashion. Mr. Hazzard was spontaneously amusing. Miss Cameron, as Maimie Stone, pleases the audience by her piquancy, sly humor and spirited dancing. The chorus was comely and efficient. This was also true of the ballet. A large audience insisted upon numerous encores.

Leo Ditrichstein will come to this theatre on April 1 in "The King," adapted by him from the French of Caillavet, de Flers and Arene.

Keith's

Many of the acts at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week are announced as of headline importance. Last evening there was a good sized and highly appreciative audience.

In the headline stratum the act of Josie Heather is by far the most interesting. She knows the value of dressing her act in keeping with her various numbers and having a certain relevancy in the general scheme of things. The singer has a personality that is properly subordinated. Each of her songs is nicely differentiated in the interpretation of the text and there is a convincing attempt at characterization. Added to this there is a delightfully piquant touch to the act and her high spirits [illegible] to the enjoyment. Her most in[illegible]

teresting number was "M[illegible] Mac-Kenzie," sung with fine regard for the Scottish theme. Miss Heather was assisted by William Casey, Jr., and Bobbie [illegible]. Miss Sheiden played her role convincingly.

Of less interest was Louise Dresser, in "song readings." She is a charmer in the physical sense—a beauty of the blonde type, agreeable to contemplate. But as a singer the actress might be more properly catalogued as of the "parlor" type—with a "pretty" voice. Unlike many acts of this kind there was no attempt at variety. Miss Dresser was assisted at the piano by George Gershwin.

One of the best laugh producers was the comedy playlet, "The Wife Saver," introducing Franklyn Ardell and Marjorie Sheldon. The piece is a breezy sketch tailored to the measure of the principal comedian. Mr. Ardell has a flippant style. He keeps the audience guessing and in a continual state of expectancy. Miss Sheldon played her role convinceingly.

Other acts were Karl Emmy and his pets, a canine act; Al Lydell and Bob Higgins, in a rural sketch, introducing a clever character study by Mr. Lydell; "The Weaker One," an intensive melodramatic sketch, with a war motif; John and Winnie Hennings, in a dancing and instrumental act; Leavitt and Lockwood, in songs and burlesque; and Juno Salmo, contortionist.

MISS MEAGHER IN BOSTON DEBUT

Miss Lily Meagher, who has the distinction of being the only pupil of John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor, made her initial appearance before a Boston audience in Jordan Hall last evening, when she was presented by the Metropolitan Choral Society of Jamaica Plain. It was her fourth public appearance since she first began her studies under Mr. McCormack's personal instruction, one year ago.

She appeared in four different numbers and responded to encores on each occasion. Miss Meagher, who is but 20 years of age, is a native of Dublin, Ireland. She came to the United States with her two sisters about a year ago, following the destruction of their home in the Sinn Fein uprising. Prior to coming to this country she had been taking vocal lessons under Vincent O'Brien, organist of the Dublin cathedral.

Arriving in New York she met Mr. McCormack, who has long been a personal friend of the Meagher family. The tenor asked her to sing, and after hearing her notes consented to become her instructor.

At the end of the first year Miss Meagher's voice shows the greatest promise. Particularly noticeable are her expression and interpretation, both of which are typical of McCormack.

Miss Meagher has appeared twice in New York with Mr. McCormack and once at a Boston Symphony concert in Lynn. Her appearance here last evening was brought about through the efforts of the Rev. James A. Supple of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, a personal friend of the tenor.

The musical event was also the first arranged by the Metropolitan Choral Society. It was attended by about 600 music lovers.

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Reading the exhaustive article, "Of the Sheep" (pp. 461-488) in Mr. Edward Topsell's "History of Four-footed Beasts" (1658), we find nothing about the dog as the sheep's natural enemy. Mr. Topsell knew nothing about the dog chasing or biting sheep. Elsewhere in this invaluable book he praises the shepherd's dog: "This Dog either at the hearing of his Master's voice, or at the wagging and whistling in his fist, or at his shrill and hoarse hissing bringeth the wandering wethers and straying sheep into the selfsame place where his Master's will and wish is to have them, whereby the Shepherd reapeth this benefit, namely, that with little labor and no toil or moving of his feet he may rule and guide his flock according to own desire, either to have them go forward, or to stand still, or to draw backward, or to turn this way, or take that way." Topsell describes at length the qualifications of the shepherd's dog.

Next to wolves, bees are the chief enemies of sheep, according to Topsell; "and there are no cattel that do so much inrich men as Sheep and Bees." He quotes from Aesop: "On a time as the Shepheards were making merry in a Cottage, and eating a Sheep, the Wolf came and looked in, saying unto them: 'If I should eat a Sheep as you do, you would all rise in an uprore'; which is fitted against them that makes good laws, and observe none themselves."

If dogs bite sheep, is the flesh of the latter sweeter in consequence? It was said in old times that the flesh of sheep bitten by wolves was very sweet. Plutarch gives the opinion of Patroclius in this important matter: "The beast by biting it did mollify the flesh; for wolves' spirits are so hot and fiery, that they soften and digest the hardest bones; and for the same reason, things bitten by wolves rot sooner than others."

And Plutarch had much to say in praise of dogs. "They who deny that there is anything of justice due from us towards dumb animals may be said to speak true, so far as concerns them that live in the sea and haunt the abysses of the deep. For those kind creatures are altogether unsociable. But he that uses the same discourse and arguments against land animals is himself a brute and savage creature; unless any man will affirm that there was no thing of justice due from Lysimachus to the Hyrcanian dog that would not stir from the body of his deceased master, and when he saw his master's carcass burning, ran and threw himself into the flames."

The Gloucester Bonaphone

As the World Wags:

Regarding the controvorsy anent tree squeaks and boneaphones, I will say that boneaphones have been in common use around Gloucester wharves ever since the town was settled. In fact no member of the codfish aristocracy feels secure in his position unless he has one dated previous to 1807.

For the benefit of the curious, I will say that the name is a combination of bone (part of a fish) and phone, a corruption of fish sound.

The peculiar properties of the boneaphone are emphasized when made from the air bladder of a humstrum, as the "phone" part is peculiarly resonant. The humstrum is at its best for this purpose in the spring of the year when a high tide occurs at the full of the moon.

At this time of the year the humstrum has the habit of going ashore when a southwest wind is blowing and climbing trees to serenade the philleloo bird. The humstrum can only see by moonlight, so it happens that should the moon go behind a cloud the humstrum could not see to return to the ocean. At those times humstrums and boneaphones are plenty.

Bonaphones are highly prized and passed down from father to son, as they become more resonant with age.

I think that the present scarcity of bonaphones in the Maine woods is due to the fact that as Maine was settled by colonists from Massachusetts, the oldest and best "phones have been hung in the potato cellars to improve the quality and quantity of next years potato crop, as the sound of a boneaphone is far more effective with potatoes than even tree squeaks.

I think, however, that with the selling or planting of the potatos that boneaphones will again be available to the woodsmen. JORNELIUS PETUCKET.

Gloucester.

Concerning Treesqueaks

As the World Wags:

I feel that I must not let pass, unchallenged, the recent letter from Arden Humphrey relating to the destruction of treesqueaks. A scrunch may well answer the purpose in some localities, but not in the forests about Bingham. I have it on no less authority than that of Col. Baker and Dan Holter, both possessing a license of a certain kind, that scrunches are worse than useless to rely on in pursuing this dangerous beast. As is well known, the necessary adjustments cannot be made to a scrunch without the aid of a left-handed monkey wrench. Owing to the long time ago that scrunches were in general use and to the war, left-handed monkey wrenches are almost off the market.

Dan Holter recommends that side-hill badgers be trained and used to decoy the treesqueaks into pit-falls. A pitfall should be dug on the exact summit of a high mountain. The side-hill badger, being an animal having legs six inches shorter on one side than the other, caused by always running around a mountain in one direction, could be taught to entice the treesqueak to follow. By circling the mountain at top speed and gradually working toward the top, the treesqueak would become dizzy and at the last round would fall into the pit.

Col. Baker does not agree with this plan in all points, but as he is a crabbed old teaser, it does not necessarily follow that he thinks ill of the plan.

Any one desiring side-hill badgers to train should communicate with either of the above parties at once, as the supply is limited. H. A. C.

Bingham, Me.

Stoughton Bottles

As the World Wags:

You are, probably aware of the fact that the "Stoughton bottle" was the container of the Stoughton bitters that our grandfathers used as an appetizer with the Medford rum "eleven o'clocks." I well remember seeing them in the road house bars in the 60s, long before the vermouths, orange bitters or even angostura appetizers came in.

WALTER G. KENDALL, D. D. S.

Boston.

Mch 21 1918

CHICAGO STRING

By PHILIP HALE

The Berkshire String Quartet of Chicago (Hugo Kortschak, Sergei Kotlarski, Clarence Evans and Emmeran Stolber) gave its first concert in Boston last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, quartet op. 51, No. 1; Haydn, quartet in D major (Peters Ed. No. 50); d'Indy, quartet in E major, op. 45.

As in old times princes and dukes had their private orchestras and chamber clubs for which great composers wrote, so in these days certain men and women of wealth, lovers of music, es[illegible] String Quartets for their own pleasure, and, in generous mood, share, after a time, their enjoyment with audiences of other cities. As the Flonzaley Quartet will be always associated with the name of de Coppet, so the Berkshire Quartet is now associated with the name of a lady in Chicago. As the Flonzaley took its name from a Swiss villa, so the visitors of last night honored the Massachusetts county in which they spend the summer.

The Berkshire Quartet as an organization is young, but the players have had experience in leading orchestras. At present their sole task, we understand, is to perfect themselves in chamber music. This they are able to do without worry and distraction. They have already made rapid strides toward proficiency. The ensemble is excellent; not only in precision, mechanism and balance, but also in euphony, homogeneity and plasticity. The players have a simultaneous command of nuances. They think and express themselves as one. Their taste is pure; their interpretation is intelligent. Intelligence alone may command respect; it does not always in musical performances interest. The performance last night was interesting. For in addition to the display of the qualities noted above, there was the expression of youthful enthusiasm. The four played as if they themselves enjoyed it. To use a favoriet word of Hazlitt, they played with gusto.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the compositions. The quartets of Brahms and d'Indy are familiar; Haydn's less so, but how delightful it is in its artistic naivete, its spontaneous gaiety, its honest sentiment! It is a question whether d'Indy's quartet should not have had the first place on the program, and the quartet of Brahms, if it were to be played at all, the last. After an hour of chamber music, a work like that of d'Indy's appeals to ears that are well-nigh sated.

An audience of good size was fully appreciative. The Berkshire Quartet should visit Boston again, although this city of late years has apparently lost interest in chamber music.

There was talk yesterday at the Porphyry about daylight saving. Mr. Golightly, pessimistic since a physician alarmed him about the condition of his kidneys and prescribed a rigid diet, wondered if janitors and milkmen would remember that the day will begin an hour earlier. Old Auger, given to quotations, called attention to Thomas Hood's "Morning Meditations":

> Why from a comfortable pillow start
> To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
> A fig, say I, for any streaky part
> Excepting bacon.
>
> An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
> Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
> "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,"—
> Well—he died young.

Then he told of Thomson, the poet, who exclaimed in his "Seasons": "Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?" but used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. Augur kept maundering on and would probably have recited—he has a prodigious, exasperating, torturing memory—the whole of Leigh Hunt's essay on "Getting up on Cold Mornings," without regard to the spring now approaching, if some unconscious friend of humanity had not summoned him to the telephone booth.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, still celebrating his descent from the water wagon, had been silent over his pot of ale. Slowly aware of the buzzing and heehawing around him, he reminded his clubmates of the Englishman that wrote a long and serious treatise on the advantages of early rising, but, unfortunately, died before he was 30. He also told, rather inarticulately, a story about Barham, the reverend author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," who informed his tutor that morning chapel at 7 o'clock was too late for him, as unless he got to bed by 4 or 5 A. M. he was fit for nothing the next day. And then Mr. Johnson laughed a "low, rumbling" laugh and rang the bell for another pewter.

Intrepid Travelers

As the World Wags:

The unusually expressed sentiments of your astute contributor, Mr. Arthur Gordon Webster, cause me to "chortle" in my joy. . . . Why chortle? Because when the other fellow says what we wish we had said first, we applaud and declare he has penetration; his words work under the cuticle and wake up the nerves that flash glad tidings to our souls. . . .

Mr. Webster's trip to Syracuse is not a marker to my own troubles in the famous blizzard of Monday, March 11, 1888. After dinner on Sunday we sat in the open to smoke and enjoy the sunshine. The next morning the highways were so blocked that conveyances could not reach us and we therefore floundered through knee-deep snow over a mile to the station at Dobbs Ferry-on-Hudson, too late to catch the usual 8:16 train, but willing to try anything bound for New York. We crawled along at a

snail's pace for the entire day. At after sunset were stalled at the end of a cut not far from High Bridge. There we spent the night. We commandeered a workman's hut by the side of the tracks, appointed a committee to protect the interests of the dear old daughter of Erin—the sole occupant of the shack—charged each one who entered 25 cents for a lunch of raw ham and a slack-baked biscuit and turned over to Bridget more coin than had gladdened her blue eyes in many a moon. The satire of it all was that in the train only a few hundred yards ahead of us they were feasting on all sorts of goodies from a nearby hotel.

It was fortunate that we had one of the old-time cars on the train, for as soon as the fires in the locomotive went out we lugged coal from the tender and kept our one stove working all night. There were not enough seats to accommodate all the passengers at one sitting, so we took turns. Some even stretched out on the floor and slept. Of course the atmosphere was dense and far from agreeable, and the appearance of the women in the morning beggars description. In the uncertain light of the evening I thought one of them was a marvellous beauty; when old Sol came up next day I found she was a lemon. We reached the city about 9 o'clock on Tuesday, via the L, and were greatly impressed with the quietness in the streets. No cabs, no surface cars, no transportation of any sort except by the elevated road. It was 24 hours before we began to notice some return of the city sounds, the first being the click of the workmen's picks as they dug up the snow from pavement and car tracks. The good nature of everybody seemed to help the situation, and of course the wags did not miss this unusual opportunity: for example, on Fourteenth street, where the snow was piled up well onto the second story, they had tunnelled through the drift and at the entrance of the hole placed a sign reading: "This way to Florida." We were cut off from the rest of the world for a couple of days, receiving only brief important messages from Boston and elsewhere by cable via London, Eng.

Ada Rehan was playing in Shakespeare's comedies at Daly's Theatre, Delmonico's was in full blast and my friends on Gramercy Park entertained me royally, so that the three days' lark in the snow-bound city more than counterbalanced the hardships of the journey.

Boston. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Another "Hopeless Case."

As the World Wags:

The caper mentioned by you, which the types cut up in putting a certain Burlington, Vt., man into a "deleterious" condition instead of a "delirious" condition, is well matched on page 267 of William E. Doster's "Lincoln and Episodes of the Civil War," a book which I just now happen to be reading, where what evidently was written "constituted as Payne was," is converted in print into "constipated as Payne was."

Boston. TYPOGRAPHY.

Feb 22 1918

When Petavius was employed in his "Dogmata Theologica," a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great astronomer of the learned father was at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes.

Observance in the Breach

There is neither expression nor spirit nor soul in a pair of trousers. Miss Helena Normanton, B. A.

"Tis true nor would I hesitate
To doff those strange obsessions,
But that their absence might create
Too spiritless expression.

London Daily Chronicle.

Remedial Knot-holes

As the World Wags:

In all the discussion that has raged in your columns regarding the prevalence of tree-squeaks in Upton, Me., there has been a failure to recognize the most probable cause of this condition.

The writer is of the opinion that the increased acreage given over to the cultivation of the whistle-berry the past two seasons in Oxford county has drawn the tree-squeak in great numbers to feed on that crop. While this does not at once suggest a remedy, yet points out the necessity of immediate measures to protect this essential crop so much needed on the firing line.

A temporary shortage of spelling book handles should not cause too much concern, particularly when it is known that Capt. Durkee can turn the productive forces of his mill to the making of knot-holes. The desirability of hanging a few of these Upton knot-holes on the upturned ends of the imperial mustache places this commodity on the list of war essentials and prompts an immediate shipment of a few cases to the American expeditionary force. O. H. BULL.

New York.

Hannah Gould, Poet

As the World Wags:

"W. L. L.," in the Herald and Journal of March 16, inquires whether Miss Gould wrote a poem called "The Snow-Storm." I reply that she did. In "The Youth's Coronal," by Hannah Flagg Gould, author of "Poems," etc., etc. (New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1841), pages 67-68, appears a poem with that title. It is in four stanzas, the first of which runs:

"It snows! it snows! from out the sky.
The feathered flakes, how fast they fly,
Like little birds, that don't know why
They're on the chase, from place to place,
While neither can the other trace!—
It snows! it snows! a merry play
Is o'er us, on this sombre day."

It should be added that the same poem was entitled "It Snows" in the second edition of Miss Gould's "Poems" (1833), the third (1835), and the three-volume edition of 1839-1841.

In the same article "W. L. L.," referring to Miss Gould, says, "The best known piece by her is 'The Snowflake and the Frost.'" "The Snowflake" (beginning, "Now, if I fall will it be my lot") and "The Frost" (reprinted, with variations, in "The Youth's Coronal" as "Frost, the Winter-Sprite," and beginning, "The frost looked forth one still, clear night") are, however, wholly distinct poems. With these, as being among the more meritorious efforts of this once popular "poetess," I should like to include "A Name in the Sand" and "The Dying Storm." The latter was praised by Poe.

Lancaster. J. C. L. CLARK.

18TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Chadwick's Symphonic Sketches; Saint-Saens's Symphony in C minor, No. 3.

Mr. Chadwick's Sketches, especially "Jubilee" and "A Vagrom Ballad," may justly be called American music. Not because the two are derived in any way from Congo, Indian, Creole or Cowboy themes; not because they strive to illustrate in tones an episode in American history or to portray some prominent American; but because this music has characteristics, rhythmic, melodic that we believe to be distinctively American; because it is vitalized by a peculiarly American spirit. The middle Sketches, "Noel" and "Hobgoblin," pleasing as they are, might have been composed by a musician of another nationality. It is impossible to think of anyone but an American inventing the material of the other two and evolving the expression, the musical speech for the thought.

There is an originality, a swing, an audacity, a recklessness, an irreverence—witness the introduction of a phrase from Bach's great organ fugue in G minor in "A Vagrom Ballad"; a joyous extravagance, a rollicking humor, a boastfulness tempered slightly by appreciation of the ridiculous; an utter absence of self-consciousness, an inability to take oneself or one's achievements too seriously—all phases of the American character that we find in Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"; in the stories of "O. Henry"; even in certain pages of Thoreau and Emerson. "Jubilee" and "A Vagrom Ballad" might also be called "human documents."

In these days when young composers are gloomy, pessimistic in music, when they strive to translate a tragedy into tones, to express the Infinite in a symphonic poem, it is a good thing to be reminded that music may be gay, exhilarating, and thus beneficent, and at the same time show the hand of the skilled musician.

The Sketches were brilliantly played and heartily enjoyed by the large audience. Dr. Muck conducted them con amore. Mr. Chadwick was obliged to acknowledge the spontaneous and prolonged applause.

Saint-Saens's symphony again made a profound impression, and not only by reason of the excellent performance. It is a striking example of the economy in material and expression, the fine, fastidious taste, the logical arrangement and continuity of thought, the lucidity, that are peculiar to French masters in music. The transformations of the chief theme are admirably contrived, each transformation bringing fresh interest and new beauties. The technical skill is never allowed to be merely a display of pedantry. The composer is not detected in the act of padding conventionality, treading water until he is strong enough to strike out boldly. There is a certain nobility, an artistic repose even in agitated measures. Climaxes are powerful, not hysterical. Nowhere is there a deliberate appeal to the crowd.

Shall we not be allowed before the season closes to hear one or two of Saint-Saens's symphonic poems? "Le Rouet d'Omphale," a masterpiece of grace, beauty, and delicate irony, has not been played at these concerts for seven years; the "Danse Macabre" has not been heard here since 1911; "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" was last performed in 1905; while "Phaeton" would be a new composition to nine-tenths of the audience.

Men are pleased to be asked those questions to which they have an answer ready; such are those in which the persons asked have some skill and competent knowledge; for when the enquiry is above their reach, those that can return nothing are troubled, as if requested to give something beyond their power. Now if the answer not only is easy but hath something not common, it is more pleasing to them that make it. Travellers and merchants are most satisfied when their company is inquisitive about other countries, the unknown ocean, and the laws and manners of the barbarians. Whatever we are wont to discourse of though unrequested, we are desirous to be asked; because then we seem to gratify those whom otherwise our prattle would disturb and force from our conversation.

Greeks and Westerners

As the World Wags:

Who says the Greeks are effete, and speak a dead language? John Papadonakis, of 93 Orange street, Worcester, made a perfect score of 50 at Camp Devens, getting 10 bulls-eyes in 10 shots at the first rifle practice on the big range last Saturday. I shall have to look up John on Orange street and say to him, in the words of Xenophon (as I presume your linotype is unprovided with a Greek font, and you are probably too proud to borrow one at Ginn's, I shall have to write it as it will look after the war, not as we pronounced it in the archonship of Ben Butler, but as it is pronounced since the katabasis of Tino): Endevthen exelavnei stathmous thyo parasangas theka ek tes poleos eis ton pethion Devensou, ke lamvanon ton toxon vallei eis ton methion tou ophthalmou tou voos. Come on John into the xenothokion ke lamvanete oligon oinon meta ton Erkimeron ton uion tou Ioannou. Eleley! and also Zeto! All shines 10 cents during the war. Greek papers please copy.

I am very much disturbed that one of my rhymes has been criticised by one of my very good friends a thorough connoisseuse (rhymes with massoozc) of verse, a leading suffragist, and a prime cook, although she had the misfortune to be born in Eau Claire, Wis., but is married to a most respectable Yankee, and most urbane public official. She says I rhymed "war" with "saw." I protest the rhyme is most exact, as I am most exigent in matters of taste. The pronunciation is as in "I saw-r-it coming, the very idear of it," as spoken by the most elect in these parts. I am aware that the O'clarions of Wisconsin have a different dialect from us, and I pity them. Though I am not a literary person, and know nothing of Walter Pater (whose name seems to me a mixture of Norman French and Latin) and Barrett Wendell is cavier to me, like Hamlet's friend, the general, and I can recognize George Lyman Kittredge only by his venerable whiskerage, I have a keen flair for linguistic niceties. How interesting it is on crossing the Hudson to observe the recrudescence of the final R, even in the months supposed to lack them. I spent last summer at the University of Chicago, and each morning I delighted to hear the infant sons of my hostess, the wife of a professor in khaki, calling blithely, "Motherrr"! when I was a boy at the Newton high school, under the never-to-be-forgotten F. A. Waterhouse, I was introduced to the west of the "riverr" by the coming of a girl classmate from Buffalo. How she did put it over us in the humanity, and also in the Greek. She was brought up by her father, a careful scholar and beloved clergyman, now a hoary head crowned with glory. There were three of those girls in the Greek class. Alas, where are they now?

"Some are married, some are dead," but this one is a famous professor, the only woman who has been president of both American societies devoted to philosophy. I pressed her hand last week for a moment at Trinity place, but alas, she was running for her train and I didn't have a chance to hear her pronounce any words ending in R, so I cannot tell whether she still maintains the manner of Eau Claire and Buffalo, or the more effete idiom of London and Beacon street. It was she who told me, when I asked her for her opinion on suffrage, that she thought Massachusetts would come in just after South Carolina. I believe you, madam, and think of Mississippi leading off on a moral issue! Excellent lady. Yesterday I came across our school class album. How little are you changed. May you live forever!

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester.

"English Drops"

As the World Wags:

I am amazed at the ignorance touching the nature and characteristics of tree-squeaks displayed by many of your correspondents. The notion that the tree-squeak has a penchant for sounds, musical or other, rests upon a mere chimney-corner legend. An examination of the works of any recognized authority on natural history, from Audubon to Roosevelt, will verify the assertion that the tree-squeak, in youth and well on into middle life, is the quietest of living things. Only from very old tree-squeaks do distressing sounds proceed. And these do not originate in the vocal organs, but are the result of motion, combined with imperfect lubrication of certain parts of the bony structure at points of articulation.

There is but one invariably effective remedy for tree-squeaks. This is the preparation known as "English drops" or "black drops," highly esteemed as a purge in the days of the fourteenth Louis. It is compounded of opium, dried vipers and the powdered skull of a man who has been hanged. It gives off an odor which penetrates for many miles, and first attracting, at last overpowers and kills the squeaks.

I have myself seen four or five thousand tree-squeaks lying dead beneath a giant pine, upon the upper branches of which a few drops of this compound had been sprinkled.

T. ROGER BUNGLEFUSSER.

Kickaquoddy, Me.

Mr. Jewett will revive Zangwill's "Melting Pot" at the Copley Theatre tomorrow. The story of the play is told on the first page of this section. When the play was produced at Washington, D. C., on Oct. 5, 1908, the fact that President Roosevelt attended the performance was heralded abroad, and the statement attributed to him, that it was one of the best plays he had ever seen, excited ironical comment in London journals.

"The Melting Pot" was first performed in London at the London's East End Theatre, in Whitechapel Theatre in the Commercial road, in Yiddish, on June 5, 1912. A. Frumkin was the translator; Mr. Waxman, the leading man of the theatre, played David "in more or less conventional actor-managerial style in his soft hat and velvet coat; but the uncle and the grandmother gave glimpses of intimate Jewish character that the commonplace theatre could never supply."

The play had been performed at Littlehampton (Eng.) Aug. 21, 1908, for copyright.

The London society known as the Play Actors produced the play at the Court Theatre, on Jan. 26, 1914. Harold Chapin, David; Phyllis Relph, Vera; Clifton Anderson, Pappelmeister; Inez Bensusan, Frau Quixano, were specially commended by the critics.

The play was transferred to the Queen's Theatre, London, early in February, 1914, when Walker Whiteside took his original part, David. On May 5, 1914, the 100th performance was reached.

"The Melting Pot" was issued in book form while it was playing at the Queen's Theatre, with the cast of the original production at Washington and that of the performance at the Court Theatre. Details concerning the treatment of Jews in Russia were given in a series of appendices. In an "Afterword" Mr. Zangwill dealt with some of the criticisms. Discussing the immensity of foreign immigration into America, he remarked: "The British illusion of a cousinly Anglo-Saxon people with whom war is unthinkable is sheer wilful blindness."

The play was billed for performance at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, June 10, 1915, but it was withdrawn in deference to the wishes of the foreign office. It had been performed there by the Percy-Graeme repertory company a fortnight before. On June 10, 1915, Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" was substituted. The foreign office evidently thought that the time was inopportune for performances of "The Melting Pot." Mr. Zangwill's brother Louis, commenting on the ban, said that the pogrom and the resulting massacre were not dealt with politically in the play, only incidentally. "The object of the play was not to expose an evil that once existed in Russia, but to present and expound a spiritual problem. The banning of the play was purely a matter of amiable expediency."

In February, 1914, the performances at the Court Theatre excited the attention of all classes. The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Bryce, Lord Mersey and many other noteworthy persons were in the audience. The pit and gallery were crowded nightly, and on a Saturday night there was a queue of nearly 700. Mr. Zangwill told a London reporter that he wished as president of the Jewish Territorial Organization to prevent the Jewish race from being absorbed in others, yet his hero glories in the "melting-pot" because he thinks the final type produced will be an incarnation of the ideals of the old Hebrew prophets. "I am not ashamed of sentiment. There has, in my opinion, been a great deal too much of the cynicism of the Superior Person, of the hard, dry, didactic spirit, of intellectual hardness, about our advanced playwrights. The playgoer likes to have a good laugh, and he likes to have a good cry; and he gets both from 'The Melting Pot.' Because a drama has a definite aim, because it preaches and discusses a big subject, are no reasons why it should not contain humor and tears. That, I think, will be the nature of the play of the future—a serious subject, treated theatrically with elemental effects and expertly-studied technic."

The New York correspondent of the London Times wrote about "The Melting Pot," then playing at the Comedy Theatre. The article was published Nov. 2 1909. He spoke of the "stupendous naivete" of Mr. Roosevelt's statement about the play. Referring to the "delicately sympathetic and quietly toned picture of old-fashioned orthodox Judaism" in the drama, the correspondent said: "It seems to me not a good thing, but a grievous pity, that these fine old products of the ages, these richly-toned masterpieces of tradition, the authentic orthodox Jews represented by the elder Quixanos, should be cast into the melting-pot to come out—what? Americans, if you will have it so, but at any rate crude, shiny, brand-new Americans. Here is Mendel Quixano, the son of a learned rabbi, wearing his shabby black frock coat with something of Oriental dignity, speaking with a solemn simplicity that has in it an echo of Isaiah. You cast Mendel into the 'melting-pot' and out he comes chewing gum and drinking cocktails, holding on by one hand to a subway strap and reading one of Mr. Hearst's papers in the other, saying: 'It's up to you' and 'this is a sinch!' Is the Jewish immigrant, is America, is anybody to be congratulated upon such a transformation as this? Mr. Zangwill of all men, one feels sure, does not really think so, and, if he has the air of suggesting it, that is only because—out of his desire, or the American theatrical demand, for romance—he has chosen for his mouthpiece a fiddling idealist. But immigration problems, questions of race amalgamation, are not to be solved, nor even understood, by fiddling idealists."

R. C. Carton's "Eccentric Lord Comberdene," played last week at the Copley Theatre, a play over seven years old, was neglected by American managers until Mr Jewett had the courage to produce it. Was this neglect explained in advance by the London Times reviewing the play in 1910? "To blend the melodramatic and the fantastic is always a ticklish adventure. For you are appealing at once to two moods not easily reconcilable—the mood of willing illusion, indispensable for thrills, and the mood of intellectual detachment, without which the sense of fun cannot have free play. That is why many honest citizens can make little or nothing of those masterpieces of melodramatic fantasy, 'The New Arabian Nights' and 'In the Wrong Box.' This particular blend is even more difficult in a play than in a book, so matter-of-fact is the stage, so 'massive and concrete,' so ill adapted for the display of 'shot' colors. There are real flesh-and-blood persons in front of you; how are you at one moment to be trembling for their safety when somebody whips out a revolver, and the next moment laughing at them and at the whole affair? Perhaps 'Eccentric Lord Comberdene' does not altogether overcome the difficulty of persuading the spectator to be in two moods at once. But Mr. Carton has done a 'sporting' thing anyway. And for our part we are never inclined to be overexacting about the play itself when it has the sufficient justification of exhibiting Miss Compton in a part to suit her." Miss Compton played the part of the Marchioness, "an imperturbable matron with a drawl, always imperturbable and never hurrying the drawl, with cheerful views of life, full of common sense, 'trained' in poison, cool and competent in every emergency, and conveying the notion (probably quite sound) that directness of speech and simplicity of manner are the marks of your true grande dame. There is something comfortable about this typical figure. You feel safe with it and at home. So peculiarly and so gratifyingly English is it that you want to show it to your foreign friends—just to let them know what we can do."

The Coming Performance of Bach's Passion According to Matthew

Bach's Passion According to Matthew music will be performed next Tuesday by the forces under Dr. Muck in Symphony Hall. The whole of the work will be performed for the first time in Boston since 1882.

The "Matthaeus Passion" in its first form was first heard in the St. Thomas Church of Leipsic on Good Friday in 1729. It is said that the music was not fully appreciated. It cannot be said authoritatively that it was performed again under his direction. The original version was changed by him. The version that is now known was performed in 1740 or soon afterwards. There were performances after Bach died (1750), but the work was not known outside Leipsic until Mendelssohn brought about a performance in Berlin on March 12, 1829, exactly 100 years after the first performance.

The chorus in 1729 was very small. The average number for a four-part chorus was about 12 voices. Bach left Coethen in 1723, chiefly because he felt that the Prince of Anhalt-Coethen was losing interest in music on account of his marriage with a woman who did not care for it, although she may not have been afraid of it. In 1730 Bach wrote to the Leipsic town council about the number of musicians required for the adequate performance of church music. We learn from this memorial that he had at his disposal two violins, two trumpets, two oboes and a bassoon. "Thus," he wrote, "there are wanting the following instruments which are necessary, some for strengthening the tone and some for playing parts which cannot be left out, to wit, two first violins, two second violins, two that can play viola, two violoncellos, one double bass and two flutes." The scholars of St. Thomas were taught by him to supply the missing instruments, but he pointed out that this lessened the adequacy of his choral forces, for the boys taken for the instruments were also badly wanted to sing.

The announcement of the coming performance of the Matthew Passion in Symphony Hall included the surprisingly erroneous statement that it is "an anachronism to introduce into the score an instrument like the clarinet, which was invented years after Bach's death."

Bach died in 1750. It is not necessary to discuss the question whether Johann Christopher Denner "invented" the clarinet at Nuremberg about 1690. (Mahillon thinks that Denner's work was in the nature of modifying the chalumeau.) We know this, however: Rameau introduced clarinets in his "Acanthe et Cephise," produced at Versailles in 1751, the year after Bach's death. Clarinets were then rare in Paris, found only in La Pouplinière's orchestra, heard at his house and at the concert Spirituel. Two clarinetists, Gaspard Broksch and one Flieger, were imported from Germany about 1750-51.

Bach's first Passion was the one according to John, the first version of which was performed at Leipsic in Holy Week, 1724. It began with the great chorus "O Mensch bewein' dein' Suende gross!" which now ends the first part of the Matthew Passion.

These two works, the John and the Matthew, after Bach's death were preserved by his son Philip Emanuel. Bach wrote three other Passions, which are lost, some think through the carelessness or indifference of the brilliant but reckless eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann. The "Passion according to Luke," although it is in Bach's handwriting, is not by him.

Portions of the Passion according to Matthew were performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at its second triennial festival May 13, 1871. Carl Zerrahn conducted. The solo singers were Mmes. Rudersdorff and Sterling, W. J. Winch, M. W. Whitney, Mr. Listemann played the solo violin. The chorus, according to Mr. Dwight, numbered 700. The local orchestra was enlarged by many of the best musicians of the Philharmonic and Thomas orchestras of New York, some from Philadelphia and other cities—about 100 in all. Franz's instrumentation was used, B. J. Lang was the organist.

A larger portion was performed on May 8, 1874, when the solo singers were Edith Wynne, Adelaide Phillipps, W. J. Winch, J. F. Rudolphsen, M. W. Whitney. Twice as much of the work was then heard as was heard three years before.

About three-fourths were performed on April 9, 1876. Henrietta Beebe, Mme. Rudersdorff, Laura Goodwin, William J. Winch, John F. Winch, J. F. Rudolphsen were the solo singers.

On April 11, 1879, the work complete was performed. Henrietta Beebe, Edith Abell, William Courtney, J. F. Winch, M. W. Whitney. Remenyi was the solo violinist. The first part was performed in the afternoon and occupied two hours; the second, almost two hours and a half. Music Hall was crowded at both concerts. Many stood. For the benefit of hundreds, public rehearsals of both parts were given on the two preceding afternoons. The receipts were $2984.97; the expenses $2300.17.

Portions were performed on April 15, 1881: Mrs. Humphrey-Allen (Mrs. George F. Babbitt), Edith Abell, Annie Louise Cary, William J. Winch, Georg Henschel, John F. Winch.

The entire work was performed on April 7, 1882, in two concerts, with a chorus of 350 in the afternoon and 450 in the evening. Mrs. E. A. Osgood, Mathilda Phillipps, Edith Abell, W. F. Winch, Georg Henschel, J. F. Winch. The receipts were $2700.

Portions were performed on these dates:

1884, April 11—Mrs. Osgood, Emily Winant, G. J. Parker, Georg Henschel, Franz Remmertz.

1888, March 4—Henrietta Beebe-Lawton, Mary H. How, W. J. Winch, M. W. Whitney, George Prehn.

1891, March 27—Harriet S. Whittier, Mary H. How, G. J. Parker, J. H. Ricketson, William Ludwig, Ivan Morowski.

1892, April 15—Mrs. Henschel, Mme. Joachim, Edward Lloyd, G. J. Parker, Georg Henschel, G. S. Lamson.

1893, March 31—Gertrude Franklin, Mrs. Carl Alves, William Dennison, Heinrich Meyn, Max Heinrich.

1894, March 23—Jennie Patrick Walker, Mrs. Alves, Ben Davies (his first appearance in this country), Plunket Greene, Max Heinrich.

1895, April 12—Mrs. Walker, Marguerite Hall, W. H. Rieger, Carl E. Duft, E. F. Bushnell.

1896, April 3—Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Alves, W. H. Rieger, Ffrangcon Davies, Watkin Mills, B. J. Lang, conductor.

1902, March 28—Charlotte Maconda, Gertrude May Stein, W. H. Rieger, G. Miles, L. W. Flint, Emil Mollenhauer, conductor.

The Cecilia Society gave portions of the work on April 11, 1911. Marie Zimmerman, Alice Bates Rice, Janet Spencer, George Hamlin, David Bispham, Earl Cartwright, Max Fiedler conductor.

Sir Hubert Parry, speaking of the Matthew Passion, says: "It is probably the most beautiful expression of a beautiful phase of religion. It need not be supposed that a devotional attitude so supremely ideal could have ever had a general practical existence. Even in Bach's time the majority of the congregation would have been quite unworthy of the work as a scheme of religious art. It can at least be said of them that they put themselves in a position to afford Bach the opportunity of knocking at the door of their hearts and offering his view of the manner in which the story of the Passion might be profitably taken. . . . For truly the keynote of the whole is the divine manifested in man. . . . The Godhead of Christ is scarcely anywhere apparent. The tragedy is unfolded in its purely human aspects, as the sacrifice of a man who was ideally adorable as man rather than on account of his divine descent. . . . Bach's music is almost invariably intensely human in its expression, and notwithstanding the enormous amount of church music which he wrote, unecclesiastical. It is intensely spiritual, deeply devout, nobly and consistently serious, but with the largeness of temperamental nature that reaches out beyond the limitations of any four walls whatever into communion with the infinite. The story of the Passion as told by him would appeal not only to the Christian but also to a pagan who had but the slenderest knowledge of the traditions of Christianity. It was the outcome of Teutonic Christianity of the time, and yet it transcended it in the far-reaching power of the music and makes an appeal which can be answered by humanity at large."

John W. Ryan Writes Again About Old Theatres

To the Editor of the Herald:

The announcement of the death of "Tom" Hunter recalled to my mind the production of "The Doctor of Alcantara" at the Boston Museum, between 50 and 60 years ago. Like a more illustrious scribe, I am ill at dates. Hunter had a small part in this piece, and I can still hear him singing a duet,

"Candies, candies, open it and see,"

as he helped to deposit a huge chest upon the scene, the contents of which could not aid really in lessening a sugar shortage. He never became a remarkable actor, but he was always a reliable one, and that was a quality highly desirable in the days when a member of a stock company often attempted to play Edward Middleton beyond the boundaries of what Shakespeare called the "Wooden O." Like many of us, Hunter wrote poetry. The sentiment was in his lines, but the divine afflatus did not come at his call. The other fellow got it, who was, perhaps, more wayward than was Tom, who threw down a mechanic's tools to be a votary of "the youngest of the sister arts."

Julius Eichberg, the leader of the orchestra, and his second violin, Benjamin E. Woolf, were responsible for the doctor's introduction, and with Josephine Orton (Mrs. Woolf), Orianna Marshall, a pretty creature, who died young as Mrs. Frank Hardenberg, and others of the stock company, the pleasant little opera went right merrily and to the delight of the boys that were still in the days when grandchildren came not within the range of their vision.

Mr. Woolf, although then only in his twenties, was already active as a dramatist, but his distinctive hit was made many years after in "The Mighty Dollar," which he wrote for Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence. And a word as to the hero, the Hon. Bardwell Slote. He had an original in Boston in the person of "Tin Kitchen" Munroe, to whom an allusion was made in the Herald not long ago. Mr. Woolf assured me that this local character suggested the national one which the dramatist evolved cleverly with many original touches, such as P. D. Q. and the like.

The nick name "Tin Kitchen" was bestowed upon its wearer by those who believed that a log of wood which he conveyed from the pile of a neighbor was loaded with powder as a means of detection. Of course there was an explosion when the fuel was ignited under his tin kitchen and its contents went skyward. This tale may have been a weak invention of the enemy, like the story the anti-temperance people used to tell about Dr. Lyman Beecher's oil jug, which shattered upon the sidewalk sent forth an alcoholic fragrance that was not suggestive of the bounding whale, before kerosene helped to keep us warm during a coal famine. The father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was above dealing with spirits of woe as was surely the Rev. John Pierpont, who held forth at the Hollis Street Church where Mr. Charles J. Rich's Theatre now recalls the fallings and virtues of the illustrious Alexander Hamilton.

But as to "Tin Kitchin" Munroe, lobbyist or what not, he was certainly a remarkable figure on the street with his hat cocked at a waggish angle and the ends of his hair turned under carefully like the proverbial peeled onion. Of his persuasive qualities I know nothing, for I never spoke to him. I only admired his quaint, dandified get-up from a distance. He doubtless had some influence with the Jefferson Scattering Batkinses of his day.

The old North end holds many memories of peculiar people like Dr. Beecher and Munroe. It was there at the National Theatre that George Jones was the first Claude Melnotte in this city in Bulwer's play, "The Lady of Lyons." He came back to us many years after as the Count Johannes, an eccentric of the most pronounced type, when I saw him play Hamlet at the Howard Athenaeum with medals and decorations galore. His Claude is not among my theatrical memories, but his Prince of Denmark was of the kind that makes the judicious grieve. He retired from the stage to become a lawyer noted for his legal quarrels. In the courtroom he reminded me of a March blizzard bound to kick up a rumpus. Indeed, one of his professional brethren called him unreservedly a male —— well let it pass as a name that does not look well in print. His first wife, Melinda, was a robust leading woman and their daughter, Avonia, a pleasant star actress, became the wife of G. V. Brooke, who was lost at sea. How well I remember him at the National Theatre in "The Corsican Brothers." His impersonation of the twin heroes was the cream of romantic acting. Even Charles Fechter, who I saw many years after in the same characters, did not blur my admiration of Brooke. The former was more magnetic but not so gracefully alluring in appearance as the latter.

The last time I saw Mrs. W. L. Ayling she was acting at the National Theatre. She was the mother of Gen. Augustus D. Ayling, whose death has been recently recorded. He was a civil war veteran of distinction. For more than 27 years he was adjutant-general of New Hampshire. He was a native of Boston, and he died at Centreville, Cape Cod, universally respected. "Meg" Ayling was a bright and lively actress, who began her stage career at the old Tremont Theatre. My mother knew her as a naturally talented young girl who was sure to make her mark. Her husband was a sensible, intelligent actor, always popular in Boston. My impression is that "Meg" Ayling performed here for the last time at the Continental Theatre, though I remember meeting her on the street afterward, when she was apparently unknown to the great majority of playgoers. My final glimpse of her at the National was as the leader of a female guard, for whom she asked three cheers when she was summoned enthusiastically before the curtain.

And so Charley Barron has gone to the great beyond. He did not join the Boston Museum Company for some years after "The Doctor of Alcantara" had sung itself out. He succeeded Lemuel R. Shewell, who later became stage manager of the Boston Theatre. Boy and man, I knew Barron well in both conditions. He was modest and unassuming. His dramatic talent did not come by inheritance, for none of his forebears were players. Like David Garrick he was the first histrion in his family line and both had the gift of mimicry so essential for success before the footlights. But Barron was something more than a mimic. He was equally good in tragedy and comedy. His Charles Surface was a highly polished, airy performance that would have delighted Richard Brinsley Sheridan himself, and his Conrad in "La Morte Civile," which Salvini made famous in Italian, was a deeply moving creation in English.

The training of Baron was in the best school of the dramas as illustrated by Edwin Booth and Edwin L. Davenport, and as a leading man in a stock company he was without a peer in versatility and finish. He was a success from the start, but he never bragged of his attainments or solicited notice. He let his work speak for itself. He was not, however, slow to praise others. How enthusiastically he would speak of Edwin Booth's readings in "Hamlet" and other tragedies. "I used to sit in my dressing room in Booth's Theatre," he told me, "and say, 'How on earth do you do it, Edwin? It must be inspiration and nothing else.' Farewell, old friend, until we shall say again 'Good morrow'."

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

D'Annunzio's "Dead City" and Other Plays in London and Elsewhere

D'Annunzio's "Dead City" was played in London by the Stage Society on Feb. 24 at the Court Theatre. Maire O'Neill took the part of Anna. The Times first spoke of Arthur Symons's translation, then of the tragedy: "They can both be read with a certain morbid pleasure; the original, of course, for choice. For, good as Mr. Symons's translation is, faithful, simple, and, as our forefathers used to say, elegant, its very virtues only serve to show once more that all translation is a vain thing. It is not merely that the rhythm of the d'Annunzian period, the linked sweetness long drawn out, is necessarily lost, but the briefest phrases ring different in English. How different 'Ella s'e forse addormentata in una positura penosa' and 'Perhaps she has gone to sleep in an uncomfortable posi-

...on'! How different 'C'e un' allodola morta' and 'It is a dead lark'! So true is it that in art form and content are one and indivisible. As for the long periods, not only is it a case of rhythm lost or changed, but when spoken on the stage they provoke a vague discomfort if not a blank incredulity; the simple fact being that such speeches are never naturally made by speakers of English. Not merely our language but our temperament forbids it. . . . Mr. Farquharson made of his horrible part (Leonardo) a sufficiently horrible thing. D'Annunzio is at immense pains to mitigate the horror of it by putting the blame on the Atridae. The deadly curse still weighed on them, you are to believe, still hung about their very dust and poisoned the souls of those who disturbed it.' But you cannot help suspecting that this is seeking noon at 14 o'clock. The Mycenaean setting, though appropriate enough to the story, is evidently not indispensable. There is no need to dig up Agamemnon to account for an incestuous passion. It is a curse, we fancy, that has fallen on poor, wretched creatures who never construed a line of Aeschylus. Anyhow, the horror of the part possessed Mr. Farquharson so thoroughly as to twist him into the most ungainly postures. The dust of the Atridae seemed not merely to pervert the affections, but to cause convulsions and contorsions."

"Christus," the story of our Saviour, was exhibited in a series of moving pictures in London Feb. 25. "It has taken over four years to produce the film, and from an artistic, educational and religious point it is both interesting and instructive." The story has been edited by the Rev. James Merchant. All the scenes were taken in the biblical places. The picture measures about 10,000 feet. The Rev. F. B. Meyer has written an introduction in which he enforces the necessity for courage "to bear the brunt of war; to make the best of diminished rations and comforts; to say good-by to men and boys whom we love better than ourselves; to face the unknown future; to refuse an inconclusive peace." Another and rarer type of courage, he says, is "the courage of endurance and of persistence, and in no type on the page of history has that been more apparent than in the human life of the World's Redeemer." The picture will be shown in other English towns. Special efforts will be made to arrange for its production in churches, chapels, schools.

A comedy, "Hanrahan's Oath," by Lady Gregory, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, Jan. 29. The action takes place before the famine of 1846. Hanrahan, a peasant, is tricked into believing that he has informed on Mike Feeney for an assault on a gauger. He was drunk when the assault was made. Uncertain and remorseful for giving his friend away—Mike, he thinks, was transported—he takes his oath and lives as a hermit in the Connaught bush. Now Widow Gillis had bluffed him, to keep him out of Margaret Rooney's way, for Margaret was making eyes at him. Hermit Hanrahan is one of the sights of the district. One night Feeney himself strays in. "The curtain falls in a chaos of buffoonery. Lady Gregory has worked her Kiltartan 'peasant' to death in 'Hanrahan's Oath' and the play is the feeblest of all her pieces. The actors fought with their parts, and Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Nolan gave an occasional reality."

The Stratford Company of Boston has published "The Riddles of Hamlet and the Newest Answers," by Simon Augustine Blackmore, S. J. A. M. Litt. D. The captions of the chapters are as follows: Chapter I., Identifications of Characters; II., Religion of Denmark in Hamlet's Day; III., Is Hamlet a Positivist; IV., Is Hamlet a Pantheist? V., Hamlet a Student of Philosophy in Germany; VI., The Age of Hamlet; VII., Hamlet's Right to the Crown; VIII., The Real or Assumed Madness of Hamlet; IX., Hamlet's Alleged Defeat of Character; X., The Character of Hamlet. Part second contains a new commentary on the scenes of each act.

Despite the war, the prices which are obtained for books on the stage are exceedingly high, and the youthful student of the drama would need a long purse if he attempted to form a theatrical library nowadays. Even the most ordinary books cost more than they did a score of years since, the first editions always commanding a large figure. In a London catalogue just issued, for instance, three guineas is demanded for the "Life" of Quin (1693-1766). This is, "the Life of Mr. James Quin, comedian, with the History of the Stage from his commencing actor to his retreat to Bath," published in 1766. Robert William Lowe, in his "Bibliographical Account of English Theatrical Literature," described it, very justly, as "an inaccurate and stupid compilation." It is, however, scarce, and its value increases with time. At the Lacy sale it brought 7s 6d; Henry Herman's copy was sold for 31s. The student of the stage, as apart from the moneyed collector, need not despair on this account. An excellent reprint of this rare book, together with a portrait, was published in 1887. It, in turn, has become scarce, but may still be picked up for a few shillings. As for extra illustrated books on the drama, they are only for the rich. Two examples, from the recent Bradley sale, will suffice. They appear in a Birmingham catalogue. The [illegible] of [illegible] is asked for Percy Fitz-

[illegible] and Compton [illegible] extended to 15 volumes, while Clement Scott's "Drama of Yesterday and To-day," extended to eight volumes, is valued at £30.—The Stage.

"Michael Orme" (Mrs. J. T. Grein) is writing a play, "Cagliostro," based on the life of that famous adventurer.

Goethe wrote a play on the subject of the diamond necklace, "Der Gross-Koptha," in which Cagliostro figured. A modern play, "Cagliostro the Magician," by C. A. Clarke, was produced at Camden Town in 1875. There are operas in which he is the hero by Adam (1844), Johann Strauss (1875).

Munition workers of Woolwich Arsenal performed "Eager Heart," a mystery play by A. M. Buckton, on Feb. 24. By the rules of the Eager Heart Society no names of the cast can be mentioned, so the girls taking part were unidentified. "The tableaux were singularly moving. The shepherds were women, and so were the Kings. Many of the girls were beautiful and their voices and movements told of the different elements that have found their way into the cosmos of Woolwich. All of them have been working a 12-hour day and giving their scanty leisure to rehearsing. A clergyman brought his Bible class to show how he regarded the matter," for there was a little group of people who considered the performance a breaking of the Lord's day.

There has been a dispute in London over John Glendenning's will. He died in July, 1916. His widow is the actress, Pessie Millward. They were well known in this country. The dispute was chiefly about the widow's rights to the play "The Rosary." It came out in the probate division that in 1916 Glendenning's son Ernest was doing well, earning £100 a week. His daughter, "who was on the stage, had domestic differences, which annoyed the father. Mrs. Glendinning was not commanding the salary she formerly did. The only factor that had marred the happiness of her married life was that her husband was an habitual drinker. He appeared to be a man who was seldom drunk, but who consumed more alcohol than was good for him. Curiously enough he was able to play and act even under the influence of drink. At times his best piece of acting was done under conditions when most men would have been reeling drunk." His landlady at Cheltenham in May, 1916, testified that his mind was clear. "He spoke of his son, who, he said, was 'on the pictures' and making £100 per week. He seemed very annoyed at his son. Someone, he said, had shouted out at a recruiting meeting which testator attended, 'What about your son, the slacker'? Testator told her that he was ashamed to find that all the boys in England were joining up, and that his son had gone back to America. He added that he only wished he was younger, so that he could show his son what he would do. He told the witness he had been drinking since he was a child. She had never seen him 'drunk in his head, but his legs used to go.' He was awfully fond of his wife. He did not speak well of his daughter."

John Glendinning came first to the United States with the Kendals in 1889. In 1895 he was the Laird in the famous production of "Trilby." He took prominent parts in many plays and toured with his own company, playing Shakespearian roles. His will was finally settled.

The plaintiff, testator's brother, under the settlement, agreed that the will, and first and last codicil under which Mrs. Glendinning benefited, should be pronounced for, plaintiff to renounce his executorship, and each party to pay their own costs. Under the codicils now pronounced for, Mrs. Glendinning's chief legacy is the rights of the play "The Rosary," in which testator acted.

Cyril Maude next season will be under the Charles Frohman management.

Miss Ellen Terry, who attains her 70th birthday today, asks her friends to ignore such minor matters.

> Three score and ten a "minor" matter?
> Yet shall a thousand wreaths be twined;
> Athwart her path bright blooms will scatter
> Sweet tribute to a major mind.

—London Daily Chronicle, Feb. 27.

Sir George Alexander, who died on March 15, first visited the United States with the Lyceum Company in 1884-85. Miss Terry in her memoirs speaks of his "romantic quality" when he played with her and Irving. "There was a kind of shy modesty about him which handicapped him when he played Squire Thornhill in 'Olivia.' 'Be more dashing, Alec!' I used to say to him. 'Well, I do my best,' he said, 'at the hotels I chuck all the barmaids under the chin, and pretend I'm a dog of a fellow for the sake of this part!' Conscientious, dear, delightful Alec! No one ever deserved success more than he did and used it better when it came. He had the good luck to marry a wife who was clever as well as charming, and could help him." She was Florence Theleur.

An American War Play Discussed by an Englishman

C. Lewis Hinds wrote from "Somewhere in America" about the war's influence on life in New York. The letter was published in the Daily Chronicle of London, Feb. 22. He found that "the dormant Puritan conscience has roused itself and is unafraid; and that with the thermometer below zero not a drop of drink enters an American camp; that I, as a civilian, must not order a glass of beer at a great New York hotel because my guest is an American officer. How interesting it was to hear the boys of the 7th regiment singing 'Onward Christian Soldiers' during their luncheon hour, when the last military song that I heard in England was, 'I want to be good, but the girls won't let me.'" He adds:

"And through it all, Art, like the philosopher's cheerfulness, has kept on bubbling up, and I have known that some day I must send something home about a play, for it is significant, a sign of the times, and will outlast the slaughter and destruction of this war:

> "All passes. Art alone
> Enduring stays to us.
> The Bust outlasts the Throne,
> The Coin, Tiberius."

The play is "Efficiency," by Robert H. Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. It is in one act, and is now being performed, with two other one-act plays, at the Greenwich Village Theatre, in a down town district which imitates the atmosphere of Chelsea or the Boul. Mich., as nearly as bustling and radiant New York can. "Efficiency" focusses in one vivid act what a hundred books about autocracy and militarism have tried to focus. It is terrible, but it relieves the pent-up feelings. It is a lesson, a warning, more moving even than Nevinson's "Mitrailleuse," because that was passive; this is active.

"Efficiency" has three characters—the Kaiser, a German professor, and Number 241, virtually an automaton, that is, he is only half a man; the rest of him has been blown away in the trenches. But science, in the person of the professor, has reassembled him, has made him into a super-soldier, one of a million cripples about to be transformed into a million fighting units. This automaton, who is rigid, who walks with a metallic clatter, is only half a man, the rest is metal and frightful ingenuity. For he has an artificial ear which is also a telephone, and a telescopic eye which can see in the dark.

The Kaiser is overjoyed. Science has created this military monster for the additional glory of his dynasty. "Are you not grateful to science for these wonders performed?" he asks No. 241. "Are you not proud that science has found a way to double the strength of our army?" To which No. 241 replies, in precise, rasping enunciation, a pause between each word: "By—bringing—me—twice—to—slaughter. By—doubling—the—strength—of—your—army—you—have—multiplied—human—grief."

"You dare rebel in the presence of your Emperor?"

"Dare!"

No. 241 advances, switches off the light, and strangles his Emperor. He can see in the dark. Then he turns up the light and sounds a gong.

The professor enters—he gasps. "What is this?" he cries.

No. 241 answers "Ef—fi—cien—cy."

. . . .

This play must be performed in London. It is short, but it is epoch-making."

Musicians and Musical At Home and Abroad

"Pribautki" (Chansons plaisantes," or "Quaint Sayings"), a set of songs by Stravinsky, were sung in London for the first time on Feb. 22. "The songs are quaint, with a quaintness that abounds in the same master's 'Petrouchka' and a humor that is satirical, a wit that is mordant. Miss Olga Haley sang them magnificently, and was wonderfully accompanied, as it were, by a little solo orchestra of wood-wind and string quartet. One is naturally desirous of rehearsing these 'Quaint Sayings,' which are so utterly unlike any other musical sayings."

Joseph Speaight's quartet, "Some Shakespeare Fairy Characters," was performed in London Feb. 25 by the Catterall Quartet of Manchester.

Apropos Brahms's Symphony No. 3 played recently in London, the Times said: "Sir Henry Wood does not fall into the mistake; common in the earlier days of Brahms-idolatry, of taking too seriously those passages where Brahms was supposed to be so mysteriously deep, but was really not more than importantly verbose."

After many days Mr. George Ferguson, once well known in our concert rooms and at Covent Garden, has returned to the land of his birth, from Ruhleben, where he has been interned since the beginning of the war. For some 15 years ere that Mr. Ferguson was a prominent teacher of singing in Berlin. In Ruhleben camp he was stalled (that surely is the correct term) in a horse-box with Frederick Lamond and Arthur Speed, eminent pianists, Arthur Williams, equally eminent violoncellist, and Charles Horsfall, painter of the best known portrait of Lord Kitchener, so that he was in good company. There, for three and a half years, Mr. Fergusson lived, working on the land, so to speak, in the camp, but still exercising his profession. The other day he told me that he had discovered a young Russian, also interned, with a voice of Shalyapin color and quality, Jablonovski by name.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 23.

Maurice Ravel has completed a suite of piano pieces begun before the war broke out, and he performed military service for two years near Verdun. The suite is entitled "Le Tombeau de Couperin."

Raoul Laparra's song cycle, "A Musical Journey Through Spain," which will have its first performance in New York April 9, was suggested by several fellow-artists who knew of his years spent in Spain and his intimate knowledge of that country. "The suggestion appealed to me at once," declared Mr. Laparra. "In Spain I had unusual opportunities to study its people. Why not try to write a series of short musical tableaux that might serve almost as a friendly talk on personal remembrances? Why not show in a few contrasting examples the wonderful variety that Spain offers musically? Tho average person has gained his idea of Spain largely from such works as Bizet's 'Carmen,' when, as a matter of fact, that opera represents but a single Spanish province. Such is the peculiarity of the different aspects of Spain that a stage director like Albert Carre always insists upon visiting the very spot where the action is laid. The time is past when a rose in the hair, a high comb and a pair of castanets suffice to express all the characteristics of Spain. Spain is a wonderful mine of rhythmic and melodic material, with limitless possibilities."—Musical Leader, March 14.

Havrah Hubbard, critic, lecturer and for a time the press agent of the Boston Opera House under Henry Russell, is now song leader at Camp Kearney in California.

Dr. Vaughan Williams is at last coming into his own as one of the finest of living British composers. His "London" symphony, after nearly four years of neglect, was revived at Queen's Hall so successfully a week or so ago that it is to be repeated next Monday week. Like other British composers of over military age, Dr. Williams (a son of the late Justice Vaughan Williams) volunteered for military service and joined the R. A. M. C. early in the war. Another of our best-known composers, William Wallace (who wrote "Villon" and the "Freebooter's Songs") also joined the R. A. M. C. Even Sir Edward Elgar, who is now in his 61st year, has insisted on doing his soldiering in the volunteers, as well as being a special constable.—London Daily Chronicle.

The London Times said of Mr. Defaun, the first violin of the Belgian Quartet, that he is a good leader because he knows when to follow.

In a very caustic moment Mr. Debussy is reported to have said that restaurant music had its origin in London when the metropolis became a German city, and that it was invented to drown the noise made by the sons of the Fatherland in consuming their soup. This prewar gibe has lost its point today, but even now the restaurant band is not held in high esteem—at least by those whose love of music is more professed than felt. It is hard to see why this should be, and the only explanation of it is a priggishness which still obtains in music, though it would be ridiculed in, say, literature. Of course when music is given you as a pleasant aid to digestion, you do not, if you are wise, expect it to demand tense and concentrated attention. It would defeat its purpose if it did. And, therefore—again on the assumption that you are wise—you will be no more ashamed of applauding rag time in season than you would shudder at the thought of reading the lightest of books over a solitary meal.—London Daily Telegraph.

It seems futile to write every time that Mme. d'Alvarez gives a public recital that she is a great artist. That knowledge has been public property for a long time now; and no good purpose seems to be served by repeating the fact. And yet what else can one do but ring the changes in terms of words of praise of her art or write that she sings? . . . John Ireland was represented by "Songs of the Wayfarers" and by his rhapsody, "Earth's Call." In both this native composer seems to suffer from a descendant from the musical microbe which those of us of older growth sought to eliminate a generation ago; that generation abused its privilege of—possibly unconscious—imitation of the masters of the period, and the present generation sometimes does likewise—it is the models that are different, not the imitative capacity.—London Daily Telegraph, Feb. 23.

Mr. F. Armstrong, the well-known organizer of Sunday concerts, demurs to the suggestion that in accompanying Miss Adela Hamaton's playing of Mendelsohn's D minor piano concerto on the organ instead of the usual orchestral obbligato, Mr. A. J. Meale, the popular organist of the Wesleyan Central Hall, Westminster, was making an experiment. Mr. Armstrong tells us he played the Tschaikowski concerto with Miss Hamaton as long ago as November last, and we seem to remember other cases in the past when the organ has been used as a substituto for the orchestra in recitals.—London Daily Chronicle.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—South Congregational Society, 12:15 P. M. Organ recital by William E. Zeuch: Buck, Triumphal March; Guilmant, Prayer and Cradle Song; Callaerts, Intermezzo; Wolstenholme, Fantasie in E; Callaerts, Intermezzo; Berceuse, Faulkes; Lemmens, Fanfare.

Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Concert by Guiomar Novaes, pianist, and Jacques Thibaud, violinist. See special notice.

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[illegible] Second or[illegible]

MONDAY [illegible] P. M. [illegible] violoncello [illegible] piano [illegible] Sonata [illegible] Bach, Suite in [illegible] Spanish Dance [illegible] Appassionato.

THURSDAY [illegible] Hall, 4 P. M. Part I.; 8 P. M. Part II. Bach's Passion [illegible] Boston Symphony Orchestra. [illegible] Florence Hinkle [illegible] Reinald Werrenrath [illegible] Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Twelfth festival [illegible] concert, [illegible] G. L. Lansing and H. F. [illegible]. Boston Festival Mandolin Orchestra [illegible] players [illegible] Lansing Mandolin Orchestra, [illegible] G. L. Lansing, banjoist; H. F. [illegible] J. Albert Baumgartner, organist and accompanist.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M., 18th Symphony concert (A). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M., 19th Symphony concert (B). Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

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mme. Gabrilowitsch

Mme. Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, [illegible] gave a recital yesterday [illegible] in Jordan Hall. Kurt Schindler [illegible] accompanist. The program [illegible] Scarlatti, O cessate di piagarmi; Vivaldi, Un certo non so che; [illegible] all' idol mio; Jommelli, [illegible] comprar; Durante, Danza [illegible] d'Oriane; Dunl, Ariette [illegible], Escouto de Jeannetto; Garat, [illegible] le printemps de mes années [illegible]; Je crains de lui parler; Tschaikowsky, Romance; Moussorgsky, Paraska's Dance, An Idiot's Love Song; Gabrilowitsch, the New Day; Old Scotch Songs, arranged by Helen Hopekirk—Ye Banks and Braes, My Love She's but a Lassie Yet, I'm Wearin' Awa, Oh Charlie Is My Darling.

Whatever may be said of Mme. Gabrilowitsch's vocal mechanism, her ambition outstripping at present her technical resources, is nevertheless praiseworthy, and the catholicity and [illegible] of taste shown in her arrangement of the program are to be commended. Songs by French operatic writers of the 18th and the early part of the 19th century are too seldom heard. Mr. Henschel and his first wife brought [illegible] unfamiliar and delightful songs and duets from forgotten French operas when they gave concerts here. There is a rich mine yet to be explored.

The song of Dalayrac is a Savoyard song, which in the first act of "Les deux petits Savoyards" has a triangle among the accompanying instruments. Garat, famous as singer, teacher, and for his bonnes fortunes, wrote several romances that affected the sensibilities of high born dames, admiring the man, singer, and composer. Moussorgsky's "Love Song of an Idiot," was based [illegible] 50 years ago on the pathetic [illegible] of a village half-witted fellow who [illegible] wooing a girl in a sort of [illegible] Moussorgsky, moved by the [illegible] of the appeal, noted the peculiar intonations of the unhappy youth. "Paraska's Revery and Dance" is from "The Fair of Sorotchinsk," an opera that Moussorgsky put aside. It was [illegible] after his death by Liadoff. The Scotch songs are from the volume edited by Mme. Hopekirk. It will thus be [illegible] that Mme. Gabrilowitsch's program [illegible] of the common, unusually [illegible].

Mr. Schindler, whose editions of Russian songs would alone give him an [illegible] name among musicians, was a [illegible] accompanist. There was an audience of fair size.

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mch 25 1918

We publish the following letter because, first of all, it is a tribute to the many contributors who stimulate thought and raise the moral tone of the community. "Old Codger" does them grievous wrong when he suspects them of "double intenders." They do not whisper and snigger; they blurt out what they have to say; they speak right out in meeting. They are closer to Rabelais than to your French writer of export novels just before 1914; nearer to Henry Fielding than to Laurence Sterne.

The chantey mentioned by Old Codger does not seem to be of purely sailor origin. If any object to the choral sentiment, let them sing these lines from an undoubted chantey:

Oh, whiskey is the life of man.
Chorus: Oh, whiskey! Oh, Johnny!
Oh whiskey is the life of man!
Chorus: Oh, whiskey for my Johnny!
Oh, whiskey makes me pawn my clothes,
Chorus: Oh, whiskey; Oh, Johnny;
Oh, whiskey makes me pawn my clothes.
Chorus: Oh, whiskey for my Johnny.
Oh whiskey gave me a broken nose,
Chorus: Here's whiskey for my Johnny.
If I can't get whiskey, I'll have rum.

There are many other verses, as the genteel Laura Alexandrine Smith remarks in "The Music of the Waters," "none of them betraying much delicacy or refinement of expression."

Whaler and Chantey

As the World Wags:

I don't know whether to call you the Old Codger's Blessing, or the Old Codger's Delight, for you are both; and I hope you will receive this in the spirit in which it is sent, as the old lady wrote in sending her parson some thoroughly brandied peaches.

You don't know what a joy it is to read your column every day. The other newspapers are full of accounts of War and Divorce and Baseball and Women's Fashions that can't be expected to interest a mature old codger. I shall be 83 come next July; but you tell about the songs we used to sing and the oaths we used to swear, and sometimes I suspect you indulge in double intenders which only we old codgers twig, and we don't laugh at them when the grandchildren are 'round.

When I was a little shaver I used to live near New Bedford, at Blubber Cove, and I played along the shore and knew all the whalers by sight and their crews were mighty friendly. Did you ever hear of old Cap'n Si Leatherbottom, who sailed the whaler Nancy Starbuck out of Nantucket? Si set out early in life to be as truthful as George Washington, and so, when he killed a shark 42 feet long on one of his voyages, he towed it all the way home and beached it at Blubber Cove. He did that to prove his veracity, because, he said, if he simply told folks of a shark 42 feet long, they would have thought he was lying—just like ordinary fishermen. But they all came out with footrules and yardsticks and they measured the carcass, and it measured more than he said by four inches. "Well," said Si, "I don't believe in exaggerating." Everybody voted that he was as truthful as G. Washington; but he wasn't popular.

The crew that shipped with him were unusually good singers, and as they stayed with him year after year they sang their chanties together very well. I remember parts of one of their songs, and I shall be grateful to you if you will print the whole of it, and tell me who wrote it, and how the music goes. I can hear the tune still, but being no hand at singing, or even humming tunes, I can't get it out. They called it

GROG TUNE

When the captain wets his whistle,
And the bosun serves the grog
In the batter'd old tin dipper,
While the mate consults the log,
Come and join us in the chorus
With lusty lungs and free;
There were drinking men before us—
There'll be drinkers after we.

CHORUS

Then rally round the capstan,
And rally once again;
There's nothing like Old Medford rum
For thirsty sailor men.

I'm not sure whether "Jamaica" shouldn't stand instead of "Old Medford" in the third line of the chorus, and sometimes they said "mellow" for "thirsty" in the last line.

In the civil war we used to sing:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,"

which is stolen bodily from this chorus. It's shameful that a patriot song should be written by a deliberate thief, isn't it? Do you know his name?

Go on with your good work and rejuvenate us old Codgers. I've been looking all winter for you to let out on woodchucks. There's lore enough about them to keep you going for a week.

Your obliged and constant reader,
OLD CODGER.

Brindle Farm, Oxtosset.

Superstitious Tommies

There is no getting away from the fact that soldiers are very superstitious. I noticed a statement made by an Anzac the other day to the effect that if a soldier "trades leave" with another, the proposer is marked for death the first time he "goes over." Fourteen of his comrades, he said, had been killed after they had traded their leave. Again, if a letter from a mother arrives on the day a raiding party is going out, the members of that party—particularly the man who receives the letter—are believed to be almost certain to be made prisoners.—Pall Mall Gazette.

War Notes.

Two Canadian soldiers were talking. One said, "I hear the Australians were in Jerusalem on Christmas day." To which the other replied, "Betcher the shepherds watched their flocks that night."

The Australian soldiers are inventing their own slang, in addition to adopting the usual Americanisms which we are all using nowadays. They call their country "Aussie," and pronounce it "Ozzy." They call their pals "cobber"—"a cobber of mine" means "a pal of mine." A man who has had a good time on leave reports that he has had a "bosker" time, while those who have been in France have Anglicized "tout suite" into "tootsweet," and will often add "the tooter the sweeter." We shall need some new dictionaries in our scheme of post war reconstruction.—London Daily Chronicle.

Jacques Thibaud and Miss Novaes Play

Jacques Thibaud, violinist, and Guiomar Novaes, pianist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata in F major, Op. 24; Mozart, Concerto in E flat; Chopin, Sonata in B minor, Op. 58; Vieuxtemps, Ballade et Polonaise; Liszt, Murmuring Woods, Dance of the Gnomes.

The first two numbers, Beethoven's Sonata, played with Miss Novaes, and Mozart's Concerto, in which Mr. Thibaud was assisted by his own excellent accompanist, Nicolai Schneer, revealed the distinguished French violinist's superlative skill as an interpreter of classical music. His beautiful tone, smooth and serene, yet eloquent with the flavor of Latin intensity, his facile execution and fully developed technic, his sensitiveness and delicacy as an interpreter were constantly in evidence. The performance of Beethoven's Sonata, in which the piano part was brilliantly played by Miss Novaes, the young Brazilian pianist, was a striking exhibition of well-nigh flawless ensemble.

On the other hand, Miss Novaes, whose technic is worthy to stand beside that of celebrated and masculine confreres, was cool and impersonal in her treatment of Chopin's Sonata. She has strength, unusual clarity, crispness and brilliance, but her playing is sophisticated rather than emotional, showy rather than interesting.

Next Sunday afternoon Jascha Heifetz will make his third and last appearance this season.

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Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of East Brewster writes: "In one of his clever short stories, Meredith Nicholson tells us of a young lady in the Back Bay 'drinking' her soup. Incredible! They may 'drink' soup in Indiana, but here in Massachusetts we class our chowders among the 'eats.'"

There is no need, by the way, of putting the word eats between quotation marks. Eat, the noun, meaning food, is now regarded by purists as obsolete, but it was used by Beaumont and Fletcher. Drink, drinks—why not eat, eats?

Yes, Mr. Fitzgerald, charming women, old, middle-aged and young of the Back Bay and of the "Small-of-the Back Bay" in Boston often drink a clear soup, not from plates, not from a tureen, but from cups. Men with mustaches do likewise and gladly, especially at dinner when they fear for their immaculate shirt fronts; for it is not considered good form in Boston to cover the shirt with a napkin, or for a man to steady his trembling hand, holding a spoon by an ingenious use of the napkin as a guido rope.

Chowder, thick soups—and black bean soup should be very thick, not the miserable, watery stuff too often served as black bean—are of course eaten.

This reminds us that when Claude Achille Debussy visited London in 1909 he complained bitterly to Mr. Edwin Evans that he could not obtain good food in London without bad music. He then said that restaurant music probably had its origin in London when the city became German; the music was then introduced to drown the noise made by the sons of the Fatherland in consuming their soup.

It is said that at a famous public dinner of Chicago's solid men of business, the gallery was thronged with visitors eager to hear the diners eating.

"Just After"

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell me if the expression, "I am just after breaking my glasses," meaning "I broke my glasses a short time ago," is within the limits of correct English? I am writing to you because I have contended that this construction may be supported by some authority not yet obsolete. J. I. A.

Boston.

You probably will not find "just after" used by Hazlitt, Cobbett, Sir Thomas Browne, Pater, Landor, Hawthorne, yet we like the phrase. When "after" is used with a progressive tense it indicates: (1) that an action is about to take place; (2) completed action, compare the French "venir de"; (3) present action. "She told them in the prisoner's presence that he was after hanging her up against the door with a rope." Dublin Dy. Expr. 1891. "Jos was after balragging the priest." Kennedy, "Even. Duffrey." 1869. This use is dialectal. We find no reference in the dictionary from which we have quoted examples to "just after"; but we should use the phrase fearlessly. There's nothing more irritating than priggishly precise English in familiar and joyous conversation.—Ed.

"School Butter"

We are indebted to the editor of the Waterbury (Ct.) American for a clipping from the Dallas (Tex.) News. A writer in Texas discussed the meaning of the term "school butter."

"When he (a Marshall patron) was a boy in East Tennessee, 'school butter' was an opprobrious epithet, or so accepted by schoolboys. Such a boy was expected to fight, or gang up with other schoolboys and get revenge, whenever any challenger shouted 'school butter' at them. And now, the Marshall correspondent complains, he can't find anybody who knows anything about the epithet in question, and he wonders if it was only a localized East Tennessee term." The writer of "State Press" in the News says he once heard a boy who went to a small town school in New York state use the expression.

"Although better at some things than at etymology, State Press will go so far as to guess that this expression originated with the colored people of the far South. The Negroes used to have a word 'buckra,' which was applicable to a sorry white man. A white lad belonging to what the colored people considered a low class was called a 'buckra boy,' and most likely the phrase was corrupted from 'school buckra' into 'school butter.' This decision by S. P. is purely guesswork. He considers himself an excellent guesser, and as a general thing would rather hazard an opinion founded upon deduction than to study the matter out laboriously. But, of course, if the Marshall inquirer is not satisfied with a guess, he can ask somebody who knows, and knows he knows. The man who knows and knows he knows is an invaluable member of society, albeit not always good company. The man who wishes to learn is usually more interesting, in a social way, than the one who has already learned. The wisest professor in a college is ordinarily the lonesomest."

But "buckra" among the Negroes of Surinam means "master." In the language of the Calabar coast, it means "demon, powerful and superior being." In Goldie's Dictionary of the Efik language "mbakara" means white man, European. In ordinary Negro talk, "buckra" means any white man. Let us go back to Marryatt's "Peter Simple": "Ah, piccaninny buccra! how you do?" "Years in West Indies," etc., in reader, 1863: 'Buckra does hard this time," said the Negroes; "Since Gospel come buckra dio hard."

"School butter" in English slang meant in Capt. Grose's time, a flogging.

The Yarn of a Slave

As the World Wags:

If some female knitter wheedles
You to try the nimble needles,
And you scorn the plan with
Proud disdain as only woman's work,
She, crafty, shows a wooden frame
And bids you try this little game.
But should you still decline with thanks,
She christens you a "shirk!"
But if you heed while she beguiles,
And prove a victim to her wiles,
And end by "tumbling" to the game,
Rash man—your fall's begun!
It's just an artless little "frame,"
This innocent, seductive game
With yarn, stiletto, thirty pegs;
You wonder if it's fun!
But when the spell is once at work
There's no such thing for you as shirk;
There's nothing all the live-long day
But knit, knit, knit!

All reading is for life discarded.
While food and drink are both regarded
As whims to be indulged in only
When you've cravings in your "pit."

* * *

So friend beware ere you begin;
Believe me that when once you're "in,"
From sad experience I've grave doubt
About your ever getting out.

Boston. F. S. S.

A Famous Traveler

As the World Wags:

Can I ever forget Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler? Jamais de la vie! I wonder if Mr. Webster, our friend—pardon me, any friend of Daniel Pratt is a friend of mine—I wonder if our friend recalls that somewhat abstruse but unusually inspiring discourse of the general's on how to build a barrel 'round a bung hole. Daniel's appearance on the campus was always a signal for cutting recitations so that we might in leisure absorb his teachings and contribute enough to land him in the next college town. Many a time have I squandered a nickel for one of his "sentiments on paper" and I have them yet, stowed away with some pictures and songs of the silly season, the package carefully labelled: "Private. Burn without opening." R. L. W.

Boston.

BELGIUM'S STORY AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance of "The Rape of Belgium," a play of the great war in three acts and four scenes by Max Marcin and Louis K. Anspacher, produced by A. H. Woods at New Haven, Ct., on March 21, 1918.

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Count Laritz, ... one of the Austrian Uhlans.... .... Allan Hale
Lieut-Col. Von Barsch of the Prussian Light Infantry .... Malcolm Williams
Goetz .. .. Kraft Walton
Sylvestre.. .... Francis Verdi
Countess Emily De Perigny........ Edith Campbell Walker
Laura Dunbar .... Olive Wyndham
Colonel Von Hohenwarth of the Prussian army........ John Mason
Mulhauser, the colonel's orderly........ J. Malcolm Dunn
Neville Ordway, an American aviator.... Conway Tearle
Captain Eberle........ Hermann Guyer
Captain Schimmel........ Carl Dietz
Captain Kurtz........ Otto Schmidt
Father de Lasalle........ Thomas E. Shea
General von Eisendrath........ Carl Sauerman
Major Paul Dunbar........ Arthur Behrens

The purpose of this play is to keep before the public the brutality of the Prussian; the bestiality of the Hun. The title is unfortunate because it gives one the idea that the drama is a film play. As the drama now stands the daring aviator, the Alsatian disguised as an orderly, the distressed women, the Prussian colonel and lieutenant-colonel are in the last two acts men and women of the films. Yet, however wildly improbable the actions of the aviator aided by the Alsatian Mulhauser, however crude the workmanship, however stilted the lines of the priest, however platitudinous the love talk of Ordway and Laura—their dialogue recalls the phrase of Artemus Ward, "real pretty shopkeeping talk"—the play has exciting moments and it may well serve in fanning the flame of patriotism, in reminding the careless and the indifferent of the atrocious crimes perpetrated in the name of "Kultur."

The faults of the play do not lie in exaggeration of Prussian barbarity. Documents wholly trustworthy and unimpeachable photographs outvie in descriptions of horrors the imagination of the playwrights.

We are informed that they purpose to change considerably the last two acts, which are the weakest; that another version will soon be put on the stage. There is no need of rewriting the first act. It is authoritative, interesting, graphic, realistic. The revelation of Mulhauser's character, although it takes one back to the palmy days of melodrama, is a surprise. Ending the act, it leaves the audience pleased and expectant. In the remaining acts the disposal of Hohenwarth and Barsch and the scene between Ordway and the General are so absurdly improbable that they excite laughter and take away the attention from the grim motive of the drama. Messrs. Marcin and Anspacher already have a capital first act. Their ingenuity should devise a remedy for the acts remaining.

The plot is a simple one. An Austrian colonel has treated courteously the women, American by birth, in a chateau. He leaves them in the power of Prussians. The commanding officers are ready to violate the women. The general is willing that the women should be raped if they do not tell who is to signal for the explosion of a munition store. An American aviator, betrothed to the younger sister, is brought down and captured. How young Laura escapes her fate, how the women and the aviator are finally rescued, is told in a succession of extravagant scenes. There is a suggestion of Sardou's "Tosca" in the treatment of Ordway in one room while Laura is in the room adjoining, but Hohenwarth, about to seize the girl, is more of a brute even than Scarpia.

The play is well acted especially by those impersonating the Prussian officers. Mr. Mason gave a vivid portrayal of the villainous colonel who yet bore the semblance at first of a human being. Mr Hale was an attractive Austrian. Mr. Verdi played the old French peasant in good old melodramatic style. Mr. Shea was oratorical, almost pontifical as a priest. Miss Walker and Miss Wyndham had little to do except to look distressed and by personal charm warrant the admiration of the Prussians. Miss Wyndham's costume in the bedchamber scene was hardly calculated to quench the passion of Hohenwarth. Miss Walker's costume was rather elaborate and decidedly in the latest fashion for the scenes through which she passed. Mr. Tearle played in the last two acts with the utmost seriousness, as if he were unconscious of the dramatist's extravagance. A large audience applauded the patriotic speeches and were shocked by Prussian brutality.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Melting Pot," a play in four acts by Israel Zangwill.

Mendel Quixano........ Cameron Matthews
Kathleen O'Reilly........ Jessamine Newcombe
Frau Quixano........ Beatrice Miller
Vera Revendal........ Viola Roach
David Quixano........ Leonard Craske
Quincy Davenport, Jr........ Nicholas Joy
Herr Pappelmeister........ Fred W. Permain
Maid at the settlement........ Marion Winship
Baron Revendal........ H. Conway Wingfield
Baroness Revendal .... Doric Sawyer

Mr. Zangwill's play is a curious mixture of brutal facts and the expression of unattainable ideals. His theme, the adjusting of relations between the human family, the amalgamation of races, is clumsily handled and he would have done better, writing for the theatre, to tell a simple story, to confine himself to the difficulties involved in a particular case, the romance of David and Vera, a pogrom orphan and a young Russian settlement worker. As it is, Baron Revendal, who looked unmoved on the slaughter of David's family, defends his position with autocratic vehemence.

Quincy Davenport remained incorrigibly rich. Mendel Quixano and his mother hold fast to the traditions of their orthodox faith while David, the conventional musician idealist, raves wildly about the races which shall all be fused together by the fires of God in the melting pot America.

Much more convincing than David's heroics or the high bred rhetoric of the representative of a Russian now dead is Mr. Zangwill's character drawing. His picture of the simple Jewish household is real, so too is his portrait of Kathleen O'Reilly, the good-hearted but explosive Irish maid, at the Quixano's.

The first and second acts in the Mendel home are plausible, but the third, with its successive explosions on the part of Baron Revendal and David, the frankly sentimental dialogue between the lovers, the melodramatic episodes of the pistol and David's realized hallucination, his agonized conflict between race prejudice and love vor Vera, her quotation from the Old Testament—all this is theatrical in the extreme. The fourth act is, of course, one of satisfactory readjustment.

Mr. Craske is not fitted by nature or acquirements to play emotional roles. An excellent comedian, art fails him when he is called upon to represent a stormy and erratic nature, and, relying upon artifice, he is unconvincing. His David was not spontaneous in gayety or depression. The impassioned rhapsodies of the unpractical idealist were forced. He was dry when he should have been poetic, rigid when he should have displayed abandon.

Miss Roach was also poorly fitted with the part of Vera. She created not the slightest illusion as to her nationality and contented herself with a display of conventional goodness. Miss Newcombe displayed unusual versatility and excellent character acting as Kathleen. Miss Miller's Frau Quixano, a clever simulation of mental and physical decrepitude, was real and convincing. Mr. Wingfield, Mr. Permain and Mr. Matthews were respectively capable, and Miss Sawyer was piquant as the flippant baroness.

Next week "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch and Arnold Bennett, will be given for the first time.

KEITH'S FEATURE

This is anniversary week at B. F. Keith's Theatre. Much has been said in the preliminary announcements as to the excellence of the bill. It is not too much to say that the announcements were justified, and that this week's bill is not only one of the best ever seen at this theatre, but that it stands for the best in vaudeville.

Sophie Tucker and Her Five Kings of Syncopation is the headline feature of the bill. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded liberally.

Miss Tucker's act is not new, but it is none the less welcome, and it has the unmistakable stamp of originality. Miss Tucker affects the style of the "coon shouter" of other days. Thus her voice, not always musical within the real meaning of the word, lends itself especially to this style of song. The comedienne was assisted by a quintet of comedians who are none the less musicians—Messrs. Sam Green, Ed Pressiery, Ralph Hertz, Phil Sax and Pete Quinn.

One of the chief features of the bill is the act of Frank Westphal, who appears in an unusual monologue—unusual in that the comedian, who creates the impression at first that this is his first appearance on any stage, convinces the audience by the excellence of his work that he is of the school that has few exemplars on the vaudeville stage.

Margaret Ford, "singer of songs of today," was substituted for the act of Mignon, the mimic, who was taken ill in New York. Miss Ford has a pleasing appearance, and there was added interest in the singer, who affects either a soprano or baritone voice with equal facility.

Other acts on the bill were Cleveland Bronner's "Dream Fantasies," a spectacular dancing act; Mullen and Coogan in chatter and songs, William H. Thompson in a melodramatic sketch, Billy Halligan and Dama Sykes in a comedy act, Lloyd and Wells in a dancing act, and the Three Bennett Sisters in an athletic act. Mch 27 1918

BACH'S PASSION

By PHILIP HALE

The whole of Bach's Matthew Passion music was performed yesterday in two sessions, afternoon and evening, in Symphony Hall, by a chorus of 400 voices—prepared by Stephen Townsend—a boy choir of 80, the Boston Symphony Orchestra and these solo singers: Florence Hinkle, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Reinald Werrenrath, baritone; Herbert Witherspoon, bass; Arthur Myers tenor. John P. Marshall was the organist, Alfred De Voto the pianist. Ernest Schmidt conducted.

Camille Saint-Saens, a sympathetic and profound student of Bach, declared over 30 years ago that the performance of that master's great choral works is now a chimera. "There can be only more or less curious attempts; attempts made for the joy of scholars and library rats; but they are far from being the realization of the work imagined by the composer." Saint-Saens then spoke of instruments employed by Bach which are now out of date; of the music written for a small chorus, swarming with complicated phrases, leaps to far-off intervals, trills, all sorts of difficulties; of extremely dangerous pages for the solo singers.

Some musicians, as Robert Franz, have believed in the enlargement and enrichment of Bach's score for the Matthew Passion. Purists have objected to Franz's tinkering and patching. They have argued in favor of performances exactly as Bach gave them in the St. Thomas Church at Leipsic. The introduction of clarinets especially disturbs them. The management of Symphony Hall, in its announcement of the concert yesterday, stated that "it is an anachronism to introduce into the score an instrument like the clarinet which was invented years after Bach's death."

Bach died in 1750. Let us waive the question whether J. C. Denner of Nuremberg "invented" the clarinet about 1700 or merely modified the then existing chalumeau or schalmei. A mass composed by a Belgian in 1720 contains a clarinet part. La Pouplinière of Paris imported two German clarinetists about 1751 and they played in the Concert Spirituel. Rameau employed clarinets in 1751. Clarinets were used in J. C. Bach's opera "Orione," produced in London in 1763. The boy Mozart in London copied an overture of Abel that contained clarinet parts. In 1771 Mozart at Milan wrote for clarinets. A clarinet solo was played in a concert at Philadelphia in 1769. Clarinets were heard in New York concerts as early as 1764. Here in Boston a local orchestra that gave concerts in 1774 contained clarinets as well as oboes, bassoons and French horns.

Exercising the utmost piety, the most learned and skilful conductor cannot give a performance of the Matthew Passion similar to the one heard in Leipsic in 1729. Bach employed only a very small chorus. He had only a pitiably little orchestra. Suppose that today a few trained singers of great ability and Bach's orchestra were at hand; that the obol da caccia were not missing; that the common oboe of 1918 resembled in power and quality of tone the oboe of 1729; that Bach himself were the organist. The audience would not be the same in education, environment, mood and disposition. It might have a devout spirit, but its devotional frame of mind could not possibly be that of the congregation at Leipsic. Even the chorals have not the same intense significance. It is impossible to revive the conditions for which Bach wrote. It may furthermore be said that a performance in a concert hall probably never entered Bach's mind.

Dr. Muck had devoted much of his time and all of his skill to a reverential reconstruction of the score. The result was as interesting as it was effective, but it could not transport the players or hearers back to the Leipsic of the composer's period. Nor was it successful in relieving the inherent monotony of many pages, but this was not Dr. Muck's intention.

There are two ways of considering a performance of the Passion Music: one is to view it as a religious service: the other is to treat it as one would treat any concert work. If the music is to be regarded as any other sacred composition performed in a concert hall and without religious services, the performance of the whole work is a mistake. Certain solos, irksome to the singer, boresome as music, without truly emotional or religious significance, seldom expressive of the text, might be omitted with advantage to the composer. Did anyone yesterday afternoon find musical pleasure or religious benefit in the soprano solos in the first part? Only those who believe in the plenary inspiration of Bach would insist on the performance of every page. Bach could be as dull as any Kapellmeister in Eisleven. The purely decorative arias in the Passion Music might well be omitted. Even Mme. Hinkle, with her excellent voice and art, could not turn the long aria in the second part into a thing of beauty, or hardly mitigate its barbaric ugliness.

When the Matthew Passion was first performed at Leipsic there were probably religious exercises between the two parts. In a concert hall the performance must be considered as a performance of any sacred composition.

It may then be said that the performance yesterday was an extraordinarily impressive one, admirable in nearly all respects, one not likely to be surpassed here in the coming years. It was far superior to any one that we have heard in Germany. Mr. Townsend had brought the chorus to a high degree of proficiency. The tonal quality and the plasticity of the great body of singers were remarkable. Dr. Muck in the final rehearsals had so completed the preparation that Mr. Schmidt, called suddenly to conduct, found his task greatly lessened. Nevertheless, he should be warmly praised for carrying out so well Dr. Muck's intentions. In the second part there were times when the accompaniment of solo singers in arias was not sufficiently subdued, but these instances were not many.

Mr. Murphy's reading of the narrator's music was a constant delight; his enunciation was so clear, his diction had so great significance. Not too dramatic, he steered clear of sentimentalism. Mr. Werrenrath's singing of the music of Jesus was marked by rare dignity, by an expressiveness that was intelligent as well as emotional. Mme. Alcock again displayed a beautiful voice and vocal and aesthetic understanding. Nor should Mr. Longy's playing of the oboe obbligato in the first part be forgotten.

There was a large and deeply interested audience. The performance will be repeated with the same singers next Tuesday.

Mch 28, 1918

Edward Hale

The Rev. Edward Hale, pastor of the First Church in Chestnut Hill, died yesterday at his home, 5 Circuit road, of angina pectoris, after an illness of a few days. He was born at Northampton, the son of William Bainbridge Hale and Harriet Amelia Porter Hale, on Feb. 22, 1858. Having studied in the schools at Northampton and at Phillips Exeter Academy he entered Harvard University and was graduated in the class of '79. At Harvard he was noted for his high scholarship and he was connected with the Advocate and the Lampoon. After graduation he lived for two years in Rome, Italy. On his return he studied architecture in the office of H. H. Richardson. He became a Unitarian clergyman. His first parish was in East Orange, N. J. He was called to the Harvard Divinity School, where he taught homiletics. Leaving Cambridge, he made his home in Chestnut Hill. He has left a wife, a daughter, Emily, and a brother, Philip Hale, of the Boston Herald and Journal.

Mch 29 1918

The Old Bass Viol

As the World Wags:

This winter I been settin' in my shop a good deal. I got a good air-tight stove there, 'n it's been full warmer there 'n in the house. T'other day Henry Potter from Mackril Cove dropped in on me. He come over calc'latin' ter buy the old base viol my Granther Bates uster play in the Univarsiler meetin', 'n he wanted my opinion on the deal. I don't know nothin' about base viols, but seldom if ever do I git stuck in a trade, 'n Henry knows it.

Wal, arter I give Henry my opinion he loosened up 'n began ter talk a bit. He's a modrit man, is Henry, but whatever is hisn is jest a loetle bit better than anyone else's. Says Henry, "Wal, Si, I got a fiddle 'n she's a good one. Yes, sir, she's a good one. Cost me only 25 cents, 'n you couldn't buy her fer $25; no, nor fer $30 neither."

"Good fiddle, hey, Henry?"

"Yes, sir, she's a good one; she's the best fiddle in this town. My boy who lives ter Boston, he's quite a musical genius; plays everything from the pianner up. He's got a fiddle he give $50 fer, 'n he says that mine's ez much better 'n hisn ez his is better 'n a three-dollar-'n-a-half one, yes, sir."

"Must be a good one, Henry."

"Yes, sir, she's a good one. Dave Young (Dave's a ship carpenter who makes fiddles fer his life-work), he measured her; Dave, he put the calipers all over her, 'n ho says that fur ez measurements go there ain't no reason why she shouldn't be a Stradivarius. But I don't suppose sho is fer there ain't no label inside ter show it." 'N then more o' the same sort, and so forth, etcetry.

All the same Henry's jaw set me thinkin': How do ye know what a fiddle is or whar it comes from? What is there ter tell ye? If Mister E. Ysaye (spelled it the way the Herald does, but I'm durned ef I kin pronounce them Armenian names), should play on Henry's fiddle wouldn't everyone go wild over his "wonderful old Cremona violin"; or put t'other way ef Henry, whose playin' sounds like filing a saw, should play that same fiddle fer the same crowd wouldn't they all say that "the instrument shows all the superb characteristics of Stradivarius's best period, in spite of the players inadequacy"—pervidin' always that they knowed the proper label was in the fiddle?

I'm only askin' fer information. As ter music, my case is like Dave Wilkins'. Says Dave, "You kin tell all you wanter 'bout your meelitary bands 'n your orchestrys, but, ez fer me, fer reel music give me a base drum 'n piccalilly."

SI PRIME.

Poduckett.

Life in Maine

Mr. A. [illegible] W. [illegible]

[illegible] Up our way evrybody [illegible] is pullin your leg about [illegible] I real [illegible] an what you aint [illegible] for city folks but up here by the lake we no better.

I want to tell you rite about tree [illegible] as they aint no bonyfones or [illegible] That's all bunk. [illegible] what the lumberjacks [illegible] in their cloathes when they [illegible] of the woods an wile they [illegible] the jacks none we never [illegible] to keep the pesky things where they belonged until indian Joe [illegible] My woman who washes for [illegible] was near crazy what with [illegible] an all. one day last spring, when Joe blew in. Joe aint good lookin [illegible] a few things which he [illegible] at the ymca at Greenville in- [illegible] in klean outside anyway [illegible] from some an he seein what [illegible] gave her a botel of [illegible] tole her to draw the cork. I [illegible] suthin about drawin corks bein a [illegible] man, but while she was lookin at [illegible] tole her a yarn wich I dont no if its true but anyways it seems the dern [illegible] bothered him to, untill he [illegible] put his foot into a nest of [illegible] wich is the indian name for a kind of inseck or bug, I dont no. Well it was low ground an wet an the mixter of water an mashed ahphoons give off a smel you cud most see, an that ended the tree squeaks for him.

Well Joe bein an indian had a strong [illegible] an so he skooped up the mess an put it in his flask in case the tree squeaks bothered him agen. But as I was sayin, when my woman got the cork out she changed color an i thot she was goin to die but the tree squeaks died instead.

Still an all the tree squeaks aint so bad as any of the ways of killin em you tell about an for y part they dont bother me nono if the day aint to windy. Fokes here say lots of times the bark of a tree is worso than its squeak. G. FULLER BULL.

Moosehead Lake, Me.

Mch 30 1918

19TH CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Cherubini, Overture to "Les Abencerages"; Mozart, Clarinet Concerto (first time at these concerts); Rameau, Ballet Suite; Schumann, Symphony in B-flat Major No. 1. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

Mr. Sand, the first clarinet of the orchestra, is the second to play a solo at these concerts. Mr. Strasser played Weber's Concertino in E-flat early in 1884. The oboe, flute and horn have been heard as solo instruments, but the wind choir, as a rule, has not been largely represented in this manner. Years ago the bassoon in many European orchestras insisted on the privilege. Many of us have heard the trombone play "with great expression" Stigelli's "Tear" or some other sentimental ditty.

Mozart wrote this concerto two months and a few days before his death. He wrote it for a famous clarinetist, Anton Stadler, who, outside of his ability as a virtuoso, was not a desirable or a restful companion. He was a toss-pot, a loose-liver, and he had a trick of borrowing money and not repaying it. Mozart, who was very poor, was fascinated by him, enjoying his animal spirits, his jests that set the tavern table in a roar. He lent him money. He wrote for Stadler this concerto and the clarinet quintet.

The concerto is an amiable bit of music. Mozart wrote it in a day. No doubt he could have easily written one each day of the week, so that Stadler could have had one for daily use, as some men possess a case of seven razors. The music has all the Mozartean flavor. It is suave, graceful, spontaneous, with the slight tinge of melancholy in certain pages that one finds even in joyous scenes of "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "The Magic Flute"; an inconsequential piece on the whole. Mr. Sand played the concerto expressively. His tone was agreeable; his mechanism was fluent and polished. The audience was greatly pleased.

The other compositions do not call for comment. Cherubini's overture and the charming music of Rameau were played last season. Schumann's Symphony is perhaps too familiar.

There are only three pleasures in life, pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things—books, pictures, and the face of nature. What is the world but a heap of ruined friendships, but the grave of love? All other pleasures are as false and hollow, vanishing from our embrace like smoke, or like a feverish dream. * * * Oh, thou, then, whoever thou art, that dost seek happiness in thyself, independent of others, not subject to caprice, [illegible] by insult, nor [illegible] only by [illegible] hands, over which Time has no power and that Death alone cancels, seek it [illegible] thou art wise in books, in pictures, and the face of nature, for these alone we may count upon as friends for life!

As the World Wags:

W. C. T.'s letter the other morning, recalling memories of his "first" book, "Rory O'More," awakened some very pleasant recollections of my own early reading. Once when I was talking on this subject with my friend James Gimlet, I found that at the age of 12 he had read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," which the recent biography of John Fiske reveals as that great man's experience also. Flo Gartney has gone even further in his unconscious imitation of Fiske by reading both Gibbon and "Hudibras." With such good companions of the literary road, I need not in over-modesty conceal the fact that at the age of 13 I was enthralled by Boswell's immortal book. Several months before, James Bryce had written in the Youth's Companion some hints on reading which appealed so strongly to me that eventually I took his advice to try Boswell. Years later, when Mr. Bryce, not as yet endowed with those titles to which he lends additional honor, was the orator at the ceremony of dedicating the bells at Hingham, I took the long journey to that town for the express purpose of seeing face to face the man to whom I owed so much. For, with the possible exception of Milton and Virgil, Boswell is the one book I read with unflagging and increasing pleasure. I first read him in Wright's revision of Crocker's edition, 10 fat little duodecimos with steel engravings. And the circumstances are as vivid as the shape of the volumes—the big arm chair, the spangled hanging-lamp overhead, the pile of hard bread-crusts at my side.

What could a lad find to interest him in the Great Cham of the 18th century so far removed from him in place and time and wisdom? Well, perhaps Dr. Johnson's strong religious turn of mind was more appealing at that age than it could be at any other period. Perhaps, too, there was an instinctive admiration of a man who by sheer force of character worked himself up from lowly beginnings to a place of authority; the sort of emotion other boys satisfied with "From the Log Cabin to the President's Chair." There was, too—I hope I am not reading anything back into the time—an appreciation of at least the most obvious of the doctor's verbal victories. After years have increased my respect and admiration for Johnson. In spite of our altered theological vocabulary it is still possible to admire the depth and sincerity of his religious life. And when it comes to mundane affairs, what better guide is there? He wanted, as some one has said, no sugar-coating of sentimentality to sweeten the bitter pill of daily life; he looked at facts steadily and squarely, and came to judgments remarkable alike for trenchancy and justice. He lived the Life of Reason as few other men can hope to live it. Yet withal he had most lovable and endearing qualities—loyalty to friends, playfulness with children, affection for humble folk and for dumb animals, little human foibles that prove he was one of ourselves. Sympathy, in short, was the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace.

With an urgent recommendation to your readers to become acquainted with both Boswell's "Life" and his neglected "Tour to the Hebrides," I turn for a moment to my "first" book of poetry. To quote Cowley, "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there": a wise teacher promised extra credits for each 15-line portion of "Paradise Lost" committed to memory. To save myself from complete failure in the term I learned the first two books. Cathedral bells pealing over the autumn fields of northern France in days of peace, the reverberation of the full-throated organ through vaulted aisle and gorgeous clerestory, are the only comparisons befitting the beauty of John Milton's swelling lines. There, sir, is poetry such as a race can produce only once in its history!

Of course, one's "first" book is merely a gateway into the gardens of literature, where one finds attractive plots in abundance. But after one has roamed rather widely and become acquainted with the many varieties between the fresh April buds of Dan Chaucer and the narcotic blooms of Walter Pater, it is refreshing to return and find that all the while Wisdom has been sitting in the gate. ACADEME.

Cambridge.

Good Hunting

As the World Wags:

Regarding game in Maine, I would like to ask what has become of the "jobberwocks"? Years ago with the famous Dead river guide, David Pierce, I hunted them on the upper reaches of the river. They used to weigh from 40 to 60 pounds, and when shot in the fall the fur would be in prime condition. Davis has an overcoat now, made out of one skin. If any of your readers can give me any information as to what has become of the jobberwocks I should be greatly pleased. NEMUS.

Coupon

We use the word "coupon" pretty frequently nowadays, perhaps, without realizing what a newcomer it is into English speech. The credit of its introduction is given to Thomas Cook, of tourist fame, who adapted the name and the thing from the French in connection with his excursion and hotel tickets. Long ago, however, we had a similar word, culpon, derived from mediaeval French, which signified to slice, and also, strangely enough, "a slice of meat"!—London Daily Chronicle.

This statement is somewhat misleading. The word "coupon" meaning a certificate attached to a bond came into English literature as early as 1822, but it was then printed in italics and referred to French rentes. In 1836 it appeared in roman. Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms (1860) printed the word in italics. Thomas Cook introduced the name and system of coupons in 1864. "Culpon" is found in Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales. It meant a piece cut off, portion, strip, slice, bit of meat, cloth. The verb "culpon" meant to cut up, slice, and also to ornament or trim with strips or patches of a different colored material. Boys' trousers were sometimes culponed. In Cotgrave's French-English Dictionary (1673) "coupon" means "a great cup or bowl; also, a tray of wood, etc.; also, a cut of, or a thick and short slice, or piece cut from a thing. Coupon de drap. A shread of cloath." "Culpon" is not in Cotgrave's Dictionary.—Ed.

For Mr. Webster

As the World Wags:

May I suggest to Mr. Arthur Gordon Webster that if "saw" is "pronounced "sawr" in New England, "war" is pronounced "waw" or "wau"—at any rate, to a Philadelphian ear—and that his rhyme is consequently no rhyme?

Apropos of his "conoissooze" friend, at Naples in 1912 I heard a recently enriched Yankee announce to a company of some 28 persons (including guides) that since first seeing the galleries of Italy his greatest ambition had been to become a "connoisserge."

Cambridge. I. J. W., Jr.

Mch 31 1918

FUNERAL

Rev. Edward Hale

Funeral services for the Rev. Edward Hale were held yesterday afternoon at the First Church in Chestnut Hill of which he had been pastor for about 20 years. The church was filled to overflowing with parishioners, neighbors, friends from out of town. Many of his class at Harvard, '79, were present. The service, a simple one, with an anthem and two hymns sung by the choir, was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, who in a short address spoke feelingly of Mr. Hale's inherent goodness, of his love of humanity, and of the benign influence he exercised on all that knew him. The body was taken to Mt. Auburn for cremation.

"Le Roi," which, adapted by Mr. Ditrichstein, will be produced at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow, was first performed at the Theatre des Varietes, Paris, April 24, 1908. The cast was as follows: The King, M. Brasseur; Marquis de Chamarande, M. Guy; Blond, Max Dearly; Bourdier, M. Numas; Therese Marnix, Miss Marcelle Lender; Martha Bourdier, Miss Eve Lavalliere; Susette Bourdier, Miss Dieterle. The play was performed 161 times that year. In 1909, when there were various changes in the cast, there were 311 performances. The play was revived at the Varietes in 1912, when there were 69 performances. The 500th performance of the play was on April 3, 1912.

We are indebted to Mr. Wallace Munroe for the following information about the playwrights:

"Caillavet and De Flers for over 15 years were united in dramatic endeavor, so that their art and personalities became so indelibly associated with each other as to make it almost impossible to differentiate which part each author contributed to the composition.

"During the winter of 1915 Barrett H. Clark wrote: 'During the past 14 years these "Twin Stars of Heaven" of light comedy have illuminated the boulevards of Paris and afforded light to most of the theatrical centres of the world. One collaboration recalls another and the closest analogy to the pair in question is that of Meilhac and Halevy. M. de Caillavet told me that these writers were in a manner an inspiration to him and his associate; that they at one time served as their models. He told, in somewhat the following words, the story of that collaboration which, as he expressed it, was the happy outcome of what seemed to him the mingling of "elective affinities": "I wanted to enter the Ecole des Chartes and do historical research work. M. de Flers wished likewise to be a historian, but, as you see, fate decreed otherwise. We first met in 1887 and each felt that the other was destined to be a life-long friend. Meantime we went our respective ways—I became director of revues. The little theatre where these were given was situated on the first floor of the Eiffel Tower. When I worked there I received my first, and in many ways my most valuable, criticism. I had to go up in an elevator with my audience and come down, too. It was during those descents that I heard things about myself and work that I blushed to learn, but I profited by opinions expressed. From little revues I turned my hand to farces, which were produced at the Palais Royal. Meantime de Flers entered the newspaper world; he had also written some short stories and some travel books. In 1900 the time was ripe for us to join forces. In that year we wrote a ballet comic opera, 'Les Travaux d'Hercule,' and had the devil's own time getting it accepted; finally a manager took it as a stop-gap and incidentally made quite a success of it. Our next play, 'Les Sentiers de la Vertu,' was a prose comedy; again we had trouble in getting the play produced, but its production was attended by some degree of success. Then we were on our feet.

"'Like Meilhac and Halevy we have attempted to write satirical comedies in a light vein; they are concerned with political and religious matters at times and are often sentimental or burlesque in character.

"'Until 1907 we were unable to carry our disrespect for things as they are very far into the political field, but since the abolishment of censorship that year we have done what I think is our best work. We respected nothing: Church, state, religious beliefs, or persons, and in 'Le Bois Sacre,' 'Le Habit Vert' and 'Le Roi' we have satired in turn the Legion of Honor, the Academie Francaise and the national custom of entertaining members of royalty who visit Paris. Had the censorship still been in working order these plays would never have been written.

"'De Flers and Caillavet never go too far, they are never so didactic as is Shaw, even in the least pointed of his comedies, 'You Never Can Tell.' Our authors have won their greatest success of late in the field of satire; three of their finest works are political farces. 'Le Bois Sacre,' known in the United States as 'Decorating Clementine,' ridicules the craze for decorations in France. 'Le Roi' is the most uproarious of their satires. Imagine the land of the 'Marseillaise' turned topsy turvy by the arrival of the royal personage, a boulevardier among boulevardiers! King Manuel of Portugal must have been the original."

"Gaston Arman de Caillavet was born March 15, 1870, in Paris, was educated at the Lycee Condorcet, created chevalier of the Legion of Honor and elected commissaire of the Society of Dramatic Authors. He has written and produced 81 plays from his own pen and in collaboration with Flers has written many charming comedies, several of them well known in this country, including 'L'Amour Veille (Love Watches),' 'Miquette et sa Mere' (Miquette), 'L'Evantail' (The Fan), in addition to those already mentioned. He died in defence of his country in 1915.

"Marquis Robert de Flers was born at Pont L'Eveque, France, on Nov. 25, 1872. He, like his colleague, was educated at the Lycee Condorcet, where he received his degree in laws and letters; was elected poet laureate of the French Academy and created chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He has been a successful contributor to Figaro, La Liberte and other prominent publications and is associate editor and dramatic critic on the Figaro—after the assassination of Gaston Calmette by Mme. Caillaux he and Alfred Capus were made editors. He is the author of many books on romance and travel, for which he has been decorated by the French Academy. He is a prolific dramatist. In 1907 he received the Toirac prize of the Academy for 'L'Amour Veille.' He is now a staff officer in the Roumanian army, where he is adding deeds of honor to his triumphs as litterateur.

"Emanuel Arene was born in Ajaccio, Corsica, Jan. 1, 1856; studied at Marseilles, then at Aix and received his degree of law in Paris. He has been a liberal contributor and editorial writer to the Paris Journal, La Republique Francaise and Le Matin. He was elected in his 25th year consul-general of Corsica, for the canton of Zicavo; in to the Paris Journal, La Republique to the Chamber of Deputies and was an ardent champion of the Jules Ferry cabinet measures; re-elected in 1885, he continued his radical devotion to his party to such an extent that he was compelled to fight several duels, in all of which he triumphed. His most successful book is 'Le Dernier Bandit,' and his two best dramatic contributions are 'L'Adversaire,' in association with Capus, and 'Le Roi' (The King), with Caillavet and Flers."

It has been said that the authors of "The Rape of Belgium" are indebted to Paul M. Potter's drama, "The Conquerors," which was produced at the Empire Theatre, New York, on Jan. 4, 1898, with Messrs. Faversham, Backus, Benrino, Wheelock, Finney, Howard, Standing, Crompton and Mmes. Allen, Walsh, Conquest, Robson, Bloodgood and others in the cast. Some may remember that Mr. Potter was bitterly accused of plagiarism at the time; of helping himself with both hands to Sardou's play, "La Haine," Maupassant's stories, "Mlle Fifi," and "Deux Amis." The Dramatic Mirror of Jan. 15, 1898, printed a deadly parallel column showing Mr. Potter's "indebtedness" to Sardou and Maupassant. Mr. Potter's play

showed the brutality of Prussians in the Franco-Prussian war. "The Rape of Belgium" shows the brutality of Prussians since 1914. This brutality seems to be a constant quality. But are the Austrians as gentlemanly as they are portrayed in "The Rape of Belgium"? Italians on the frontier tell a very different tale.

"Baize" Tells How He Heard Jenny Lind

To the Editor of the Herald:

In passing down School street the other day I recalled the only time I heard Jenny Lind sing. At that time the Parker House was not, and its first proprietor, Harvey D. Parker, was still keeping his restaurant in Court square, which was long ago swallowed by ths extension of Young's Hotel. I was then a boy in the Adams grammar school on Mason street, far removed from the graduating class, but I caught the Jenny Lind fever, and I wrote a poem about her on my slste when I should have been doing my sums with considerabls labor. We used slates, which were always more or less greasy, in those days, but they have long since disappeared with my doggerel and the days of my puppy-hood.

I wanted desperately to hear "The Swedish Nightingale," but of course had not at my age the wherewithsl to buy a ticket which would admit me to her serene presence in the Tremont Templs, the original one that had been mads over from the old Tremont Theatre much to the joy of our Baptist brethren. But boys are inventive, the uncle of a chum of mine had a carpenter's shop back of the hall where the diva was to warble, and we came to the conclusion that we could hear if not see the songsters of our youthful dreams. Accordingly, perched upon a bench, where the whistling of a plane made music in the day time, we listened for the first notes here of the lady from over the sea that P. T. Barnum had made almost a saint in public estimation by his persistent and florid advertising. Some of our elders, who had been carried away by our youthful enthusiasm, bore us company and when a voice high and clear csme through the open window we all looked at each other and exclaimed: "Isn't that beautiful!" "Angelic," said one enraptured woman. Still it was difficult to maks a connection with the strains which we caught on the fly, now and then, but we were satisfied to be almost within hailing distance of the musical idol of the hour.

Our excitement was only a shadow of that which existed on Tremont street, where many people thought the "Nightingale" had a mighty voice capable of awakening the slumberers in the vaults of King's Chapel.

The Jenny Lind craze probably exceeded the Fsnny Elssler fever, which I was too young to catch. People stood around the Revere House all day in Bowdoin Square, near the corner of Cambridge street, looking up at the windows of the suite which she was supposed to occupy, ss if they supposed she would give them a glance of her eye, even if she kept her notes to herself to be exchanged for coin of the realm. Later she becsme a bride hsrs at a house in Louisburg square, and thus showed that she loved the Boston that was so devoted to her as a woman and an artist. People who have only passed away within the last decsds or so recalled the time when she sang in the vast hall over the Fitchburg station in this city, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," after an accident that almost resulted in a panic.

How fond we were in those past times of likening distinguished vocalists to feathered songsters! A little later eame Catherine Hayes, "the Irish Thrush," and afterwards a lady of color arrived, who was called "Ths Black Swan." Her name escapes me, but I think it was Greenwood. No vocalist was called "the Skylark," but, perhaps, that designation would have been too suggestive of a stimulating and aromatic morning draught.

I am afraaid we were a little crude in the days of old, the days of gold, the days of forty-nine or thereabouts. I was taken to a concert in my pinsfors days, when a lady performed a pianoforte solo, and after she had concluded a woman beside me exclaimed: "Lord a massy, I thought shs was tuning up to sing, and now she has gone off without letting us know whether she has a voice or a cold in the head."

I am not well enough versed in the history of music to know whether an oratorio was performed ever with theatrical accessories, but I once heard a gentleman say in a public room at my father's inn after a performance of the Handel and Haydn Society at the old Melodeon: "Yes, it was all very well, but how much better it would have been with scenery and costumes." I was only an atom; but I said, Morton like, to myself within myself, "He's only trying to make talk."

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Oratorios wers performed late in the 18th century on the stage with scenery, costumes and action. "Elijah" has had similar performances in this country snd in England. Debussy's "Enfant Prodigue" was written as an oratorio. "The Black Swan" was the nickname of Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield (1808-1876), a Negro singer born in slavery. Catharine Hayes (Mrs. Bushnell) was also known as "The Irish Nightingale." Sho died in 1861. "Her voice was beautiful, but she was an imperfect musician and did not study." Thackeray was roundly abused by her countrymen for choosing as the heroine of his story "Catherine," published in Fraser's Magazine in 1839-40, Catherine Hayes, a woman burned at Tyburn in 1726 for the murder of her husband under peculiarly revolting circumstances.—Ed.

A New Irish Play About Parnell by Lennox Robinson

"The Lost Leader," a play in three acts by Lennox Robinson, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on Feb. 19. In October, 1917, Parnell is still living, but known as Lucius Lenihan, living at his niece's little hotel. She has kept the secret of her "mad" uncle, who had become especially crazy since the rebellion of 1916. "The play does not make it absolutely clear that Mary was sure of his identity at all." Dr. Harper, a discredited mental specialist, turns up to solve the problem. He discusses hypnotism with Smith and Ormsby in the hotel smoking room, and attempts to put Smith, a journalist, asleep by vocal suggestion. Lenihan is overcome by listening. He answers questions and reveals his identity. Smith sees the scoop of his life. The postmistress acquaints the village with the news, for she had telegraphed Smith's story. Interviewers rush to the hotel. Tomas Houlihan, a blind balladist, had known Parnell and protested his existence. He recognizes Lenihan by touch as the lost leader. Word is passed to all the political groups that Parnell will address them at the standingstones at Knockpatrick, Thither Sinn Feiners, Leaguers, Nationalists, a Unionist major, a gombeen man and others repair. The blind singer, in a rich half-prophetic ballad, is prologue to the great event. Then Parnell rises and rends section by section of his audience. He would follow none of them, he says, were he to return to politics now. To the Unionist he utters a parable of the foolish, proud man who will only rise from bed when covering by covering hs has been stripped of clothes and warmth. To the Sinn Feiners he imputes incompleteness of outlook. To the Irish party followers he is overwhelmingly ironical. On the gombeen msn he pours the essence of his wrath. There is recrimination. The impudent gombeen man lunges forward. The blind hallad-man, swept into the argument, makes a great blow with his hurley stick to fell the one who dared insult 'his heart's darling,' Parnell. But ths aim is wild, the chief himself receives the blow, his head is split, and he dies with the message that 'would have saved Ireland within six months' unfinished and only a vague if splendid period about 'England and America, who are making their soul while Ireland hesitates to make hers too' for solution of the story." Ths Stage adds: "There is fine craftsmanship in the play, snd however defective act three and some of act two may be, there is no other dramatist in Ireland who had attempted a great theme so well." Fred O'Donovan took the part of Lenihan, Eric Gorman, that of Smith; W. Earle Grey, that of Harper; Arthur Shields was Houlihan; Maurice Esmonde, the gombeen man, that is, a village money-lender, usurer.

Margaret Anglin has arrsnged with the New York Symphony Orchestra to give a season of Greek plays yearly. Next fall, "Iphigenia in Tauris" and "Agamemnon" will be the plays.

"La Boite a Joujoux," a ballet by André Helle, music by Debussy, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, March 11. "It has a charming story of a French toy soldier who falls in loys with a doll, is wounded on the battlefield (toy battle delightfully done), and retires to a toy Arcadia, where the doll, now a shepherdess, brings him back to health and fortune. The Debussy music brings in sil sorts of old French nursery rhymes—a little 'out of tune' in the Debussy manner—also sprightly treatments of the soldiers' march from 'Faust' and so on." Debussy's music was published for piano in 1913. The volume is a sumptuous one humorously illustrated. Several composers are amusingly distorted. Thus on page 46 there is a queer version of Charles d'Albert's "Sultan's polka." Perhaps here the parody is unconscious.

"Movies," a farce in one act by Thomas King Moylan, was produced at the Empire Theatre, Dublin, on March 4. The Stags said of it:

"Mr. Arthur Sinclair, having opened his Empire season with great success in 'Tactics' last week, followed with another play by the same author. Mr. King Moylan is aircady one of the most prolific writers for the stage in Ireland, and he has a particular talent for the drama of current events. In this farce he hss used the cinema craze to some effect. Darby Spillane, a rich farmer, and clever and designing up to a point, finds himself suddenly surrounded by two swell mobsmen and their accomplice, Signorina Pipperetto, an 'Italian' crook with an intense 'Amurrican' accent. These three, with their film-show outfit, pose as the 'big noises' of a great motion-picture company from 'The States.' They have come hot foot from the local fair, where they had caught sight of Darby coming out of cattle sales, and, overwhelming him now with flattery, they cajole him into acting the Squire in a three-reel affair here on his own land. 'First look ws had at you yesterday Mr. Spillane, we spotted the goods. You are the very face and figure for a star-picture,' says Belton Hereward, movie-producer. The Signorina nods emphasis, Nash Milvale, third conspirator, approves. So Darby signs on, and the fun begins. All the farm hands are in the fooling, the camera buzzes, the reels are speeding on. Lost in visions of dollars, the delight of being screened, and the company of the very delectable Signorina, who is 'the Squire's' partner in the love business of the cinema-drama, Darby Spillane 'falls for' the trick. That mere £450 which he made at the fair will be nothing to the Chaplinesque riches that must follow from this. So to the final screening, when 'The Squire' is bound with ropes while his hay-rick is set on fire and blazes merrily. Wonderful, this cinema business, a windfall surely for Darby and all his laborers and servants thus discovered as movie-actors! But something has gone wrong. The three star originals somehow have vanished. There are alarums and excursions. A maid-servant dashes up to rouse the peasant company from their dream: 'The three of them have run away. They have stolen the £450 out of the house below, jumped on their car, and disappeared.' Darby unropes himself in a paroxysm of disgust. 'Movies,' indeed! It is a merry sketch, with many witty flashes. The Sinclair players ought to do well with it at the halls. The idea is bright; there is plenty of action; many of the situations are genuine farce. The cinema plot within the comedy is, however, explained with too much detail. But that might be remedied by wise cutting. Mr. Sinclair carried off most of the honors."

Laurette Taylor will play Shakespearian parts this spring: Portia, Juliet, Katherine. O. P. Heggie will take the part of Shylock; Jose Ruben, Romeo; Shelley Hull, Petruchio.

Ellen Terry was given a war-time bouquet at the London Collseum. It was a basket containing six new laid eggs and a pound of fresh butter. On her 70th birthday she received a message from Sarah Bernhardt: "A million salutations and compliments to my great sister in art, Ellen Terry. In her the spirit of Britain, our great ally, is at its best. Art owes much to her."

"Romance" was performed for the 1000th time in London on March 11.

Maclyn Arbuckle has brought an action for $100,000 against a firm of tailors. He ststes that he was injured by this advertisement, published by the tailors: "Lack of style—is Maclyn Arbuckle making anything?" Mr. Arbuckl hslieves that this was published maliciously to imply that as an actor his clothes wers without style, and that he was inefficient in his acting.

Cyril Hsrcourt, having returned from France, is writing a war play to be produced in the fall.

Scene—The Baroness ds Beaumont's flat in Victoria street, 8:30 P. M. Characters—Four would-be roulette plsyers and the baroness herself. But ths baroness, in reality is a notorious thief who specializes in "priceless" jewels and has eluded the police of many cspitals. And so her visitors, two of whom give a lamentable display of poltroonery, while another exhibits such imperturbable coolness thst one assumes his knowledge of the bsroness' identity, find themselves trspped and ordered to stand and deliver. The poltroons comply. But their imperturbable compsnion refuses to disgorge, and you are not in the least surprised when, just as his amiable hostess is preparing her escape, he fastens a pair of handcuffs on her delicats wrists. Of such crudely melodramatic, artificial stuff is "The Trap" made, and why so skilled a craftsman as Mr. Alfred Sutro should have tried to excite us with it one would find it hard to say. Even such clever and experienced players as Mr. Herbert Waring and Miss Miriam Lewes could do little with it at the Coliseum yesterday, but both did their best.—London Daily Telegraph, March 12.

"The Dead City" is by no means a pleasant or a cheerful play; but one came away feeling the richer for the wealth of poetry it contains.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 26.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle wrote on March 1: "Mlle. Suzy Depsy, a handsome young actress, who was lately appearing at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in 'Les Nouveaux Riches,' has been arrested on charges similar to those which led to the condemnation and death of Vata Hari, the erstwhile celebrated snake dancer. Mlle. Suzy Depsy's arrest dates from last Friday, but the censor's vigilance prevented its announcement until today. It was effected in the sumptuous flat shs occupied on the first floor of a mansion in a fashionable district. At the same time the police laid hands on M. Emile Guilliet, legal husband of the actress, who occupied a flat on the fifth floor of the same building, communicating with his wife's apartment by telephone. Three other persons implicated in the case have also been incarcerated on charges of treason, namely, M. Maurice Tremblez, a banker, who was captured at his Brittany castle near Quimperle, and who was formerly associated with enemy financiers such as Rosenberg and Marculiss; M. Louis Brodin, a Parisian accountant; and M. Henry Gay, an antiquarian at Dijon. Rumors of the arrest of a Parisian actress for treason had been current for some time, and several names were whispered in professional circles. The first printed hinting that Mlle. Suzy Depsy was the stage beauty involved was a brief paragraph in last Sunday's Temps, stating that she had not appeared that afternoon at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt in the role of Marion Delorne. Inquiries about her elicited the statement that she was unwell, and had gone to the country for a few days. As a matter of fact, she had been languishing in a cell at the Saint Lazare prison for 48 hours. Her husband, who is 10 years her senior, is described as an orthopedist, and formerly a chemist, in which capacity he is said to have got into difficulties concerning dealings in narcotics. For some time afterwards he is stated to have acted as manager for Marcel Moreau, Sam MacVea and other boxers.

Despite the greatest war in the history of the world some of the Paris theatres took in more money at the box office in 1917 than in 1913, the year before the war began. Others about held their own, while some showed a decrease. The receipts of the Odeon for 1913 totalled 871,557 francs; for 1917 they reached 1,153,254 francs. The Ambigu, which had received 622,006 francs in 1913, reached 675,971 francs last year. The Antoine figures for 1913 were 1,012,944 francs; for 1917, 1,202,743 francs. On ths other hand, the Opera Comique's receipts fell from 2,948,732 francs in 1913 to 2,503,744 francs for 1917, and many others suffered similarly. The Comedie Francaise was second with 1,711,997 francs, and the Chatelet finished third with a total of 1,543,576 francs. Receipts of the Antoine, Odeon, Palais Royal, Opera, Porte St. Martin, Varietes, Sarah Bernhardt and Gymnase were in the order named. It must be said in favor of the Opera, however, that it has been running under a handicap, as it had fewer starts than the others, averaging only three to four performances per week. One reason advanced for this prosperity is that the prices for seats were greatly increased in 1917. Besides, the floating population of Paris has greatly increased.—Associated Press, Feb. 13.

Graphic Music for the Piano; Other Musical Notes

Controversy has raged for a long time over the graphic possibilities of music, and, like most controversy, it has been fairly barren of result. Only the other day a musician of some eminence was heard (by the writer) girding at ths modern symphonic poem because, without the necessary key, no listener could reconstruct the underlying program. With a meretricious semblance of plausibility, the argument is yet entirely fallacious. One might as well object to a picture illustrative of, say, "La belle dame sans merci," on the ground that no one who did not know it could rewrite Keats's poem after a study of the canvas. All composers cannot be, like Mozart, masters of absolute music; and, fortunately, knowing this, they will continually flout the opposing theories by devising tonal illustrations of actual scenes and fancies. Many of them, luckily, do it very well, and among the most successful is Mr. Gabriel Grovlez, whose six piano pieces called "A Child's Garden," have just been issued by Messrs. J. and W. Chester. Mr. Groviez has two characteristics which are very seldom found together. To an unusual modernism he unites a rare capacity for being simple. The wise teacher, therefore, who does not hug the not uncommon delusion that modern harmony reached its final development in Mendelssohn, will hasten to buy copies of this album and distribute them freely among his pupils. For the six pieces are quite easy to play, they are genuinely pictorial, they will stimulate the immature fancy and lead it to see visions and to dream dreams, and they will tend to dispel any notions of finality as to the maxims enshrined in the average primer on harmony. Another interesting album issued by the same firm is Mr. Gerald Tyrrwhitt's "Three Little Funeral Marches." Like M. Groviez, Mr. Tyrrwhitt is pictorial, but, unlike his rival, he is confessedly humorous and not at all simple. The three marches in the book are headed, respectively, "For a Statesman," "For a Canary," "For a Rich Aunt." The first is described as appropriate to the solemn inanity of an official funeral on a rainy day, for (says Mr. Tyrrwhitt or his publisher) it invariably rains on those occasions. It is an admirable portrayal in terms of music of "the mourning that smells of camphor." The Canary march may be left (to adopt a hackneyed phrase) to speak for itself. Its pendant is a delicious piece of musical jocosity which the composer sums up in the words "At last! Now we shall be able to keep a motor." Recital-givers might do worse than give an eye to these marches. Many, if not most, of their programs stand in sore need of fresh and enlivening elements.—London Daily Telegraph.

In their praiseworthy effort to find new things to please people the London String Quartet yesterday played Stravinsky's Pribaoutki, four "funny songs." About the composition of these there is little to be said except that those who maintain that music expresses emotion must be prepared to stand by their faith and allow that when the emotion is beautifully ugly the music may be

[illegible] the per-formance two things can be said: that the players had great trouble in getting the tunes to go at all, and it went, and without a smile on their faces; and that Miss Olga Haley was the ideal person to sing the songs. She put into them a power of good humor and high spirits, and performed prodigies in finding her note more than once where the instrumental part not only gave no help but did its best to defeat her.—London Times, Feb. 23.

The mystery about Stravinsky's music

[illegible], however much his methods may [illegible] the conventional musician, the effects he has planned almost invariably "come off." In his Pribautki there is much to cause the academic [illegible] to writhe in his chair, but even he cannot deny that the humor tells. The success of the performance was beyond all question.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sir Henry Wood did wonders in giving a clear performance of the Brahms symphony in F, but the stream of monotonous scoring made the music seem dull, in spite of its constructive interest.—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 25.

Davies's Quartet, Brahms's G minor pianoforte quartet, and Mr. Davis's Variations on the "Londonderry Air" were played at the Aeolian Hall yesterday, and Mrs. Hobday played Schumann's "Carnaval." When Ravel is played without exaggeration, so that the rhythms come out clearly by their intrinsic impetus and the melodies dovetail into one another with no trace of effort, this quartet is one of the finest things in modern music. With Brahms emphasis is needed to set the structure in the right light, and a little exaggeration may be a fault on the right side. This lies chiefly with the pianist, and Mrs. Hobday's decisive marking of the rhythm helped the last movement, where the strings, perhaps a little weary of well doing, had degenerated into the tone of the Hungarian dances for orchestra. "Londonderry" has had the misfortune that waits on popularity: since Parry pointed out a quarter of a century ago that it was a good tune it has been much set; it now has been borrowed for a popular song, and it will soon suffer dysthanasia on the barrel organ. Mr. Davis has taken a minor cadence for his version, possibly more authentic and not less beautiful.—London Times, March 2.

Most of us have had more than our fill of ragtime. But it was rather quaint to find a critic of "The Lilac Domino" remarking that "at last those of us who were looking with some trepidation upon the future of transatlantic light music can breathe in hope." The point, of course, is that the composer of "The Lilac Domino's" quite charming score is American neither by birth, descent nor adoption. In fact, we believe that Charles Cuvillier has never even been to America. But, in any case, this young Frenchman (who is "doing his bit" in the French trenches) is as Gallic as the very delightful music he has given to the Empire's operetta. Since "Veronique" no prettier light music has been heard in London, and it is pleasant to learn that Cuvillier's "Afgar," which achieved a great success in Paris a year or two ago, has been secured by Mr. Charles B. Cochran, who hopes to produce it before long.—London Daily Telegraph.

Mr. Benjamin Dale, one of our most brilliant young composers, who has had the misfortune to be interned at Ruhleben—he was visiting Bayreuth when war broke out—is busy writing a symphony. Mr. Dale was, before the war, looked upon as the most promising of our younger generation of musicians. The fine piano sonata with which at the age of 19 he won the Hambourg prize a few years ago is considered by many judges to be the most remarkable work of its kind written in recent years, and his suite for viola and orchestra, which Nikisch produced at a Philharmonic concert six years ago, has attracted very favorable notice on the continent, where it has been performed in several big towns.—London Daily Chronicle.

The chamber music of Mr. Eugene Goossens has been played, as to the "Two Sketches" and the Musset songs, by the Sociedad Nacional de Musica in Madrid; as to the charming "Holiday Impressions" by the Societa Italiana di Musica Moderna in Rome and as to the aforesaid "Two Sketches" by the Zoellner Quartet in New York and Boston.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, speaking at the Royal Institution on "War music, past and present," said: "I conducted my 'Britannia' overture for the first time in Liverpool on the evening of the day when the Kaiser sent his unfortunate congratulatory telegram to President Kruger. My piece was made the vehicle of a vigorous public protest, and it was played twice and was demanded a third time. A fortnight later it was to have been played in Dusseldorf, but the authorities announced it to be 'verboten'—an honour I shall continue to keep in memory."

Toro Hwass, a pianist who made England her home for nearly 20 years, has died recently in Stockholm. Returning to Sweden in 1916, she was a very outspoken supporter of the allied cause. Her occasional recitals in London revealed a player of great refinement and arresting personality. She will be missed by a large circle of friends and admirers

[illegible] another distinguished [illegible] Emil Sjogren, who died about a week ago.

Milton Wellings, once well known as a successful ballad composer, has been admitted to Charing Cross Hospital suffering from lung trouble.

Letters received in London from Safonoff shortly before his death told how he and one of his sons were giving in the Caucasus a cycle of Beethoven concerts with a "meagre" orchestra of 40. He said the concerts were a great success in spite of the neighboring anarchy.

The London Times says it is impossible to be indifferent toward "Madama Butterfly." "One understands equally the attitude of those who will never miss an opportunity of hearing it and of those who would never go if they could help it. For there is a hard quality in Puccini's music which, if it does not capture the listener body and soul, merely disgusts him."

A correspondent who describes himself as a more or less regular concert-goer calls our attention to the growing practice of starting concerts and recitals at a late hour of the afternoon—5:30 or 5.45—and asks our opinion as to whether there is likely to be any considerable body of the musical public in favor of that comparatively recent innovation. The point he raises seems well worth a little inquiry. But, even without taking a plebiscite, it would be pretty safe to affirm that the hour mentioned for concert giving cannot possibly meet the convenience of anything like a majority of the public. At the best it amounts to a questionable compromise between an afternoon performance and an evening one. The majority of folk are just about finishing their day's work between 5 and 6, and how many of them, one wonders, feel inclined to rush off at once to listen to music, good or otherwise. And all alike, toilers and the few whose time is their own, must surely—particularly in the winter months—prefer the fireside afternoon tea to concert going. There may be a few exceptions, but if, as we believe, the majority subscribe to the view indicated, their wishes should certainly not be disregarded. The idea of these late afternoon concerts—of which, we notice, some three or four are announced for next week—originally was to enable people to get home without fear of raids. But if musical entertainments at such an hour really supplied a public want, is it not reasonable to assume that our theatre managers, who are not lacking in enterprise, would have awakened to the fact ere now and tried a similar new departure? The plain truth is that the public, save for a night or two at most immediately following a raid, are not in the least deterred from going to any entertainment they really want to see. If you doubt it, try to book seats at the last moment for any of the really successful plays now running in London. Most of the theatres, as a fact, are doing a roaring business. But how many of them would be crowded if managers rang up the curtain at 5 or 5:30 in the afternoon?—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

Sunday—Boston Opera House, 3 P. M. Concert by Mr. Ciccolini, tenor; Mr Henrotte, violinist, and Mr. Fabbrini, pianist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Recital by Jasha Heifetz, violinist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Gounod's "Redemption" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

Tuesday—Symphony Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Schumann, Phantasie in C major, Op. 17; Chopin, Mazurka, B minor; Nocturne in G major; Ballade, A-flat major; Etudes, E major, Op 10, No. 3; C major, No. 7; Prelude, G major; Preludes, D-flat major; B-flat minor; Schumann, Carnaval.

Wed. Tremont Temple, 8 P. M. Concert by Mme. Scotney, soprano; Howard White, bass-baritone, and others.

Thursday—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert by the Sedalia Singers, assisted by Roland B. Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

Friday—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Twentieth concert (A) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Ernst Schmidt, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Twentieth concert (B) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Ernst Schmidt, conductor. See special notice.

April 1 1918

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

In Memoriam

The life of Edward Hale was simple and beneficent.

When he studied at Phillips Exeter and at Harvard he had no thought of becoming a clergyman. He stood high in his class because it was his habit to be industrious and thorough. He never was unduly, jealously ambitious. Prominence in scholarship was merely an incident in the day's work. At Harvard he enjoyed acting in the Hasty Pudding theatricals. The Advocate and the Lampoon took some of his time as editor and contributor. Although he was not physically strong, among his closest friends were heroes of the ball field and the crew, for if he ever envied any man it was on account of that man's athletic ability to serve the university and give it glory.

After he was graduated in the class of '79 he lived for two years or more in Rome. He loved Italy, the Italians, their language; he revelled in Italian opera. For a time he thought of becoming a singer. His good sense told him that he was not by nature fitted for this calling. As a boy he delighted in planning dwelling houses, buildings of all kinds, so it was not surprising that on his return to this country he entered the office of H. H. Richardson, purposing to be an architect.

The death of his mother turned him from this purpose. He then felt it his duty to do good. To him the surest way of helping mankind was to be a clergyman. An independent thinker, not impressed by creeds, he believed he could have greater liberty of thought and a freer activity as a Unitarian than in other churches. The associate of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, later having his own parish in East Orange, N. J., he was the pastor of the First Church in Chestnut Hill for about 20 years. His sermons were short, practical, inspiring. He had the gift of extemporaneous preaching; he had the rarer gift of knowing when he had said all that he had to say.

By his personal character, by his love of humanity, he exerted a still greater influence in his daily walk and conversation than by the words spoken from the pulpit. It was finely said of him that he "radiated" goodness. This radiation was unconscious, never priggish, never professionally ministerial. He was unfailingly sympathetic. His heart went out to the perplexed, the doubting, the sorrowing, whatever their station in life. Men and women of all classes and conditions confided in him. He was at ease with college president, banker, street car conductor, day laborer. They were all at ease with him. The famous line of Terence was eminently true of this modest man whose interest and kindness of heart were instinctive.

A New Englander of the eighth generation, he had freed himself from the cramping traditions and narrow prejudices of this region. No doubt his life in Italy had taught him that there was a wider horizon than that of Boston or Cambridge. In clearness of thought, in quickness of perception, in logical conclusions and in conciseness of expression his mind was Gallic. He had the saving grace of humor; nor was gentle irony unknown to him. Abhorring cant and snobbery, he was amused by them, not indecorously indignant. His nature was emotional, yet there was a streak of stoicism in him. This stoicism was with regard only to his own trials and sorrows. Disappointed more than once by acts of injustice when he had a right to expect generous consideration, he was silent, or he would dismiss the matter with a jest. A great grief darkened his latter years, but it was not allowed to sadden others. The keener his grief, the more helpful was he to all. To be of use to men and women, to cheer and console them was his mission in life; it was his life. The memory of his words and deeds will long be helpful to many now that he is dead.

He had hoped when he was 60 years old to have abundant time for reading, for writing—his literary ability was conspicuous; he had even thought of returning to architecture. (The house he lived in was of his own design.) Not that he was weary of ministerial duties, but he thought in his modesty that his church would be weary of him by that time. He was 60 years old on the 22d of last February. What he had looked forward to was not to be. What he feared—that he would be a burden on the church he loved—was groundless.

If anyone during his life had written about him as I have written, he would have been vexed; yet he must have known that he was loved by troops of friends. If they had put their affection into words, he would have laughingly chided them for their extravagance: he was emotional, but sane, not sentimental.

What is to be said, now that only the sweet memory of him and the example set by him remain, but to utter the final words:

"Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale."

"In perpetuum"? So Catullus cried out in his despair; but some of us, even in this materialistic age, may exclaim with confidence:

[illegible] by which [illegible] ore
[illegible] thou now. For that force,
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere [illegible]
In the sounding labor house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!
Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!

CICCOLINI SINGS AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Henrotte, Violinist, and Fabbrini, Pianist, Assist

Guido Ciccolini, tenor, assisted by Pierre Henrotte, violinist, and Guiseppe Fabbrini, pianist, gave a concert at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. The program included songs by Giordani, Paisiello, Scarlotti and others, "Una Furtiva Lagrima" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," the Flower Song from Bizet's "Carmen," and "Le Reve," from Massenet's "Nanon," violin pieces by Mendelssohn, Massenet, Bach and Bazzini, and piano pieces by Liszt, Debussy and Fabbrini.

Mr. Ciccolini made his first appearance here in October, 1914, at the Boston Theatre as Rodolfo in "La Boheme," with the Boston Theatre Opera Company. He then displayed a fine voice with sonorous upper tones that caught the house, but no great skill as a singer. Yesterday his tones were often throaty, poorly produced and indifferent control of breath was disastrous to smooth and polished phrasing. This was particularly noticeable in the songs by Giordani, Paisiello and Scarlotti, which were sung in a straightforward manner, with little finesse. In the operatic airs the tenor was more at home.

Mr. Henrotte, a capable violinist, and Mr. Fabbrini, a vigorous pianist, lent variety to the program.

HEIFETZ GIVES HIS FINAL RECITAL

Jascha Heifetz gave his third and last violin recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Andre Benoist was the pianist. The program was as follows: Achron, Preludes, Sicilienne; Gavotte and Gigue, from the First Suite en Style Ancien; Mozart, Concerto in A Major; Beethoven, Romanze in G Major; Porpora-Kreisler, Menuet; Tschaikowsky, Melodie; Wieniawski, Scherzo-Tarantelle; Paganini, I Palpiti.

Josef Achron, violinist and composer, is a Russian. His suite is graceful music, in which he has reproduced an old-world style, successfully maintaining the flavor. The other numbers on the program were familiar. The extraordinarily gifted young violinist again displayed superb technic and consummate art as an interpreter. There was a large audience.

Handel and Haydn Society Wins New Laurels in "The Redemption"

"The Redemption," in its 10th production by the Handel and Haydn Society, found practically all seats at Symphony Hall filled last night by an Easter crowd of music lovers. While the opportunities of the soloist are somewhat limited in Gounod's lyrical story of the Passion, the Resurrection and Ascension and the Pentecost, Mme. Hudson-Alexander, in splendid voice, bowed repeatedly to applause, particularly at the close of "From Thy Love as a Father." Edith B. Whitcomb, soprano; Minerva Komenarski, whose voice was new to many of the audience; Lambert Murphy, tenor; Earle Cartwright, baritone, and Frederic Martin, bass, had the other solo parts of the piece.

Conductor Emil Mollenhauer scored a triumph in his handling of the great chorus of over 300 selected voices and the Boston Festival Orchestra, his efforts receiving unstinted approval. The concert was rated as among the most successful of the local musical season.

April 2 1918

The London Daily Chronicle has discovered that the term "highbrow," now heard in England, is not a recent exportation from this country. "It is to be found in the pages of a curious and entertaining little volume published in Edinburgh in the year 1720, entitled 'The Rules of Good Deportment.' One of the profound utterances of the author of this work runs as follows: 'A highbrow or proud behaviour, whether in gesture or speech, is insupportable clownishness.'"

The Bird as Prophet

As the World Wags: Now that Gen. Haig has his spring ploughing well in hand and recent stress upon our minds is thus relieved, we of the farms are taking up our labors and avocations once more, and it occurs to me that the relation of an episode of recent occurrence and high portentous quality may serve to reassure any of your many readers whose courage may have become a bit unscrewed from the sticking point during recent days.

...ie tations of the food adm... to "raise more turkeys" and did ... to the number of two, which, though barely in the pl ra, was two more than I had ever raised before. They prospered during the hard winter in spite of zero weather and the high cost of feeding, and it was a very fine turkey cock indeed which promenaded the snow drifts when skies were fair.

Then came the 17th day of March, sacred to St. Patrick and the evacuation of Boston, and when on the morning of that day I approached the strutting and inflated monster, lo, the iridescent plumage of his swelling bosom was green as the greenest shamrock of Auld Ireland and his wattles bright with the red, white and blue of our country's blazonry.

What could it mean but home rule and victory to our arms!

There has been talk about the unquestionable right of the turkey as a native son, brave and beautiful, to be our national bird rather than the eagle, bold of head, white feathers in his tail, but it has come to nothing. If such patriotic and inspiring phenomena are common to it, what further argument is necessary? ABEL ADAMS.

Hillsboro County, N. H.

A Matter of Time

As the World Wags:

The talk about the change in time reminds the gray heads (the gray beards vanished with front yards and dairy butter and stockings) of the day when many good folks thought the change from sun to standard, the time of today, a direct flying in the face of Providence. Then clocks in Portland were set back 19 minutes, but many households kept two times for years. Aunt Betsey always liked to get dinner out of the way early, and the change in time only called the men the earlier from the field; but Uncle George thanked heaven she couldn't interfere with the sunset. In Grandfather Piper's kitchen the sacred tall clock ticked off the minutes and proclaimed the hours 19 minutes before the more modern timepiece in the dining room until grandfather no longer wound up the great leaden weights, and the key with his other possessions passed into younger hands. Of course seafaring people are guided more or less by the sun in their estimate of time. Ask a man on a road along the coast the time o' day, and though he may consult his watch he is pretty sure to turn a half-closed eye skyward; but the new time put noon marks on door-stools and window-sills out of date. Payson Tucker was then the genial and efficient superintendent of the Maine Central road. Many a good citizen laid the sin of delaying time at his door. It was hard for the city of Bath as a whole to subject herself to the new schedule. A luckless wight one day asking the time was transfixed with a stony glare and the awful query, "What time d'ye mean, God A'mighty's or Payson Tucker's?"

Portland, Me. A. H.

Chouse

As the World Wags:

We rarely see in print nowadays the word "chouse," meaning "to defraud"; it is of Turkish origin and is derived from the name of an officer of the Turkish embassy, who cheated London merchants to a large amount, in the time of James I. It is in more come common use in England than in our country, but when I was a boy, I heard it frequently used both at school and in ordinary conversation. The word is not "slang," but a word in good standing and used in polite society.

JOSEPH MATTHEW SULLIVAN.

Boston.

This derivation is disputed. We quote the Oxford Dictionary: "As to the origin of the English use, Gifford (1814), in a note on the quotation from Ben Jonson, says, 'In 1609 Sir Robert Shirley sent a messenger or chiaus to this country, as his agent from the Grand Signior and the Sophy to transact some preparatory business.' The latter 'chiaused the Turkish and Persian merchants of £4000' and decamped. But no trace of this incident has yet been found outside of Gifford's note, it was unknown to Peter Whalley, a previous editor of Ben Jonson, 1756; also to Skinner, Henshaw, Dr. Johnson, Todd and others who discussed the history of the word. Yet most of these recognized the likeness of chouse to the Turkish word, which Henshaw even proposed as the etymon on the ground that the Turkish chiaus 'is little better than a fool.' Gifford's note must therefore be taken with reserve." At Eton the commoner sense of "chouse" is a shame, an imposition.—Ed.

Amie 3/9/18

Ditrichstein, in "The King,"

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The King," a comedy in three acts, adapted from "Le Roi," a play in four acts by Caillavet, Flers and Arene, which was produced at the Varieties, Paris, on April 24, 1908. The adaptation was produced in Cleveland, O., Nov. 5, 1917.

Serge IV....................Leo Ditrichstein
Lelorrain....................Ben Johnson
Langlois, Minister of Justice. Walter Howe
Cormeau, Minister of Commerce....John Bedouin
Marquis De Chamarande...A. G. Andrews
Vicomte De Chamarande..Phillips Tead
Blond....................Frizt Williams
Bourdier....................Robert McWade
Rivolet....................Wm. H. Powell
Rudini....................Wm. Ricciardi
General Castel-Trepeau....Arthur Vincent
Madame Castel-Trepeau. Sibylla Mountjoy
Archbishop of Evreaux...Louis Mountjoy
Zdenko....................Alexis Polianov
Therese Marnix....................Betty Callish
Marthe Bourdier........Dorothy Mortimer
Susette Bourdier..........Miriam Doyle
Georgette Delaunay....Cora Witherspoon
Francine L'Egard..........Pauline Smith

The French play is recklessly satirical. Socialism, political ministers, the aristocracy, the respect paid by the Republic to any visiting monarch, these are the targets for the shafts of wit shot unerringly by the dramatists. When the comedy was produced in 1908, political personages were freely named as two of the chief characters on the stage: Pelletan, the Minister of Marine, and Berteaux, who very rich, yet professing socialism, was Minister of War. The visiting King of Cerdagne—not Moldavia—does not enter until the second act. The chief person in the play is Bourdier. Socialism is chaffed from the beginning to the end.

Mr. Ditrichstein, adapting the comedy, inevitably made himself the leading figure. The first act, a most amusing one, is ruthlessly cut down. The part of Blond, irresistibly funny in the original—it was played by Max Dearly—has lost nearly all of its importance. This is a pity, for his absurd speeches in his various disguises—witness his first meeting with Bourdier and the long scene in which he masquerades as a hair-dresser—are delightful. The adaptor has not improved the scene at the end of his second act where Bourdier's wife easily abandons herself to the King, crying exultingly, in the original, "J'ai la feve," to which the King answers, as he had answered Therese: "Ah! que j'aime la France!"

Fortunately much of the original dia-lcg ie has been preserved. The story itself matters little. A king, visiting Paris, meets an actress whom he had known before. She has been the mistress of a marquis, but is now the mistress of the Socialist Bourdier. She persuades the king to be the guest of Bourdier instead of the marquis. The king meets Bourdier's second and pretty young wife, who had been a light skirt before her marriage. (The part of the wife has been greatly cut to the injury of the play, a loss also to the audience.) The king cannot resist temptation. Bourdier is wronged as he was wronged by the king's visit to Therese. He will have revenge, but is assured that he should feel honored by the royal and gracious condescension. He is offered a position in the cabinet. Through the wife's influence a commercial treaty is signed by the monarch, who at the end expresses his gratification to the guests that in a republic a man can through merit alone gain the highest position in affairs of state.

Even as the play stands in English, it is most entertaining. Consideration of certain scenes, witty encounters, and the prevailing satire must be deferred until Sunday, for space is now limited. The company acts intelligently, briskly, with even excellence, though we cannot wholly accept Mr. McWade's conception of Bourdier. Mr. Ditrichstein is admirably suited to the part of the King. He is graceful, quietly humorous; he is distinguished, delicate in scenes that might be coarse; he is dignified as a king in the presence of men that should be impressed, he is very human with the actress and the wife. Miss Morton is roguishly charming as the latter, reminding one of Arthur Macy's verses questioning whether the woman he described were naive or fly. Miss Callish and Mr. Williams have parts that have been pared down until they are almost pale. Mr. Williams makes the most of his. It is not easy to see in Miss Callish's Therese the brilliant actress who charmed both the marquis and the millionaire Socialist. Messrs. Johnson and Andrews deserve more than passing attention. The minor parts were capitally acted, especially that of Rudini, played by Mr. Ricciardi. The play is handsomely staged. A large audience laughed heartily.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin." A play in four acts by Booth Tarkington and J lian Street. First performance in Boston.

Mrs. Howitt....................Julia Stuart
Eleanor Howitt....................Beatrice Nayes
Sam Wilson....................Donald Gallaher
Nancy Price....................Alexandra Carlisle
George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3d...Alfred Lunt
Stanley Howitt....................John Harwood
Athalie Wainwright....................Louise Prussing
Mrs. Jane Kinney....................Eleanor Gordon
Cyril Kinney....................Donald Sawyer
Mrs. M ad Howitt....................Clara Blandick
Archie Gore....................Charles Mackay
Pruitt....................Gus Heege, Jr.
Blake....................Albert Tavernier

This comedy was first given in Chicago early in 1916 as "The Ohio Lady," with Mary Nash in the title role. Removed for revision, it emerged with its present title and Miss Alexandra Carlisle as Nancy Price at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in April, 1917. The first performance in New York took place the following September at the Gayety Theatre.

The play recalls the pieces in which his admirers delight to see William Hodge. The virtuous West and the odious East are in conflict for the possession of an innocent ingenue heiress. The West triumphs, thanks to a sensible middle-aged cousin, Nancy Price, from Centreville, O., who braves Eleanor's divorced father and his new and giddy wife raised to opulence through Eleanor's fortune, rescues the young girl and restores her to the protection of a boyish suitor, Sam Wilson, also from the home town, who appears upon the eastern horizon at the psychological moment.

For dramatic purposes the playwrights have emphasized the contrast between life in Ohio and in the East to the utmost. Thus they are not always faithful to the truth. No doubt some natives of Ohio have their little weaknesses. However frivolous the behavoir at house parties in the East it would hardly be thought good form for a youthful member of a dinner party on board a yacht to tickle his hostess' back, nor would he be violently assaulted for his familiarity in the very face of the lady's husband by another guest with whom her relations, it is inferred, have been indiscreet. In spite of the luridly theatrical easterners there is good material in the comedy. This might easily be compressed into three acts.

Miss Carlisle, a well graced and charming actress, plays the title role with infinite resourcefulness, elegance and quaint humor. Her scenes with the pompous ass, George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3rd, are amusing, and his reformation is deftly accomplished. The most conspicuous member of the supporting cast is Alfred Lunt, once a valuable member of John Craig's forces at the Castle Square Theatre. His George is excellent, bland, bored, accustomed to feminine adoration, then suddenly awakened to reality, eager to improve. Mr. Gallaher's Sam Wilson was a convincing bit of rural realism. Other members of the cast were capable.

An audience of good size recalled Miss Carlisle many times, and she expressed customary thanks.

The first performance in Boston of "Getting Together," a war play in three acts and seven scenes, by Maj. Beith (Ian Hay), was given a good reception at the Majestic last night.

The cast is as follows:

Orrin Palmer....................Holbrook Blinn
A Servant....................Edwin Taylor
Mrs. Palmer....................Blanche Bates
Edward Wadsworth......William Roselle
Warrant Officer.....Harrison Brockbank
Lt Gitz Rice
Lt. Gitz Rice (1st Canadian Contingent)
Sergeant Atkins..........Percival Knight
Santa Claus..........Harrison Brockbank
Death..........Private Charles Francis
War Tank Officer
Sergt. L. Shannon Cormack
British Surgeon....Private Charles Francis
Miss Fletcher..........Dorothy Knight
A Waitress..........Suzanne Feday

Mayor and Mrs. Peters occupied a box and had as guests Vincent Club girls, attired in Red Cross uniforms. They sold programs before the performance. Brig.-Gen. John A. Johnston and Capt. William R. Rush, commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, also occupied boxes.

This company is to make a tour of the principal cities of the United States under the auspices of the British-Canadian recruiting mission. The proceeds of the performances will be distributed among the various charities of the allied governments. It is interesting to note, according to the speech of Holbrook Blinn last evening, that the entire cost of production was cleared in the one week's engagement just concluded in New York city.

This play was performed for the first time at Albany, N. Y., March 11, 1918. Blanche Bates, Holbrook Blinn, Percival Knight, Harrison Brockbank, Lt. Gitz Rice and William Mosaelle were then seen in the roles they played last evening.

The story is simple. The Palmers are drifting apart, and Mrs. Palmer is becoming interested elsewhere. Their talk is vitriolic. Palmer, unknown to his wife, secures a captain's commission, and his wife, who is interested in war propaganda, gets a fleeting glimpse of him in the uniform. Her love is quickly rekindled, but the husband has gone. Wounded later in the war, his life is saved by his rival. Completely recovered, he comes to the mission of Mrs. Palmer in a French village. They are happily reunited.

Varied and Delightful Program at Keith's

There has seldom been a program at B. F. Keith's Theatre that offers such variety as that which began a week's stay last night. Heading the bill is Grace La Rue. She has more charm, intelligence and voice than ever. She is long over her soubrette days; there are few women in the theatre who equal her in artistry. She can give points to most singers in her clear diction—you can get every word. She sings a group of new songs—among them Mrs. Hartmann's "Somewhere in France," heard in Boston for the first time. She does best with good music; she wears, as usual, beautiful gowns, designed by herself, and she knows what art in clothes is.

Scarcely second in popularity to Miss La Rue was Miss Venita Gould, who made her Boston debut last night. Her impressions of noted stage folk are unusually good, and she is easily in the very front rank of intelligent mimics. Joyce, West and Moran wore marvelous clothes; Fink's mules made a regular rough-house act that pleased because it differed from the usual animal turns which many people dislike; the attempt to ride the kicking mule was a "scream."

Imhof, Conn and Coreene gave an amusing skit in which Mr. Conn did a brilliant piece of character acting, better by far than such things go in vaudeville. An ambitious affair was "Camouflage," a play of counterfeiters and the police, but the utter improbability of its surprises robbed it of much of the effect it was designed to create. Still, as an example of amazing stage mechanics, the play, with its melting walls, periscope closet, and mysterious signals, gave many a thrill. The Mystic Hanson Trio, in a patriotic black art novelty; Guiran and Newell, in acrobatic dances, and Gadner and Hartman, in talk that was amusing if vulgar, completed the bill—if any Keith bill can be called complete without the Hearst-Pathe news picture, which everybody enjoys.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The George M. Cohan Revue," described by the program as a musical conglomeration in two acts; book by George M. Cohan; music by Irving Berlin and George M. Cohan; produced at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York on Dec. 31, 1917, was presented for the first time in Boston last night. Mr. Cohan occupied a stage box and as a result the performance went with a snap and a bang remarkable even in a Cohan show, which invariably possesses just those properties.

The principals include Nora Bayes, Charles Winninger, Charles Dow Clark, Irving Fisher, Frederick Santley, Al and Fanny Stedman, Paul Nicholson, Lila Rhodes, Sydney Jarvis, Lou Leckett, Jessica Brown, Hansford Wilson, Eleanor Henry, Phil White, Paul E. Burns, Arthur Hill, J. Bernard Dyllyn, Lew Cooper, Bert Dunlop. There are a half-score of deep-throated chorus men; the rest are girls, pretty, vivacious and of varied charms.

This revue is the third staged by Mr. Cohan. Like its predecessors it hits off in verse, speech, characterization and settings various plays and players of the current season. With David Belasco and the Hindoo soothsayer from "The Eyes of Youth," to start the travesties, the action rapidly embraces such pieces, unknown to Boston for the most part, as "Polly with a Past," "Tiger Rose," "Business Before Pleasure," "The King," "Chu Chin Chow" and "A Tailor-Made Man." In the last-named, Mr. Cohan repeats the trick of rag-timing the dialogue, as he did more successfully in the famous courtroom scene of "Common Clay" three seasons ago. The remainder of the entertainment is a hodge-podge of extravaganza, comedy, melodrama, simply phrased but snappy melody, and girls. The settings are massive in several instances, as those of "Theatre Alley," "The Slave Market," "The Music Room," in sheer black and white bars and notes, and the Red Cross pavilion at the close, to introduce Mr. Cohan's new war song, "Their Hearts Are Over Here."

From a musical viewpoint there is little to choose between Mr. Cohan and Mr. Berlin. Numerically, the former dominates, but the composer of "Alexander's Rag-time Band" has one excellent inning with "The Wedding of Words and Music," in which he rags Mendelssohn's immortal "Spring Song" with impish skill.

Miss Bayes, with her volatile ways, her resonant voice, her tireless efforts in song and speech, was most effective in injecting "pep" into the performance. Her impersonations of Ina Claire and of Florence Reed showed artistry; her songs, "Regretful Blues" and "Who Do You Love?" the latter, with Mr. Fisher, showed her equally capable of winning an audience while practically alone on a big stage. Mr. Winninger again portrayed Mr. Ditrichstein, this time in "The King," with the same amazing mastery of his subject's mannerisms and methods. Mr. Santley was fairly successful in his impersonation of Grant Mitchell who undertook to do what Napoleon left undone in "A Tailor-Made Man."

Mr. Wilson's attempts to duplicate the acrobatic dances of Fred Stone were more than mere attempts; they revealed an individuality worthy of standing on its own merits. Lou Lockett and Jessica Brown also danced skilfully. The Stedmans aided in several comic scenes.

COPLEY THEATRE — The Henry Jewett Players in "The Cottage in the Air," a four-act comedy adapted from "Priscilla's Fortnight," by Edward Knoblauch. First performance in Boston. The cast:

Brizzini..........Fred W. Permain
Paul..........Nicholas Joy
The Hon. Percy Rigge.....Leonard Craske
The Countess of Valetta...Beatrice Miller
Lord Perham........H. Conway Wingfield
The Princess Priscilla........Viola Roach
The Grand Duke of Langovina
Cameron Matthews
Prince Henry of Gower.N. Murray Stephens
Annalize..........Beatrice Miller
Rev. Mr. Morrison.... Frederick Annerley

[illegible] Newcombe [illegible] Shuttleworth [illegible] Gordon [illegible] Pauline [illegible] William C. Mason [illegible] Cameron Matthew

[illegible] learning that betrothal to Prince Henry is to be publicly forced upon her, and [illegible]ed because he laughs at her plans for relief of the poor, flees to fanciful principality of Langovinia, accompanied by her old tutor, Brizzini, and her maid, Annalise. In an English village the princess carries out her [illegible], not wholly to the benefit of the [illegible] she would help. Just as the enterprise faces bankruptcy, the prince arrives and solves every difficulty.

Miss Miller, as Annalize plays the haughty wrathful housemaid with the ability which marks all her work in parts requiring vivacity and a French accent. Demanding her meat, her beer and repairs to the leaky roof over her bed she wins laugh after laugh. In [illegible] of appearances as the countess, she is equally successful; but that role is less interesting.

Miss Roach properly presents the princess as a very human sort of girl. The rather [illegible]ating love scene with Shuttleworth is the fault of the play rather than of her acting. Mr. Gordon portrays the young Englishman of good parts with his usual facility. Mr. Persain gives a delightful performance of the important part of the kindly old scholar. Mr. Stephen carries out the spirit of the quiet but persistent lover with success, and Mr. Annerley is a very convincing curate. Mr. Matthews blustered as an autocrat should. The others of the cast give uniformly satisfying support.

Professional humorists are often melancholy, even morose, in private life. The stern necessity of being publicly funny depresses them. But Joe Cone, whose death is reported, was cheery and amusing, even when at his desk in the Herald office he was in the throes of delivering a joke or comic poem. He was a gentle, kindly soul, modest concerning his own ability, appreciative, yes, enthusiastic over the best work of his colleagues. He knew human nature, yet was tolerant. His one passion, so strong that it was almost a vice, was fishing.

A Heroic Marshal

Now that April is here, the last of the months deserving serious attention, let us remember that Marshal Junot ate 300 oysters at luncheon, not once, not on a wager, but frequently, because he liked them.

Symbolic Tree-Squeaks

Is it possible that we have been imposed on by reckless and malicious Sassenachs? Can it be that the tree-squeak of Maine has been used as an expression of contemptible hatred? Lovers of fair play we publish the following letter:

As the World Wags:

I have followed, sir, with as much patience as I could muster, the ill-timed tergiversations in your column anent tree-squeaks. I have from the beginning suspected the malignant motive that underlies them; but after the recent communication in which a recipe was given for poisoning these harmless creatures, my suspicion has become a certainty, and I, for one, am unwilling that so thinly disguised an insult on my race and religion shall go unchallenged. It is high time that this miasmic species of propaganda should be stopped. You, sir, and your correspondents may probably put in the plea that you were ignorant that Probus and Flesh of Sletty (who were acknowledged historical masters before Stubbs and Freeman lighted their contemptible Saxon rushlights) relate of St. Patrick that when, after the overthrow of Nial Navigiallach, he cleared Ireland of its reptiles, driving them into the sea, a single one, the Peishta-More, momentarily escaped its doom by hiding under the Sabhail Padraic. You will, perhaps, also allege that you were ignorant that the hiding place of this monster was revealed to the blessed Patrick by the cries of a tree-squeak, who, from a nearby cypress tree, had seen the evasion—and that ever since, the tree-squeak has been peculiarly dear to every Irishman worthy of the name, being called by him as a term of affection the Peishta-More-Bane. You may even feign ignorance that this, to us, thus hallowed animal was a frequent source of inspiration to Balfe, the Irish Beethoven, and that its influence may be traced in some of the most resonant lines of Tom Moore, the Irish Schiller.

And now, sir, you have the crass temerity to publish a recipe for killing tree-squeaks. But too thinly veiled is the allusion, too gross the insult: under the guise of "tree-squeaks" it is only too clear who are meant. And, of course, you will call it an accident. This is not the first time that your correspondents' abnormality has led them to prostitute noble gifts to a base purpose. But still more mysterious is it to find such stuff in the [illegible] Herald. We are heartily sick of such "accidents," and it is difficult to persuade even the most patient of us that such erudities of vulgar sentiment flaunted in our faces are merely accidental. To expect men of a purer blood than any of the mongrel Saxon breeds that infest our beloved Massachusetts, descendants of a thousand kings, saints and scholars to expect such men to remain silent at such a juncture (while even Ireland lies bleeding under the tyrant's heel) is a species of asininity well-nigh incomprehensible.

JOHN PATRICK SHANE.

East Cambridge.

A "Muslum of Harts"

As the World Wags:

In the works of Artemus Ward (in the article headed "Artemus Ward to the Prince of Wales") is the following passage: "I reckon we shan't want any Muslum of Harts. And what on airth do the people of Concord, N. H., want a Muslum of Harts for?" What is the allusion in the expression "Muslum of Harts"?

H. W. J.

Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

We are under the impression that some politician used the phrase "mausoleum of hearts" about the time Artemus Ward addressed his letter to the Prince of Wales. Our recollection, however, is vague. In this letter Artemus said: "In my country we've got a war, while your country, in conjunction with Cap'n Sems of the Alabarmy, manetanes a nootral position!" English reviewers quoting freely from this letter omitted the sentence just quoted.—Ed.

Eugenie and Alsace

Nothing more dramatic has marked the long exile of the Empress Eugenie than her transmission to the French government of the Berlin letter which decided the fate of Alsace-Lorraine 47 years ago. All these years she has kept silence. The first news the world had of any such correspondence appeared in the Bernstorff papers a dozen years ago. There the Empress, for whom France had suffered, appeared for the first time as one who had suffered for France. For a German hand revealed how she threw away a throne rather than cede an inch of French soil. Had she not behaved with spartan resolution the world might have gone very differently for her. Bismarck and Bazaine were prepared to ignore the imprisoned Napoleon III., and to crown her son Napoleon IV., if she would agree to the cession of the coveted provinces. Lord Cowley, our ambassador, knew, for the negotiations were conducted at his house, 20 Albemarle street, but she kept her secret from the world for half a century, the secret of a great renunciation. How many women could so long have preserved silence on a theme so honorable to themselves?—London Daily Chronicle.

SYMPHONY GIVES MUSIC OF BACH

Bach's Passion music was repeated at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and last night by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Boston Symphony chorus, Mmes. Hinkle and Alcock and Messrs. Werrenrath, Murphy, Witherspoon, Myers and Peirce. Ernst Schmidt conducted.

As before the performance was impressive, and opportunity was afforded for a better acquaintance with Dr. Muck's version of Bach's work. The chorus was again effective and the distinguished soloists were at their best.

April 4 1918

We have received the following letter from Mr. E. Ondricek of Boston:

"Would it not interest your readers to know that Rachmaninoff's (the famous Russian composer) coming is practically assured through the co-operation of his friends here and in New York, who had become acquainted with the facts concerning his destitute condition, brought about by the chaotic condition of his country, and had learned that he had barely escaped with his life to Stockholm? Would it not be an honor to receive him here in Boston as a possible leader of our orchestra? Would his coming not insure the further continuance of that institution and his leadership uphold its high standards of efficiency, add new inspiration, and probably change the stereotyped programs of the Symphony concerts of past years?"

Is It by Clancy?

As the World Wags:

Of late years I have fallen into the custom of taking a walk at sunset, sometimes alone, sometimes hand-in-hand with a little child, sometimes accompanied by my faithful dog Patou. On one of my recent excursions when Patou was with me our way led through that most interesting section of the town known as the gas house district, out on to the marshes, where the western sun was painting carmine reflections in a thousand pools of oily tidewater. At the old foot-bridge I paused, and leaning against the rail I became so absorbed in my thoughts that I forgot the little dog until a [illegible] at my feet attracted me. He was offering me loot from a nearby dump.

To please him I stooped to examine his treasures and found that he had brought me a bundle of papers which upon closer inspection proved to be rough drafts of half a dozen short poems—original pencil written manuscripts. I glanced at them, then I reread them with greater care. They were new to me, yet something in them placed them apart from the work of the casual dabster in verse. They were virile, vibrant, impressionistic. They were anonymous.

I submit a copy of one of the poems. Can you trace its authorship? Have I run across a package of lost manuscripts of a famous writer, or are they the cast away work of an unknown and, perhaps, all too self-critical amateur? I do not know.

One thought recurs from time to time, however, as my mind reverts to the poems, one name, which I have no reason to link with the verses, yet which strangely persists in flashing before my eyes, as it were—the name of Frothingham Clancy!

Is the suggestion absurd? Perhaps Mr. Hazleton Spencer can tell.

Malden. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

LINES ON THE PAINTING OF A SYMPHONY IN PURPLE AND ORANGE.

A midnight sky, I see,
Silently cold beyond the glimmer of a trillion stars,
A blotch of cloud—a turgid, fateful thing,
Like unto the terrible form of the angry Jinn
Of whom Scheherezade told strange tales
In the wakeful hours of the night.
Tall trees like old cathedral spires,
Black marked against the heavens, and pointing
Long slim fingers ever toward the zenith,
I choose a peacock green, or is it blue?
A weird, mysterious hue.
I touch the virgin canvas
With my brush made of the hairs of some poor, poor dead goat
And lo!
The sky is done.
A golden yellow tone like new-made cheese
Brings into life those self-made stars
The clouds I paint in royal purple
And on their shaded sides
I put dark, dismal shadows of a depthless black,
And rub it in with my nude thumb.
And in that same deep tone
I create hills and trees and pallid pools,
Behold!
A thing of art! A murky masterpiece!

"The Snowstorm"

As the World Wags:

Isaac McLellan's age at the time of the first publication of Seba Smith's poem entitled "The Snowstorm" would alone be fairly conclusive evidence that McLellan did not write the poem. The tragic incident which is the subject of the poem occurred in December, 1821, and I think that it is safe to assume that the poem was first published soon after the incident occurred—say, within a month or two—and, as McLellan was born on May 21, 1806, it is seen that when the poem first appeared in print he was less than 16 years of age. The resemblance to which "W. L. L." calls attention between a stanza of one of McLellan's poems and the third stanza of Smith's poem must be merely fortuitous. (By the way, the title of McLellan's poem from which "W. L. L." took the stanza which he quotes is "The Hymn of a Cherokee Indian," not "The Hymn of the Cherokee Indian," and the second line of the stanza is, "Closer let thy babe be pressed," not "Closer let the babe be pressed.")

Boston. SPECTATOR.

Oh! Those Clocks!

As the World Wags:

We fear there were many ministers, God-fearing men, on Easter Sunday morning who, forgetful of their watches, arose with keen appetites only to find that the family had finished breakfast an hour before, and who under stress of emotion uttered the mystic word "Assonan," which is another story.

A dominie who was an ardent golfer, wherever he "foozled" his shot, was wont to give utterance to an emphatic "Assonan!" His companion's curiosity was aroused, after a number of these emphatic ejaculations, to a pitch which prompted him to ask the significance of this mysterious word.

"Why," said the parson, somewhat petulantly, "Assonan is the biggest dam in the world!" F. S. S.

BY GABRILOWITSCH

Pianist Plays Schumann-Chopin Program at Symphony Hall

Ossip Gabrilowitsch gave a piano recital of music by Schumann and Chopin yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program included Schumann's Fantasia in C-major, Op. 17, and the Carnaval, Chopin's Mazurka in B-minor, Nocturne in G-major, Ballade in A-flat major, Two Etudes and Three Preludes.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch is peculiarly fitted to interpret the music by both composers. He is a romantic pianist, but he is intellectual as well as poetic, emotional. Yesterday the first part of the Fantasia was superbly played, with velvet, yet crystalline, quality of tone, in sublimely rhapsodic vein. Later, however, the pianist's intensity outran itself, he hurried, and the character of the music became less eloquent. In Chopin's Mazurka, Nocturne, Ballade, in the Etudes and Preludes, the pianist again displayed surpassing tonal beauty, nobility and sensitiveness in interpretation. His playing of Schumann's Carnaval is a feature of his repertoire.

April 5 1918

As the World Wags

By PHILIP HALE.

Let us dwell with the poets today. The Washington Star publishes daily touching memorial verses. What if the rhythm is occasionally broken! The verses to little Jakie are not the less pathetic.

In Congressional silently lies our dear little Jakie today;
Our hearts are sad and still we are weeping,
When we think how suddenly little Jakie passed away.
As time goes on we miss him more and more every day;
His gentle smiles, his loving little face,
No one can ever fill his loving place.

Grandma mourned him, too:

We had a little Jakie once,
He was our darling pride,
And we loved him well, perhaps too well,
For soon he slept and died.

Little cousins paid tribute to Le Roy:

Le Roy, how we have missed you
In this year just rolled by,
Since you left us sad and lonely
For your home in the sweet by-and-by.

The midnight moon is beaming
Upon his sodden grave,
Where sleepeth without dreaming
Our little cousin we could not save.

Here is sad remembrance of a husband:

We did not know the pain he bore,
We did not see him die;
We only know he went away,
And never said good-bye.

Daughter Ida's verse is not wholly clear:

It brings my father back to us,
Thy strong, familiar form to see,
And strange that one so strong as he
Should lift the veil upon him thrusted
That ever separates him from us.

One more:

The month of February once more is here,
To us the saddest of the year,
Because it took from us away
Our mother and grandmother one year ago today.

We learn from the Star that when rooms in hotels are not easily obtained, there is plenty of room, snug lying, in the graveyards of the city with rapid service. One undertaker advertises: "Automobile service exclusively"; another recommends an "Up-to-date chapel," probably with hot and cold water, a telephone and sanitary plumbing. Still another's service is "quick, dignified and efficient," and he furnishes a "comolete funeral as low as $75." If one cannot conveniently visit Washington to live there, he should surely go there to die.

Easter: 1918

As the World Wags:

The day was come. The night had sped,
The trumpets of the dawn
Above the trenches with their dead,
Proclaimed the Easter morn.
And fifty thousand Englishmen
Who lay where they were slain,
Like children turning in their sleep,
Grew quick with life again.

Then with the trumpet's echoing
There came a pure, sweet voice,
That spoke in tones of love and trust:
"I say to you, Rejoice!"
And fifty thousand Englishmen,
With blood and mud defiled,
Obeying the divine command,
Raised up their heads and smiled.

Out from a cloud a Vision came
Of deathless purity.
And then the Voice spoke once again:
"Rise up and follow me!"
And fifty thousand Englishmen
Whose souls no man can kill,
Rose up and made their answer clear,
"We will, oh Lord, we will!"

Then spoke thrice fifty thousands Huns:
"Lord, what of us," they cried,
"We too, demand your saving Grace,
For we like them have died."
"Not so," the Voice made stern reply;
"Your souls like blades of grass,
Shall wither up and be consumed;
Such as they shall not pass."

RICHARD D. WARE.

Amherst, N. H.

Coupon

As the World Wags:

As an addendum to your disquisition upon the word "coupon," allow me to call attention to the prevalent mispronunciation of the word, which is as though it were spelled "kue-pon." The word should be pronounced "koo-pon"—at least, that is what the lexicographers say; in other words, it retains its French pronunciation in the pronunciation of its first syllable, but in the pronunciation of its second syllable and in being accented on its first syllible, it is anglicised. ORTHOEPIST.

Boston.

As the World Wags:

'TIS "DOOM'D," SAID HOOD.

O Gray, when you conceived your Elegy, and later (that your fellow-men might wed it to the strain
Of Memory that flows eternally), revealed it,—did not erring future mankind give you pain?

That oft-discussed immortal stanza still is dancing neath the scanning of the modern mortal throng.
"Full many a flow'r is DOOM'D . . ." will weather storms of "blown's" and "born's" together. DOOM'D'S the word! Tom Hood's not wrong!

HARRY F. KOWALL.

Auburn, N. Y.

SEDALIA SINGERS GIVE A CONCERT

Receipts Go to Rebuild School for Negro Men and Women

The Sedalia Singers of the Alice Freeman Palmer Institute, assisted by Roland W. Hayes, tenor, and William S. Lawrence, accompanist, gave a concert last evening at Jordan Hall.

Last December a disastrous fire destroyed the well-equipped industrial building for the training of young colored men and women at Sedalia, N. C. This concert was the third in a series of efforts to replace the loss caused by the fire, and to erect a new school building.

The Sedalia Singers, a female quartet, gave an interesting program of old Negro folk songs. Their voices beautiful in timbre blended sympathetically and they sang with pleasing spontaneity. Mr. Hayes, who lately returned from a successful tour, sang songs by Rogers, James-Holt, Tipton and "Vesti La Gulbba" from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Miss Scott recited poems by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Mrs. Charlotte Hawkins Brown, principal of the school, made an address. There was an interested audience of good size.

April 6 1918

SYMPHONY PAYS DEBUSSY HONOR

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Dvorak's "New World" Symphony; Debussy, Nocturne No. 1, "Clouds"; Charpentier, Impressions of Italy.

"Clouds" was played in memory of Claude Debussy, who died on March 26. A few years ago it was whispered that he was suffering from cancer. It was recently announced that a sojourn in the south had bettered his condition.

In Chicago the orchestra played the first two Nocturnes in his memory. It is a question which one of his orchestral compositions would best illustrate his peculiar genius in a memorial service. There are some who say his indisputable genius shines brightest in his symphonic sketches, "The Sea." Would not "The Afternoon of a Faun" or "Iberia" be a fuller revelation? To us it seems that by these two compositions, the string quartet, some of the songs and piano pieces, "Pelleas and Melisande" he will be known by the generations to come. For Debussy's place among the immortals is assured. He was an innovator—there have been few in the history of music—not merely an accomplished developer. William Wallace in a remarkable book maintains that we are only on the threshold of the temple where the Muse is enthroned. There she waits patiently for her priests and worshippers. Debussy gave to musicians the keys to new chapels in this temple. For music lovers he broadened the horizon. His speech at first was strange to many. He suffered the fate of innovators, he was ridiculed, he was called a charlatan, a poseur—what was he not called? It was even said that he had no sense of form. He could afford to smile and pursue his own path.

He has suffered, too, from imitators. Suffered in this respect with Wagner and Richard Strauss. Young composers, forgetting that Debussy triumphed in the Paris Conservatory, where the strictest forms of composition are inexorably taught, having themselves little technical equipment, have produced vapid, chaotic works. On the other hand, he has influenced the mighty of the generation. The French, the Italians, even certain Germans and Englishmen, write now far otherwise than they would if Debussy had not shown the way.

When the Nocturnes were first performed here, 11 years ago, they seemed mad babbling to the majority of the hearers, nor did the repetition in the same concert led by Mr. Lang change opinion. It is true that the two performances were not such as to reveal beauty. Nor is Mr. Schmidt the man to serve as Debussy's interpreter. But yesterday the music itself no longer seemed strange, perplexingly exotic.

Dvorak's melodious and strongly rhythmed symphony and the brilliant music of Charpentier pleased the au-

Soft or Hard

The eternal question—how to pronounce margarine?—was being vigorously discussed, and the "g" in "gaol" analogy had been urged with vehemence, when a newcomer arrived. The company greeted him with the question: "Is the 'g' in 'margarine' hard or soft?" Without hesitation and with a wise smile he settled their doubts with the answer, "Oh, surely, it's hard in winter and soft in summer."—London Daily Chronicle

Edward Lockton has written "Four Songs of the Air" to which Eric Costes has put music. Here is the last verse of the last song in the book:

God made some men for Parliament,
And some for pious rectors;
He made some men for writing jobs,
And even made objectors;
But you and me He blessed the most
(Oh! don't you hear the call?)
He gave us wings to scour the Heavens—
The finest job of all.

The following extract from the new and enlarged edition of that entertaining book "Old Boston Taverns and Tavern Clubs," by Samuel Adams Drake, is of timely interest:

"Drinking at funerals, weddings, church-raisings, and even at ordinations, was a thing everywhere sanctioned by custom. The person who should have refused to furnish liquor on such an occasion would have been the subject of remarks not at all complimentary to his motives. It seems curious enough to find that the use of tobacco was looked upon by the fathers of the colony as far more sinful, hurtful and degrading than indulgence in intoxicating liquors. Indeed, in most of the New England settlements not only the use but the planting of tobacco was strictly forbidden. Those who had a mind to solace themselves with the interdicted weed could do so only in the most private manner. The language of the law is, 'Nor shall any take tobacco in any wine or common victual house, except in a private room there, so as the master of said house nor any guest there shall take offence thereat; which, if any do, then such person shall forbear upon pain of two shillings sixpence for every such offence.'"

Perhaps the time will soon come when legislative bodies will be called upon to forbid the sale and use of tobacco, or even its growth. Because young Golightly and his pals smoke too many cigarettes, therefore the rest of us, sober minded and temperate, must be debarred from cigarette, cigar and pipe, even the consoling T. D. Meanwhile let us be cheerful, and puff with a light heart.

Smith, take a fresh cigar!
Jones, the tobacco jar!

Mears's Clock

As the World Wags:

Speaking of clocks, as everybody was recently, did you ever have a bit of versified jingle reassert itself out of oblivion and go ringing and ringing in your head like Mark Twain's diabolical "Punch in the presence of the passenjare"? A four-line verse from a poem about a clock thus resurrected itself with me; I can't remember another word of the original; but the confounded four lines simply drove me to rebuild the thing. So I did this:

There lived a man named Matthew Mears;
An ancient clock he owned
And every night, for forty years,
That clock he straightway wound.

And far or near, the daily trust
Most faithfully he kept;
Back home he came, at nightfall,
To wind it, ere he slept.

One day that ancient clock fell ill;
Its wheels refused to budge
An ancient tinker was called in,
Who chanced that way to trudge.

He poked among its cords and gears,
To see what held its hands;
And then he questioned Matthew Mears,
Who answered his demands.

Then straight the tinker roared again,
And pounded on his thigh,
And choked, and gurgled in his throat,
And laughed as he would die!

"Why, strike me pink!" thus said the tink,
And blew his rosy beak,
"This here old clock's an 8-day clock—
You wind it once a week!"

And here this tragic tale must end,
For Matthew cussed and cussed,
To think of all that useless work—
It seemed as he would bust!

For when he learned that ancient clock
An 8-day clock to be,
A madder man than Matthew Mears
I would not wish to see!

And all his after life was dim
And dull and sad and drear,
Considering all those wasted "winds"—
Three hundred times a year!

Now, one of those verses is the original key-verse, the germ of the crime. Those who know the original will recognize it. What I want to know, as a psychological study, is whether I have caught the general tone faithfully, caught the—well, whatever of motifs or shadings or nuances or afflatus a psychologist would consider, in determining the question of quality of the other eight verses. I don't care what Matthew would have done with the new daylight-saving time, or with standard time; the only question is, have I told his story so the joints don't show too much? And what WAS the original of the thing, anyway? And who was the perpetrator—the perpetrator to peace and quiet? W. C. T.

Brookline, April 2 (new time).

"Muslum of Harts"

As the World Wags:

The allusion in Artemus Ward's "Muslum of Harts" is to an expression which President Franklin Pierce used in a speech which he made at a great Democratic mass meeting held in the State House yard at Concord, N. H., on July 4, 1863. In his speech at that meeting, at which he was the presiding officer and the first speaker, he said: "We will at least, in the effort to defend our rights as a free people, build up a great mausoleum of hearts to which men who yearn for liberty will in after years, with bowed heads and reverently, resort as Christian pilgrims to the sacred shrines of the Holy Land"; and it is to the expression, "great mausoleum of hearts" that Artemus Ward's "Muslum of Hurts" is an allusion. The Republican press immediately seized upon Pierce's expression, "a great mausoleum of hearts," as a good subject for ridicule, and rang the changes upon it far and wide. The Boston Evening Journal, for example, in an editorial article in its issue of July 9, 1863, said: "What is the precise object of building up that 'great mausoleum of hearts'? . . . . It is an act of charity to suppose that the ex-President himself did not know what he was talking about, but took this way of vanishing in his own smoke to avoid the perplexities of a 'tight corner.'" Two days later an editorial article in the same paper said: "President Pierce's 'mausoleum of hearts' has been a complete mystery to the public. We have conversed with no one who could fathom its meaning. . . . . But it has been suggested that . . . . it was well understood by a large number of his auditors, being one of the cabalistic tokens of the Knights of the Golden Circle." INCONSTANT READER.

Brookline.

April 7 1918

"The King," as it is now played at the Tremont Theatre, is an amusing comedy, well acted by Mr. Ditrichstein and his company—a comedy worth seeing. Yet we missed last Monday night many delightful features of the original "Le Roi." Certain omissions injured the English adaptation, loosened the structure and necessarily perplexed for a moment the audience.

The French play is a biting attack on socialism. Emmanuel Arene, the third in the dramatic partnership, was much more than the fifth wheel of a coach. When "Le Roi" was produced (1908) he had been the dramatic critic of Figaro for half a dozen years and was one of that journal's chief editorial writers. He was also a senator, sitting for Corsica, though it was said at the time that "sitting" was a euphemism, for he was always at the Figaro office, never at the Senate. When there was question of appointing him Governor of Madagascar, a fellow journalist wrote: "How absurd to talk of sending Arene to Madagascar when he cannot make the journey from his office to the Luxembourg." A friend of Gambetta, he shared his political views when he was young. Clemenceau was another one of his friends. Arene was an anti-Socialist, only too pleased to ridicule a party which in his mind was Utopian.

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, writing shortly after the production of the comedy, said that the play was particularly interesting because "it shows that a comedy ridiculing the pretensions of 'soi-disant' socialists exactly accord with the bulk of Parisian opinion." The Paris press warmly approved, with one exception, Le Radical. "Two political personages are evidently aimed at by the authors. The first is M. Pelletan, the extraordinary minister of marine in the Combes cabinet; the second, M. Berteaux, who is a stockbroker and man of vast fortune, yet professes socialism; this, however, did not prevent him from becoming minister of war. Here are, obviously, all the elements of a first-class comedy drawn from real life. But the mere fact that socialism should be chaffed on the French stage is proof, among others, that as a political creed it is, momentarily at all events, on the decline."

In like manner M. Antoine Benoist in his "Theatre d' Aujourd'hui" (1912), said of the dramatists that they did not have perhaps as much genius as Aristophanes, but the inspiration of their satire, like his, was traditional and aristocratic. "They know very well that Parisians, willingly Republican under a monarchy, become monarchists and 'Vielle France' when the official government is Republican."

M. Adolphe Brisson described "Le Roi" as "the most impertinent, the most gaily corrosive that for a long time has been aimed at our manners. . . . There is in this apparently frivolous play an after-taste of bitterness and pessimism, a joyous contempt for humanity. It gives to the comedy at certain moments a marked emphasis. The ghost of Aristophanes dominates these four incisive acts, an insolent but not an angry Aristophanes. What good in vexing one's self? We shall not thus change the course of events. "The spectator experienced various emotions. At first he laughs then he only smiles, then he begins to reflect; at the end, he is overcome by a sort of melancholy. 'These men are men?' he asks himself."

Reviewing the performance, M. Brisson spoke at length of actors and actresses that took the leading parts, those of the Marquis, Blond, Bourdier, the chief officials, Bourdier's wife, his mistress. And then he wrote this line: "M. Albert Brasseur sketched finely the silhouette of the King."

In "The King," as played at the Tremont Theatre, there is a "star part," that of the King, played admirably by Mr. Ditrichstein, in the vein of the hero, the baritone, of "The Great Lover." There is no fault to be found with his performance, which is distinguished and brilliant; but we are far from the purpose of the French dramatists, and their play has suffered in many ways.

Mr. Ditrichstein, in the Herald of last Sunday, told how the play by Calderon, "The Judge of Zalamea," was misunderstood in Chicago. He was disappointed, and no wonder; for it has been said by competent judges that the play, famous in itself, gave him an opportunity that he had long desired, of shining in a serious part; that he gave a remarkable performance. He was tired of philandering on the stage; he was unwilling to be known as an actor of only a particular character. It is also said that he will produce Calderon's play in New York at the beginning of next season.

The managers, wishing Mr. Ditrichstein to play a part that would surely, as they thought, bring money to the box office, insisted that he should be prominent in "The King"; that a part subordinate to that of Bourdier, the rich Socialist, should be the dominating one. In the original comedy, which is in four acts, the King does not come on the stage until the eighth scene of the second act. The first act is by far the longest. Of this little remains in the adaptation.

As the comedy is given at the Tremont, the curtain rises on a room of Therese's apartment. There has been no preparation; the spectator is not acquainted with any one of the characters; nor is the exposition that follows deftly made. So, too, when Bourdier's wife finally appears, the spectator knows nothing about her past life, her origin, her character. The love scenes between the son of the Marquis and Bourdier's daughter by his first wife seem in the adaptation foolish, inconsequential, lugged in by the heels. In the original comedy they have significance. The structure of "Le Roi" is as solid as that of "The King" is loose. In "Le Roi" all the situations are carefully prepared; each character is finely exposed and developed.

Take the first act of "Le Roi," for instance, and see what the spectator misses in the adaptation. The curtain rises on Bourdier's study, which is too luxuriously furnished. A gramophone is on the grand piano. Bourdier is dictating to Rivarol, his secretary. This scene sparkles with wit, nor are the allusions to politics and government too local. The great majority are universal and for any period. Bourdier's wife comes in and enters into the conversation. There is talk about her life in a dressmaker's shop; how she was "Youyou—and Company." This vexes her husband. "It is useless for you to recall all that." Then there is talk of a visit from the marquis, and of his stupid son, who is attentive to Bourdier's daughter, Suzette. There is also talk of the King of Cerdagne and his visit to Paris. Marthe tells how on his previous visit she had hit him with an apple tart. This incident is related in the adaptation.

The marquis's son calls on Suzette. In the adaptation he is any conventional young lover. In the original he is a booby. This is the way he woos: "Do I love you, Mlle. Suzette? Why, if I did not love you I should be the most unhappy of men. I could not live. I should do mad things, terrible things! I should kill myself, I should travel, I should read!"

Bourdier, as played in Paris, was stout, gray-haired, old, enormously satisfied with himself. He had put a gramophone in his room to receive voters, delegates and other annoying persons. Rivelot explains: "It's an American idea. We borrowed it from President Roosevelt, who in his political campaigns was the first to use the instrument as a speaker for himself, but we have an improved apparatus. It not only gives out the deputy's speech; it registers the replies of the electors. An elector happens to come in. The gramophone is set going: "Citizen, your visit is a new proof of democratic brotherhood. I read on your face your devotion to your deputy and to the ideas that he incarnates. I know what you expect of me. I shall do everything to obtain it. Tomorrow, as today, you will see me in the breach and hear me raise the cry of my republican and socialistic conscience against all abuses."

How Blond has been reduced to nothing in the adaptation! The voluble Blond, so called because he is as swarthy as a Moor, the protean detective, "who might have sprung from a tale of Hoffmann or Conan Doyle, half Dr. Miracle, half Sherlock Holmes." Note his entrance, his talk with Bourdier:

Blond—I should be a very poor police officer if, by merely looking at a man, I did not know whom I was addressing. Some deductions are enough; they are infallible. A disciple of Sherlock Holmes, I am never deceived. Thus your presence in this room teaches me that you are one of the dwellers in the house. This ring proves that you are married, and this spot on your sleeve shows that

[illegible] not take care of you. [illegible] loves you.

[illegible]

[illegible]—She is blonde, for this hair is [illegible], and you do not deceive her. Your [illegible] would not easily allow you to [illegible]. The cut of your three-year-old [illegible] shows that you have no fortune. The knees of your trousers reveal the fact that you work when sitting down. You have the dull eye of [illegible] subordinate conditions, the inexpressive face, ink on the fingers. You are M. Bourdier's secretary.

Bourdier—But, sir, you annoy me. I am M. Bourdier.

Blond—You are—

Bourdier—I am Monsieur Bourdier himself!

Blond—Well, sir, you are mistaken.

Bourdier—What?

Blond—Yes, practically, it is possible that you are Monsieur Bourdier, but theoretically you should not be. You are wrong.

Blond, about to leave, meets Marthe, whom he had known as Youyou. He wonders what she is doing there.

Blond—You aro Bourdier's little friend?

Marthe—Do you think he has a sweetheart? He is married.

Blond—No? What does his wife say of your being here?

Marthe—She says nothing at all; she is very well satisfied.

Blond—What?

Marthe—I'm his wife.

Blond—You? Madame? Oh!

Marthe—Yes, indeed. Everything was there: mayor, scarf, church, head beadle, the thingumbobs on the organ. I am married; better than that, I have been espoused.

They talk of old times; when Blond was pianist at the cabaret "Au rendezvous des Rajahs." Afterward Blond earned his living for a time by whitening piano keys. He always had a taste for adventures, for his mother was a Provencal, and he was Anglo-Saxon by a friend of his father's. Literature tempted him. "After all, has it not tempted others? Look at Hugo, Balzac, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand—in short, all those gentlemen." He joined the staff of the Moniteur des Beurres et Oeufs. "Every Monday I sign myself 'An Old Monarchist'; every Thursday, 'An Old Republican.'" Then he became publicity agent for the King of Cerdagne. "Kings have now for their only mission to be agents of publicity. They serve for the puffing of motor cars when they take them, for restaurants where they dine, for theatres they attend, for women whom they love. If they still speak historical words, if they cry out 'Rally round my white plume!' they say at what feather shop they bought it. If they exclaim: 'I wish my people to eat every Sunday a fowl in the pot,' they give the address of the restaurant where the dish is best served." The Queen Mother of Cerdagne was offered f.25,000 if she would brush her teeth only with the Poudre des Mousmes. "Her majesty refused!" Marthe interrupts: "Good enough!" Blond continues: "She demanded f.50,000. I obtained them. Unfortunately the princes of the blood mixed themselves up in the affair; they exacted large commissions. So that at last the unfortunate Queen Mother received only 32 francs."

Marthe recounts her past amours. She waxes poetic over canoeing at night. Ah, the fine Sundays. Then there were the balls. And Marthe used to sing. Blond picks out the tune of her favorite air on the piano. She goes to the gramophone, places a record, begins to dance a wild chahut; while Blond dances and sings. Suddenly, with one leg high in air, she sees the Marquis enter, sees and runs off the stage. Is Blond disconcerted? Not a bit of it. He is again the detective. "Sir, you know Italian; drink green tea without sugar, have a red carpet in your room. At the age of 5 you drove a cart harnessed to a reddish mare; you fell on your head." No wonder the marquis exclaimed: "He is mad! Oh, oh, oh, what people!"

Delightful, too, is the long scene between the Marquis and Bourdier, in which, objecting to the match between their children, the marquis cites the case of his aunt, Claire de Beaulieu, who married Philippe Derblay, the master of the forge. "Their household ought to be a hell. A week ago I met this poor Derblay in the rue Auber, leaving the club. How old he's grown! He's a hundred and ten, the poor fellow." Therese, Bourdier's tenant, calls on him, with her foolish follower, William. It is here that Bourdier proposes to Therese that she should become his mistress. The curtain falls on the gramophone shouting out to an astonished delegation of citizens the song of Marthe after the perfunctory response of Bourdier that we have quoted.

Blond's chatter when, disguised as a hair dresser, he calls on Therese, is also amusing, most amusing; but all this has been dropped in the adaptation.

It was impossible, no doubt, to translate the final words of Marthe when she abandons herself to the King. As they go into the Empire boudoir—not into the garden of the adaptation—she exclaims: "J'ai la feve!" The allusion is to the Twelfth Night cake in which a bean is put. The one finding the bean in a slice is crowned king or queen of the feast. Hence the exclamation of Marthe. No wonder the King answers "Ah! how I love France!" It is perhaps needless to say that in the original Marthe and the King do not dodge about the stage. There is no intrusion. Therese does not appear in pyjamas. Nevertheless, this night costume was becoming to Miss Callish, so we should not complain too grievously of the rewritten scene.

"Getting Together"—the Best of Propaganda

The New York Times of March 24 said that "those who have been privileged to see 'Getting Together' have witnessed the finest presentation we have yet had of the spirit of our men in France."

"Propaganda? Yes—and the very best propaganda. But it is also the most popular of our war plays for the simple reason that it bespeaks truly the true spirit of the war.

"One of Lt. Rice's songs seems a really momentous record of the genius of the soldier of our race, though it is perhaps the funniest of them all. It was written during the terrible battle of Ypres, in 1915—a crisis in which, as I think, the soldiers of any other nation could find courage only by an appeal to the intensest resolution, the most exalted patriotism. On the surface this song is an expression of war weariness, which to many may seem cowardice. In point of fact, the producers long hesitated whether to include it in the production for fear of misunderstanding.

When first I joined the army,
Not so very long ago,
I said I'd fight the foe
"And help Sir Douglas Haig, you know!"

I've been in France just sixteen months,
And fighting now, As yet
I haven't seen a German;
All I've seen is mud and wet.

Tomorrow when the off'cer asks,
"What would you like to do?"
I'm going to stand right up and say,
"If it's all the same to you,

"I want to go 'ome, I want to go 'ome!
The whiz-bangs and shrapnel around me do roar;
I don't want this old war any more.
Take me far o'er the sea
Where the Alleman cannot get me.
Oh, my! I don't want to die.
I want to go 'ome."

"As Percival Knight sings this song there is no doubt as to its meaning. Weary and disgusted it is—most humanly and laughably so; yet it expresses the mood of a race that is inwardly as strong as its outward gestures are unheroic. This is a race to which courage in the right is so much a matter of course that it mingles with and interpenetrates the humblest moment of reality. It is a race the honor and ideals of which will stand because they are grounded in the life of every day. To have written above the great gateway of France 'They Shall Not Pass' is a fine thing eternally. But it is no less fine, however unheroic the gesture, to have withstood the Hun at Ypres in a mood so simply brave that it can burlesque its own weakness and find new strength in laughter.

"The men behind and in this war play are the real thing, both as artists of the theatre and as workers in the cause of liberty. Frankly melodrama as the production is, and melodrama besprinkled with songs, it is aflame with the deepest spirit of the war. Written and produced in three weeks, it has no less than three authors. Maj. Beith (Ian Hay) is widely known through his books—'The First Hundred Thousand' and others—and through his humorous and inspiring war talks. J. Hartley Manners gave us in 'Out There' more of the true spirit of the war than any other dramatist, with the possible exception of Barrie. Percival Knight is a musical comedy actor, but one whose heart is clad in khaki. He is author of 'A Trench Fantasy' (lately produced by Arthur Hopkins in connection with 'The Gipsy Trail') and he has embodied it in the present play, together with a number of new scenes of the highest quality, the leading parts in which he acts himself. Though melodrama, the play has more laughable lines than the ordinary musical comedy, and the wit is everywhere as authentic as it is fresh.

"Among the authors may also be reckoned Harrison Brockbank and Lt. Gitz Rice, writers of war songs already popular, which they sing in 'Getting Together.' Lt. Rice volunteered at the outbreak of the war and went to France with the first Canadian contingent. His songs were written at the front, and he has sung them to his comrades all along the line precisely as he sings them in 'Getting Together.' To hear him render 'You've Got to Go In or Go Under,' and 'We Stopped Them on the Marne' is an experience really historic.

"The play has had the benefit of enough pure talent of the theatre to give it a highly artistic touch throughout. The leading parts are taken by Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn, and the production was made by Mr. Blinn and Frederick Stanhope—distinguished artists all. The scenes include a recruiting station in Madison square, a first line trench out of which the men go over the top in the wake of a tank, and a ruined French village. In the personnel of these ensemble scenes there is enough of the real thing to give them a solid base of authenticity, and it is all handled with an artistic finesse and precision that lend the ultimate illusion. After that ballet of tooting doughboys, it was a sight for sore eyes to see a battalion of real American soldiers march through this village in France."

Leopold Auer—The Teacher of Famous Violinists

Like a father "who has no choice among his children," Leopold Auer, the veteran Petrograd violinist, who has come to America during the war, declines to tell his opinion of his different pupils, who so nearly monopolize the field of star fiddlers in this country. As their master says of them, "He knows the faults of each, but he is not likely to discuss them with the world." . . .

Leopold Auer was born at Veszprem, Hungary, May 28, 1845. He studied the violin with Khonetol at Pesth, then with Jacob Dont at Vienna, where he took the conservatory's first prize, and finally with Joachim at Hanover, Germany, from 1864 to 1866. On the recommendation of that greatest of Hungarian-born violinists in modern times, the young Auer made his debut at the Gewandthaus concerts in Leipsic, and appeared in symphony concerts there. Later he traveled and appeared in London. He regards this as what might be called a pivotal point, the period that indicated the ultimate trend his musical career was destined to take. Close association with Anton Rubinstein, who was at that time the director of the Imperial Conservatory of St. Petersburg, resulted in his being called in succession to Henri Wienawski as professor of that institution in 1869.

From that time on he did not leave Russia, but became a Russian subject and received the office and title of soloist to the imperial court. He held this post under the reigns of three Emperors—Alexander II., Alexander III. and Nicholas II., the lately deposed Czar. Prof. Auer early in his Petrograd career founded the first important string quartet in Russia with Davidoff, after whose death it was disbanded. Meantime he was concert director of the principal branch of the Imperial Russian Society of Music founded by Rubinstein. These were years of intimate association with Russia's great men of music.

The war interrupted his customary summer travels, a musician's holidays, spent sometimes in England. The first three summers of the war he spent in Norway. Last fall he had planned to follow his usual program of returning to Russia, where life in musical circles nevertheless went on, but the internal political situation was such that the Conservatoire did not reopen and he therefore decided to stay in the Scandinavian countries. In Stockholm, Bergen, Copenhagen and Christiania he gave violin recitals and evenings of Beethoven sonatas, assisted by Mme. Stein. Conditions in Europe meanwhile were becoming more and more uncertain.

It seemed to Mr. Auer an opportune time to gratify his wish to visit this country, which had given indirectly a golden recognition to the master who had sent over such talents as Zimbalist, Heifetz, Elman, Rosen, Eddy Brown, Francis Macmillen, Kathleen Parlow, and others too numerous to remember off hand, if not to mention. Strangely enough, Elman alone, aside from Toscha Seidl, who accompanied Auer here, was in New York when he arrived, and while he was disappointed, he was interested to know that each should be so well supplied with engagements.

Victor Kuzdo, who visited Auer abroad just before the war, has written some personal impressions of the famous little man at home, lately printed in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"His villa commands an enchanting outlook over the river and distant hills. The music room or studio of the villa has a quiet elegance about it. A few chairs and rugs, some pictures, a piano, a violin stand, and a table with a priceless Stradivarius resting upon it constitute the furnishings.

"You enter. The professor greets you with a kindly smile and a cordial handshake, and is ready for you. You tune your violin, resin your bow, and start. Auer takes his seat at the piano and plays your accompaniment, looking neither at the score nor at the keyboard. He looks at you instead, watching and listening. He does not interrupt you. When you are through he makes a few comments.

"You start again—but this time he stops you. Jumping up from the piano and snatching his Strad he shows you on his violin what he wants. You try and try and know just exactly how to work it out for the next lesson.

"He gives only four and five lessons on alternate days, reserving one day of the week for rest and recreation. . . . Among the virtuoso composers, Ernst is his favorite."—New York Times.

Notes About the Theatres, Music and Musicians

Mr. Lionel Rignold, at the Actors' Benevolent Fund meeting today, told the story of an actress who was unable to play Juliet because she had lost four front teeth and was unable to pronounce her stage lover's name. She could only say "Womeo." The fund provided her with some new teeth, and she played the part splendidly—at least, she wrote and said so.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 19.

The Pall Mall Gazette of March 16 said of Sir George Alexander: "Sir George Alexander was a thoroughly sound actor, and we have sometimes thought that his shrewd portrayal of nice differences of character was overlooked even by his greatest admirers. Sir George had the good fortune to possess a most attractive personality, and his distinguished appearance and bearing were apt to distract attention from those high histrionic qualities he unquestionably possessed. We have heard him spoken of approvingly, as being always the same. But he was never the same, and he was able to express the very nicest shades of character in the parts of the man of the world which was his favorite study." Pinero wrote of him: "His management was distinguished throughout by enterprise, cleanliness and dignity." A reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette said: "The last time I met him was at a favorite lunching place of his near the St. James's Theatre. He was ill, very ill, but he did not speak of that. It was the war and its horrors that occupied all his thoughts. He referred with pride to the response the theatre had made to the calls upon it, but never lost sight of its value at home in sustaining the moral of the people."

The London Times praises A. Moffat's "Eighteenth Century English Violin Pieces," which "every violinist who wants to put an audience at their ease quickly should immediately get."

The Australian correspondent of the Dramatic Mirror write:

"New Zealand did not want Marie Tempest and Cyril Maude, evidently; Wellington completely turned them down, according to reports. They knew not what they missed with both artists, who are still in their prime as entertainers, though they may have seen a few years."

Mr. Thomas J. Barry of Boston, attorney for Gazzolo, Gatts & Clifford, Inc., writes: "My clients wish me to inform you of the following facts. On Dec. 17, 1917, Jane Seagrave of Brookline, Mass., brought a bill in equity against Gazzolo, Gatts & Clifford, Inc., of Chicago, Ill., to enjoin them from giving performances of the play called 'Her Unborn Child,' which was then being shown at the Globe Theatre in Boston, upon the claim that this play was an infringement of a play written and copyrighted by her, entitled 'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.' A trial of the case was held before Judge Dodge of the district court of the United States at Boston on Feb. 20 and 21, and on Feb. 25 it was argued by Henry T. Richardson, attorney for the plaintiff, and Thomas J. Barry, attorney for the defendant, and on March 25, 1918, Judge Dodge handed down a decision that 'Her Unborn Child' was not an infringement of Seagrave's manuscript and dismissed Seagrave's bill."

"Cymbeline," now being reproduced at the old Vic, is one of the plays which supplies a conclusive answer to the Baconian theory. It is conceivable that Shakespeare, with his little Latin, may have been unaware that the second syllable of Posthumus is short; but it is impossible that Bacon, with his large erudition, could have been in a like state of ignorance. Yet throughout the play the author makes a false quantity with the name, and the conclusion is accordingly irresistible that, whoever he was, he was not Bacon.—London Daily Chronicle.

Another season of opera comique is planned by the Society of American Singers, Inc., of New York. In the new season's program will be repetitions of Mozart's "Impresario," Donizetti's "Night Bell," Gounod's "Mock Doctor" and Pergolesi's "Maid as Mistress," also several novelties, including Offenbach's "Marriage by Lanterns," Rossini's "Signor Bruschino," Bach's "Phoebus and Pan," Mozart's "Il Seraglio" and Henry Hadley's American prize opera, "Bianca."

The London Times said of a violin sonata by Medtner, played last month by Miss Kontorovitch, that it abounded in "technical conceits which lend interest to a well-thought-out plan without obscuring it."

Mr. Plunket Greene's vocal art is so transparently clear, both in diction and in the method of interpretation, that a "book of words" at one of his recitals is an extravagance unless one regards it as a memento of an afternoon spent very pleasantly. It is also, thanks to his tasteful selection of songs, a miniature anthology of verse chiefly in the lighter vein. But as a key to his singing it is entirely superfluous, and the number of English singers of whom that can be said is quickly exhausted.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 7.

Does Mr. Greene now sing "in tune"? His intonation was often false when he visited Boston.

Vaughan Williams's London Symphony was played for the second time by the London Symphony Orchestra last night. The composer has shortened the slow movement much and the finale a little, and the work stands better proportioned as a result. It is unconventional in that the movements do not follow the time-honored pattern—the scherzo, for instance, is not a mere filling of a form which tradition has provided, but just riotous fun, not what is called "humorous," but really funny. And it is unconventional in the sense that, whereas, in the civilization we enjoy people do not usually say all they think, it is not afraid to call a spade a spade. The performance was good, it had space and freedom, and in comparison with it the previous performance

... s expr... ...ns. For ...ten Rite" is ... a work to make a deep impression, but as far as it goes it successfully expresses its mood—an obscure touch of human feeling that made a stir in a day long past. There is something big in his music which may or may not come out; here it did, once.

A Scherzo from a Symphony by Oliver ...otch might have meant more if we had heard the Symphony. As it stood, it did not aim high, and it reached its aim. It is an innocent jest to cut a bar out of "Pretty Polly Oliver," and turn "Oh, Dear! What Can the Matter Be?" upside down, not meant to be taken too seriously, and worth making for once in a way.—London Times, March 19.

The London Daily Telegraph says that Miss Dorothy Erhart is a young composer with ideas: "The fact that she has taken the Mus. Bac. degree at the Birmingham University is a sufficient testimony to her erudition and to the fact that she takes music very seriously." Then the reviewer of her piano quintet, played in London last month, goes on to say that she has something to learn "in the school of experience," for many of her ideas, "distinctly out of the ordinary," are not always musically effective, and her treatment of them is "occasionally not calculated to make the most of them; there was something indefinite about it, as though the composer herself were not quite clear as to precisely what her aims really were."

Eugene Cowles has joined the cast of "Chu Chin Chow" at the Century, New York, and is playing the role of Abdullah, in which the late J. Francis Boyle appeared.

Isidore de Lara is asking for funds to enable him to carry on the war emergency concerts. "Since he started," says the London Daily Telegraph, "he has given over 900 concerts, and paid away more than £7000 to artists—a truly remarkable record." Were not some of these "artists" willing to play or sing for nothing?

Mr. John Drinkwater, manager of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, returned last week to that city from a five weeks' visit to the base camps in France, where in the recreation huts he has entertained the soldiers by poetry readings. Mr. Drinkwater, who is a poet of distinction, said, in an interview with a Stage representative, the response of our soldiers to poetry, for its own sake, was most interesting and encouraging. He did not recite poems; he chose the best lyric poetry, sat at a table, and read it simply. The audiences varied in number from 50 to 400 and were intensely responsive. In this most critical world poetry had clearly a significant place, and under the most severe kind of test, in the atmosphere of war, it had definitely achieved a victory.—The Stage.

There have been 60 performances of "A Southern Maid" at Manchester, Eng., with an average attendance of 2000. The box office takings in one week alone reach £2300.

Mr. Percy A. Bull, writing to the London Daily Telegraph, had this to say about music publishers: "What does one find? Their announcements in the papers setting forth in glowing terms the latest love-sick ballads and the fearsome rag-time songs, their windows plastered with them. I have heard of good fees paid by them to artists to sing songs of this type at all their concerts. One cannot blame the publishers; theirs is a commercial business, not an art undertaking. Neither can one blame the artists; they must earn their living as well as practise their art. But at least, one can plead for more sympathy from the publishers, and ask them, when a good work comes into their hands, to let the world know about it, and not hide it away in a corner. The cultivated amateur—and there are plenty of them everywhere—wants good songs to sing, but cannot as a rule afford to buy them on chance and find them unsuitable."

Mr. George Edward Baker, writing to the same journal, had something to say about "the poverty of words," the "dearth of the smallest spark of sincere poetic fire in any of the representative modern English songs." "Present-day rhymesters — they deserve no worthier name—range in their effects from the fadeur of sentimentalism to the ugliness of banality. As long, however, as the poetical composition of songs is looked upon as ancillary to the musical composition, English song-writing will continue to occupy the humiliating position to which it has fallen during the last century. Lyric writing is a unique form of art representing the combination of two distinct functions—poetical and musical creation—and as long as the former is prostituted by the perpetrations of obscure scribblers in idle moments, the art will suffer. We have here much to learn from the German lieder. In this province of vocal melody Goethe was a copartner with Schubert and Heine with Schumann. The art of song-writing—it seems to me—should be a process of intimate conscious collaboration between the poet and the musical composer. The quintessence of poetic genius is supernormality, the expressions of which range from the obscurities and obliquities of Browning and Donne to the esoteric simplicity of Blake and—in certain moods—of Wordsworth. But the poetical forms used by these poets are essentially modern, and the appeal reaches the brain of the reader or hearer (unlike ancient and mediaeval poetry which was composed to be recited or sung by professional rhapsodists and minstrels) first—and sometimes solely—through the sense of vision, and secondarily through the sense of audition, these two senses being thus the controlling agents; and, in the latter case, the interpreting voice has no limitations imposed upon it by the forms of music; that is to say, the words may reach the hearer's brain at such a leisurely pace as will enable it to attain a satisfactory comprehension. In a musical lyric, however, the controlling agents are the technicalities of musical form, which impose rigid limitations upon the hearer, especially in respect of time. The lyrical appeal must, therefore, be so nicely made that it is never too profound to be instantly comprehensible, yet the lucidity of meaning must be subtly and softly veiled with sufficient decorative gossamer to satisfy the aesthetic instincts. Further, there must be alive within it the literary impulse. Finally, it must be the embodiment of pure subjective passion, except in the case of balladry; and the tone ballad, using the word in its narrowest sense, is, of course, a brief and unelaborated type of epic and not lyrical poetry."

Even in a directory you may unearth on occasion food for suggestive reflection. At any rate, if interested in affairs musical, you will find no lack of material of the kind in the pages of the Musical Directory (Rudall, Carte & Co.), which now makes its appearance for 1918. One wonders, for instance, in glancing through its closely printed lists of professional folk how there can possibly be room for them all—in the sense of a demand for their activities—even in a huge city like ours. But, from the extraordinary mass of names appearing in the Musical Directory, it would seem that one's knowledge in these matters has been deficient. We feel tempted to give some figures. But they must not be taken to represent more than a rough estimate on the basis of so many names to a page of the directory. The totals arrived at, however, would probably be found to be under, rather than over, the mark. As thus approximately reckoned up, the directory gives the names of some 1250 professional singers resident in London and the suburbs. Of these the sopranos number over 400; the mezzos and contraltos about 330; the tenors over 200, and the baritones and basses some 300, while of altos are found—one hopes a lucky—13. Can this crowd of professional singers, one wonders, all be occupied in singing? But, in any case, they are considerably out-numbered by the metropolitan orchestral and solo instrumentalists, whose names—totalling close on 2000—fill nearly 50 colums of the directory. The majority of the players, not unnaturally, fall into the category assigned to the violin and viola, and their names reach to a total, roughly, of 860. Of 'cellists one finds about 200, and of double bass players some 150; these two classes together representing a total just about equivalent to that of the wood-wind executants enumerated, while in the brass section are another 300. As for the professors of the piano, singing, etc., it will hardly surprise you to learn that their name is legion. We counted up to 5000, or rather more.—London Daily Telegraph.

CONCERTS OF WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Margaret Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Concert lecture by Oscar Saenger and others. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Song recital by Alice Sjoselius, soprano. Scarlatti, Siciliana; Buononcini, Per la gloria d'adorave; Pergolesi, Arietta; Mozart, "Porgi amor" and "Deh vieni non tardar" from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; Six Swedish folk songs; Bartholomew, April Song, Rain; Horsman, The Shepherdes; Campbell-Tipton, Rhapsodie; Jarnefelt, Skymning; Beckman, Vinden Svedbom, Kallan; Stenhammer, Guld och grona Skogar; Alfven, Sommardofte; MacDowell, Long Ago, Sweetheart Mine, Footo, Tranquillity; Chadwick, the Maiden and the Butterfly; Woolman, An Open Secret.

Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M. Leopold Auer's violin recital. Wanda Bogutzka Stein, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 21st Symphony Concert (A.) Mr. Schmidt, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 21st Symphony Concert (B). Mr. Schmidt, conductor. See special notice.

April 8 1918

When did women, especially young women and little girls, begin this season, to plaster their hair over their ears and bring the dabs well forward on the cheeks? The fashion is not becoming. Is it possible that some of these women and girls have ears of such a nature as to warrant the descriptive phrase "Wing-wang"? Pauline Bonaparte's ears were too flat, or to quote the eloquent Joseph Turquan, they were not "chiselled into those little folds that make the ears of certain women so marvelously ravishing, veritable objects of art to be placed under glass." And so when Mme. de Contades, envious of Pauline's beauty, once met her at an assembly she stared at her through her lorgnette and said so Pauline could hear her, "If I had ears like those, I'd cut them off. They are like those of a pug dog." After that Pauline dressed her hair to conceal the flatness, or covered them with a bandeau or a "mentonniere," as shown in the portrait of her by Lefevre in the Museum at Versailles.

It is a singular fact that there is no reference to the ears of the Shulamite in the rather minute description that embellishes "The Song of Solomon." Nor do we remember any poem by Robert Herrick to his Julia's ears, although he praised her anatomically. Among the 30 attributes of beauty ascribed to Helen of Troy were her short ears. Unfortunately we do not know whether she exposed them or covered them. "Sintque breves dentes, aures, pes."

The Alabama Claims

We alluded recently to the Alabama claims. The allusion prompted this letter:

As the World Wags:

In connection with this you forgot to mention that the Alabama claims were so dishonestly rated that $3,000,000 not claimed still remains in the U. S. treasury. E. L. JOHNSTON.

P. S. Perhaps it was $2,000,000, but "the principle remains the same."

A Regimental Cat

As the World Wags:

A picture of an English regiment's pet cat (in last Sunday's Herald) that had a record of killing 20 rats in an hour bears out my contention that cats are not only invaluable, but are being used in the trenches, as stated by Cunliffe Owen and generally denied by the rat department of the agricultural bureau of Washington. We will have to invest such cats with, say a Maltese Cross to make their services fully known. WILLIAM GILL.

Grove Hall.

Mr. Gill should make the acquaintance of the cat on the Newton pay roll, the municipal rat catcher, Tim, whose salary is $29.20 a year, as described in the Boston Traveler of April 4.—Ed.

An Auspicious Name

The real name of the late Sir George Alexander, actor and manager, was George Alexander Samson. Some one at a dinner party in London, commenting on the fact, said: "What a pity he doesn't use it! It's such a lovely name for an actor. Samson brought down the house, didn't he?"

The Duchess's Mitten

As the World Wags:

Among the burlesque incidents now and then emerging during the war is a recent dispatch from Geneva stating that "the refusal of the young Duchess of Luxembourg to accept a Prussian prince as a husband continues to cause the greatest irritation in Berlin royal circles. Nearly every three months a new prince is sent down to Luxembourg and the duchess is obliged to receive him."

Nothing funnier has occurred since the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein gave the repeated mitten to Prince Paul in Offenbach's delightful opera-bouffe, and Paul got real mad and declared that unless she changed her mind, "papa would look up some other grand duchess for him." EMIL SCHWAB.

Arlington.

August and May

As the World Wags:

I hope Mr. Herkimer Johnson is in good spirits, without too many good spirits in him, as I should like his advice on a little matter which has been troubling me. I am an ardent peruser of poetry, ranging from "Loimos Menis" to "Trades" in my peregrinations. I make it a point to look up all important historical references, but today I came across an allusion which puzzled me. I quote the first few lines of "With Strawberries" to refresh Mr. Johnson's memory:

With strawberries we filled a tray,
And then we drove away, away
Along the links beside the sea,
Where wave and wind were light and free,
And August felt as fresh as May.

The question is, who are the two individuals mentioned in the last line? I shall be grateful for any suggestions.

Wollaston. SATYROS.

Waste Not, Want Not

There is an elderly man to be seen any day in the city who sets a commendable example of the utilization of what would otherwise be wasted. About mid-day, when many vans are drawn up in quiet streets, while the drivers and horses enjoy their mid-day meal, he collects all the corn he can find scattered from nose bags, which he shovels into a sack and takes home. And on these gleanings from the highway he feeds a brood of chickens. A profitable dinner hour occupation with new laid eggs fetching 5d. each.—London Daily Chronicle.

MATZENAUER'S

Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, contralto of the Metropolitan opera company, assisted by Frank La Forge, pianist, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the American fund for French wounded. The program was as follows: Dowland, Come Again; Morley, Sweet Nymph, Come to Thy Lover; Coldara, Largo; Handel, Lusinghe Piu Care; Gretchaninoff, In the Steppe; Rachmaninoff, Sorrow in Springtime; Grieg, Why Gleams the Fear, Thy Warning; Rhene-Baton, Il Pleut des Petales de Fleurs; Saint-Saens, Guitares et Mandolines; Duparc, Extase; Staub, L'Heure Delicieuse; La Forge, Night, Supplication; Carpenter, Odaliske, To a Young Gentleman; Bauer, The Linnet is Tuning her Flute.

Mme. Matzenauer sang at one of the Copley-Plaza morning musicales a season or two ago when the natural beauty of her voice was the chief feature of her performance. Since then she has made remarkable strides as a singer of songs. In fact her appearance yesterday was marked by some of the most distinguished singing heard here this season.

The singer's voice, opulent, extraordinary in range, even throughout, thrilling in timbre, tropical in coloring, is in itself a delight, and she has made the most of her natural advantages. Her singing of the florid songs at the beginning of the program showed a fine mastery of technic, while she displayed unusual flexibility, and imparted to her voice momentary and appropriate lightness of character, a feat seldom successfully achieved by contraltos.

It was to be expected that in the songs by Grieg, Gretchaninoff and Rachmaninoff her emotional eloquence and dramatic force would triumph. But the test of her versatility, intelligence and subtlety as an interpreter came in the French songs that followed. In these, as throughout the afternoon, she revealed admirable breath control, polished phrasing, surpassing skill and variety in coloring tone. Seldom has Duparc's "Extase" been more beautifully sung or more atmosphere been imparted to Saint-Saens's "Guitares et Mandolines."

Mme. Matzenauer sang in Italian, French, Russian and Norwegian. Songs in English included two by Mr. La Forge written for and dedicated to her. "Supplication," admirably suited to reveal the singer's voice to its fullest extent, is in the composer's best vein. Both songs pleased the audience and were repeated. Mr. La Forge's delightful accompaniments enhanced the pleasure of the afternoon. Some singers with fine voices are lacking in art. Others technically skilled are hampered by vocal limitations. Few opera singers are equally successful on the concert stage. Mme. Matzenauer, universally gifted, stands in the first rank of singers now before the public. May she be heard here often.

April 9

Nietzsche and Treitschke are still coupled as men that are largely responsible for the present mental attitude of Germany; for her desire to rule the world by brute force. It is true that in "Beyond Good and Evil," written in 1885, Nietzsche spoke of the necessity of Europe "to acquire one will, by means of a new caste to rule over the continent, a persistent, dreadful will of its own, that can set its aims thousands of years ahead; so that the long spun-out comedy of its petty statcism, and its dynastic as well as its democratic many-willed-ness, might finally be brought to a close." He added, writing this on account of the "threatening attitude of Russia": "The time for petty politics is past; the next century will bring the struggle for the dominion of the world—the compulsion to great politics." But in this book we also find Nietzsche deriding certain "follies" among "present-day" Germans, "the anti-French folly, the anti-Semitic folly, the anti-Polish folly, the Christian-romantic folly, the Wagnerian folly, the Teutonic folly, the Prussian folly (just look at those poor historians, the Sybels and Treitschkes, and their closely bandaged heads), and whatever else these little obscurations of the German spirit and conscience may be called." And in the same section, "Peoples and Countries," Nietzsche says incidentally: "We Germans are as yet nearer to barbarism than the French."

"Muslum of Harts"

We have received from Mary W. Lovejoy of Concord, N. H., a note with reference to the speech made by ex-President Pierce at Concord in which he used the phrase "Mausoleum of hearts."

"My mother copied it (the speech)"

and for years it was [illegible] I hoped to find the copy she made, but [illegible] to do. Perhaps it is quite as well to forget it, as it showed that his sympathies were with the South in the war. I have no doubt there are persons here who at that time were of the same spirit, or sons of men known to be rebel sympathizers, who have a copy of that speech. My brothers were both in the Union army, and the majority in this city were loyal to the cause, but there were southern sympathizers who welcomed that speech of ex-President Pierce. In the light that they have seen since that time perhaps they would not care to admit possessing a copy of it. I could refer you to one, a son of such an advocate of 'state rights,' but as he has taken a somewhat different stand, he might not like to be cited as the son of a man, a very prominent citizen of pronounced rebel sympathies. My mother's reasons for keeping a copy of the sentiment expressed were quite the reverse of admiration."

"Dawn" and "Morn"

As the World Wags:

It is never safe to have a positive opinion about anything. For 30 years I have maintained that the practice of rhyming "for" with "sawr" was peculiar to the poets of Cambridge and Boston and the North Shore as far as Lynn. Now I find a poet of Amherst, N. H., butting in with his rhyme of "Dawn" and "Morn." Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson stand for that sort of thing? W. E. K.

Boston.

Are We Facing Famine?

As the World Wags:

The Food Fair is a splendid object lesson and suggestive to home-makers, but how about the use of "substitutes" of which there is already a scarcity and prospect of worse conditions in obtaining these? Rules are constantly changing, and already some of the grains are not obtainable and very soon may be out of the market. Mr. Hoover's representative, speaking at the conference at the State House a week ago last Monday, said that the situation was critical. While many patriotic housekeepers are trying to save what little wheat they have on hand until harvest, using substitutes when possible, it is now stated in some suburban towns the government will send inspectors into private homes, who will seize all over a 90-day supply of flour, and a 60-day stock of sugar, allowing only six pounds of flour per person a month, and three pounds of sugar a person for the same length of time! As the supply diminishes, may it be renewed for the future, week by week, or are we to face a deficit at the end of the allotted time when everybody will have come to an end of supplies and be clamoring for more, which perhaps the government cannot supply?

Is the thrifty woman, who, perchance, has bought as usual a barrel of flour for a family of six, to last until harvest, obliged to dispose of the same, in order to give to her less careful neighbor, who has been wasting the same, while she has been eking out her supply with substitutes?

Hoarding above a reasonable amount, purchased months ago, is unpatriotic and ought to be punished. The rich should share with the poor and all suffer alike if famine comes, or great scarcity, but considering the fact that there are many persons who are positively unable to consume the coarser grains and have been made sick by their constant use, however willing to comply they may be, it does seem unfair and unjust to deprive them of the small supply which they may have saved for the time of necessity. We hope the drastic regulation will not be carried out in private families, and we also hope that more economy will in future be used in the camps which have been wasteful, and that this government, as in Germany, will not allow the free use of grain in German-American breweries in America. Gen. Wood is right when he says, "We are going into the valley of the shadow," and if we would avoid needless suffering in the future we must act now and sacrifice for the sake of our soldiers and for ourselves in the near future which faces us.

E. A. R.

Duds

In England a false pass made out by a soldier is called a "dud." London newspapers are gravely discussing the origin and meaning of "duds." The plural, meaning clothes, especially shabby, ragged or dirty ones, is more familiar in this country than the singular meaning a rag or piece of cloth. In English dialect a dud is a delicate person, soft, spiritless. In some English counties duds are workmen's tools, personal possessions of small value, also shoes. "Duddery" is a good word for a second-hand clothes shop. We find poetic touches in certain illustrative quotations. "The smell o' yar duds is liken onto the smell o' Lebanon." It appears that early in the 16th century the small wheels belonging to a town clock were called "clocke-dudes."

"Keep Her Smiling" Shows

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Keep Her Smiling," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by John Hunter Booth, founded on Edgar Franklin's stories in the Saturday Evening Post. Produced by Richard Walton Tully at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Ct., March 18.

Mr. Donovan.....W. H. Post
Mr. Theodore Brackett.DeWitt C. Jennings
Henry Trindle.....Sidney Drew
Mr. Storer.....Edmund Dalby
Stella Goodwin.....Daisy Rudd
Grapely.....John H. Dilson
Mr. Bland.....John M. Washburne
Polly Trindle.....Mrs. Sidney Drew
Jim Merriweather.....Lincoln Plumer
Myra Merriweather.....Maidel Turner
Mr. Wainwright.....William T. Hays
Mr. Welburn Otis.....W. A. Whitecar
Miss Atterbury.....Vira Rial
Hugh R. Stafford.....Horace Vinton
Mr. Breckenridge.....Charles Mylott

Mr. Trindle, a meek, rabbit-like man, without initiative, without many ideas, worships his wife, an extravagant young woman, but not selfishly extravagant, for she loves her Henry and believing in his ability insists that they should live in a "Renaissance Villa" and repay social obligations. Henry is only a cashier for Brackett & Bland, but for the sake of a legal formality he is made a dummy treasurer and given one share of stock.

Telling his wife of his advancement, he conceals from her the fact that his salary has not been raised. She thinks he is now a member of the firm and that his income is swollen thereby. She gives a party. To make it memorable, she engages Maruso, the tenor; Madlova, the dancer; Slavaroosky, the pianist.

How Henry blunders into prosperity, at first through his wife's foolishly enthusiastic belief in him; how he unwittingly secures an important contract, gaining a handsome commission; how he also is the means of effecting the consolidation of two firms, and is at the end the important and courted man of Clythebourne-on-the-Sound, whose services are hotly fought for by Brackett, who for a long time looked on him only as a poor shrimp, and by Otis, Brackett's rival, before the two millionaires agree to work together with Henry—all this is told amusingly.

Henry is a fair specimen of the American husband with an adoring and light-headed wife. In this instance the wife's folly is the cause of the husband's prosperity. For once the willingness to live beyond one's means, and the desire to keep up appearances regardless of the present and the future, bring fortune in the end.

There are many funny incidents in the play, some improbable, many possible. The light comedy greatly pleased a large audience. Mr. and Mrs. Drew were welcomed uproariously by those who had already made their acquaintance through film comedies, sketches of marital life. It is not necessary to inquire too curiously into the merits of Mr. Drew as a comedian. It is enough to say that he portrayed consistently the conscientious cashier, who, beginning with a blind confidence in the generosity of his employers, was bitterly disappointed, but did not betray his disappointment in order that his wife might keep on smiling. His reception of the western firm and his behavior at the party when recklessness was succeeded by the conviction that after all he was a man of financial importance, were not the only instances of a well considered portrayal of character.

Mr. Jennings, no longer a stern police official, but a brusque business man, was the dominating figure in the supporting company. Mr. Post as the lawyer Donovan made much of a comparatively unimportant part.

The entertainment was diversified by the speeches of Mr. Drew, Mr. Tully and Mr. Booth.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Henry Jewett Players in "The Great Adventure," a play in four acts, by Arnold Bennett. The cast:

Ilam Carve.....H. Conway Wingfield
Albert Shawn.....N. Murray Stephen
Dr. Pascoe.....Cameron Matthews
Edward Horning.....William C. Mason
Janet Cannot.....Beatrice Miller
Cyrus Carve.....Leonard Craske
Father Looe.....Frederick Annerley
Peter Horning.....Nicholas Joy
Honoria Looe.....Jessamine Newcombe
James Shawn.....Leon Gordon
John Shawn.....N. Murray Stephen
Mr. Texel.....Nicholas Joy

This is one of the most enjoyable productions that the Jewett players have offered in recent weeks. It sparkles with wit, it has sufficient plot to hold interest to the end, and amusing situations follow one another in an unbroken sequence.

Ilam Carve, one of the greatest painters of his time, finds it convenient to assume the name of his valet when the man dies rather suddenly. The deceased, in consequence, is mourned as the illustrious artist; all England, even Europe, is moved to tears, and the body of the valet is buried as that of Carve in Westminster Abbey.

At that moment Carve's troubles begin. He finds himself the heir to all of Shawn's affairs, his misdeeds, and even the heart affair which the valet was undertaking through a matrimonial agency when death cut him off.

But the lady is found to have some estimable qualities, and she proceeds at once to regard Carve—whom she believes to be Shawn—as her particular possession, and to mother him as such. Events move on into a labyrinth of domestic, legal and state complications, all of which, however, end happily, with the decision as to whether Carve will disclose his identity or continue to remain legally Shawn.

Mr. Wingfield as Carve and Miss Miller as Mrs. Cannot take the leading parts with success, ably supported by the others of the cast.

NAVY JAZZ BAND

The United States Navy "Jazz Band" is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large and highly demonstrative audience. The conclusion of this act was greeted with a tremendous ovation.

This band, under the leadership of Chief Yoeman Alfred Moore, played pieces by Suppe, Frey and Sousa. There were several solos, notably a highly pleasing rendition of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," on the violin. Most of the numbers were of the jazz style, and the young musicians entered into the spirit of the occasion with zest. A surprising feature was the musical unity apparent in an organization that at best and from its nature must be "scrub." The act has its place in booming the Liberty loan, and there was a song "Over Here" with an appeal for oversubscription. At the conclusion of the act the leader introduced Maj. Smith of the Canadian-Irish regiment, who, in a potent appeal, put the duty of the people before the audience in the drive for the Liberty loan.

The big laugh-provoking feature of the bill was the act of the old-timers, James and Bonnie Thornton. Many in the audience no doubt remembered the comedienne, now admitting 63 years of age, during the opening season at this theatre 24 years ago. The actress was then a piquant soubrette, who romped about with unflagging spirit, singing many of the compositions of Mr. Thornton—songs that had their appeal in their simplicity, in their reflections of the types of the day. And so again last evening the audience sang the refrain to "Annie Rooney" many times; nor is it too much to say that they enjoyed the attempt.

Mr. Thornton contributed one of the funniest monologues ever heard at this theatre and the audience laughed uproariously. He added a medley of his old compositions, commencing with the oft-sung "Irish Jubilee."

Another act that pleased was that of John McGowan, assisted by Adelaide Mason and Leeta Corder. The act is especially pleasing in the manner of its treatment and in the originality of the idea. Added to this there is the unusual combination of a comedian with a good voice. Miss Mason was interesting, too, in the dance, and Miss Corder by an uncommonly good voice.

Other acts were Mme. Doree's operatic act; William Gaxton and company in a novel sketch; the Courtney Sisters, vocalists; William Ebs, ventriloquist; Bradley and Ardine, in a singing and dancing act, and the Wheeler Trio, acrobats.

Oscar Saenger Explains His Victrola Method

Oscar Saenger, the celebrated vocal teacher from New York, gave a lecture at Jordan Hall last evening, illustrated by the Oscar Saenger Vocal Training Records on the Victrola.

Many successful singers in opera, oratorio and concert have received their training in Mr. Saenger's studio. Mabel Garrison, Frieda Hempel, Florence Hinkle, the late Jeanne Gerville-Reache, Orville Harrold, Riccardo Martin, Frank Croxton are among those who have studied with him. Now with the aid of the Victrola he has invented a device by which his method may become universally known.

A student about to learn a certain song or aria often buys a record of it made by a famous singer, from which much help is derived. Mr. Saenger goes still further. His entire course of 20 lessons is embodied in 10 double-faced Victor records, with a separate set for soprano, mezzo-soprano, tenor, baritone and bass. The mezzo-soprano records contain special instructions for the training of children's voices. The first two lessons are lectures by Mr. Saenger, in which he endeavors to establish the atmosphere of the studio. The other lessons range from tone production to vocalises. Each record contains directions by Mr. Saenger as to how the exercise should be performed, an illustration by a skilled singer, immediately followed by a piano accompaniment, which enables the student to imitate at once and as closely as possible the example that has gone before.

The device is ingenious and the course of lessons should increase both the Victrola's popularity and usefulness. The records were made by Paul Althouse, tenor; Helen Newcomb, soprano; Christine Miller, contralto, and Henri Scott, bass, all products of the Saenger studio. Last evening another pupil, Miss Malvena Passmore, a young and accomplished coloratura soprano, assisted in demonstrating the records, acting as the student. A little girl who had studied Saenger's method from the records also served to illustrate the value of the piano accompaniment, permitting immediate imitation.

Miss Passmore also sang the Bell Song from Delibes's "Lakme" with considerable brilliance and aplomb.

Frederick A. Delano, baritone, sang the Prologue from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Miss Marie Caslova, violinist, in Kreisler's La Gitana, Cui's Orientale and other pieces, lent variety to the occasion. A very large and interested audience filled the hall.

April 10 1915

AUER PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE

Leopold Auer, violinist, played for the first time in Boston last night in Symphony Hall. Mme. Wanda Bogutzka-Stein was the pianist. The program was as follows: Handel, Sonata in A major; Bach, Andante, C major, and Gavotte, E major, for violin alone; Nardini, Concerto; Locatelli, Sonata, G major; Haydn-Auer, Serenade, Vivace; Vitali, Chaconne.

In the good old days of the one-ring circus there was a traditional dialogue that made a deep impression on youthful minds. After the dashing female had ridden for a few minutes, the clown said to the polished ring-master: "She rides well." To which the ring-master replied: "Yes, Mr. Merryman, she rides well for one so young. What will the young lady have next? The hoops or the banners?"

It would be courteous to say of Mr. Auer: "He plays well for one so old." For Mr. Auer will be 73 next June.

Mr. Auer is famous as the teacher of many distinguished violinists. Musical history shows that great teachers have often been comparatively inconspicuous as violinists, singers, pianists; but Mr. Auer in the sixties and seventies and still later was renowned as a virtuoso. We never heard him in his prime. It would be unjust to judge him now that he has passed the age allotted to man, fiddler or blacksmith, by Moses as reported in the Book of Psalms. Mr. Auer's bowing was stiff; he abused the portamento; his interpretation was for the most part dry. His playing of Bach's music was distinctly disappointing, but in the beautiful concerto of Nardini he showed a finer taste, a more expressive comprehension. The wonder is that at his age he plays as well as he does.

It seems a pity that a man of his reputation is not willing to let it be traditional. There is the natural curiosity to see a teacher that has sent so many virtuosos into the musical world, and the man cannot be seen unless he appears in public. There comes a time, alas, when distinguished men should be seen and not heard, whether they be musicians, orators, actors or statesmen. Nestor himself was a bore if only for his flow of reminiscences.

Mr. Auer, as a teacher, and no doubt as a man should be welcomed. May he live in peace and prosper! His reputation, firmly established, should not be shaken by himself, now that he has not the enthusiasm of youth or the full expression of ripe maturity.

Mme. Bogutzka-Stein played excellent accompaniments. An audience of only fair size applauded vigorously.

Charles P. Moritz of Berlin, traveling in England, making long journey in 1782 on foot, to the amazement of country people who, with inn-keepers, often treated him rudely because they thought he was a vagrant, was surprised at the attention paid to one Katterfelto. "He has demonstrated to the people that the influenza is occasioned by a small kind of insect, which poisons the air, and a nostrum which he pretends to have found out, to prevent or destroy it, is eagerly bought of him." Is it possible that this Katterfelto, who said he was a Prussian, had an inkling of the germ theory?

Billiards and Clubs

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested of late in articles about the education of the young. Should any time be spent on Latin and Greek? Should studies be elective or prescribed? Although I have

[illegible] this modesty, nor do I refer to honors awarded me by foreign societies for the advancement of science—I cannot help thinking that my early education was misdirected. Reading William Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men," a book that should be given to every boy when he is able to reason, I came across an anecdote that convinced me of time wasted through no fault of mine.

"I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his (then a little boy) taught Latin. 'No,' said Mr. Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something a great deal better for him.' 'What is that?' said Sir John. 'Why,' said the other, 'teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass.'" Alas, I would not dare to attempt this, for I use only the old fashioned razor; the word "Safety" does not reassure me; perhaps I am too conservative by nature. I have, however, succeeded in shaving without accident in a sleeping car when the train was going at a frightful rate of speed and the roadbed was rough.

One of my chief regrets is that I was not taught billiards in my boyhood. I mourn this as a student of sociology, for observing men who are playing at the Porphyry I have learned much about human nature. Paul Verlaine told Mr. George Moore that he should have placed his son Georges as a waiter in a Parisian cafe. There the young man would have received a liberal education. Cards I abhor—for I was never lucky at poker and vingt-et-un. I have no head for chess, a slow game, morose, choleric. Did not William the Conqueror in his younger years playing with the Prince of France, being checkmated, bash the victor on the head with the chessboard?. No defeated billiard player runs his opponent through with his cue, or chalks his face in anger. Agreeable conversation at the table is not prohibited between the shots. Think of the game itself, its beauty, the necessary delicacy of stroke, the eye for angles. Does proficiency in billiards argue a profound knowledge of geometry?

At the Porphyry one may meet any afternoon visitors who are known by name in many cities—authors, officers of the army and navy, painters, musicians, men of scientific acquirements, travellers and the like. Sometimes they disappoint expectation. Sometimes the lions, however loud their roaring, have a mangy mane. The other day I sat in a corner listening to the talk of a man reputed great. He was silent for half an hour or more. His sole remark was to the effect that ale was not now so strong as it should be. I was reminded of the man who journeyed with Wordsworth to London in a stage coach. This man was at once glorified in De Quincey's eyes. "Now, as you travelled nearly 300 miles in the company of Mr. Wordsworth," said De Quincey "during two nights and two days doubtless you must have heard many profound remarks that would inevitably fall from his lips." The man's eyes brightened. Yes, he did recall something that Wordsworth had said. The stage coach had stopped at Baldock for breakfast, which was good for nothing.

"And Wordsworth?"

"He observed——"

"What did he observe?"

"That the buttered toast looked, for all the world, as if it had been soaked in hot water."

And I could have exclaimed with De Quincey, substituting 'weaker ale' for "buttered toast," "Ye heavens! And was it this I waited for?"

Leonard, the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote his memoirs; Mauriant's valet wrote his reminiscences of his master. We should like to read the memoirs of a waiter at the Porphyry. Do these waiters secretly admire, or mock, the members? It is easy to know what they think of old Auger, who calls them, storms if a cherry is in his cocktail, roars if his highball is cold, goes to the desk if his chop is overdone. Do they fully realize the fact that Bill Moriton enjoys the reputation of being a wit? Do they appreciate the learning of Mr. John Q. Ferguson, or do they among themselves call him an old ass? Does the boy at the telephone keep a straight face when he hears Mrs. Golightly ordering Eugene to come home at once?

To gain fresh information for my colossal work, "Man as a Political and Social Beast" (elephant folio; sold only by subscription—the first volume has been delayed on account of the high cost of paper), I am thinking seriously of applying for the position of waiter at the Union Club, where, I understand, in consequence of a strike, young women are at present employed.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom court, Boston.

ALICE SJOSELIUS

Alice Sjoselius, soprano, gave her first recital in Boston yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. Richard Hageman was the accompanist. The program included songs by Scarlatti, Pergolese, Bartholomew, Horsman and other composers besides a group of Swedish Folk-songs and one by modern Scandinavian and Finnish composers.

The singer's voice is better than the average. It has color and body, flexibility and smoothness. She has evidently been carefully trained. Yesterday she displayed technical authority that is the result of experience. The songs by Scarlatti and Pergolese and two airs "Porgi, amor" and "Den vieni" from Mozart's "Le Nozze di Figaro" were sung fluently, with expression and a nice observance of traditional style.

As an interpreter Miss Sjoselius was conventionally emotional with due deference to the wishes of the various composers. A naive sincerity is an ingratiating characteristic of her singing, but she is not yet capable of expressing many moods.

To some, even if provided with possibly accurate translations, the enjoyment of songs sung in Scandinavian is as an acquired taste. With one exception "Om clagen vid mitt arbete," the Swedish Folk-songs were of a giddy and coquettish nature. "Fjorton ar" has been sung here by Mme. Frieda Hempel. The four songs by modern Scandinavians were only moderately interesting.

Horsman's "Shepherdess" has genuine originality and distinction and with Mr. Foote's beautiful "Tranquillity" stood out conspicuously among the English songs. Campbell-Tipton's "Rhapsodie" is a vain striving and straining to be effective with little or no success in voicing the spirit of the text. Mr. Hageman played skilful accompaniments. A friendly audience paid tribute to the singer with flowers and applause.

April 11 1915

We make no apology for reprinting here an article by E. Nesbit that was published in the Daily Mail of London.

The Haunted Garden

Autumn is here, and the garden is still gay in purple and gold; the leaves are not all yellowed, but they are fading and falling fast. Soon the goldenrod and the Michaelmas daisies will have gone where rose-leafes go, and it will be winter here; the rose thorns will lie bare to the lash of the wind, and the rain will fall on the garden like tears that are never dried.

Let the winter come! This garden has no more need of summer. In winter we leave it lying lonely and, cowering over the hearth, drug ourselves with books: but in the summer we walk in the garden and remember. For then the garden is haunted by the shadows of those who used to laugh and linger here in long golden days and starry evenings, before the war broke up homes and made happiness only a memory. On this terrace where the passion-flower and the purple clematis thicken over the balustrade the boys and girls trooped out brave in their fancy dresses that night when George came of age and we had the big dance. There were Chinese lanterns glowing crimson and orange along the front of the house, and all the windows are lighted up. The windows are dark-curtained now. And George will never grow old.

Beside the fountain, that still rises and falls and murmurs its old soft, thin, tinkling music, Milford did the snow sculpture. The fountain was stilled then by winter and the water-lilies lay deep under the ice. All one white day he worked at it—a faun's head and shoulders on a pillar whiter than marble. The beautiful face melted in next day's sunshine, and Milford will carve no more beautiful things for us. All that is over.

Over, too, the tales that were told in the white rose arbor and under the jasmine arch. No lovers whispered there this year, the rose leaves fell in silence and no buds of jasmine were plucked to lie against white bosom or scented hair. The boys are far away facing death; or have faced it for the last time. And the girls are working in hospital or factory or workshop.

The boat lies idle on the lake, and there is no one to feed the swans. In that little heather-built summer house where Rupert used to write verses on a June day the spiders have spun clogging webs and the dust lies thick and soft. He will write no more poems for us—but his country will never forget the last poem he wrote.

* * * * * *

In the evenings, the long summer evenings, when the coral and chrysoprase of sunset changed so slowly and so beautifully to the mystery of moonlight, happiness and youth went side by side along these garden paths. Now weeds and moss grow here, and on the lawn round the sundial, that used to be like velvet, the grass is long and dank, and no bright faces bend over the dial that still boasts foolishly that it "only numbers sunny hours." Harry, who set the sundial in its place, will not return to read the hours by it. Of that good company, who knew this garden few will come to it again.

For truth and honor, for freedom and the soul of man they have given all, and we dare not grudge the greatness of their gift. But the garden is full of memories; it knows what it is that has been given. The merry voices are stilled; the gladness and the gaiety, the hope and the joy are gone like last year's flowers. And in the garden is a stillness like the stillness of death. The soul of the garden is gone, but the great beech tree on whose smooth bark Rosamund's schoolboy lovers carved her name in half a dozen languages, the ivy-muffled lattice from which Christine leaned to hear the serenade to her blue eyes, the cedar Dick climbed, the poplars Bertram planted—these remain, to stab us as we pass.

The haunted beauty of the summer garden is harder for us to bear than the desolation of autumn when we walk among the dead and drifting leaves. We who are old and lonely, who know that our days cannot return to us—we feel that the autumn is our own, and that winter sleep comes soon. But they—the summer was theirs. What right now have roses to be red and lilies to be sweet? How can we bear the insolent triumph of summer, which is, though they are not? But autumn we can bear, because then we remember that spring is eternal and that this world is not all. Autumn lays a quiet hand on the bowed head, and we find amid the fading leaves a place for prayer . . . that some of them may come back again—that we may see them with these eyes that have wept so much; see them coming, with kind, living hands held out to us, along the grassy paths of our garden. And most, that one, most dear of all, may some day, by the mercy of God, come safe home.

Miss Mildred Ridley, Adamowski Pupil, Pleases in Recital Here

Miss Mildred Ridley, violoncellist, assisted by Miss Martha Baird, pianist, gave her first recital in Boston last evening at Jordan Hall. The program included Brahms's sonata in E-minor, op 38; Herbert, conerto, op. 30; Glazounow, "Chant du Menestrel" and other pieces.

Miss Ridley of Chelsea has studied with Josef Adamowski, the teacher of many successful pupils. She is in every way a credit to her training. Her tone is warm, emotional; her technio fluent. She already thinks for herself as an interpreter. The program, varied and attractive, was well planned to show the young cellist's versatility.

June 12, 1915

Our readers may remember that some time ago Mr. Phineas Phipps of Malden, walking in the gashouse district with his faithful dog Patou, picked up a manuscript poem, "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange." Mr. Phipps is still wondering whether the poem may not have been written by the lamented Frothingham Clancy, the bard of South Boston. We now publish a scholarly discussion of the question written by Prof. Deedledum, the poet's literary executor.

Not by Clancy

As the World Wags:

My attention has been called by a reader of your column to your publication of some verses which Mr. Phineas Phipps alleges may have been written by the late Frothingham Clancy. As a rule I pay no attention to anonymous critics. Anonymousness implies either cowardice or flippancy. Nevertheless, as literary executor of the South Boston genius I feel bound to make some answer to Mr. Phipps.

The poem which he submits unquestionably has merit. "Tall trees like old cathedral spires" is a beautiful line, and the man who can produce even occasional beautiful lines is a rarity in this degenerate age. "A golden yellow tone like new made cheese"—a most striking simile.

All the contemporary writers of free verse are more or less imitators of Clancy. This poem clearly shows his influence. The frequent alliteration is characteristic. "A murky masterpiece"—Clancy might well have said that, with the common run of free verse in mind. The tender expression of the poet's frater-feeling for the "poor, poor goat" is not unworthy of the greater singer. Whether Clancy would have introduced the Oriental Scheherezade is doubtful. I am sure that the only Jinn he knew was not spelt that way. The remarkable prevalence of the pronoun "I" weighs on the side of the Phipps suggestion.

So much for the internal evidence in favor of his theory. The fact that the poem was found near a gashouse is not unfavorable to the Clancy hypothesis. That the MS. was so odoriferous as to attract the discriminating snoot of Patou is possibly significant. And perhaps it was pleasing to the petulant Gods to hide so fair a jewel in the common dump.

Does this seem a mountain of evidence for Clancynian authorship? I am none the less positive that the lines are not his. In the first place, Clancy made very careful arrangements for the preservation of his unpublished work. He had a divine conviction that every syllable which dropped from his lips was actually an unembalmed drop of the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit, and that some day the world would turn towards him as a few of us turned even then. So he took remarkable precaution that not a scrap of his genius should escape. He had a passion for Herr Heinrich sort of cataloguing and systematizing, and every one of his poems was indexed—indeed, every stanza—and cross-indexed.

In the second place, the unknown composer of "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange" employs a word that was a red rag to Clancy. He prided himself on the extent of his vocabulary, but there were certain words which he inexorably refused to admit to the sacred chambers of his literary storehouse. Chief among the proscribed was "burgeon," that central fig-leaf without which no self-respecting poem feels completely clothed nowadays. Clancy hated that word and used to froth and foam whenever it met his eye in some 2x4 filler at the end of a story in one of the big magazines. We asked him to employ the word once—merely to prove he could use it—just to please us. "Not to please the devil!" And again, "An I did, would I might go to hell among the rogues!" (Perhaps I ought to explain that at the time he was somewhat under the influence of the mighty spirit referred to in connection with the fair teller of tales. He was, in fact, decidedly in a sort of golden prime himself—golden and mellow. At such moments he sometimes fancied that the soul of the Swan of Avon was within him. "He was a regular old bird," he would say. "Transmigration . . . Strafford . . . Sou Bosn . . . Avon . . . Avenoo . . . Shaspeare . . . Clancy . . . Falsaff . . . Frothjnam. . . ." "Turgid was another of the words despised and rejected. Yet it appears in the "Phipps" MS.

Neither do I believe that Clancy would have written "long, slim fingers." These are exclusively reserved for the dull yards where the fabricated, standardized boy-and-girl-love-stories are assembled and launched.

Nor can I find it in my heart to believe that Clancy would have perpetrated such lines as

"And lo!"

or

"Behold!"

And, finally, the color scheme of the poem could not have been Clancy's. Thank God, the poor bard never lived to see the bigotry of Ulster snatch the prize of freedom from Erin's aching hands. But he knew well enough what the orange stands for—'tis next door in the rainbow to the bloody red. He could never have written these "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange." Would he have doubted whether 'twas peacock blue or peacock green he seized in his fine frenzy? Drunk or sober, with all his faults, praise the Lord, he was never colorblind.

The poem, then, cannot be Clancy's. Only a miracle could have snatched it from the poet's care and deposited it in the gashouse dump. Not even a miracle could have led Clancy to pen some of the words it contains. If he wrote them, he was no longer Clancy. No, I should think it more likely that a March gale swept a piece of paper from Miss Amy Lowell's study window.

THERSITES K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston, April 7.

P. S.—Clancy's reputation as a free versifier has long been secure. I am more concerned over his fame as a singer. Nevertheless, I am willing to intrust you with an hitherto unpublished example of his free verse if you think your readers would like to compare his style with that of the unknown writer.

T. K. D.

P. P. S.—What a blast might have come, by the way, from another Study Window had its occupant lived to see the gibbering, shapeless forms which now defile the temple and spit upon the Muse. Verily, would he not say, "O, sublime art of Poesy, what crimes are committed in thy name?" He might even add, "And in my name."

T. K. D.

Any scrap of Frothingham Clancy's verse will be welcomed by the readers of the Boston Herald and Journal.—Ed.

June 13, 1915

21ST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Dittersdorf-Kretzschmar, Symphony in C; Chopin, Concerto in F, No. 2, for piano; Grieg, Suite for Strings,

"From Hollen's Time", Smetana Symphonic Poem, "The Moldau."

Miss Guiomar Novaes, who played here for the first time with the orchestra, gave a beautiful performance of Chopin's concerto, beautiful because it was euphonious, lucid, irreproachable in matters of technic, musically intelligent. First of all, she did not abuse the traditional liberty in rhythm known vaguely as "Chopin's rubato." Her performance was well-rhythmed and at the same time elastic. Seldom, if ever, have we heard the recitative in the middle section of the Larghetto—the finest and most effective pages of the concerto—declaimed with so poetically dramatic autonomy. Her touch was delightful, whatever degree of force was demanded. There was strength enough; there was always tonal euphony. It was said recently of a pianist in London that he respected the limitations of the piano. This might well be said of Miss Novaes. It might also be said of her that she abstained from the sentimentalism that too often is applauded as "great expression." In no way did she make a cheap appeal. Her physical repose in playing was another feature of her performance.

What induced the amiable Mr. Schmidt to drag Dittersdorf's symphony from the sepulchre? Mr. Paur, who at times committed strange freaks in program-making, exhumed this symphony 21 years ago. It was then in an advanced state of decomposition. Dittersdorf was a fertile composer, but his chief work was the autobiography which he dictated shortly before his death; a book that gives a graphic description of musical conditions and musicians in the latter half of the 18th century; a book that is also interesting by reason of the personal confessions; a book that leaves one with an affectionate regard for the author. If any symphony by Dittersdorf is to be played, why not one of those suggested by Ovid's "Metamorphoses"? "The Transformation of Actaeon," for example? The second movement of it portrays Diana bathing. We should like to know how Dittersdorg pictured this in tones.

Grieg's suite in honor of Holberg had not been played here for many years. It shows what a resouceful man can do with strings only. Our young composers demand an ultra-modern orchestra to express their raging emotions: a bass clarinet, English horn, at least three trumpets, a celesta, and pulsatile instruments galore. They make a thunderous noise to the joy of the crowd. Give them merely strings—and what would they do?

"The Moldau" of honest, patriotic Smetana, is not so impressive as "Vysehrad," the first tone poem of his cycle "My Country."

The following passage in George Gissing's "Private Papers of Henry Reycroft" reads strangely today. The edition from which we quote is dated 1903:

"Some one, I see, is lifting up his sweet voice in praise of Conscription. It is only at long intervals that one reads this kind of thing in our reviews or newspapers, and I am happy in believing that most English people are affected by it even as I am, with the sickness of dread and of disgust. That the thing is impossible in England, who would venture to say? Every one who can think at all sees how slight are our safeguards against that barbaric force in man which the privileged races have so slowly and painfully brought into check. Democracy is full of menace to all the finer hopes of civilization, and the revival, in not unnatural companionship with it, of monarchic power based on militarism, makes the prospect dubious enough. There has but to arise some Lord of Slaughter, and the nations will be tearing at each other's throats. Let England be imperilled, and Englishmen will fight; in such extremity there is no choice. But what a dreary change must come upon our islanders if, without instant danger, they bend beneath the curse of universal soldiering! I like to think that they will guard the liberty of their manhood even beyond the point of prudence."

The "Lord of Slaughter" has arisen. Democracy will tear his throat. If Gissing were now alive he would be the first to aid his country and the rest of the civilized world in every way; nor would he read unabashed what he wrote when England laughed at the mere thought of foreign invasion.

Echoes of the Parade

As the World Wags:

At the parade of Saturday, as the figure of Uncle Sam appeared in the procession, a genial Irishwoman near by exclaimed in a hearty voice, "And here's Himself!"

I am inclined to think this almost good enough to be put alongside Gen. Pershing's famous remark, "Lafayette, here we are!" EMILY MILLET MORSE.

Boston.

Gray Recolored

As the World Wags:

The number of translations of the "Elegy" is surpassed only by that of the parodies, generally vapid. But an in-

[illegible] much has just been added to the Public Library, viz.: in "Tricks of the Trade," by J. C. Squire, pp. 61-64. "If Gray had had to write his elegy in the cemetery of Spoon river instead of that of Stoke Poges." The following stanzas lose by taking them from their connection:

Full many a vice is born to thrive unseen,
Full many a crime the world does not discuss,
Full many a pervert lives to reach a green
Replete old age, and so it was with us.

* * * * * *

And others here there sleep who, given scope,
Had writ their names large on the Scrolls of Crime,
Men who, with half a chance, might haply cope
With the first miscreants of recorded time.

Doubtless in this neglected spot is laid
Some village Nero who has missed his due,
Some Bluebeard who dissected many a maid,
And all for naught, since no one ever knew.

In the little book Mr. Squire borrowed the color of sundry other writers, living and dead. No wonder it got four impressions in six months, even in the England of today.

Boston. CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

"W. E. K." and "R."

As the World Wags:

One of the first official acts of the late Gov. Rollins was to appoint a resident of this county as poet laureate of his administration of the Granite state and since that day the men of Hillsboro have been jealous of its honor in such regard. Now comes one "W. E. K." and makes anonymous attacks upon certain lines which recently appeared in your column from the pen of a resident of Hillsboro county, based on the allegation that "for" rhymes with "sawr," and that therefore the correlation of "dawn" and "morn" is improper, barbarous and unstandardized, except by the provincial standard of the small district including Boston and Cambridge where the English language is spoken better than anywhere else in the country. Hillsboro county is a close second to that Parnassian area, for neither within its bounds does "sawr" rhyme with "for" as he alleges, any more than in the more classic locality nor ring musical upon the tympani of its autochous. It is clear that Mr. K. is of the opinion that the Bryanic, rolling, or loose mouthed "r" is an attribute of the national speech of this great democracy instead of being the peculiar ornament of the dialect of the Middle West, an area somewhere in the United States, thought to extend from Cleveland, Ohio, to Lincoln, Nebraska, inclusive. Here does it roll sonorous like Misterr Bakerr's own arrtillerry, while Hillsboro and the Autocracy of the Breakfast Table save what they cut from butterr to broaden the "a" in "pass." If Mr. K. is diligent, a little practice upon these two words will enable him to cast off the sand burrs from his natural speech as from a garment, and a period of rustication at a Hillsboro boarding house this summer would give him the best chance in the world to put it overr.

ABEL ADAMS.

Hillsboro County, N. H.

Mine 14 1918

Meyerbeer's "Prophet" will be the opera for the opening night (April 22) of the Metropolitan Opera Company's sojourn of a week at the Boston Opera House. "The Prophet" has not been heard here for 15 years. It is said that Mr. Bodansky has made the necessary cuts in such a skilful manner that there is now really a coherent story. It is also said that the production is an unusually sumptuous one.

A Parisian critic in 1849, when "The Prophet" was produced in Paris, found that Scribe, the librettist, had taken undue license with history by making John of Leyden a tavern keeper "when every one knew that he was a tailor."

In that curious book, "A View of All Religions in the World," by Alexander Ross, the Scotch divine made famous by a line in "Hudibras," there is an appendix containing "the Lives, Actions and Ends of certain notorious Hereticks, with their effigies in Copper-Plates." Here we find the story of John, his comforting the people by a pretended revelation, his assuming the magistracy, allowing polygamy and taking to himself three wives, making himself King; how he executed one of his wives, deluded the people, was betrayed by his confidant, taken before the bishop and finally and deservedly executed. Ross begins his story—we quote from the sixth edition (1683)—as follows: "John Buckhold was a Botcher of Leyden, a crafty fellow, eloquent, very perfect in the Scriptures; subtle, confident, more changeable than Proteus, a serious student of sedition, briefly a most fervent Anabaptist." The story of John is told at considerable length and in an entertaining manner. Take, for instance, this description of John's royal dress: "The Kingly robes were some made of water'd stuffs, some made of silk, some of pure silk, some scarlet, some made more sumptuous with the Gold of the Ornaments which the sacrilege had furnished him with, so that it can hardly be expressed how artificially, how gallantly, how indeed Emperor-like they were interwoven, being embroidered [illegible] lop'd; and dispos'd into divers colours. His spurs were gilt with gold, and he had two Crowns of solid gold, & a golden scabbard. The King walking in these ornaments, two young men in a Courtly and Magnificent habit, one on each side of him accompanied him, whereof one carried a naked sword, the handle whereof gilstor'd with Gold and precious stones; the other held up the Holy Bible together with a golden Crown shining with most excellent pearls. A certain jewel dazling the beholders with the bright sparkling of a Diamond, and whereat was hanged a golden apple (to represent as it were the world) wounded through with two swords a cross, hang'd at his neck. His Scepter was set forth with three golden incirculations."

It matters not for operatic purposes whether John were an innkeeper, a buteher, or a tailor, whether his name were Buckhold or Becold. In the opera he is a tenor. In life he was savagely put to death; in the opera he blows up his palace and is buried in the ruins.

The original east was as follows: Jean, Gustave Roger; his sweetheart Bertha, Mme. Castellan; Fides, his mother, Pauline Viardot; the Anabaptists, Levasseur, Euzet and Gueymard.

Roger, who had before 1849 been a favorite tenor, fortunately kept a journal, which was published in 1880 with a preface by Philippe Gill. As he was hunting one day in 1859, his gun burst. Amputation of his right arm was necessary, but he did not retire from the stage and the concert hall until 1869, when he became a teacher of singing at the Paris Conservatory. He died in 1879. Roger was not an ordinary tenor. He was well informed, witty, a serious man in his views and opinions. In his journal, which is entertaining throughout, there are interesting notes about "The Prophet." But first let us see what Johannes Weber has to say about the opera; for he was Meyerbeer's secretary for 10 years whenever the composer was in Paris. Weber saw him at work; was acquainted with his purposes, his erasures, his additions.

He tells us that although there was a piano in Meyerbeer's room it was seldom used in composition, either because he had no need of it or because he feared lest neighbors might thus rob him, but the redowa in "The Prophet" was played on the piano several times. It was his custom to compose the dance music of his operas only at the time of putting them on the stage; then he would consult the ballet master.

"Two days before the first performance of 'The Prophet' he said to me as I entered the room: 'Ah, my dear Mr. Weber, what a difference between an opera coming from the head (he touched his forehead) and this opera seen on the stage.' He was evidently reflecting on the obtained result, and was not wholly satisfied, for his 'Prophet' was not as he had conceived it by reason of mutilations made in the course of rehearsals; chiefly in the part of Jean, a part too heavy for an opera-comique tenor like Rogers." Weber adds that in the autograph score of "The Prophet," aside from the cuts and an air that was added, the music is exactly as it was first written; not a note, not an ornament changed.

"The Prophet," according to Weber, was the one opera in which Meyerbeer enjoyed the most liberty, for in the other operas he had to please virtuosos of vocalization or to put bravura singers by the side of dramatic singers as in "Robert the Devil" and "The Huguenots." When he composed "The Prophet" the leading tenor at the Opera was Duprez; the mezzo-soprano was Mme. Stoltz. He did not like them, and the latter would probably have objected to taking the part of an old woman; so Meyerbeer waited 13 years; and then he was not satisfied with all his singers. Mme. Castellan, with her white tones, was correct and passionless. She demanded an entrance aria. Meyerbeer yielded, but forbade the insertion of it in the score.

Weber went at Meyerbeer's request to accompany Roger at the latter's home. "Mme. Roger invariably was present. She was neither a singer nor a musician; she surrounded her husband with an incessant maternal solicitude, and did not brook contradiction. Roger had much to do in the second act. She decided that he should sing little in the third. True, the role as it is written was too heavy for Roger. In general the repertoire of the Opera was rather above his ability. He was an opera-comique tenor, a tenor of 'demi-caractere,' not a heroic tenor. There were fine and charming effects, but not those of vigor and power; and as Meyerbeer had noticed, he had a tendency to slacken the pace to gain fuller volume when power was needed. . . . There was in the third act an air for Jean that was very original and expressive. Scarcely had he tried it when Mme. Roger found that it was too much; it should be suppressed. Roger at first did not wish this; the air pleased him, but resistance was impossible, and the next day he told me the air was cut out. I expressed my regret to Meyerbeer. He shrugged his shoulders. 'I'll use it eleswhere,' but he did not, for the air was made absolutely for the situation; it could not be detached."

"The chorus of Revolt should be sung in presence of Jean, who should breast the storm. This was avoided by a change of scenery. The prayer is in the score, but the suppression at will is indicated and the air has never been sung. So there is left for Jean hardly anything to do in the third act but to sing the [illegible] in which the tenor alternates with the chorus. In the fourth act the Prophet sings only in the scene of exorcism. The result is that the Prophet is not wholly what he should be. In the second act we see the tavern-keeper angered by an injustice join the Anabaptists to avenge himself. In the third, there is a moment of hesitation on account of cruel acts committed by his companions, but he quickly resumes his part before Oberthal; he really believes he has been invested with a divine mission to chastise the exactions of the nobles, to defend and avenge the poor and the innocent. There is something in him of Schiller's Karl Moor. We ought to see him as a political chief, and at the same time a minister of heaven. His air, the Revolt, the Prayer and the rest should reveal him in this double role. This is indicated, if you will, but that is not sufficient, and when in the following act Jean says to himself: 'Yes, I am the son of God,' one does not see the reason for it. Meyerbeer had wished to create a great energetic prophet, one convinced of his divine mission, whom the crowd believed had come upon earth not born of a woman; but he could have on the stage only an amiable prophet, a good fellow. No wonder he exclaimed, 'What a difference!' "

Mme. Viardot was remarkable as Fides. No one probably has ever approached her in this role. Chorley's description shows how she impressed her contemporaries. Bertha is only a secondary character. The other minor parts were well taken. Meyerbeer, however, was not satisfied with Roger, although the singer was a favorite, a tenor of vocal and personal charm. In the fourth act the chorus of mothers and young girls when the wives were to be chosen was suppressed. At the beginning of the fifth act the bacchanale was atrociously mutilated. At the end of the trio Bertha died to the accompaniment of a saxophone. Meyerbeer himself admitted that this death scene was boresome; he suppressed it. "Bertha stabs herself, falls in the wings, and everything is over; the saxophone disappeared."

Originally there was a symphonic overture with thematic material from the opera. It was rehearsed and found too symphonic. "An anodyne prelude was substituted." The overture somewhat cut, was afterwards performed at Pasdeloup's concerts. An arrangement for piano, very difficult, was made by Alkan and published. There is an easier arrangement for four hands.

The score of the opera was sold to Brandus for 30,000 francs; two-thirds for Meyerbeer, one-third for Scribe. Meyerbeer also received 4000 francs for the permission to publish a German text with the music. Five proofs of the score were sent to Meyerbeer before publication. Weber corrected three of them. In the quartet of Anabaptists in the fourth act, there was a succession of fifths. Weber pointed it out. "Yes," said Meyerbeer, "we'll see what sort of an effect it makes." The fifths went into the parts. When a proof of the score came, Meyerbeer showed the succession to Weber, saying, "See what the engraver has made me do." Weber refrained from reminding him that the fifths were deliberately in the score.

Now let us see what Roger had to say. In the fall of 1848, making a concert tour in England and Scotland with Jenny Lind, he learned that he was engaged for "The Prophet." He returned to Paris in November, Meyerbeer welcomed him with open arms. "His conversation is charming. He has a way peculiarly his, of saying the most biting things gently, with mild eyes and lips pursed up as for a kiss. He almost excused himself for having furnished me the opportunity of leaving the Opera Comique, the theatre that had given me 10 years of success. He told me that he had studied me for two years; the 'Mousquetaires' and 'Haydee' are really grand operas. He had gone to Rouen, to Lyons, to hear me in 'La Juive' and 'The Huguenots.' His mind was made up. 'Let our enemies say what they will. Let us do our best.' "

Roger says there had been talk of "The Prophet" for two. Now it was Duprez, now it was Mario, or another who should take the part of Jean. "Well informed newspapers discovered the tenor daily in a studio or a brewery." Roger visited Meyerbeer to hear the second act. "As the sun was strong, the servants drew the curtains. We were alone. The master was seated before a square, rather shabby piano. There was a pine board spotted with ink under which his fingers found the keys without anyone being able to see them. Perhaps he was as much moved as I. He was making his first appearance before his leading tenor. With a tremulous breath of a voice he sang a recitative, an admirable dream, a devilishly hard romance of an exquisite sentiment, a blend of love and rusticity, other grand recitatives and an immense quartet, so that this act alone is as important and fatiguing as a whole opera. It will be a hard task if the last acts are like this; but the die is cast." In November Roger, rehearsing with Meyerbeer, wrote that the latter was greatly pleased with him. He tells how Meyerbeer, sick, was ordered to drink a decoction of bull's gall, but was looking forward to eating with him the famous Boursault salad, which had been re baptized "Salade Meyerbeer." The dinner given by Roger was a brilliant one, with Berlioz, Halevy, Adam, Dumas, Mery, Fiorentino and others as guests. "I have observed what a mis-

like it is to have at table many witty men together. Each one, in a praiseworthy and rare spirit of modesty, leaves to his companions the task of setting off fireworks. One looks about, one is silent, one falls back on the food." Roger gives (page 187) the recipe for the salad. There are 19 ingredients, five items for seasoning. The salad was for 15 guests.

The next entry is July 18, 1849. "'The Prophet' has been produced. See the newspapers of the time, consult the recollections of ancestors. That which struck me, that which I recall with the most pleasure and proud satisfaction, is the manner in which the Cathedral scene, the scene of exorcism has been conceived by Pauline Viardot and me. There were no studies, nothing previously agreed upon. We happened one fine day to face one another, and all the details of this immense scene were improvised from beginning to end, and they have remained fixed. Jean, who calls himself the son of God has come into the Cathedral to have his divine nature consecrated. He has no earthly mother; but at that moment a woman exclaims: 'My son!' and rushes towards him. The people will cry out at their prophet as an impostor if he does not reassure them by a miracle. He declares her mad. The miracle will consist in restoring her reason. It is necessary that the people should not suspect that there is the least tie between him and the woman. Those of my colleagues who have kissed Fides to force her to kneel, are mistaken. It is the powerful look, the change from the imperious physiognomy to the expression of filial tenderness, visible to her alone, that should work the supposed miracle. While the Prophet, at some brusque moment of the admirable retournelle commands his mother to kneel, she, outraged, resists. Pauline Viardot, finely draped, was here splendid in attitude. But as soon as Jean, standing himself with his arms raised towards heaven, can look tenderly on his mother, she understands. That which the Christian woman and faithful refuses the imposter the mother grants to her son, who seems to implore her, and at this glance, wet with tears, he no longer struggles. She is subdued. She falls."

Was Weber right in saying that Meyerbeer was disappointed in Roger.

Weber as music critic of Le Temps was usually sour in his judgments. Chorley declared that the part of Jean, lover, son, fanatic, penitent, "has never been played and sung, as it might and would have been by that splendid musical and dramatic artist," Duprez. He speaks, as Weber did, of the prayer in the Revolt scene being suppressed—but he says it was by way of "meeting the means and the power of M. Roger." "In London, where this was restored, a portion of the after Canticle containing most beautiful phrases, was retrenched, in consideration of Signor Mario's strength. As represented both by the French and the Italian tenor, the scene retains only half its power; as written, it lays an overburden on any possible Prophet." Berlioz, reviewing the first performance, wrote that the success of Roger and Mme. Viardot was great. He dwelt enthusiastically on the performance of Mme. Viardot; he said little about Roger, but remarked that only a consummate musician like Roger could meet certain difficulties of intonation in the Cathedral scene. Reviewing a later performance in 1849 he wrote: "Roger was never, since he has been at the Opera, so well-voiced, nor more fortunate in spirit. He swam in passion and dominated all your terrible musical rumors by the tones of his strident voice, bold to the point of insolence that night." The review was in a dashing vein. Speaking of transcriptions of the opera for various instruments, he noted one for the flageolet. "When one thinks that there are in this world beings with a human face desirous of owning the score of 'The Prophet' transcribed (the word is marvelous), for a flageolet! !"

The first performance of "The Prophet" in the United States was at Niblo's Garden, New York, on Nov. 25, 1853. Jean, Salvi; Fides, Mme. Steffanone; Bertha, Mme. Bertucca-Maretzek; Oberthal, Beneventano; Anabaptists, Marini, Vietti, Rosi. Maretzek conducted. The performance lasted three hours and a half.

The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre on Feb. 8, 1856. Jean, Salviani; Fides, Mme. Lagrange; Bertha, Miss Hensler; Oberthal, Amodio; Anabaptists, Morelli, Arnoldi, Gasparoni. There was a second performance on Feb. 13, a third on Feb. 16. Maretzek conducted.

Among the more recent performances are those at the Boston Theatre:

1884, March 10—Jean, Stagno; Fides, Mme. Scalchi; Bertha, Mme. Valleria; Oberthal, Guadagnini; Anabaptists, Stagi, Contini, Mirabella.

1885, April 6—Jean, Schott; Fides, Mme. Brandt; Bertha, Mme. Martinez; Oberthal, Staudigl; Anabaptists, Kemlitz, Miller, Koigel. Walter Damrosch conducted.

1903, March 27—Jean, Alvarez; Fides Mme. Schumann-Heink; Bertha, Mme. Marilly; Oberthal, Journet; Anabaptists, Bars, Declery, Ed. de Reszke.

News About the Theatre and Comedians, Here and Abroad

Gerolamo Rovetta's "Romanticismo," a patriotic play was produced in London by an Italian company at the Comedy Theatre March 12. Count Lamberti joins a band of patriots of young Italy, who meet at Somo in the shop of an apothecary, Ansperti. The apothecary is put away by the Austrians. Lamberti is denounced by Cezky, a Pole whom he had befriended. Cezky turns against him because Lamberti's wife has repulsed his advances. Lamberti's mother, the Countess Teresa, long a friend of the Tyrolean diplomat Rienz, sees to it that a carriage is provided to take her son to the frontier, but he generously offers it to her grandson, and awaits arrest. The part of Lamberti was taken by F. Feraro. The Times said: "Rovetta has been called the Italian Sardou. * * * Rovetta has not a ha' porth of Sardou. Catch Sardou letting Lamberti kill the traitorous gendarme and Giacomino have his duel with the tun-bellied Austrian behind the scenes! But that is precisely where Rovetta shows himself the better artist, keeping fastidiously to his one theme, his simple note. * * * It is not the fate of Ansperti or Lamberti that chiefly absorbs us—it is the throbbing pulse and heart of the Risorgimento, the aspiration (in Lamberti's words) for Italy 'una, libera, independente,' the patriotic spirit, in short, that improves the play. The dramatic 'unity' of 'Romanticismo' is nothing less than the unity of Italy. In other words, the play is quite as much a political manifestation as it is a work of art. Rovetta is in the happy position of the man who stole his brooms ready-made. Naturally, inevitably the applause was for the patriotic moments * * * But Rovetta is an artist, all the same, giving his patriotic material organic life, harmonizing Lamberti the patriot with Lamberti the husband, and treating even his Austrian interloper, Rienz, with the impartial consideration of an artist for every element in his picture." There is a good account of this play in Addison McLeod's "Plays and Players in Modern Italy" (Chicago, 1912.).

Arthur Sinclair brought out at the Empire, Dublin, last month "The Man in Possession," a three-act farce by J. Bernard McCarthy. It is described as amusing, but too thin for three acts. Two bailiffs arrive to seize the furniture of Clancy, a publican, on the day that his sister is due from America. The bailiffs for the sake of beer agree to pose as visitors. They make love to the American. Two neighbors, pretending to be policemen, arrest them "on licensed premises."

Hall Caine gave a long account of his new play, "The Prime Minister," in the Daily Telegraph of March 26. At a private hotel in the Engadine seven or eight years ago he saw a party of Belgians, Austrians, Germans, a royal party. He wondered what the relations would be if war should break out, for even then there was talk of war. The next morning he awoke with a dream in his head. The archduke had become the prime minister of England; the daughter of King Leopold, the daughter of a German doctor in London, who, under a false name entered the minister's house to destroy him and England, but being there, she was stirred by another passion than hatred. She remained to save him, and by "a great and moving act of self-sacrificing" to bring nearer the day of peace. Caine put the manuscript away. When the war broke out the present prime minister told him a thrilling story. Then Caine remembered his play and thought, "That's my prologue." He rewrote the drama, and lately rewrote it again. Production was delayed, because he was in search of an actress. He found her when he saw Ethel Irving in Brieux's "Three Daughters of M. Dupont."

The Daily Telegraph says of Sir George Alexander: "The loss occasioned the English stage by his death is very real. To obtain any just impression of its importance the event has to be regarded from the threefold standpoint of what he accomplished as actor, producer, and staunch upholder of the interests of the British playwright. In this last capacity few managers have shown a more constant readiness to foster and encourage native talent. Since the memorable opening of the St. James's, on Feb. 1, 1890, under Alexander's direction that theatre has been largely run for the benefit and renown of English dramatists. The circumstance has not, of course, involved the complete banishment of foreign works. But when the choice lay between home and alien productions it was always the former which tipped the scale. One detected in his acting something of the same quality of insularity. He played many parts, differing widely in scope and design, but his happiest moments were, probably, those when he appeared as the well-bred, cultured and refined Englishman, who, on occasion, could display all the fervor of the devout lover and the deep emotion of the impassioned worshipper of true womanhood. No trace of mawkishness or of effeminacy served to neutralize the effect of his charm of manner, his graceful personality. As time went on he gained, nevertheless, in force, in breadth, in authority. He was never, of course, a tragedian, nor, indeed, a strongly melodramatic actor. Even had Nature gifted Alexander with the necessary attributes, his essentially English temperament would probably have held him in check. If, as Mrs. Kendall once declared, he was in his youthful days the perfect embodiment of the 'matinee idol,' certain it is the words were spoken in a spirit of whole-hearted admiration and intended as a sincere compliment. Unusual lightness of touch, a fine and seldom mistaken instinct how best to point a witty line, a pervading sense of gaiety and light-heartedness combined to give to his work in this domain a freshness and spontaneity which never failed to captivate. One recalls his performance in 'The Importance of Being Earnest'—the wonderful buoyancy of his manner, the pleasant air of conviction with which he delivered the author's topsy-turvy, yet brilliant, dialogue. In the worlds of romance and the poetic drama he also won for himself signal successes, witness the splendid work done by him in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' 'Rupert of Hentzau,' 'If I Were King,' and, above all, in 'Paolo and Francesca.' But it was the play of modern life and modern manners which chiefly interested him, and in which the qualities of a finely-edged temperament and a keenly sensitive disposition were seen to the highest advantage."

"The Little Belgian," a new "Morosco play," was canned at Philadelphia because there was a complaint that it slurred the British troops and was distasteful to the allies.

Jacques Copeau, director of the Theatre du Vieux Colombier in New York, thinks it is futile to produce so-called war plays at the present time.

Gerald du Maurier apropos of Sir George Alexander's death remarked that he viewed with horror the way that all theatres were passing away from actors into the hands of business men.

I dropped in at Miss Doris Keane's dressing-room fora few moments last night after the one thousandth performance of "Romance," and found her charming as ever and very happy, surrounded by a miniature forest of orchids, arum lilies, and red roses, tokens of respect from an admiring public. Miss Keane tells me that, much as she appreciates the affection which is showered upon Cavalini, she is simply longing to play another part. She has now played the leading role in "Romance" for five consecutive years, and has made the character so much a part of herself that even in ordinary conversation she often finds it a little difficult to drop the strong Italian accent which the part requires. "'Romance,' has been a great adventure for me," said Miss Keane, "but I would like to look upon the one thousandth night as a sort of preliminary farewell, and ask the public not to come and see me as La Cavalini any more. After I have played something else for a time, perhaps she may come back."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Alfred Sutro's one act play "The Trap" (London Coliseum, March 11) tells of guests invited to dine at the Baroness de Beaumont's flat. They find themselves trapped in the reception room to be robbed by her, a jewel thief famous for "slim and original" methods. "And that is all." Finally the baroness is given an unexpected pair of "bracelets" by one of the guests, a detective. The others depart. "It is in the smart handling of the theme that the attraction lies, although a less abrupt and obvious ending might and should be devised."

It is not, I believe, generally known that the beautiful French actress, Suzy Depsy, now lying under a charge of having relations with the enemy, was originally intended for a schoolmistress. Her maiden name was Suzanne Lechavallier. She owes her first appearance on the stage to M. Romain Coolus, the well known Parisian, who, recognizing that she had talent as well as beauty, found a part for her in one of his pieces, "The Red Roses." She made a hit and has since been gradually working herself upwards. Suzy has been closely examined since her arrest as to why she always showed a preference for the company of airmen. It is significant in this connection to recall that it was Mata Hari's curiosity as to the missions of her artillery friends that ended so fatally for her.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 8.

The late Laurence Irving had intended to return to England by the Calgarian, which was recently torpedoed, but he changed his mind at the last moment and went by the Empress of India, which was lost.

"Romance" was played for the 1000th time in London on March 11.

The estate of H. H. Davies, the English dramatist, who disappeared some time ago, has been sworn at £12,284. He left the whole to his brother, Edgar, who in accordance with a wish expressed in the will, has given £500 to the Royal Literary Fund.

Mr. J. T. Grein is forming three companies of British actors, one to go to Holland, the second to Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the third to visit Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. The repertory will include "Hamlet" and plays by Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Haddon Chambers, Harold Terry and Bernard Shaw.

Although Maggie Mitchell was born and bred in New York city, and here returned to pass the last years of her life in a home atmosphere, it is in the smaller cities all over the land that her death will be more sincerely regretted. When she was playing, the people of the towns and cities accustomed to going to the play about so many times a year, waited for Maggie Mitchell. Mothers and grandmothers, fathers and grandfathers held the Maggie Mitchell date to be observed as a duty. Not so much what she played as how, was what satisfied. Besides, as a woman Maggie Mitchell had the genuine respect of the communities where she appeared—communities that are a bit more exclusive, and for good reasons, than those in the larger cities. We venture to say that in the smaller cities where the theatre is patronized for different reasons than those which govern in New York, Maggie Mitchell and her plays will be the first to be recalled in a revival of recollections. It is doubtful if any of Maggie Mitchell's plays will ever be put on the stage again—they don't synchronize with today's productions, but the chief reason is that there is no one who can do what the actress did in her inimitable way. And Miss Mitchell was inimitable in "Fanchon." She was true to her art. She always seemed to be trying to do a little better every time she played, an idea which Gen. Phil Sheridan said is the secret of success. The new generation that never saw Maggie Mitchell may well envy the one which waited for her. This is the compensation of age. Miss Mitchell is survived by her husband, Charles Abbott, and by two daughters by her first marriage.—The Dramatic Mirror, April 6.

"The Naughty Wife" was announced for production in London on April 8.

Strindberg's "Easter" has been produced with marked success at the Northamptin Municipal Theatre. The Springfield Republican said:

"Northampton is quite entitled this week to make the claim that nowhere in the whole United States, New York city not excepted, is there being performed a drama more worthy of a place in the finest dramatic literature of all time, or one produced with a finer intelligence than Melville Burke's production of Strindberg's "Easter."

Notes About Opera, Concerts, Music and Musicians

The Paris correspondent of Musical America notes new works produced in the concert halls. For orchestra: "Hylas and the Nymphs" by Georges Brux; "Three Scottish Songs" of Paladihle, orchestrated by Busser. Sonatina for strings by Germania Tailleferre, "who seems to have borrowed some of Ravel's secrets of charm and subtlety, which she uses with a woman's daintiness, but without affectation." Arthur Honegger, Swiss by birth, has lived and been educated in France. His songs show promise. Durey, the composer of "The Chimes," "reproduces a little too complacently," says Mr. Petridis, quoted by the correspondent, "the polyphonic processes from Debussy to Stravinsky, taking up Ravel by the way." "He also finds it difficult to form an estimate of the creative talent of M. Auric, a disciple of Erik Satie, as his 'somewhat epileptic art would benefit by a broadening of outlook.' At present he is too much addicted to brutal and ironical effects, although his 'Three Interludes'—songs to words by Rene Chalupt—met with marked success because of their clever buffoonery." Roland Manuel, a pupil of Ravel, has composed "Seven Persian Poems," interesting songs with accompaniment for small orchestra. Poulenc, not 20 years old, has written a "Negro Rhapsody" for piano, string quartet, flute and bassoon.

Mr. Kavanagh has been the drum master of the Carl Rosa Opera Company for 48 years. The history of this company, with which Rose Hersee signed a contract in 1869, is now compiling.

Isidore de Lara's opera, "Messaline," has been revived at Marseilles.

The new concerto by Vassilenko, with which Miss Daisy Kennedy opened her recital of Russian violin music, should be repeated as early as convenient with orchestra, as it is difficult to judge a modern work except in the original form, but the writing of the solo part is effective, and the musical ideas are powerful enough to give an impression of sharply defined musical personality.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 11.

The London Times (March 18) said of Ravel's septet for flute, clarinet, harp and strings:

"It is such a comfort to know, as one does with this composer, that there will never be an ungraceful or unnecessary word, and that every moment of close attention will be rewarded, and such a delight to wonder whether it is the changing rhythms of the inventive orchestration or the quaintly inevitable tunes that we like best."

The Times (March 22) said of the Philharmonic Quartet: "They have made some strides in the difficult art of retaining your individuality while merging it, of being modest about holding your own." The Times said of Holbrooke's Second Folk Song Suite that the treatment of "Tipperary" made one shudder for what might happen and did in "All Through the Night," but the suite contained a relatively sober "Song of the bottle" "and some Strathspeys and jigs in which no one can object to whatever deviltry a composer likes to put into them." "But strings are not heard at their best directing the whirlwind."

Mme. Melba for her services in organizing patriotic work in Australia has

been made a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire.

Bach's "Matthew Passion" was performed in the Abbey, London, on March 24. "How all the petty concerns of concert halls pale in this great place beside this great music, in which the story of suffering humanity is chiselled out stroke after stroke."

A concert of Spanish music was given in London on March 22. "The music was extraordinarily poetical, of human interest; it never lost sight of melody, and chose chords for their warmth of color rather than for their quaintness of design. Granados's music stands out in delicate filagree, Turnina's as bold oppositions of mass. Of Albeniz, the other important modern, one hardly heard enough to get a clear picture. Pedro G. Morales showed in an orchestral piece and several imaginative songs that it is not for nothing that he bears a name famous in music.

The London Times said of Miss Winifred Lawson: "It is becoming rare nowadays to hear a high soprano who sings perfectly in tune, with a flexible voice and without tremolo, and the pleasure is all the greater when it does come."

The British is perhaps the most vocal of all the armies, said Sir A. Mackenzie, speaking at the Royal Institution yesterday on war music. Tommy would not sing according to a plan, but when on the march or in his dugout he chose his own songs, making not a few of them himself. "Annie Laurie" was said to be the "queen" of national melodies in the trenches. "Tipperary" had never been much in use, although it had travelled over five continents.—London Daily Chronicle, March 22.

There is a point, however, at which simplicity of invention and expression fail to achieve the high level to which they are to lead. And that point is reached in Mr. John Clark's "Home, Sweet Home." One is free, if so minded, to admire Mr. Clark's hardihood in the choice of his title. But it is a pity he elected to be his own lyrist. "Poem," for example, does not rhyme with "home," and we entirely fail to sympathize with the picture of domestic rapture in the second verse, wherein father, mother, sisters and brothers are presented as all singing evening songs "in harmony combined." But perhaps this number is a skit on the essentially domestic ballad. If so, it has its points.—London Daily Telegraph, March 22.

I hear an important movement is on foot to try to equalize matters as between authors and composers in regard to song writing. As matters stand at present, the author of the lyrics receives a small sum down for his share of the work, and the composer a royalty of 3d. or 6d. per copy sold, according to his position or his commercial intelligence. There are glaring cases where the lyrist has received £5 for his entire copyright, and the composer, on a royalty basis, gets anything from £500 to £1000. Now, it is obvious that there is no equity in this, for the man who writes the words surely inspires the composer, or the music would not be written. A happy thought of the song writer may develop into rolling verse that will absolutely carry inspiration with it, and if the result is to bring the composer hundreds of pounds, surely the man who inspired the music should be recognized in a financial sense. I don't advocate that the composer should get less—far from it—for if the composer receives hundreds of pounds for a successful song the publisher gets as many thousands. I suggest that the author should be paid a similar royalty to the composer, and if they will only work together I think matters could be settled on equitable terms without any trouble. Falling this, I am told that several good men are going to employ their pens in a different channel. Good luck to them!—The Stage.

The London Times (March 21) does not call Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Ivan the Terrible," wildly exciting. "Human passions are scarce in it. Until the Tsar (Mr. Parker) comes on, and that is half way through, there is nothing to disturb our composure. This is not the fault of the actors, for there is hardly anything to act, nor of the singers, for except the duet in the garden, in which Olga's (Miss Brola's) voice sounded well, there is little to sing. There is the fine overture, it is true, and the bells ding-donging through a scene and a half and a dozen and half keys remind one that this is good music; but the Russians have a rather disconcerting way of drowning the soloists in brass, and leaving the chorus to pick their way with the help of a violoncello or two—a task to which they were barely equal. They needed more decisive handling from the conductor's desk; for lack of this the chorus of maidens went wofully flat, and the citizens of Pskov, who are supposed to be cowed, became so more realistically than the composer meant."

Sir Charles Santley celebrated his 84th birthday yesterday very quietly at home. He is still a marvel of vigor and happily, he is passing on his well-tested methods of singing to pupils. One recalls a concert in the Albert Hall whereat Sir Charles Santley, Mme. Patti (75 last month) and Mme. Albani sang not so very long ago with a superb power that made young singers envious.—Daily Chronicle, March 1.

Louis Delunc played Erik Satie's "Sonatine Bureaucratique" in London Feb. 28. "The idea of the piece is that a clerk employed at an office starts daydreaming, and his thoughts roam at large over his musical studies, which, apparently, have not proceeded further than Clementi. Evidently he does not carry that friend of our youth's music too clearly in his head, and his recollections are jumbled and far from exact. The musical value of the piece is nil, but it is mildly amusing."

Muriel Foster sang Debussy's Villon Ballades for the first time in England at her concert in London Feb. 27. The Daily Telegraph found the first somewhat long-winded and depressing, "but the second, the 'Ballade que Villon feit a la request de sa mere,' is a song of exquisite beauty and tenderness, deeply felt and most convincingly expressed. While the third, the 'Ballade des femmes de Paris' is a joyous affair, somewhat in the vein of the 'Villanelle.'"

Edwin Evans, lecturing in London on "The French Tradition from Couperin to Ravel," dwelt on these points: "The French love of economy and indifference to mere size—a trait of Latin civilization of which the French are the principal exponents—clearness of conception and expression, determination to be themselves and not to submit to a foreign yoke, and their combative spirit, proceeding naturally from the last two traits and issuing in disputes that have become historic."

It is said that the French military authorities gave Ravel a leave of three weeks to go home and to write the Finale of his Piano Trio.

The detective Ignatius Paul Polloky died at Brighton (Eng.), on Feb. 25. We mention him here because the Colonel in the Dragoon's song in "Patience," naming the qualifications necessary to constitute a heavy dragoon, says:

A smack of Lord Waterford, reckless and rollicky,
Swagger of Roderick, heading his clan,
The keen penetration of Paddington Pollaky,
Grace of an odalisque on a divan.

A new tone poem "Rapunzel," after the poem of William Morris, was produced in London on March 11. "Mr. Harrison's tone-poem, which he conducted himself, shows the solid technic to which his other orchestral works have accustomed us. He has a special skill in making the many themes of which he disposes go together ingeniously, and is seldom at a loss for that imaginative turn which keeps up the interest. The harmony does not disdain the newer methods, but moves as a whole on the lines of Schumann's successors. There is a fine ecstatic passage toward the end based on the central theme, which, though very fully scored, does not depend on mere loudness for its effect."

John Ireland writes music to Rupert Brooke's "Soldier" (Winthrop Rogers). Some people profess to have discovered a gap which wants filling between the recitation to music and the song proper, but they have not proved their case; and neither this nor his "Marigold" does so. Human beings still demand music for the voice which the singer can feel must be so and not otherwise, and a meandering voice part that does not clinch the words is nothing, however beautiful the music, as such, may be. No doubt he felt that a sonnet cannot be sung; but then since it, and this one especially, has said all, there is no need of musical accompaniment. There are others who do not know when they are putting forth their hand upon the ark. One fancies that Cyril Scott's "Pilgrim Cranes" might have had more substance in it if Lord de Tabley's poem had had fewer epithets and more action. When he sets Stevenson's "Requiem," without an epithet and every line vital, he gives the voice something it can enjoy singing, and when he himself plays the accompaniment it will sound beautiful. But action in the words is almost essential; contemplation and description, however sincere and moving, seldom take its place with success. Shelley's "Hymn of Apollo" has lured E. Austin to unimagined heights of rhapsody and depths of bathos in his work for chorus and orchestra (Larway), whither his singers at Leeds will scarcely follow him unless they have great experience and he great patience. Lastly, there are those who get the words that exactly suit them and the right musical idea to go with them. If Gwendolen Coleridge Taylor had the requisite musical skill, her song "Good-by, Butterfly" (Augener) would put her among these. Half a dozen songs by Christina Rossetti (Curwen) have been given just the right mood by M. Shaw; we would mention especially "Summer," "The Land of Heart's Desire," and "Easter Carol." In Stanford's "A Sheaf of Songs from Leinster" (six songs) and "The Grand Match" (Stainer and Bell), words and music are in the happiest vein.—London Times, Feb. 23.

It is a change to turn to another cycle called "Patches and Powder." Here Mr. Vincent Thomas, as composer, has collaborated with Mr. Harold Simpson as lyrist. The cycle is pretty enough, for both its originators are practiced writers. But, after the other, it is rather artificial. At the moment it requires an Austin Dobson to interest us in the airs and graces of a "belle marquise" and her like. A dainty intermezzo for piano, which Mr. Reginald Tabbush calls "Summer Showers," and a reminiscent song, "In my memory there's a garden," by Mr. Archibald Benwell, complete Messrs. West's new publications. May we suggest to them and to other publishers that ballad writers have given us too much garden of late? There should be a close season for flowers, whether in memories or faces.—London Daily Telegraph.

"A delightful little concert of Signor Nardi's compositions was given at Steinway Hall. The combinations were various—voice and harp, harp and bells, piano and side-drum, violin, piano and gong—and the music melodious and of the simplest construction. In these latter years, in which we have been taught to feast on dissonances, we are surprised to find how well we thrive on a starvation diet of them, and wonder whether we have not perhaps been overeating a little."—London Times.

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Paulus Emilius said to the people of Rome that if they thought they could manage the war to more advantage by any other, he would willingly yield up his charge, "but if they confided in him, they were not to make themselves his colleagues in his office, or raise reports, or criticise his actions, but, without talking, supply him with means and assistance necessary to the carrying on of the war; for, if they proposed to command their own commander, they would render this expedition more ridiculous than the former."

The Odorscope

As the World Wags:

You used to be interested in Huysmans's "A Rebours." Didn't the Malsain hero have some sort of Smellphony, so to say, with which he tickled his nostrils? I remember trying to arrange an orchestra for a smellphony, or smellfunny. Frangipane and ylang-ylang, myosotis and vervaine were violins; orris root and sandalwood were in the wood-wind section; asafoetida and skunk cabbage helped out as bullfiddles.

"Anny-how," as Mr. Dooley used to say, this clipping may be of interest;

"Atmospheric disturbance caused by the presence of a pound of limburger cheese can now be measured.

"A 'smelloscope' has been invented. And by no less a person than Thomas Edison.

"This device can measure odors which may be unappreciable to the unaided senses. With this handy little contrivance, the suspicious wife can detect the faintest trace of liquid refreshment on her weaker half's breath. Neither gum, life-savers, nor cloves will avail him if he has been a recent tourist of Baltimore.

"Also, a scientific record may be made of just how much that Mary Garden perfume has to do with a young man's proposing when he doesnt mean to.

"The instrument is a modification of Edison's taximeter. It has received its name of 'smelloscope' primarily, from its capability to accurately measure odors which cannot be detected by the normal sense of the average person."

Even olfactories as morbidly sensitive as those of des Esseintes—wasn't that the name of Huysmans's hero?—might be helped by this.

One would think, too, that the contraption would be of service in detecting submarines. "What ho! Capting! The smelloscope registers Limburger to iceward!" "All speed ahead, my hearties! Let us flee the Hun!"

Yours for health,
Dedham. GLOOMY GUS.

Our correspondent has read a sadly belated account of Mr. Edison's invention. The odorscope, or odoroscope, an instrument devised by Edison for determining or testing an odor, was described as far back as 1893. The hero of Huysmans's "A Rebours" arranged a set of little barrels of variously colored liquors to enjoy sonorous gustation, a "mouth organ"; for Jean des Esseintes believed that each liquor corresponded to the sound of a musical instrument; curacoa to the clarinet; kirsch to the trumpet; gin and whiskey to strident cornets and trombones; brandy to the violin, and so on. There are tonal relations in the music of liqueurs. For example, benedictine stands as the relative minor of green chartreuse, the major of alcohols. And so des Esseintes played silent melodies and mute funeral marches on his tongue, and heard, in his mouth, solos of mint, duets of vespreto and rum. He also experimented with odors, as our correspondent recollects. The description is in the 10th chapter of the strange romance. The hero was led to study simple and complex perfumes by the hope that hallucinations of smell would thus disappear. In connection with this odorous chapter, learned and fantastical, one should read Remy de Gourmont's essay, "Huysmans and Cookery."—Ed.

"Sawr" in Maine

As the World Wags:

The contribution in the Herald of April 9, entitled "Dawn" and "Morn," signed "W. E. K.," shows a geographical bias that incites a vigorous protest in the interests of fair play. The rhyming of "for" with sawr," from time immemorial, has been native to Portland, Me. We achieve it here automatically, in ordinary conversation, and without resort to poetic license. I have heard a Portland school teacher of otherwise blameless conduct say: "I sawr him drawing." Some of us, in moments of stress, even say: "I sawr she and her mar." But we hesitate a bit over it, and I kinder suspect that "sawr she" is an acquired taste—no doubt picked up on one of our sightseeing adventures to the "Hub." S. A. K.

Portland, Me.

Judah P. Benjamin

As the World Wags:

In a lecture which Peter B. Templeton delivered at Portland, Me., in 1861, is this passage in regard to Judah P. Benjamin: "How, after he departed from a New England college in such a disgraceful manner as he did, he ever got into the United States Senate is a mystery there is no time now to solve. * * * Mr. Benjamin came to Yale College to obtain such an education as he could not obtain in Louisiana, but * * * he appropriated the funds and other property of his fellow-students to his own uses, and for that reason was quietly dismissed from the establishment." Will some one please give particulars as to the cause of Benjamin being dismissed from Yale College? I think that some time ago you made mention of that episode of Benjamin's collegiate days, but gave no particulars of the incident. Mr. Templeton had been one of the official reporters in the United States Senate, and was personally acquainted with Benjamin. By the way, who was Mr. Templeton? From a passage in his above-mentioned lecture, it appears that he was not born in America. At the time of the delivery of the lecture, he was of Boston, but I think that he removed from Boston in 1861.

Boston. DIOGENES.

When we were at Yale (1872-1876) the story was extant that Mr. Benjamin left the college because he was caught stealing from classmates. Why rake up the old story? Benjamin was a lawyer of uncommon ability. He made a fortune at the bar in London. His treatise on "Sales" is a classic.—Ed.

As the World Wags:

Where was St. Ursula? I saw all the rest of them—the 11,000 virgins, but her I missed. Was she in the tank?

Boston. SPECTATOR.

PENSION FUND

At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the second concert of the season was given in aid of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The assisting artists were Miss Sophie Braslau, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, pianist. Charles Albert Baker was accompanist. Mr. Schmidt conducted the orchestra. The program was:

Overture, "Roman Carnival," Berlioz; concerto for piano and orchestra in D minor, Mozart, Mr. Gabrilowitsch; aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Dalila," Saint-Saens, Miss Braslau; symphonic poem No. 3, "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saens; songs with piano, "Do Not Sing, Oh Maiden" (Rachmaninoff), "The Classicist" (Moussorgsky), "Eili, Eili" (Schalitt), Miss Braslau; concert piece for pianoforte in F minor, Op. 79, Weber, Mr. Gabrilowitsch; suite for full orchestra taken from the ballet, "Nutcracker," Tschaikowsky.

The varied and popular appeal of all these selections with the orchestra playing in its best form and with the artistry of singer and pianist beyond reproach called from the moderate-sized audience quick and lively response throughout. The enthusiasm more than made up in its fervor for the lack of the assemblage in numbers.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch, by his exquisite delicacy and refinement in the Mozart concerto and by the alternating emotional tracery and fire in the Weber piece, won warm approval.

The beauty and richness of Miss Braslau's voice, coupled with the sincerity and directness of method, gave unusual force to the "Samson and Delilah" aria. The tenderness and depth of her emotional expression in the Rachmaninoff and Schalitt selections and the classic limpidity of her singing of Moussorgsky's song stirred her hearers to lively desire for more, as well as regret that the Symphony ban on extra numbers ruled also at the Pension Fund concerts.

She prefaced "The Classicist" with a brief explanation that Moussorgsky composed it as an answer to the taunt of his critics that he could not produce a melodious composition. Her singing distinctly aided the audience to realize how complete his reply was.

[illegible] wrote not [illegible] that he was haunted by a verse about an eight-day clock. Not remembering the other verses he invented them and asked questions about the original poem and the author. We have received the following letter.

Mears' Clock

As the World Wags:

There was a man, he had a clock;
His name was Matthew Mears;
Which he wound it regular every night
For almost twenty years.

At length his favorite timepiece proved
An eight-day clock to be,
And a madder man than Mister Mears
You would not wish to see!

"Who's been kicking my dog aroun'?"

In the Boston Herald and Journal of 8th inst., inquiry is made for the authorship of the above "pome." It was written by the undersigned nearly forty years ago and has been in circulation ever since. It would appear to have a haunting quality when taken into one's system. "W. C. T." has resurrected it, extended it, and added wings for a new flight! Here is the problem: Did Mears really waste time in his nightly windings? JOSEPH A. TORREY.

Manchester-by-the-Sea.

A Universal Experience

As the World Wags:

Prof. A. G. Webster's now historic trip to Syracuse with all its attendant discomforts, can be paralleled at any time by a jaunt on the Boston Elevated. The journey which I am going to offer as proof of this statement was from Dudley street to Jamaica Plain. Incidentally, I was timing it for the benefit of a statistical friend.

On the stroke of 9 (and at the bidding of the starter's red whistle) we left the comparative peace of the "Dudley Turmoil" for what proved to be a stormy trip. The rain lashed against the car windows and made one thankful to be inside, even if he was not standing on his own feet!

For perhaps 10 blocks we went smoothly and then—with no warning whatever—stopped dead. In the pouring rain the conductor and motorman ran up and down the length of the vehicle, gazing anxiously at the wheels. "No tire trouble," they reported. Gathering fresh courage they sallied forth again to view the landscape o'er—said landscape consisting of the trolley pole and roof. They re-entered and with a wise expression, the motorman began to "joggle" some kind of a magneto in the front-top inside the car. They took turns at this and watched "for a spark" as they explained to an interested young man in the front seat. (Twinkle, twinkle, little spark.) The young man, being of a somewhat helpful turn of mind, lit a match but the spark refused to be seen. Some 15 minutes were consumed in this way, varied by frequent walks and consultations at either end of the car. About this time a bored voice proclaimed: "I've seen one show tonight and you fellows can't compare with Doug Fairbanks. I want to go home now." Still, we didn't move. The gentleman across the aisle from me began to unlace a shoe. Evidently to spend the night in as comfortable a fashion as possible.

In the mean time, the crews of other cars, whose passageway was blocked by us, took promenades up and down, scrutinized the passengers, offered advice and warmed the atmosphere to some degree by their remarks. Twenty-five minutes passed. I was mentally refereeing—"Time out." Then the conductor had a bright thought. He slidled in and asked a stout lady on the side seat to "rise please!" Thereupon he fished out a lot of scrap iron which serves, I suppose, as a kind of ballast. By means of it and some bumps, we were fastened to the car behind. (You have all seen it done. It is one of the pleasant little entertainments the Elevated stages for out-of-town guests.) At the end of 35 minutes we proceeded, amid the smiles of the fat lady and the re-dressing of my neighbor.

All was going well when two inspectors boarded the car. They repeated (without any applause from the audience) the performance of searching for that spark. They turned lights off; they turned lights on; they tried the power in 14 different notches, but, as the motorman said, there was none there. Then they experimented, one in each end of the car. The situation was becoming truly awful. Between their manoeuvres the motorman managed to steal a few blocks once in a while, for which I was grateful. Even so, it was a case of "We're ninety-nine miles from home, ninety-nine miles from home. We'll go a mile and rest a while; We're ninety-eight miles from home." But he persisted in the heroic effort to get some of somewhere, and at last we approached my stop. Never was I so glad to see it. I ventured out to find the storm abated, though inside it raged on with ever increasing fury as the car departed.

Jamaica Plain. EDITH N. SNOW.

P. S.—I think one hour ought to be enough to allow for this trip, but if three inspectors get on I advise one to get off and walk, or wait for a less inspected vehicle.

Dr. Johnson and the Fish-Wife

As the World Wags:

An editorial article in the New York Tribune of Dec. 14, 1860, begins as follows: "When Dr. Johnson called the fish-wife 'an adjective,' she was startled; when he pronounced her 'a preposition,' she was struck dumb; but, when he sternly added that in his opinion she was no better than 'a conjunction,' the pride of the market submitted to the great lexicographer, and wept fierce tears in her first discomfiture." Of that oft-repeated anecdote of Dr. Johnson, the version of it thus given in the Tribune is the most elaborate that has come to my notice. There are numerous versions of the anecdote, one being that he called the fish-wife a triangle, another that he called her a parallelogram, another that he called her a parallelopipedon, and there may be versions of the anecdote in which the names of still other geometrical figures are given as the epithets which he applied to her. Does the anecdote in any of its numerous versions belong to the domain of veracious biography, or should every one of them be relegated to the domain of fiction? Is the anecdote chronicled in Boswell's Johnson or in any other biography of him? Is it given in any book of quotations? If the anecdote is not fiction, but fact, what is the correct version of it?

Brookline. QUIDNUNC.

'SO LONG LETTY'

By PHILIP HALE

SHUBERT THEATRE—"So Long Letty," book by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris; music and lyrics by Earl Carroll; a farce in two acts and three scenes. Produced by Oliver Morosco. Harry James musical director.

Letty Robbins	Charlotte Greenwood
Grace Miller	May Boley
Tommy Robbins	Sidney Grant
Harry Miller	Walter Catlett
Mrs. Cease	Henrietta Lee
Chita Alvarez	Hallie Manning
Sadie McQuiggle	Pauline DeLorme
Philip Brown	Tyler Brooke
Billy Monday	Edward Sutherland
Chauffeur	Robert Calley
Dancers from the "Casino"	The Three DuFors

On Sept. 5, 1911, a play by Elmer Harris was produced at the Lyceum, New York. It was entitled "Thy Neighbor's Wife." There were four characters, acted by Arthur Byron, Pamela Gaythorne, Frederick Tiden and Alice John. Two husbands, each thinking that he preferred the other's wife to his own, exchanged wives. There was a trial week, which brought the husbands to their senses. The reunited couples, having learned wisdom by experience, lived happily afterwards.

"So Long Letty" is this comedy rewritten and with music. It was produced here at the Shubert on Oct. 9, 1916, when Miss Greenwood, Miss Boley and Messrs. Grant and Catlett were the married couples. Frances Cameron took the part of Chita, Vera Doria that of Mrs. Cease. Dorothy and Madeline Cameron were the dancers from the Casino.

Last night the musical farce was welcomed by a large audience that was evidently much pleased. The second act is more amusing than the first, which is long drawn out, with dialogue that only occasionally sparkles. Little can be said in praise of the music. It is generally noisy and commonplace, with few tunes that are either pretty or captivating by reason of rhythm or irresistible desire. Perhaps the duet "So Long Letty" is a little better than the other numbers.

There are, however, agreeable moments in the first act, where Letty and Grace disport themselves and Miller amuses by his slang, quips, and pranks. Mr. Catlett has fuller opportunity in the second act. The change in the character of the wives is funny in itself. Miss Greenwood and Miss Boley make the most of the metamorphosis, and Mr. Catlett's change of heart and belated appreciation of Grace's home cooking are shown in a pleasantly farcical manner.

The various songs were sung no better than they deserved. There were young chorus girls in various arrangements of undress, who postured a great deal and danced little. One of the best features of the performance was the agile dancing of the three Du Fors.

Miss Greenwood's length of arms and legs is known to all and has excited merriment by her employment of these natural aids to farcical acting in many cities. She need not, however, rely on this abnormal equipment alone. She has a keen sense of humor and a mobile face. If only she would not laugh at the audience after she has said a good thing! Her humor would be more enjoyable if she should play with the utmost seriousness.

FINE KEITH BILL

Gus Edwards's Annual Song Revue, featuring Olga Cook, prima donna; Dan Healy, comedian; Helen Coyle, dancer; Marguerite Dana and Mario Villani, the Neapolitan tenor, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good-sized and highly pleased audience.

This act is one of the most pretentious seen at this theatre. The piece is episodic, and yet for this very reason it becomes all the more interesting from the opulence of its costuming and from its charm as a spectacle. The music is light and spirited. All the principals have agreeable voices, particularly the tenor, Mario Villani, although at times there was a disconcerting tremolo that looked suspiciously like a studied affectation.

The outstanding feature of the performance was the contagious vivacity of an ensemble that was conspicuous for its youth and feminine charm. No mention of the excellence of this act would be complete without reference to the dancing of Miss Coyle, who showed a marked versatility. A. Gutman conducted.

An extra number on the bill was provided by Lt. Owen B. Jones of the Black Watch regiment, who spoke for the Liberty loan. He was at ease on the stage and related many interesting incidents of the war. At the conclusion of this appeal two huge drops were lowered with the many war posters collected by A. Paul Keith on his recent visit to the battlefronts. The posters are the work of the greatest of trench artists on the other side and are of great variety. The audience was invited to view them at close range on the stage at the conclusion of the performance.

Other acts were Kate Elinore and Sam Williams in their comedy chatter; Mignon, a mimic of remarkable versatility; Collins and Hart, burlesque comedians; Ralph Smalley, 'cellist; Flanagan and Edwards, in a comedy sketch; the Browne sisters, accordionists, and the Marzellas, bird comedy act.

PIANO RECITAL

Miss Avonelle Sanford, a pianist of 14 years, who has studied in Boston, gave a recital last night in Steinert Hall. She was assisted by Jacques Hoffmann, violinist, and Carl Barth, violoncellist. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, G major, op. 79, Andante, E flat major, op. 126, No. 3, Rondo, G major, op. 51, No. 2; Chopin, Nocturine, E flat major, op. 9, No. 2, Valse, E minor, op. posth; Heller, Studies, op. 46, Nos. 23 and 12; Whelpley, Prelude, op. 18, No. 1, Scotch Song, op. 18, No. 2, Menuet, op. 18, No. 3; MacDowell, Hungarian, op. 39, No. 12, Idyll, op. 39, No. 7; Rachmaninoff, Polichinelle, op. 3, No. 4; Gade, Novelletten Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, op. 29.

The young girl's proficiency excited the admiration of the audience. She was capably assisted by the two members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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After the Marquis de Condorcet left the home of Mme. Verney, fearing that her sheltering him would endanger her life, he wandered about until, with ragged clothes, hungry, haggard, with wounded foot, he entered the house of Suard. There he partook of bread, cheese and wine. Leaving, he asked a last favor. "Give me some tobacco. If you only knew how I have suffered since I have had none! It is more painful than to be without bread." Suard filled a paper cone and gave it to him. "My friend," said Condorcet, "show me a crowning favor. Give me a copy of Horace, I beg of you." With the tobacco and Horace the marquis again wandered until hunger drove him to the wretched inn where he was suspected and arrested.

This anecdote told by the Duchess d'Abrantes may serve as an introduction to the following letter.

Nicotiana

As the World Wags:

Last night after I had blown out the lamp and had settled down in my slippers in front of the fire to smoke a pillow-pipe, I fell to thinking of the blessedness of tobacco. A pipe and an open fire are the best companions in the world so far as inanimate things go. I am cockney enough not to make an exception even in favor of mountain brooks and wild sea waves.

In college days we almost never smoked anything but a pipe; now the youngsters in the Yard seem to prefer cigarettes or even cigars. What has become of the hookahs or water-pipes that used to adorn Leavitt and Pierce's window at stated periods? I always wanted one, but smoking soon became so much of a necessity with me that I never quite got up sufficient courage to experiment with anything that might lessen the enjoyment. For much the same reason I have had only one amber-stem, a splurge of freshman days. It was impracticable for anything except amateur smoking. So with bull-dog curves, pocket-peaches, half-curves, T. D.'s, aldermen, and churchwardens, they are all well enough in posters and magazine illustrations, but not for my use. I want only the flat-bottomed card-pipe which I can set down anywhere without having ashes and sparks fall upon papers or books or rug. As for the mixture, it must be light so that it can be consumed in large quantities with comfort and yet have body enough to soothe the nerves. Straight Virginia blisters my tongue; Latakia is too insipid; one whiff was sufficient to keep me forever from all the popular brands said to remind one of Tennyson's "white samite" or Capt. Sutter's discovery of gold. I have my own blend, a jealously guarded secret; and by that token I am sure to have at least one caller late in the evening.

Cigars are suitable for politicians, bank directors and coupon-cutters, but not for the philosophically inclined. There is a certain heaviness of aroma and of appearance not conducive to coruscating thought. Besides, a cigar must be smoked continually and steadily; whereas the necessity of whittling out your pipe and refilling it superinduces a pause, an opportunity to get a new grip of your subject, to weigh your fellow's last words, to bring up fresh reserves of thought. Nay, nay; cigar me no cigars till both head and belly grow fat.

To cigarettes I have no such objections. They are the most convenient accompaniment of after-dinner persiflage or for the hurried intervals of business or for the restless pacing on a railway platform. They have their sterner uses, too, all honor to them! Can anyone calculate the benefits of the cigarette in this war? The soldier lights one just as he starts to go over the top into the shambles of No Man's Land; and when he is carried to the relief station, his wounds are hastily cleansed and a cigarette is placed in his mouth. Mme. Huard, recognizing the necessity of cigarettes, ran the gauntlet of the bombardment of Soissons to procure them for her poilus. Any account from the front will reinforce this single tribute to a once-despised form of smoking.

When one dips into the history of smoking there is endless material for reminiscence. What wouldn't one give to sit for an evening at Will's in the midst of Sir Roger de Coverley and Capt. Sentry and the other members of Mr. Spectator's Club, all busy smoking and talking? How priceless would be a tobacco-stopper cut by Will Wimble! Smoke curled above the learned manuscripts of Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Warton and Parson; it twined through the melodies of Handel; it gave a fragrance to the verses of Gray and Tennyson, to the etching of Hogarth, to the pages of Laurence Sterne and Henry Fielding. Dr. Johnson and his circle stand almost alone in our literary annals as non-smokers. They lived at the nadir of smoking when the habit was confined to the lowest classes almost entirely. Still Dr. Johnson regretted the circumstance. When he and Boswell were at St. Andrews on Aug. 19, 1773, during their tour of Scotland, he remarked: "I cannot account why a thing which requires so little exertion, and yet preserves the mind from total vacuity should have gone out." The apophthegm is good enough to close with, but it may not be anticlimax to recommend the essay "On Smoking" in Kenneth Grahame's rare "Pagan Papers," written in the charming style caught only by the author of "Dream Days." Those who want still more must go to the magnificent collection of tobacco books recently presented to the Harvard library by Mr. Alfred Cleghorn Potter. ACADEME.

Bald Pate Inn.

Treitschke

As the World Wags:

Your reference to Heinrich von Treitschke as one of the two men who are "largely responsible for the present mental attitude of Germany," i. e., "for her desire to rule the world by brute force," recalls to several Americans who (like myself) were students in the eighties at the University of Berlin, the energetic, picturesque figure of this "second-rate" professor of history as he appeared 35 to 38 years ago. He already then cherished his schemes to realize by force of arms Deutschland Uberalles.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed." And so Mr. Balfour in England and our President Lowell in America have recently introduced a translation of Heinrich von Treitschke's "Politik" to the English-speaking public. Brute force is his god, and "all democracy is rooted in a contradiction of nature," in his philosophy. He asserts: "Again and again it has been proved that it is war which turns a people into a nation, and that only great deeds, wrought in common, can forge the indissoluble links which bind them together." And with a jealous eye on "nearly three hundred millions of English-speaking people"

Von Treitschke asserts that Germany should "see to it that the outcome of our next successful war must be the acquisition of colonies by any possible means." But don't consult the inhabitants. "Such popular votes are in their very nature shams." So of Alsace and Lorraine, so of Livonia and Kurland, where he would "keep the subject race in as uncivilized a condition as possible, and thus prevent them from becoming a danger to the handful of their conquerors." And let the Dutch beware of German gifts, for he declares that the acquisition of Holland by Germany "is most earnestly to be desired."

SENEX.

Boston.

CLOSING CONCERT OF APOLLO CLUB

Emil Mollenhauer Conducts at Jordan Hall

The Apollo Club of Boston gave the closing concert of its 47th season last evening before an audience that filled Jordan Hall nearly to capacity. Emil Mollenhauer conducted, and Alfred Holy, solo harpist, assisted the club with instrumental numbers that were particularly enjoyed. Soloists of the club were Philip Bruce, Ralph L. Harlow and Thomas N. Shufelt; at the piano was Frank H. Luker, and at the organ Homer C. Humphrey.

For "The Munster Fusiliers," a poem by N. H. Snubbins, published in England, Arthur Foote had composed music dedicated to the club and its conductor, and at the close of this number Mr. Foote had composed music called to his feet by hearty applause.

April 18 1918

Miss Komenarski Pleases

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Minerva Komenarski, contralto, assisted by Ernest W. Harrison, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall last night. The program was as follows: Gluck, "Che faro senza Euridice"; Grieg, Autumn Gale, Morning Dew, Poet's Heart; Morgan, Squaw's Song, Lullaby; Leurance, Waters of Minnetonka; Rachmaninoff, Billowy Harvest, How Sweet the Place; Tschaikowsky, Was I Not a Blade on Dewy Meadow Ground; Fisher, I Know Not Why; Carpenter, The Sleep That Flits on Baby's Eyes; Whelpley, Wanderer's Night Song; Aspinall, White Throat; Sharp, Japanese Death Song; Sjoegren, Seraglio's Garden; Old Hebrew, Eli, Eli; Meyerbeer, "Figlio, il ciel," from "The Prophet."

Miss Komenarsky, who has studied singing in this city, sang here for the first time at the last concert of the Handel and Haydn Society. Her voice of true contralto quality has a liberal compass, nor is there any marked difference of quality in the upper section. The voice is a dramatic one, peculiarly suited to the expression of emotions. Perhaps by reason of the nationality of the singer there is also the suggestion of racial feeling, of the ability to be primitive without any crudeness; to be simple and effective through sincerity of nature and of art. This was especially felt in her interpretation of the North American Indian songs by Morgan, which, as she sang them, made a profound impression.

Her natural dramatic intensity was also shown in the songs of Grieg, in Rachmaninoff's "Billowy Harvest" and in Tschaikowsky's gloomy song. In these it was more clearly revealed than in Gluck's air. No doubt the songs of Morgan and of the Russians appealed to her more than the lament of Orpheus. Over a century ago a Frenchman declared that if the words "I have fond of my Eurydice" were substituted for "I have lost my Eurydice" and the singer's face were cheerful, the essential character of the music would remain unchanged. We are inclined to think he spoke the truth.

Miss Komenarski has a firm control of breath; she is able to sustain tones, to swell and diminish them; she can maintain a long melodic line. The voice itself, dramatic as it is, is flexible, so that it reminds one of the fact that many singers of a century ago, famed for their dramatic expressiveness, also shone in florid music. Best of all, Miss Komenarski feels the music as well as sings it; but she does not allow her emotional nature to run away with her judgment.

Mr. Harrison accompanied sympathetically and intelligently. A large audience was warm in expression of approval.

Dr. Lincoln Wirt last Tuesday called the attention of the Boston Herald and Journal readers to the German scheme for repopulating the Fatherland.

Mme. d'Abrantes in her "Histoire des Salons de Paris," commenting on the statement sometimes made in her time that morality was highly regarded during the Reign of Terror, asked if any one before the Revolution would have believed that a day would come when a reward of 500 francs would be granted to a young girl, "who, unmarried, had given defenders to the country."

"Agent de Liaison"

Poor Mrs Golightly was greatly disturbed when she read in a letter from her son, young Eugene, now in France, that he was engaged in liaison duty much to his joy. And great was her joy when old Mr. Auger, dining at her house that night, informed her that an "Agent de liaison" was an officer or soldier who transmitted orders from one point to another to insure the permanent contact of two forces.

A Friend of Clancy

As the World Wags:

My interest has been aroused by the recent correspondence in your column on the subject of the Gas House poem ascribed by Mr. Phipps to the late Frothingham Clancy. In my early days I was somewhat closely associated in a literary sense with the Swan of South Boston and I feel that a duty would be left undone if I should omit to say that I share the belief of Mr. Phipps: Clancy may have written the poem: "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange." The evidence, I admit, is chiefly circumstantial and my presentation of the case will prove nothing conclusively; but, on the other mitt," as Clancy himself used to say in lighter moments, Prof. Deedledum adduces nothing but negative proof of little real value. Unhappily I have not read the poem in question and am therefore obliged to deal only with the exterior evidence presented by the quotations. The professor intimates that the lamented bard, if he had made use of the term "jinn," would not have spelled it with a "j." On the contrary, my knowledge of his mental processes leads me to the conclusion that, as he invariably spelled "jag" with a "j," he would be more than likely by association to use that letter in the spelling of "jinn." Moreover, orthography did not greatly interest him. "Lookit, now," he said quaintly, on a memorable occasion: "This here old scout, Chareer—could he spell? No more than me. But was he a pote? Well, then." Again, the learned professor assumes that because no record was found of this poem among Clancy's effects, it could not have been written by him. But will the literary executor be good enough to say if among the Clancerian archives he found a copy of the following gem, entitled:

HARD LINES ON THE BROADWAY BRIDGE.

I leaned against the Broadway Bridge
As dawn began to peep;
South Cove was silent—so was I,
In fact I was asleep.

I dreamed of beakers all bedight
With woolly tops of foam;
The sun awoke me—then I wished
I'd had them nearer home.

This poem is authentic and I recall the occasion of it. It voices the poet's regret at having for once forsaken his usual haunts for the allurements of Dover street and the realization of his mistake when it was too late. That morning Clancy came home in a milk wagon; and later in the day under the influence of his memories, etc., he composed the little gem I have preserved. "Take it," said the Passionate One, "take it and preserve it. I'm pickled meself." Can the modern lutanists match that pearly phrase "beakers all bedight" (alliteration again), and does not "woolly tops of foam" bring something ethereal before your eyes?

And so what becomes of the professor's theory that the Gas House poem is not Clancy's because no copy was found in the card catalogue?

The only point made by him that I deem worthy of consideration is the suggestion that the poem in question may have been lifted by a vagrant breeze out of another poet's window. Not having read the poem I am not qualified to pass on the evidences of style, etc., I will content myself with the prediction that if the March or other gale ever does waft a poem from the study window of the Priestess of Free Verse, and if there is anything in the theory of the affinity of elements, said poem will be found very close to if not inside the nearest gas-house.

The most convincing argument employed by the learned professor is that Clancy would scarcely have painted the Symphony orange. Red, yes (on occasion). Green, most assuredly; but orange! A man who would have no cocktail if it contained orange bitters and who always stayed in bed on July 12, drinking green mint. But is it not reasonable to suppose that he may have undertaken his decorative enterprise in satirical vein? I well recall his contempt for symphonies. "Give me an honest reel," he was wont to say, "and ye may have yo're symphonies. I never could dance to wan." What more natural than that he should elect to use orange subtly to express his deep feeling on the subject.

This is conjecture, but not wholly groundless. As to Clancy's predilection for free verse, there is no doubt whatever that he preferred that medium of expression. To quote again from his immortal words: "Free verse is wan thing," said he, "Po'try is another. So long as there is no rhyme for 'above' except 'love' and none for 'moon' except 'spoon,' me for free verse!" Finally let me express the opinion that Prof. Deedledum has failed to present evidence enough to dispose of the Phipps claim and I, for one, am ready to accept the poem as one more monumental manifestation of the "murky mastery" of Frothingham Clancy.

ALOYSIUS ENTWHISTLE,
Professor of Entomology at McFadden University.

April 19 1918

RICHARD III. TO WILLIAM II.

Say, here I am, my trusty pal,
They call crazed Kaiser Bill,
Returning broken, grim and sore
From Bosworth's fatal field,
Where under Richmond's sturdy strokes
I had at last to yield.

But say, old top, you give me points
In murdering galore,
I never reached your dazzling points
By many and manys core.
I was a minor actor, sure,
In scenes of lighter weight,
But you're a star tragedian
In the play of barbarous hate.

My helmet I take off to you
As the most malicious fiend
That ever was in stately courts
By royal mother weaned;
And so I hope you'll still go on
Till comes your passing bell,
And I shall clasp your bloody hand
In warring fields of hell.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

South Boston's Bard

As the World Wags:

As the correspondent who requested poems by Frothingham Clancy, I sincerely thank Mr. Hazleton Spencer and Mr. Phineas Phipps. The ode "A Sort of Immortality," I can readily accept as Clancy's, in spite of a few words too prominently used in the vernacular. It has the dreamy philosophy and old world flavor of the much-abused "Rubaiyat." The poem submitted by Mr. Phineas Phipps I cannot quite accept, but I have sent it for analysis to Harriet Monroe, the greatest liberator of free verse in the country. I'm sure the autopsy will disclose the truth. Some ear-marks it bears of Clancy making vivid pictures in the mind:

"Tall trees like old cathedral spires
Black marked against the heavens."

Beautiful!

"Dismal shadows of a depthless black" is also fine, but "nude thumb" is almost indecent. None of these poems to my mind can equal the dynamic, virile lines of "An Explanation:"

"Cleopatra's mummy hisses
Still from Anthony's hot kisses."

Gee!

Had Clancy selected the gashouse marshes in this district—the beautiful Merrimack on one hand, on the other the undulating greens of the marshes ending in the sand dunes at the feet of the azure sea—I would say his act was an offering on the altar of beautiful nature.

But Malden! He was, indeed, despairing.

ARS POETICA.

Newburyport.

Rev. Henry Morgan

As the World Wags:

In answer to "D. L. C.'s" inquiry regarding Rev. Henry Morgan, the author of the book entitled "Boston Turned Inside Out," I will say that he was the man who founded the Morgan Memorial and for whom the memorial was named. He was born on March 7, 1825, at Newtown, Ct., and died on March 23, 1884, in Boston. An autobiography of him, a volume of 448 pages, entitled "Shadowy Hand; or, Life Struggles: A Story of Real Life," was published in 1874, and gives a detailed account of his life up to that time. A volume of his entitled "Music Hall Discourses, Miscellaneous Sketches, Ministerial Notes and Prison Incidents," was published in 1859, and in the front part of the volume a short account of his life up to that time is given. A sketch of him containing some 225 words is given in Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography. The latter sketch speaks of a work by him entitled "Boston Within and Without," the title page of his book entitled "Catholic Church in Politics," etc., says that it is by the "author of 'Boston Inside Out,'" and the Watchman of April 20, 1882, and the Congregationalist of April 26, 1882, spoke of "Turning Boston Inside Out" as a book by him. Was the book mentioned by "L. L. C." as having the title "Boston Turned Inside Out" also published under each of the three titles just mentioned? It seems to me that those four titles must be titles of different editions of the same book, for the titles so much resemble one another that one would hardly take them to be titles of distinct and independent works.

The only time that I ever heard Morgan speak or even ever saw him was at Concord, N. H., in the winter of 1871-1872, where and when I heard him deliver his lecture on "Fast Young Men." That lecture of his was a very popular one; in his above-mentioned autobiography, which, as I have stated, was published 10 years before his death, he says that the lecture had then "been delivered over 200 times in New England, besides in various other states."

LOOKER-ON.

Boston.

The Knockout Blow

As the World Wags:

After reading the Boston Herald and Journal the predictions of what is to come off in Ireland, may I not be permitted to express my profound conviction that if King George really wishes to deal a smashing blow to the Kaiser, he will at once deed over to Cousin Willy Erin the Sinn Feiners, Sir Edward Carson and all? What happened in Russia would be in comparison as peaceful as knitting for sailors.

SAM'L PEPYS, III.

Boston.

CECILIA SOCIETY

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Shepherd, conductor, gave Pierne's "Children's Crusade" at Symphony Hall last evening. These solo singers sang the music of the various characters: Miss May Peterson, soprano, Alain; Miss Inez Barbour, contralto, Allys; Mrs. Charlotte Williams Hills, second soprano, a mother; Lambert Murphy, tenor, The Narrator; Willard Flint, bass, an old sailor; Misses Whitcomb, Morris, Fisher and Bates, four women. There was a chorus of children from the Brookline high school, a chorus of boys from the choirs of Emmanuel Church and the Church of the Advent. Members of the Boston Symphony orchestra assisted. Miss Martha Baird was the organist. There was a very large audience.

Pierne's work is not conspicuous for its melodic strength. A pupil of Franck and Massenet, the composer was often cautious and experimental as a melodist. He hesitates harmonically between the conventional and the ultra-modern French schools. Sometimes his melodies are reminiscent of Massenet. The music of the choruses is of far greater importance than that written for the soloists. The narrator's music seldom has force of character. The most effective solo is the story of the fallen star told by the old sailor. The music of the third episode, the sea, is the most striking portion of the work. Here the narrator's song has character. The choruses are more sharply contrasted and have dramatic force, as the children greet Jerusalem in spirit and the sailors urge them to embark. The orchestration is varied, richer. Many have immortalized the ocean and Pierne's description of the calm sea, his vision of the ebb and flow of restless waters, of the furious lashing of the waves in the storm, stand among the most inspired pages.

The performance was highly creditable, one of the best given by the Cecilia Society in recent years. The chorus of children had been carefully trained. It was a pleasure to hear their fresh voices. They performed their task diligently and entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. The singing of the society was excellent in quality of tone. There was distinctness in enunciation and regard for grades of dynamic force. Orchestra and chorus firmly controlled by Mr. Shepherd were in accord with resulting eloquence of expression.

The task of the solo singers is difficult and not wholly thankful. Miss Peterson's performance was conspicuously distinguished. Her beautiful voice, warm and sympathetic, even throughout, exquisitely colored, was used with consummate art in the music allotted to Alain, the blind boy. Miss Barbour's Allys was intelligently characterized. Mr. Murphy was excellent as the narrator. Mr. Flint sang the part of the sailor with expression. The large audience was interested and appreciative.

April 20 1918

The Boston Herald and Journal has received a letter with reference to "Mears's Clock," the verses invented by Mr. Joseph A. Torrey of Manchester-by-the-Sea.

As the World Wags:

These lines are a reminiscence from somewhere about the years 1877-78. In those days the old Boston Traveler was daily in my father's household, and my strong impression is that the lines were acquired from its daily column of quips, borrowed or of home manufacture. Evidently of the spring or summer of '77 were the verses:

A WEEK'S WAR NEWS

On Monday morn 'twas whispered round
There had been bloody work,
But no one knew which did the worst;
The Christian or the Turk!
On Tuesday morning Russia claimed
A victory for her side;
On Wednesday from a Turkish source
The victory was denied.
On Thursday each side claimed that they
The other'd put to rout;
And Friday's news the fight confirmed
Without the slightest doubt.
On Saturday 'twas whispered round
The whole affair was small:
And Sunday's cable brought the news
There'd been no fight at all.

The world wags differently now; the Eskimo and the Hottentots can hardly be in doubt that a battle is on; some of our prominent American citizens even have partially emerged from the illusion that it is 3000 miles away!

Since the above was written I have read the interesting note by Mr. Torrey in today's Herald and Journal. I should like to ask if the verses were not written fully 40 years ago. RUSEX.

New Hampshire, April 16.

Mr. Torrey said in his letter "about 40 years ago."—Ed.

Johnson or O'Connell?

As the World Wags:

By the way of partial reply to "Quidnunc," let me say that the anecdote of Dr. Johnson is more usually connecred with Daniel O'Connell, Dublin being the scene of the verbal encounter with a fish-wife never previously worsted in lingual battle. I forget the details, except that, in rejoinder to an apparently overwhelming tirade from the lady of the scales, O'Connell demolished her by a challenge to deny that she kept an isosceles triangle in her house.

Beverly. J. S. H.

Sheridan's Friend

As the World Wags:

Apropos the Wordsworth incident under "Billiards and Clubs" today, you probably remember that amusing episode in "Pomander Walk" where a young fellow brags about his intimacy with Sheridan, whom he claims to have met at Vauxhall, or Cremorne (I don't remember which), the night before, and, pressed to tell what the great man said, quoted him as remarking: "It's a very warm evening." EMIL SCHWAB.

Boston, April 10.

Mr. Blowhard

A still better story is that of the Englishman who was always talking of an occasion on which the great Duke of Wellington had honored him with a remark. When he was finally persuaded to put aside his modesty and to tell the company what the duke had said, he answered proudly: "Well, I was on the sidewalk when the duke came out in his full uniform. He looked at me and said: 'Get out of my way, you damned fool.'"

We all know men who are everybody's friend. Artemus Ward described one in Cleveland, Ohio, before Artemus went to New York and Vanity Fair. He called him Mr. Blowhard.

"He is usually round. You find him in all public places. He is particularly 'numerous' at shows. Knows all the actors intimately. Went to school with some of 'em. Knows how much they get a month to a cent and how much liquor they can hold to a teaspoonful. He knows Ned Forrest like a book. Has taken sundry drinks with Ned. Ned likes him much. Is well acquainted with a certain actress. Could have married her just as easy as not if he had wanted to. Didn't like her 'style,' and so concluded not to marry her. Knows Dan Rice well. Knows all of his men and horses. Is on terms of affectionate intimacy with Dan's rhinoceros, and is tolerably well acquainted with the performing elephant."

Many years ago there was a "genial" at the Porphyry, who "Knew everybody." Name any distinguished man and the "genial" would reply: "I know him very well. I dined with him one night"—and then a long, rambling account of the dinner, who were there, what was said, drunk and eaten, would follow. It mattered not whether the distinguished man were a general, lawyer, actor, clergyman, pugilist, oarsman, banker, philanthropist. The "genial" knew him "very well." When he had not dined with him, he had supped, lunched, or breakfasted in his company.

22D CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program waa as follows: Carpenter, Symphony No. 1 (first time here); Svendsen, "Zorahayda": two pieces for viola and orchestra: d'Indy, Lied, Strube, Fantastic Dance; Goldmark, overture, "Sappho. Mr. Schmidt conducted.

Mr. John Alden Carpenter of Chicago is not a stranger here in the concert hall. His violin sonata has been played twice within five years, some of his songs have been sung here by various singers; his orchestral Suite, "Adventures in a Perambulator," was performed twice in the season of 1915-16, and before these performances it was played here by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

The Suite is pleasantly remembered, if only for the recollection of two agile men indulging themselves in violent exercise on xylophones, to the great joy of the hearers. There were other agreeable features. There were pages of genuine beauty. The composer stood forth as an independent thinker, who had a rich orchestral speech.

The symphony, composed in 1916-17, and first performed at a music festival held in Norfolk, Ct., is a more ambitious work. Whether its musical contents are as ingenious and as valuable as those of the Suite is another question. The symphony as a whole seems to us scrappy. There is a motto "Sermons in Stones," taken from the duke's speech in "As you Like It." Mr. Borowski, the accomplished critic, remarks: "The connection between the latter part of this quotation and the symphony which is under discussion here lies in the direction of optimism. Beyond this key to the significance of his music, the composer does not care to go." "Sermons in Stones" suggests, also, sermons in music. A sermon in a stone is not so bad, for the stone is silent. The sermon is in the mind of the man that looks at it, sits on it, or throws it. A sermon in music that lasts from three-quarters of an hour to an hour is to be avoided. Good King Edward VII., a man of the world and a sport, decreed that a sermon of 12 minutes was long enough for any preacher in a royal chapel. Fortunately Mr. Carpenter does not attempt to preach in this symphony or to be didactic. He is optimistic, and this is a healthy mental condition for any composer, even when his subject is tragic: optimistic concerning his own music.

The symphony is, however, like an old hour-glass sermon in this respect: it has many heads and sub-heads, digressions, excursions and alarms. Hence we missed yesterday the feeling of continuity in the work. There was too much see-sawing of moods. Beginning finely with solemn strains, the first movement comprises sections which are practically unrelated. There is even the suggestion of a Scherzo about the middle of this movement. Nor do we find the middle section of the Scherzo itself has much to do with what goes before and what follows. In a word, the symphony is disjointed, scrappy. There are interesting pages, interesting melodically—although the thematic material is not spontaneously rich—harmonically; interesting above all in the instrumental experiments. As in the Suite, Mr. Carpenter in this symphony declares his undying devotion to pulsatile instruments.

The composer bowed his acknowledgment of applause from the platform.

Svensen's pretty and innocuous legend soothed the audience. Goldmark's overture was played last year. Why this haste in repetition? His "Prometheus" overture would have been fresher to the ear if there was absolute necessity of hearing something by Goldmark.

Mr. Ferni's beautiful tone and irreproachable art were displayed in d'Indy's Lied, which was written for the violoncello, and Strube's "Fantastic Dance," which had already been played by him. D'Indy's Lied, composed about the time of his "Sagefleurie," has not the austerity of his later compositions. Its melancholy flavor is agreeable, not bitter.

April 21 1918

Leoni's "Oracolo," Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'or" and Gilbert's ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo" will be performed here at the Boston Opera House this week by the Metropolitan Opera Company for the first time in the city.

Bellini's "I Puritani" has not been heard here for so many years that it will be new to the younger generation of operagoers.

Rossini brought it about that Bellini should write an opera for the Theatre Italien at Paris. Bellini in 1833 was famous throughout Europe as the composer of "La Sonnambula" (1831) and "Norma" (1831). His "Capuletti e Montecchi" (1830) and "Beatrice di Tenda" (1833) were also popular. It will be remembered that Wagner, conductor at Riga, chose in 1837 for his benefit "Norma," and wrote in the announcement that his choice was the greatest proof of his esteem for the "art-loving" public. "The most inveterate adversaries of the new Italian school of music," he further said, "have been compelled to acknowledge that the composition of this opera is sublime."

In 1833 Bellini visited London and Paris. He was engaged to direct the rehearsals of "Norma" and "La Sonnambula" at London, for which he received $2400. In London he was impressed by the grandeur of the buildings, the great number of carriages, the luxury of the houses. "Norma," strange to say, was then pooh-poohed by the critics; possibly because the glory of Mme. Pasta was waning. Chorley tells us that she "steadily began her evening's task half a tone too flat"; yet her acting was "more powerful and striking than ever—if that could be."

Early in 1834 Bellini went to Paris, where he was welcomed with open arms. He was, however, ill at ease, homesick, perhaps depressed by a presentiment of his early death.

Romani had written the librettos of seven operas by Bellini. They were associated together in success. Their friendship was broken because Bellini thought that in writing "Beatrice di Tenda," Romani was more interested in an amorous adventure than in the libretto; so, he turned to Count Pepoli for the libretto of "I Puritani." Yet he wrote to a friend in Italy: "I know now that if I shall write again for Italy, I cannot do it without Romani. All the others are cold, insipid, without passion. I ought to sacrifice pride to art. For this reason I shall try every means to make it up with him." There was a reconciliation later.

Pepoli based his libretto on a play by Ancelot, "Cavaliers et Tetes rondes," which had been recently performed. French writers on music say that this drama in turn was based on Sir Walter Scott's celebrated romance, "The Puritans of Scotland."

Queen Henrietta Maria is imprisoned in a fort at Plymouth, Eng., under the guardianship of Lord Walton, Parliamentary leader. His daughter Elvira is in love with Lord Arthur Talbot, a Puritan. She has persuaded her father to allow him in the castle. He wraps the Queen in Elvira's bridal veil and helps her to escape, whereupon he is imprisoned. Elvira becomes mad, thinking she has been abandoned by Arthur. Meeting her, he explains. Puritans arrest him, thinking him to be a traitor. The news arrives that the King has been defeated. Arthur is pardoned. Elvira recovers her reason.

Bellini worked on the opera at Puteaux, in a quiet, rose-embowered villa near the Seine. In June, 1834, he wrote to Ricordi, the publisher at Milan, about his forthcoming opera. He wished Ricordi to control it and further operas. The fact that some conductors or others had faked scores from the piano editions, annoyed him. In this letter he mentioned his opera "Ernani." Did he even sketch an "Ernani"? No one knows.

"I Puritani di Scozia"—this was the title of the opera—was produced at the Theatre Italien, Paris, on Jan. 25, 1835. The cast was a remarkable one; it included Mme. Giulia Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache. Seats had been taken long in advance. On the opening night it was impossible to procure one at any price. The audience was made up of the leaders of society, and "the most distinguished in all branches of human activity, politics, science, literature, art." The success was enormous. Donizetti, who was then in Paris, conducting the rehearsals of his "Marino Faliero," wrote to Romani: "Bellini's success has been very great, in spite of a mediocre libretto; the success continues, although the fifth performance has taken place; it will continue till the end of the season. I speak of this to you, because I know you two have made up. . . . I do not deserve the success that 'I Puritani' has had, but I hope that I shall not displease."

Bellini died at Puteaux, on Sept. 23, 1835, when he was in his 34th year.

"I Puritani" was produced in London in 1835, as was Donizetti's "Marino Faliero." The latter failed. "The production of these two new operas was the event of the season. On such occasions there is always a success and a failure. The public will not endure two favorites." Let us quote further the remarks of Chorley: "From first to last note 'I Puritani' was found enchanting. The picture of Guisi, leaning against Lablache to listen, in the second scene; the honeyed elegance of Rubini's song of entrance; the bridal polacca in the first act; in the second, the mad scene, and the duet between the two basses (a feebler repetition of effects already produced in 'Norma') entranced 'the town.' In the third act Rubini, who had not appeared since an early stage of the story, carried everyone to the seventh heaven by a display of his powers of expression, potent enough to make the severest for a while forget the platitude of the materials with which they had to deal. London was steeped in the music of 'I Puritini'; organs ground it, adventurous amateurs dared it, the singers themselves sang it to such satiety as to lose all consciousness of what they were engaged in, and, when once launched, to go on mechanically. I must have heard Mlle. Grisi's Polacca at least alone, if once, 100 times, to speak without exaggeration. In short, Bellini had 'the luck.'"

Chorley noticed that in the last scene of "I Puritani" the theme is identically that of Simon Mayer's "Donne l'Amore" fitted with the English verse by Haynes Bailey as 'O, 'tis the melody." Bellini's repetition or plagiarism fitted it to the life and death suspense of a lover doomed to execution, on being forced from the idol of his heart, whom misadventure had driven mad, and whom he quits to mount the scaffold, leaving her in a swoon, which (for her sake) he would fain hope is the sleep of death. Yet Rubini contrived, by the inflexions of his voice, to make this unmarked cantabile lacerate with its distress the heart, through the ear.

The first performance of "I Puritani" in New York was at Palmo's Opera House on Feb. 3, 1844, when the chief singers were Eutrasia Borghese, Perozzi, Valtelina and Majocchi.

There was an earlier performance at Philadelphia on Nov. 20, 1843, when the singers were Corsini, Calvet, Perozzi and Valtelina.

At the first performance in New York the bill stated that the orchestra would comprise "32 professors." It also contained this announcement: "Arrangements have been made by the management with the Railroad Company for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen living uptown, so that a large car, well lighted and warmed, will start after the theatre closes, and police officers will be in attendance to prevent disorder. The car will run from the corner of Chambers and Centre streets as far as Forty-second street."

"I Puritani" was for many years a favorite opera in New York. Mmes. Bosio, Grisi, Cora de Wilhorst, Anna de la Grange, La Comtesse Ferussao (her first and only appearance), Gassler, Adelina Patti, Carlotta Patti, Zagury—there is a long list of women that sang the music of Elvira. Mme. Sembrich took the part at the Metropolitan Oct. 29, 1883, with Stagno, Kaschmann, Mirabella.

Mr. Hammerstein revived the opera in New York on Dec. 3, 1906, for Mr. Bonci, who then made his first appearance in this country. Mme. Pinkert was the Elvira. Ancona and Arimondi were in the cast. The opera was heard again at the Manhattan, Feb. 26, 1909, when the singers were Mmes. Tetrazzini and Severini and Constantino, Polese, De Segurola, Venturini and De Grazia.

Celebrated singers have been heard here in the opera.

The opera was performed at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 15, 1855, also on Feb. 3 of that year. Mme. Grisi, Mario, Badiali, Susini, Candi, Parozzi, Mme. Morra. Arditi conducted.

Other noteworthy performances are as follows:

1860, Jan. 25—Adelina Patti, Mme. Morra, Brignoli, Ferri, Susini, Muller, Quinto. Muzio, conductor.

1862, Oct. 10—Carlotta Patti, Brignoli, Amodio, Susini, Debreul, Ximenes. Muzio, conductor.

1866, Jan. 16—Clara Louise Kellogg, Mme. Ficher, Irfre, Bellini, Antonucci, Renhardt, Muller, Toriani, conductor.

1879, Jan. 6—Mme. Gerster, Ravelli, Galassi, Foli, Grazzi, Pyatt.

1880, Feb. 3, Globe Theatre—Mlle. Lublanche (Davenport), her first appearance, Lazarini, Storti, Castlemary, Miss Valerga. Behrens, conductor.

1881, Jan 6—Mme. Gerster, Ravelli, Galassi, Monti, Grazzi, Corsini, Miss Valerga.

1885, Jan. 7—Emma Nevada, Vicini, De Anna, Cherubini, Bieletto, Manni, Miss Saruggia.

Leoni's Opera "L'Oracolo" Founded On "The Cat and the Cherub"

Franco Leoni is known in Boston chiefly by some songs and some music for the church. The musical lexicons are reticent about him.

He was born at Milan in October, 1864. His father taught singing at the Conservatory of that city and directed the school of choral singing. Franco studied composition with Ponchielli; after his death with Dominicetti. After graduation he gave singing lessons at the Conservatory. While in Italy he wrote a symphony and other orchestral works, also an opera produced at Milan in 1889. In 1891 he moved to London, where he has taught singing and composed. Among his later works, besides "L'Oracolo," are "Sardanapalus" (1896), the opera "Rip Van Winkle" (1897), "Ib and Little Christina" (Savoy Theatre, Nov. 14, 1891). His "Francesca da Rimini," based on Marion Crawford's play, was performed at a public rehearsal at the Opera Comique, Paris, Dec. 30, 1913. It had no success. The singers were Mme. Vix, Messrs. Francelli and Boulogne.

Chester Bailey Fernald, born in 1869, according to some in Boston, according to others in San Francisco, studied the life of the Chinese in the latter city. He wrote stories about it for the Century Magazine. One of them was entitled "The Cat and the Cherub." This he turned into a play which was produced at Hammerstein's Olympia, New York, on Sept. 20, 1897. The chief players were Holbrook Blinn, Richard Ganthony, Alfred Hastings, Edwin Morrison, Ruth Benson, Althea Luce, Grace Sheridan.

At the time Mr. Belasco insisted that Mr. Fernald had lifted certain things from Mr. Powers's play, "The First Born." The Morning Telegraph published a strictly personal letter from Mr. Hammerstein, in the course of which he said: "In my long and rather varied career as a theatrical manager, I have often come across a species of thing that an unkind Providence, in an unguarded moment, has sent to play the part of man on the boards of the world. These things, like a buzzard, nevertheless, seem to have some mission in life; they always stir up something. Sometimes a dunghill, sometimes a gospel. Mr. Belasco evidently has a mission; he also seems to be feverish. He and Mr. Frohman see a play of Chinese life in San Francisco; they buy it; they never thought of asking the source of the play. They corralled it about three months ago. Mr. Frohman locks the play in his

des and also keeps of eating, as I find reliably informed. An author of renown and modest-like man of work, comes to me, reads me his book, called 'The Cat and the Cherub,' and a play adapted from the same. It is a story of Chinese life. I find the book and play were written before the production of the play secured by Frohman and Belasco. Mr Hammerstein then described the trouble he had taken to be sure of his rights in the matter. He concluded: "A Chinese play is in demand. I, feeling convinced that no claim of dubious practice would be made against me, accept a Chinese play, produce it. As if by signal, Frohman and Belasco go into convulsions of moral indignation. Mr. Frohman appealed to the police and Mr. Belasco appealed to soap. He did look uncommonly clean as he sat in the Olympia Friday night—on a pass. He came to discover similarities between the two plays. He says there are none worthy making a fuss about, but, nevertheless, it is a steal. He says he will advise Mr. Frohman not to prosecute me. Thank you, Mr. Belasco. I won't be mean as you, you looked so clean Friday night. For that surprise, many thanks."

The play was revived with Mr. Blinn as Wing Shee at the Princess Theatre, New York, Oct. 17, 1914.

The play was produced in London at the Lyric Theatre, Oct. 30, 1897.

The first performance in Boston was at the Boston Theatre, Jan. 31, 1898, when it preceded the entertainment of Anna Held, "Etoile de Paris" and her own company. The cast was as follows: Wing Shee, William Beach; Chin Fang, Edwin Holland; Hoo-King, Emile Collins; Wing Sun Luey, Harry Mills; Ah Yoi, Charlotte Deane; Hwah Kwee, Dolores Lettani; Ho Chee, Gracie Sherwood.

The plot was thus described by the Dramatic Mirror when the play was first produced:

"Hoo King, a rich merchant, has a young son, to whom he is devotedly attached. Chin Fang, a common Chinaman, who keeps an opium den next door to the rich merchant's house, kidnaps the child, who always carries his pet cat in his arms. Wing Sun Luey, the son of Wing Shee, a learned doctor, starts out to find the child and run down his abductor. As a reward he is to win the hand of Hoo King's niece. Just as his suspicions lead him to Chin Fang's cellar, that gentleman has a few words with him and kills him with a swift and sudden blow from behind. The old father enters, sees his son's body and swears vengeance. Little later the mewing of the 'good luck cat' reveals the hiding place of the little boy, Hoo Chee, who is rescued by Wing Shee and restored to his father. Wing Shee meets Chin Fang a moment later, and having made up his mind that he is the slayer of his son he sets about the task of putting him out of the way. He enters into a conversation with him, and at an opportune moment stabs him and finishes the job by strangling him with his own queue. The footsteps of an approaching policeman are heard, and Wing Shee lifts the body of Chin Fang up, puts it in a sitting position, and, after calmly lighting his pipe, addresses some commonplace remarks to the corpse, while the policeman walks past in a leisurely manner and goes on his way down the street."

For the play incidental music was written by Edgar Stillman Kelly and N. Clifford Page.

This play was turned into an opera libretto by Camillo Zanoni for Leoni's music. The opera is in one act. It was produced at Covent Garden, London, on June 28. The chief parts were thus taken: Wing Shee, Marcoux; Chin Fang, Scotti; Sun Luey, Dalmores; Ah Yoi, Pauline Donalda. Mme. Paulin, Cotreuil and Montecucchi took the minor parts. Messager conducted.

The first performance in the United States was at the Metropolitan Opera House, Feb. 4, 1915. Wing Shee, Didur; Chin Fang, Scotti; Hoo King (Hoo Tsin), Rossi; Wing Sun Luey, Botta; Ah Yoi, Lucrezia Bori; Hwah Kwee, Sophie Braslau. Mr. Polacco conducted.

"Coq d'Or," the Russian Satirical Opera-Pantomime

"Le Coq d'Or," written by Rimsky-Korsakoff as an opera, was completed in 1907. The composer died in 1908. The opera was not performed until 1910, when, produced at Petrograd, it was considered a failure because it was impossible for the singers to maintain the demanded action on the stage.

In 1912 Michel Fokine thought the opera could be turned into an opera-pantomime. The composer's family objected, saying that the work should be performed as an opera, or not at all.

Fokine took the work to Paris where it was performed at the Opera on May 24, 1914. Thamar Karsavina was the chief dancer. Her associates were Bougakoff, Kowalski and Cecchetti. The chief singers were Mme. Dobrowolska, Altchevsky and Basilé Petroff. Cooper conducted. The piece was then described as a fairy opera, or rather a fairy farce, with the cowardly king, with the soldiers that might have come out of "La Grande Duchesse" or "Le petit Faust." The opera-pantomime was also brought out in London at Drury Lane, June 15, 1914.

The first performance in the United States was at the Metropolitan Opera House on March 6, 1918. Mr Monteux conducted. The cast was as follows:

The Queen..Miss Galli and Mme. Barrientos
Amelia .... Miss Smith and Miss Braslau
The King..... Mr. Bolm and Mr. Didur
The General .Mr. Bartik and Mr. Ruysdael
The Astrologer...Mr. Bonfiglio and Mr. Diaz
The Prince .....Mr. Hall and Mr. Audisio
Knight ..Mr Johnson and Mr. Reschiglian
The voice of the Cock.....Mme. Sundelius

The action of this opera, based on a poem by Pushkin, which has been translated into English by George Harris, Jr., is entrusted to the ballet. The music assigned to the characters is sung by the chief singers and chorus, dressed in Russian costume and seated on terraces arranged on each side of the stage. The scenery and costumes were designed for the Metropolitan by Will Pogany. Adolf Bolm, the dancer, known and esteemed here, is the stage manager. At the performance next Friday afternoon Mme. Garrison will take the place of Mme. Barrientos; Miss Robeson will be substituted for Miss Braslau, and Miss Sparkes for Mme. Sundelius.

It is said that "Coq d'Or" is really a bitter satire on a paternal government, savage in its treatment even of the Russian people. Pushkin's poem was written at a time when the Napoleonic wars had inspired a spirit of revolt in Russia.

Rosa Newmarch says of "Coq d'Or" that, in spite of the eastern origin of the tale, it recalls the simple customs and daily life of the great Slavic people.

"In the first scene we are introduced to a hall in the palace of King Dodon, where he is holding a council with his boyards. He tells them that he is weary of kingly responsibilities and especially of the perpetual warfare with his hostile neighbors, and that he longs to rest for a while. First he asks the advice of his heir, Prince Guidon, who says that instead of fighting on the frontier he should withdraw his troops and let them surround the capital, which should first be well provisioned. Then, while the enemy was destroying the rest of the country, the King might repose and think of some new way of circumventing him. But the old Gen. Polkan does not approve of the project, for he thinks it will be worse to have the hostile army surrounding the city and perhaps attacking the King himself. Nor does he agree with the equally foolish advice of the King's younger son, Aphron. Very soon the whole assembly is quarrelling as to the best way out.

"The story tells how the Golden Cock, a gift of the King's astrologer, is set as a weather vane to give warning of danger. The King is enchanted, feeling he can now take his ease, and he offers a reward to the astrologer who replies that he does not want treasures or honors, but a diploma drawn up in legal form. 'Legal?' exclaims the King. 'I don't know what you mean. My desires and caprices are the only laws here.' Dodon's bed is brought in and the chatelaine of the palace tucks him in for a sound sleep. Suddenly the cock summons the kingdom to war.

"In the second act the wretched, egotistical King, and the Voyevoda, Palkan, come to a narrow pass where their army has been annihilated and the two royal princes have slain one another. From a tent at dawn appears the magical Queen of Shemakha, with whom the old King becomes infatuated while she makes him dance and sing in a long scene of comic realism.

"Act III. finds Dodon's capital on tiptoe to greet the King and his bride.

"Jump and dance, grin and bow, show your loyalty, but don't expect anything in return, says the sardonic chatelaine, Amelfa. The Astrologer, halting the procession to claim his reward, asks for the Queen of Shemakha herself, whereat the King strikes him dead.

"The Golden Cock flies at the monarch and with one blow of his beak pierces his skull. There is a thunderclap, then darkness and silence, broken by a silvery laugh of the Queen. Bird and Queen have disappeared when it grows light again. The unhappy and bewildered people sing a chorus of regret for the King:

"Our Prince, without a peer, was prudent, wise and kind; his rage was terrible; he was often implacable; he treated us like dogs; but when once his rage was over he was a Golden King. Oh, terrible disaster! Where shall we find another King?"

There is a short epilogue in which the Astrologer tells the spectator not to weep; the story is fiction; in the whole kingdom of Dodon there are only two real human beings, himself and the queen.

"Dance in Place Congo," Ballet by Henry F. Gilbert of Cambridge

Henry F. Gilbert's ballet "The Dance in Place Congo," which will be performed at the Boston Opera House next Friday afternoon with "Coq d'Or," was brought out at the Metropolitan on March 23. We are indebted to the press agent of the Metropolitan Opera House for the following description of the ballet:

"Every Sunday afternoon in old New Orleans the slaves were given a couple of hours of free time. Hastening to the 'Place Congo,' a solitary and picturesque place on the outskirts of the city, they there indulged themselves in wild dancing, in rude love making, in the singing of songs, in the furious expression of quasi-barbaric emotion. The fame of these picturesque revels spread far and wide. Gentle folk were attracted and came to look at the curious sights and to listen to the sweet songs.

"Spaniards, Indians, half-breeds and adventurers of all kinds swelled the throng, which was indeed a motley gathering. All this has been told about by George W. Cable, and it was from his writing that Henry F. Gilbert derived the original inspiration for his ballet.

"Mr. Gilbert says: 'Originally written as a symphonic poem, "The Dance in Place Congo," when finished, seemed to me so dramatic that I thought it well adapted for stage presentation. I, therefore, composed and elaborated a scenario for my music. My scenario has, however, been modified and considerably changed by Mr. Ottokar Bartik, under whose personal supervision the work is produced.' The story concerns itself with the loves of Aurore, the beautiful quadroon girl (played by Miss Galli). Remon (played by Mr. Bonfiglio), is her accepted lover, but her grace and beauty have excited the jealous passion of Numa (played by Mr. Bartik). Urged on by his passion, Numa consults the old Voodoo fortune teller, praying for her help to obtain for him the love of Aurore. But instead she prophesies his death. The jealousy of Numa for Remon is about to reach a tragic climax, when at the height of the dance the warning strokes of the 9 o'clock bell are heard calling the slaves to quarters. The dancers break off and, with gestures of despair, begin slowly and reluctantly to disperse. Aurore, Remon and Numa still linger. As Numa makes a rush at Remon, Aurore stabs him. But her triumph is short, for at once a slave driver appears with uplifted whip and the scene closes with the note of tragedy."

Speaking of the music, Olin Downes in the Musical Quarterly, says:

"Five Creole themes are employed. One of them is the theme of Bamboula, which Coleridge-Taylor employed in his orchestral piece of that name, although in a manner very different from that of Gilbert. The introduction is gloomy and tragic. The principal theme, a sort of wild cry, is repeatedly proclaimed, with always increasing breadth and emphasis, by the orchestra. After a pause the Bamboula, a vulgar dance tune, with a lordly swing, is heard. There follows a lighter, wittier theme. After extended development of this material comes a nobly pathetic middle portion, in the manner of a love scene, and finally a conclusion that is weird and fantastic.

"The dance, at the height of its excitement, is interrupted by the booming of a great bell. This is the bell which rings the summons to 'quarters,' and the sleep that will preface another day of toil and weariness. There is a pause; a cry of despair; then a sound like the shuffling of feet, mournful echoes of themes previously heard, the establishment of a mood that is nocturnal and tragic, and, with a sudden surprising harmonic turn, and a final reference to the theme of the opening, the end.

"It is a risky thing to reckon too definitely on the effect of a score only known by reading. But there are certain characteristics of the score which put it apart from the compositions which precede it. The themes of the Creole have in themselves a certain tropical grace distinguishable from the themes of the Negro. They offer, of course, new harmonic suggestions of which the composer has availed himself. Is it too much to say their spirit seems to communicate to the music, in places, something of that quality which Nietzsche discovered in Carmen, something fatalistic, something hot, brutal, languorous, something 'Mediterranean'? Certain passages, no doubt with intention, are badly obvious and vulgar or grotesque, and in strong and crude contrast to the tenderness and the beautiful melodic line of the love scene."

The "Bamboula" melody was used long ago by Gottschalk for a piano piece. The composition, based on four measures of a Negro melody, was written at Paris and played there by him in 1848.

The cast for Friday will be as follows:

Aurore .....Rosina Galli
Remon ..... Giuseppe Bonfiglio
Numa ..... Ottokar Bartik
Slaves, Slave Drivers, Indians, Spaniards, Musicians, etc.
Conductor ..... Pierre Monteux

An Appreciation of Debussy Published in the London Times

In Claude Debussy's death, at the comparatively early age of 55, a great figure disappears from the world of music, greater, perhaps, than we are at present able to judge. Future generations may look back on his pioneer work as we now look back on that of Claudio Monteverde.

But, short of any such comparisons, there is no doubt, even now, of the debt that composers, both in his own country and outside it, owe him. What his own countrymen would say of him would be that he has spoken with the true voice of France; and we, using a slightly different expression, should say that he broke the yoke of German music. He did this, speaking technically, by making one special aspect of harmony his own, forcing a world that was not altogether willing into agreement, and, for the others, fulfilling, as it were, a lovely dream. But it is not so much of the means he employed that we think—that is for the future to decide—as of the peculiar poise of mind that made him open out to the suggestions of Mallarmé and Maeterlinck and Eugene Carrière and find their correlatives in music.

The great dates are 1893, the string quartet and "L'Apres-midi," and 1902, "Pelleas and Melisande." The quartet stands alone—Maurice Ravel has said, speaking of his own quartet, "C'est lui qui nous a montré le chemin." It arrived late in this country, and even now the first and last movements are not as fully understood as they may yet be. Though all realize the economy of resource and the delicate shades of color in that and "L'Apres-midi," all do not taste the purity of style and subtlety of device, nor do they realize that both works are legitimate descendants of the great music of the past. "The wise wonder at the usual"; it is the unusual that the rest of the world seeks and finds.

Debussy loved the concrete, but he treated it in an allusive way. This has made people think that his music is vague, that he was satisfied with what they call "atmosphere." But he is always saying in tones, "it is this thing not that, that I mean." However delicate, translucent even, the melody is, it is perfectly clear-cut. But he does not blare out his meaning. In "Le Mer" there is a storm brewing in the distance; it is always coming, but never comes. In "Pelleas" we know that Golaud must make the fateful discovery, we feel it drawing nearer, his figure is seen by the child, his steps are heard on the dry leaves—but the music accentuates nothing, it just leaves us with our thoughts. Never was the combination of poet and musician so perfect in any opera. It took 10 years to write; it will take many more to be forgotten.

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

A new play in one act, "Allens," by Rose MacKenna, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, March 12. It is an attempt "to localize a universal problem in a pseudo-Synge Irish interior." Kathleen and Fergus, children of Widow Lynch, and poor, bring back from school the narrowness of the farm-community on an Irish coast. To save the widow from the bailiffs Kathleen must marry Kane, a well-to-do merchant. She and Fergus, her brother, loathe the idea. As they are talking in the kitchen, Kane comes in "nicely" under the influence of drink and undesirably amorous. Word comes that a boat is in distress. Will he aid in the rescue? He will not. So Kathleen mans an oar. Kane, sobered, watches from the window. "Soon—altogether too soon to be plausible—Kathleen has fallen overboard. She is drowned." So Kane, the old banality, loses his thrill and the widow is again a prey to the bailiffs. Miss MacKenna has some technical skill, but the alarming speed of the plot is a bad defect. Despite that, however, the little play held the house. There was no disturbing laughter such as one hears usually at new "tragedies" at the Abbey.

At the Gaiety, Manchester, Eng., March 15, a skit, "Watson, Sherlock's, Holmes," by E. P. Norman, was produced. It is a duel of words between an Englishman and an American. The former suggests that the Yankee do war work in the danger zone, while the English Sherlock Holmes directs from a place of safety. Holmes invites his American Dr. Watson (Wilson) to his rooms. The detective discovers a woman's hair on the doctor's coat: he is in love. Holmes conceives a great idea to overcome the German army. A certain white powder might finish it. The two agree to share in the glory if Watson, disguised, goes to the danger zone and administers it. There is an antidote in a brown packet. He wishes to demonstrate on Watson, who says, "Nothing doing." Tea is served. Holmes appears to put the white powder in a cup. Suspicious Watson changes the cup. The detective, knowing this, pretends to be overcome. Watson, greatly concerned, wishes to try the antidote. Holmes laughs, shakes Watson's hand, and exclaims: "You're just the same old boy!" Piffle!

The success of "The Lilac Domino" has made J. L. Sacks a merry man. He has just engaged Roy Byford for a fat part in "Going Up" under humorous conditions. Mr. Byford, whose Falstaff-without-padding weight is 20 stone, was weighed by Mr. Sacks on the day of his engagement; he must "deliver the goods"—that is, his full pounds of flesh—at the opening performance of "Going Up"; for every pound he is short of that agreed weight he consents to forfeit one pound (£1) sterling from his salary. Perhaps Mr. Byford entered into this contract without thought as to the possible result of the limits in food prescribed by his meat card.—She Stage.

The Italian play "Romanticismo," which the Herald described last Sunday, was performed in English in London, produced by Edith Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, on March 19.

I hear that the future of the St. James's Theatre—now, unhappily, desolated by the loss of Sir George Alexander—has not yet been definitely decided, but Sir George had arranged that his general manager, Mr. C. T. H. Helmsley, should remain in charge until the lease of three years still remaining has expired. I also understand that when the present season of "Valentine" finishes, Mr. Alfred Butt will produce at

this house the farcical comedy "Fa and Warmer," which he secured for America.—Pall Mall Gazette, March 23.

The success of "Nothing but the Truth" at the Savoy, London, has led to the publication in London of the story in book form by Frederio S. Isham.

Although the National Portrait Gallery is now closed to the public, the collection is added to continually. Its latest additions include a portrait of Frances Maria Kelly, better known as Fanny Kelly, who, born in 1790, lived to become the mother of the stage of her time, for she did not die until 1882. Among her contemporaries were Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean and Dora Jordan; and in her old age she was visited by J. L. Toole and Henry Irving. She built the house in Dean street, Soho, now known as the Royalty. It was opened in 1840 and known as Miss Kelly's Theatre. Unfortunately the singer-actress lost her small fortune by the venture. Towards the end of her life she received a grant of £150 from the crown.—The Stage.

Mr. John Drinkwater, manager of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, lectured at the University of Birmingham last Wednesday night on "The Nature of Drama," criticising the kind of play in which character giving rise to action no longer has any place, but in which sensational and abnormal event is of paramount interest. A house on fire, a brutal frenzy, a monstrous birth, a sky raining potatoes, a street accident, a man weighing five stone more than he decently ought to, a man who painted bad pictures with his toes, snow in July, a leper, or a war were the things that were sure of exciting consciousness in a people for whom the sweet and reasonable and common things of the world had grown stale. Out of his miserable state of life had grown a play invented expressly for minds that needed an excitement which we could no longer find in nature: it failed to mirror life as life is. There was travesty of action and of character. The abnormal, the fantastic, the eccentric made for popular success so-called; but the tendency must be recognized and guarded against by those whose desire and aim was to see the dramatic art accurately represent life and character in their varying phases. It was more than ever necessary to strive for ideals.—The Stage, March 21.

Will Rogers will take the leading part in a musical play of western life next season.

The rights to "Twin Beds" have been sold for Japan and Denmark.

An elaborate New York revival of Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave" is planned by Mr. Campbell's son, Robert Campbell, for the early fall, with a special cast of well known players, a repertoire of the melodies of Stephen C. Foster, a plantation scene of singers, and a thrilling race between two Mississippi boats, the Belle Creole and the Natchez. "The White Slave" was originally produced on April 3, 1882, at Haverly's Theatre, Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue. Since that date the play has been running continuously in the United States and Canada, a record only equalled by "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Dramatic Mirror.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA GIVES SONG RECITAL

Accomplished Baritone Pleases Jordan Hall Audience

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, gave a recital at Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was made up of songs sung by request. The composers included Caldara, Mozart, Gluck, Salo, Debussy, Alvarez, Huhn, Elgar and others. Miss Helen M. Winslow was the accompanist.

Mr. de Gogorza, one of the most accomplished singers now before the public, gave much pleasure to a large audience by his admirable singing. He was in excellent voice. Singing in French, English, Italian and Spanish, his diction was of the highest order, his phrasing was polished, his breath control wholly to be admired. As an interpreter he displayed customary finesse, dramatic force and distinction. There was hearty and well deserved applause and Mr. de Gogorza added to the program.

April 22

Will Prof. Deedledum kindly send his address to this office? As literary executor of Frothingham Clancy, the bard of South Boston, he will be interested in learning that a woman has written to us, stating that she was the ——, but here is the letter with the enclosed poem:

As the World Wags:

I just learned that yor are printing some poems by the late Mr. Clancy. I was his nurse and closed his eyes in death. The day he died he was writing, and near evening he called me and smilingly said: "Here is the last of my treasure." I took the writing, of which the enclosed is a copy, glanced at it and put it in my pocket. Thinking he was raving and knowing little of poetry I did not then value it. He passed with the setting sun and, oh, I was grieved, for he was gentle and very kind. I never nursed another case. All these years my uniform hung untouched in the attic. Recently I reverently took it down and found the poem. The world's wealth would not purchase that piece of writing or the garment whose pocket preserved it.

CELIA WELLINGTON O'HARA.
Boston.

The day is done and evening like a child
Pillows her head upon the twilight's breast;
The shadows deepen where the sunset smiled
But golden memories gild his couch of rest.

The day was beautiful and in its smile
The soul's broad meadows bourgeoned like the rose,
The gardens of the mind-weed-choked awhile—
With fruitage teemed for all mankind to chose.

Is it not glorious at this hour to trace
In memory's mirror every shrouded year;
To meet the past and future face to face
Without a tremor of regret or fear?

Farewell! ye strenms that sang to me alway,
Ye birds and bowers! my solace and delight;
The trellised gateway of eternal day
Now swings ajar aloft the shoreless night.

We are not by nature suspicious, but we do not believe that these verses in orthodox form are by the lamented Clancy. His Muse did not hobble in fetters. We miss the lyric wildness, the gorgeous imagery of the poems in the thin volume now out of print, and not easily obtainable even at second-hand book shops. Is there a "Celia Wellington O'Hara"? Was Mr. Clancy nursed tenderly at the last? It has been whispered that he died auddenly and with his boots on.

Two of a Kind

The late Edward Stott, A. R. A., would have understood and appreciated Frothingham Clancy. Stott's studio was in the country. There he painted and repainted his little pictures. It is true that Clancy disbelieved in elaboration; perhaps he was too much of an improvisator; but a story told by "The Clubman" in the Pall Mall Gazette about Stott knits the two together in our mind.

"The last time I saw him there he was walking about with a wide gash cut into his boots, showing his light socks. He explained to me that these 'town boots,' which he only wore about once a year, had proved so uncomfortable that he had resorted to his pocket-knife for relief."

"Near" Captain

As the World Wags:

Speaking of the owner of a line of steamships running from San Francisco—not Cappy Ricks, however—one man said to another: "He is Scotch, isn't he?" "Yes," was the reply. "Is he as canny as the average Scot?" "Well, whenever he heard that a seagull followed one of his ships, he fired the cook."

C. C. S.
Boston.

The Western "R"

As the World Wags:

Many of us, bred in the arid regions west of the Hudson, put that curious stress or burr on "r," at which your correspondent, Abel Adams, gibes. It is likely that we say "caw-rn" for "corn." We are not conscious of it; neither is the Kentuckian conscious that he says "Suh" for "Sir," or the girl from the Winnepesdantee country conscious that she says "bwut" and "rudd" for "boat" and "road." If you want to know how you speak rather than how you think you speak, your candid friends across the border will enlighten you. The westerner has a special reason for pride in his over-emphasized or furred "r." Nobody can possibly make a false rhyme with it. It defies them all, from the Sweet Singer of Michigan down. And that is where we've got the bulge on the New Englander. His superfluous "r" is always offering him vampire-like temptations to exploit it in all kinds of weird rhymes—"window" and "hinder," "dawn" and "morn." Now, if a fellow wants to say "the dawrn is breaking" or "the mawn is waking," that is his right, but he should not embalm that sort of thing in more or less imperishable verse, for he simply encourages those poets of the music halls who several thousand times a year, north, south, east and west, offer for our applause the old familiar couplet:

"It is comin', oh, it's comin', the luscious summer time,
"And it's then my darlin' Susie, she says she will be mine."

W. E. K.
Boston.

Impressionable Mr. Hook

The London journals, especially the Times and the Daily Telegraph, publish entertaining accounts of breach of promise and divorce cases. In the report of a breach of promise suit the reply of Mr. Hook, the defendant, to a letter of remonstrance from the plaintiff was read.

"I have never taken a young lady out, with the following exception: There were a good number of young ladies making a return to Gretna from a concert. The char-a-bancs was packed, and some of the ladies had to sit on the gentlemen's knees. Well, I had a young lady on my knee, and naturally I got into conversation with her, and although I had not seen her face—it was a very dark night—she had made an impression on me."

The plaintiff is 29 years old. Nothing is said about her weight.

M'CORMACK'S LAST RECITAL OF SEASON

John McCormack, assisted by Andre Polah, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist, gave his last recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. There was the usual large audience and customary enthusiasm.

The program included songs by Harty, Kramer, Schneider, Watts and other composers, besides four ancient Irish songs. Three melodies of revolutionary times harmonized by Samuel Endicott and dedicated to Mr. McCormack were sung for the first time. They pleased the audience and, recalled, Mr. McCormack added another of Mr. Endicott's compositions. The singer was generous with encores, which included many favorites.

April 23 1918

'THE PROPHET'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Meyerbeer's "Prophete," performed by the Metropolitan opera company. Arthur Bodanzky conducted.

Jean of Leyden.....Mr. Caruso
Fides.....Mme. Matzenauer
Bertha.....Miss Muzio
Jonas.....Mr. Diaz
Mathisen.....Mr. D'Angelo
Zacharia.....Mr. Mardones
Count Oberthal.....Mr. Rothier
An Anabaptist.....Mr. Laurenti
An Officer.....Mr. Audisio
A Captain.....Mr. Ruysdael
A Peasant.....Mr. Reschiglian
Four Choir Boys.....Minnie Egener, Cecil Arden, Marie Mattfeld, Veni Warwick

"The Prophet" was last performed here in 1903, when the chief singers were Mmes. Schumann-Heink and Marilly; Alvarez, Ed de Reszke and Journet. Before that Boston had seen Mmes. Lagrange, Scaichi and Brandt, as Fides; Salvianl, Stagno, Schott, as John. The opera has never been a favorite here. The libretto is not vitally interesting. The ordeal of a mother does not move an audience so deeply, perhaps, as do the vocal and dramatic trials and tribulations of lovers, separated, or dying by reason of a baritone's villainous behavior. The Three Anabaptists are a gloomy lot. Much of the music quickly grew old-fashioned. Even in 1849, Berlioz, while he gave full credit to Meyerbeer for the impressive pages of the score, protested against the cadenzas and other florid measures given to the two women. "There is then no Bertha, no Fides; we listen to Mlle. Castellan and Mme. Viardot, who forget for a moment the characters that they portray, in order that they may sing as Italian prime donne." Some spoke of the great scenes, especially the scene in the Cathedral, but condemned the libretto. Others praised the acting of Mme. Viardot and the tenor Roger, and were almost as enthusiastic over the ballet music. The opera was regarded by all as a magnificent spectacle. It was reserved for later critics to point out that the roller-skates used in the ballet were much clumsier than the skates of the last 20 years, but had been seen on the stage of a Parisian theatre many years before "The Prophet" was produced.

Managers in this country have been slow to produce this opera for two reasons: The expense of a fitting performance; the severe strain, vocal and dramatic, to which the tenor and the contralto are subjected. It is not given to every tenor to portray John of Leyden, no matter how heroic his voice may be; for John must be a lyric as well as a heroic tenor; he must grasp the fanaticism and the mysticism of the prophet's character; he must have a dominating personality. Albert Niemann acted the part better than any one we have seen. When we heard him in Berlin 35 years ago, his voice, rebellious by nature, was worn and husky, and the music was cut mercilessly for his accommodation; nevertheless, his impersonation was a marvel of histrionic skill. Has any contralto ever approached Viardot in this role? If the contemporaneous reports are trustworthy her performance was incomparable. In fact, the success of the opera rested on her as long as she was on the stage.

Audiences of today are unwilling to hear the long operas of Meyerbeer, also of Wagner, as they were written. Cuts are necessary. "The Prophet" was cut even for the first performance. When the opera was last heard here, the excisions made the story almost unintelligible. Bertha, for example, floated on and off the stage, apparently without purpose. The cuts made for the present revival are far more judicious.

The performance of the opera last night was on the whole the finest we have heard; so carefully studied, so effectively produced that it enhanced the nobility of the better pages and made one forget for the moment the music that is inherently tawdry and vulgar. For Meyerbeer, has in this opera, as in "The Huguenots," too often marred the grandeur of a scene by triviality or by rhythmic or melodic banality. He would find singularly expressive phrases for a character and a situation and the next minute sink into bathos, apparently unable to distinguish between bathos and pathos. See, for instance how he nearly ruined the superb scene in the Cathedral by the measures that follow the declaration of Fides that Jean is not her son. It was no doubt for such offences against nature and art that George Eliot in "Daniel Deronda" dismissed Mr. Lusk by saying that he was fond of Meyerbeer.

The performance fully brought out the beauty and the grandeur of certain scenes. It was as sincere as the composer was at times insincere.

Mr. Caruso took his task seriously. He was in better voice than when he last visited Boston; he regarded his art with far greater respect; he made a praiseworthy attempt to portray a character, both in song and in action, and the attempt was generally successful. Thus in the scene where he hesitated about joining the Anabaptists even after Bertha has been torn from him, he showed no mean skill, and in the great scene in the Cathedral he acted with a dignity, a tenderness, and an authority that surpassed expectation. Mr. Caruso was in this opera something more than a tenor.

Mme. Matzenauer's rich voice, with its liberal compass, was amply displayed in the music for Fides, which severely tests any contralto. She almost gave dramatic significance to the incongruous ornamentation of the pathetic airs and the tiresome duet with Bertha in the public square. While her acting of the part was on traditional lines, she made Fides a human being from her first entrance, not reserving herself for the fourth act. She did not sentimentalize "Ah, mon fils," but sang and acted with genuine pathos. In the cathedral she refrained from over-acting in her cursing and in her self-sacrificing denial of motherhood. Her performance was noteworthy.

Miss Muzio, who sang here for the first time, made a favorable impression in a thankless role. It was a pleasure to hear again the sonorous voice of Mr. Mardones. Mr. Rothier as Oberthal showed again the training of the French school, playing and singing with marked distinction.

Chorus and orchestra, admirably conducted by Mr. Bodanzky, were euphonious and plastic. The chorus, powerful in the mass effects that Meyerbeer delighted in, displayed an appreciation of nuances.

The ballet, led by Miss Galli and Mr. Bonfiglio, was skilfully arranged. Much could be written in praise of the scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Urban. The setting of the cathedral scene, with the procession, the groupings, and the details, will long be remembered. The stage management throughout was excellent.

The theatre was wholly filled with an enthusiastic audience. There were many curtain calls. The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Mme. Farrar, Messrs. McCormack, Scotti, Maletesta, Rossi, Bada, d'Angelo and Reschiglian. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

April 23 1918

Now that men singers and women singers are wearing fancy clothes and acting at the Boston Opera House, there will be for a few days more or less talk about "Matzenauer," "Barrientos," "Easton," "Muzio"; also "Farrar," whose name is accentuated by genteel New Yorkers on the final syllable; indeed, we have been informed, that Mme. Farrar herself throws a heavy accent on the final syllable, while her father, once a glory of the ball field, still accents the first.

Nearly a century ago the Duchess d'Abrantes protested more than once against this undue familiarity with the proper names of stage folk. In her recollections of the Bal des Victimes, she speaks of "Mademoiselle Contat (and not Contat)," and adds a footnote: "This manner that some men today have contracted of saying Taglioni, Mars, Contat, etc., is in very bad taste. In a matter like this one sees a habit of good society or only an imperfect reflection. One believes that he is thus imitating the swells of past years; but one should listen to M. de Talleyrand or M. de Montrond . . . Nothing, as I think, is more flatly ridiculous than the affectation of easy manners."

"Easy manners." This reminds us of a judgment passed years ago on a rascal in Chelsea, Vt. He was an utter rascal; a thief, swindler, cheap rake, who had been jailed frequently for varied crimes. The women of the village were discussing him over their sewing. Each one emptied a vial of wrath and bitterness, until the turn came to Aunt Abigail, a sweet tempered

[illegible] I must admit that [illegible] are easy."

[illegible] this week we may read in the [illegible] about "cantatrices." We [illegible] read of "songbirds" and [illegible]. Dr. Murray's merry [illegible] that "songster" meant originally a female singer. Whenever we [illegible] and slush about a singer, [illegible] comfort in a saying of Martin [illegible]. Ambrose Philips wrote [illegible] in honor of Francesca Cuzzoni.

[illegible] siren of the stage,
[illegible] warbler, breathing lyre,
[illegible] gale of fond desire,
[illegible] mis lief, vocal spell.

[illegible] was it Arbuthnot or Pope?—made this comment. "Who would think [illegible] was only a poor gentlewoman that [illegible]?"

Dr. Crockett's Day

As the World Wags:

Perhaps it is disturbing the meeting to interrupt the order of things of such deep and interesting subjects as have been of late the features of your column, but I want to refer to some questions that are often asked me in many letters. One, recently received, says: "I have been much interested in articles regarding your physical condition, and would like to have you give the information through the papers as I am quite sure there are many others who would like to know how you have lived and what your method has been by which you have retained such vigor." My answer has been: "Ask the World Wags."

Just a few words. Ten years ago today, the 19th of April, I walked over the Marathon course in six hours and seven minutes, four days after my 75th birthday. Today—well, I was up at 5 A. M., attended to two fires and 15 hens, sawed some lumber for a henhouse, had breakfast—a wartime ration, took a car ride out to reservoir to see the runners, walked back to the city, called at the B. A. A., then on downtown, doing in all a little more than five miles; have finished the afternoon chores, and am writing this at 8 P. M., feeling as fit as a fiddle, four days after my 85th birthday.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

Red Cross Canvassers

As the World Wags:

Why is it that people living in apartment houses in Boston are not oftener called upon for funds for the war, is a question I have asked many people during the past few months.

Owing to the heating problem, we left our large suburban house in January, and since that time have been living in an apartment near the Art Museum. In those three months not a single representative of the various war relief societies has called to solicit aid.

In our home town, we live a mile and a half from the centre and half a mile from the electric cars; yet hardly a week passes without a call from a representative of the Red Cross or the Special Aid Society, or an appeal over the telephone.

In apartment houses there is a "house telephone," a mechanism peculiarly constructed to dampen the ardor of solicitors. Eight times out of ten the telephonee never knows that he has been called. Only pedlers and imposters find ways and means of reaching the elusive "cliff-dweller."

There are those who do not work for the Red Cross; those who are not connected with societies or churches. They may be members of the Red Cross; they put money in the bank by buying Liberty bonds, but for the thousand and one calls for small sums—10, 25, 50 cents—those living in apartmeent houses seem to be out of the range of hearing.

My sisters, who are actively engaged in Red Cross work, live in small country towns. One tells me that in the district allotted to her she had solicited funds for conservation, war service, Red Cross membership, the Belgian children, the Halifax sufferers, and now comes the war chest. This list does not include the Liberty bond drives. And all this in a town of less than 6000 inhabitants, no one of whom is more than "well-to-do," many, in fact, being overtaxed to make both ends meet.

In towns and villages the patient canvassers go from house to house, making individual appeals. "Be tactfully persistent. Those who refuse at first will often give on a second or third call. Don't be easily discouraged. Keep after them," are the directions that nerve to greater effort. It is not an easy matter to make individual appeals in cities where a single building holds from 100 to 200 families, but are the "cliff-dwellers" beyond the reach of the Red Cross? Are those who live in towns and villages doing more per capita than those who live in cities?

G. H. H.

COPLEY THEATRE — The "School for Scandal." The cast:

Lady Sneerwell.....Jessamine Newcombe
Snake.....Nicholas Joy
Servant.....Irving Jackson
Joseph Surface.....M. Murray Stephen
Maria.....Dorie Sawyer
Mrs. Candour.....Beatrice Miller
Crabtree.....Frederick Annerley
Sir Benjamin Backbite.....Leonard Craske
Lady Teazle.....F. Hunter Watts
Sir Peter Teazle.....Fred W. Permain
Rowley.....William C. Mason
Sir Oliver Surface.....Cameron Matthews
Trip.....Nicholas Joy
Charles Surface.....H. Conway Wingfield
Careless.....Leon Gordon
Sir Harry Bumper.....Irving Jackson
Maid.....Marion Winship

Sheridan's comedy was presented by the Henry Jewett Players last night to an audience that filled the Copley Theatre and was as appreciative of the fine old English humor as it could have been of a modern play. The applause that called for a raising of the curtain after every act was not perfunctory but thoroughly sincere.

First presented more than a century ago, the comedy has lost nothing of its freshness, and a few changes in scenery and costumes, with a slight altering of the dialogue would make it entirely modern, and in the hands of so capable a company it is readily understood by those not previously familiar with it.

Fred W. Permain as Sir Peter and Miss F. Hunter Watts as Lady Teazle carried the two important parts in the manner they deserved, while H. Conway Wingfield as Charles Surface by his handling of that character added to the sympathy naturally created for the suspected nephew.

The comedy situations were well handled and the more serious situation in the fourth act, when Sir Peter learns of the deception of Joseph Surface, was well developed. Stage settings and costumes were correct and the interpretation as a whole deserves great credit.

TREMONT THEATRE —"Pollyanna, the Glad Girl," a comedy in four acts, by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, based on the novel by Eleanor H. Potter. The cast:

Mrs. Carmody.....Miss Mattie Ferguson
Miss Carroll.....Miss Helen Weathersby
Mrs. Gregg.....Miss Maude Hosford
Nancy, Miss Polly's Servant.....Miss Katherine Rober
Miss Polly Harrington, Her Aunt.....Miss Beatrice Morgan
Polyanna Whittier, "The Glad Girl".....Miss Patricia Collinge
Jimmy Bean, an Orphan (aged 12 years).....Stephen Davis
John Pendleton, Esq., a Bachelor—called "The Hermit".....Oswald Yorke
Blecker, Pendleton's Man...Harry Barfoot
Doctor Chilton, Pendleton's Friend.....Joseph Jefferson
Jimmy Bean (aged 17 years)..Glen Hunter

Perhaps because of the fact that this pretty story had been played in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre in 1916, the audience which greeted it last evening was very small. But Bostonians can well afford to see it twice, and large houses should be the rule hereafter throughout its run. Indeed, in these times of stress we need just such a little sermon in gladness and courage and sweetness as Pollyanna preaches in her joyous girlishness.

The cast realizes very nearly the full possibilities of the delightful parts, Miss Patricia Collinge fulfilling one's expectations for Pollyanna during her almost unbroken presence throughout the four acts. There is added interest for Bostonians in the fact that this is essentially a New England play.

Miss Collinge and her supporting members of the cast were enthusiastically received last evening; and she took the opportunity given by repeated curtain calls to make a plea for the Liberty loan in a winning manner that few of our four-minute speakers can hope to copy.

The story of the comedy is too well known to call for reiteration in detail—the orphaned Pollyanna's sudden entrance into a typical New England village, which she first shocks, then wins over to her charming self; her inroads into the practice of the village physician, when her gladness becomes epidemic and acts as an antidote to all physical ills; her accident and the breathless tension over the issue as to whether or not she shall be cured. It is a story that one can well afford to absorb and make part of one's self.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Toot-Toot," a musical play in two acts, adapted from Capt. Rupert Hughes's farce "Excuse Me." Book by Edgar Allen Woolf. Lyrics by Berton Braley. Music by Jerome Kern. First performance Boston.

Lieutenant Shaw.....Louis A. Templeman
Lieutenant Hudson.....Anthony Hughes
Porter.....Harry Fern
Mrs. James Wellington....Edward Garvie
Mrs. James Wellington.....Zoe Barnett
Rev. Walter Colt.....Barrett Greenwood
Mrs. Walter Colt.....Louise Groody
Captain Jones.....James Stevens
Lieutenant Harry Mallory....Paul Frawley
Marjorie Newton.....Louise Allen
Snoozelums.....Himself
Messenger Boy.....Lew Renard
A Ballyhoo.....Percy Parsons
Pandora Buncombe.....Rose Kessner
Hyperion Bumcombe.....Billy Kent
Train Boy.....Erine Adams
Conductor.....Leighton I. Stark
Gambler.....Percy Parsons
Minister.....Louis A. Templeman
Peter Deerfoot.....James Stevens
Karontowanen.....Albert Hacklin

"Excuse Me" was seen again at the Colonial Theatre last evening, this time as a pleasant musical entertainment with timely khaki features. The music is another evidence of Mr. Jerome Kern's apparently inexhaustible inventiveness and ingenuity. Romantic duets, patriotic ensembles, alluring dance music followed in rapid succession, in turn amiably melodious, spirited, sharply rhythmed. There were two interpolated numbers in the first act, the Plattsburg March Song 1917, words and music by Lt. Emil Brientenfeld, 153d depot brigade, Camp Dix, New York; and in the second, "You're so Cute, Soldier Boy," by Anatol Friedland. But Mr. Kern's own music was enough to grace the entertainment. Among the most pleasing numbers were "Girlie" and "If."

The story of the original farce served as a thin thread upon which songs and dances were strung. In New York Donald Macdonald appeared as Lt. Mallory. In the present case Paul Frawley has been substituted and as this young man has neither Mr. Macdonald's genial personality nor his grace and agility in dancing, the more striking member of the engaged couple became Miss Allen. She was good natured, piquant and nimble-footed. Miss Barnott and Mr. Kent are old friends. Mr. Kent as a Greek dancer provided much of the comedy. Mr. Fern's Porter was genuinely funny. The khaki -clad members of the ensemble lent an appropriate military flavor to the piece, while the settings, a western railway station, the observation and smoking compartment of the Overland Limited and a pass in the mountains were attractive backgrounds for song and dance.

back' at Keith's

Bessie McCoy Davis, in a period dance revue, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded heartily.

The dancer's act has as the underlying motive patriotism. She was also seen in the dance of the Moon Man, the War Doll, and finally the Yama Yama number, made famous by the comedienne in the height of her career. Miss Davis was assisted by John Merkyl and Thomas Conkey, two agreeable singers; the music was by Percy Wenrich; lyrics by Edward Madden. Hal Dyson conducted.

Miss Davis has all her old time agility and fleetness of foot. Many in the audience were surprised by the grace and spiritedness of her act. Her high kicking, away over her head, has lost nothing of its speed, and there was no trace of laboriousness. In the concluding number, the Yama Yama song and dance, the comedienne romped about with all her old time zest and abandon. The revue, interpreting the dances of 1776, 1861, 1898 and 1918, was nicely differentiated. There was both pertinence of style in the dance and a happy relevancy in dress. The dancer received an ovation at the conclusion of her act and made a neat speech.

An extra number was a boost for the Liberty loan. Miss Davis took charge and with the assistance of the black face team of Moran and Mack, succeeded in raising $7400, a total for the day of $10,000.

One of the best black face acts of the season is the act of Moran and Mack. The team has an entirely new line of chatter on the style of "bad" men, and best of all they are content to let the audience do the laughing rather than do it themselves.

Other acts were the Lunette Sisters, dancers; Little Billy, the diminutive comdian, in a monologue; Clark and Hamilton, in a musical comedy act; Ray Samuels, in a monologue; Hopper and Marbury, in a singing and dancing act; Sam Hearn, comedian, and the Worden Brothers, jugglers.

April 24 1918

We call the attention of dog-haters to Bacon's essay on Atheism.

"For take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man; who to him is in stead of a God or Melior Natura: Which courage is manifestly such as that creature without that confidence of a better nature than his own could never attain."

Our old friend George Augustus Sala quoted this passage when he commented on the funeral of a pet dog in Washington, D. C. The dog was embalmed, according to the New York Herald, and conveyed for burial at his western home. The Herald remarked: "Curiously enough, although the dog was from Ohio, he had never sought nor obtained office."

Sala quoted Bacon and then wrote: "They that love dogs and live much with them and mark the many qualities of true piety which they display—unbounded love, unalterable fidelity, unmingled gratitude, unstinted obedience and wholesome fear of rebuke for wrong doing—can scarcely be blamed if they come at last to regard the dog as, after its kind, a distinctly religious being; and if, when the creature's harmless and beautiful little life is ended they are averse from suffering its body to be carted away by the scavenger."

Mears's Clock

As the World Wags:

Salutations to Mr. J. H. Torrey for supplying the original of Mears's clock! I seem not to have been letter-perfect in my recollection of the key verse of the "pome", and I had not the faintest recollection as to whether it had two verses or a dozen, two lines or four. I feel far from satisfied with my re-modeling of it. In fact, it seems as full of defects as "Gray's Elegy" was found to be, by certain philosophers of versification who ornament this page. For example, it presented a mixture of New England episode with middle English atmosphere and phraseology, an artistic defect of major importance.

As to Mr. Torrey's query whether Mathew wasted tho time he spent in winding the eight-day clock every day "for nearly 20 years" (not 40, as I had it), I think it was principally the time and moral effort spent in getting there to wind it, rather than the actual winding, which was wasted. He made a "chore" of it—a detail, and detail is killing. If it was like our little mantel clock, and if he played a tune on the striking wire, to amuse the children, as father used to do, then the winding was a daily household ceremony of value, and not wholly a waste. But to be so deceived—that was the thing which rankled, without doubt. The "utter moment of disillusionment.

Incidentally, why "disillusionment"? Why is not "disillusion" enough? If disillusionment is better, then why not amplification to "disillusionmentation," or "disillusionmentationizing"? Still, I suppose it does not much matter, so long as the "illusions" are given the overhand "dis" stroke, good and hard.

Brookline. W. C. T.

Concerning Church-Wardens

As the World Wags:

By your leave, worshipful sir, I would float a fragrant smoke wreath whither it may mingle with the clouds that are drawn from the pillow pipe of Academe, who sits in the firelight that glows in Bald Pate Inn. Perhaps you may permit me to address wise Academe directly, and if I may, and if he will give ear, I would say something like this:

Academe, I do not know you, but I like you. Your words are to me as a shower of apple blossoms in the sunshine and sweetness of spring. There was a throb of springtime in my blood as I read of the hookahs in the show window. I, too, remember them. I, too, had an amber mouthpiece, crushed, alas! between my teeth, when my bicycle met a jounce. I, too, have a mixture which is my very own—a mixture that neither bites the tongue nor drugs it to inactivity. I am sure we could sit together till the firelight would be but the glow of the embers, and though we said never a word we would enjoy delectable understanding as the smoke clouds flowed together.

I seek no controversy with you. Your reflections are your own, and you have a right to them, which I respect; but with sincere deference to you, good smoker and gentleman as you are, I beg you to fill a pipe and consider this query: Is it possible that you hold in too little regard the long church-warden, the Broseley Straw?

Now for me it is good to think of that sturdy old preacher, Robert Hall, as he lighted his church warden by the altar candles at the close of his sermon, and paced his way down the aisle, out into the sunlight and through the pleasant Sunday quiet to his home, with the fragrant clouds drifting behind him. I like to think of "rare Ben" waving the long white stem like a magic wand, as he conjured living wit and wisdom from his brain, like rabbits from a hat. The church-warden is an ancient grandfather of pipes, and somehow it seems to bring with it, to this work-a-day world, something of the placidity of grandfathers' times.

Your card pipe—I have one and I treasure it—is suggestive of the pressure of modern busy days. It is a pipe to be smoked while you are doing something else, which means but that smoking is an accomplishment and not the motif. When you smoke the slender and fragile Broseley, that is your occupation. Your hand must, perforce, support it. You are not driving nails, nor even casting the fly—you are smoking.

Very many years ago lived and wrote Isaac Hawkins Browne. You know his lines, I am sure; but, perhaps, you will not be disturbed if I recite them, so that others of lesser lore may find them good. It must have been of the church-warden that he wrote:

"Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my fingers gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper press'd,
And the sweetest bliss of bliss,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses,
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of mortal men,
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay
(Little cricket full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine,
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of mortal men."

And now I salute you, Academe; and to my host in whose column I meet you, I tender my grateful thanks for generous hospitality.

JOHN ALGER.

Cobbosseecontee.

'TOSCA' AT THE OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca" performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager. Roberto Moranzoni conducted.

Mario Cavaradossi.....Mr. McCormack
Floria Tosca.....Mme. Farrar
Baron Scarpia.....Mr. Scotti
Angelotti.....Mr. Rossi
The Sacristan.....Mr. Malatesta
Spoletta.....Mr. Bada
Sciarrone.....Mr. D'Angelo
The Jailer.....Mr. Reschiglian
A Shepherd.....Miss Arden

The management wishing to perform favorite operas during the week in Boston included "Tosca" in the repertoire; for "Tosca," in spite of all that has been said against it, is popular. Three well-liked and widely-known singers took the chief parts last night, but it has been shown in the past that without singers of great reputation the opera drew large audiences. It is true that Mr. Scotti has been identified with the Baron Scarpia since the opera was first performed here. Others have tortured Mario and been stabbed by Floria, among them the admirable Mr. Renaud, but to the opera-going world at large the Baron is Mr. Scotti. It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. McCormack sing. Listening to him one forgets his limited dramatic force as an actor. Miss Farrar has been heard and seen here two or three times as Floria. No matter what the opera is in which she appears she is always sure of an applauding crowd. Add to the appearance of the three named, minor parts well taken, an excellent chorus and orchestra with the return of Mr. Moranzoni, a fiery conductor, the sumptuous production, the careful stage management that characterizes performances of this company, and no wonder that the opera house was filled with a deeply interested and warmly appreciative audience.

Yet consider what has been said and written against Sardou's play and Puccini's opera. Jules Lemaitre began the attack when Sardou's play was produced in Paris, protesting against physical suffering and cruelty being used for stage effect. Did he not then dub Sardou the Caligula of the drama? Did he not declare that any pleasure to be derived from seeing the drama was obscure and bestial, a shameful pleasure devoid of any aesthetic enjoyment? Did not critics, from Luigi Torchi in Bologna to the late John F. Runciman in London, describe the opera as "unspeakable"?

On the other hand, critics as far apart as Mr. Archer in London and Mr. Apthorp in Boston pooh-poohed the objections to the play. The latter enjoyed the horror of the torture scene, not for horror's sake, not through any morbid love of the terrible, but because it gave him "an insight into the possibilities of the expression of human emotion." Mr. Archer argued that the residual impression left by tragedy is one of pain, and that "we endure and even crave for because we like to be reminded painlessly that pain is the fundamental fact of life."

These are all fine-spun theories. Audiences like harrowing scenes; they do not stop to argue why they like them. They know, as a matter of fact, that Mario, Floria and Scarpia, are mere puppets moving on Sardou's wires to music by Puccini. They know that Mario after the torture scene will come before the curtain hand-in-hand with his colleagues, smiling, bowing and scraping. As for Scarpia and Floria, they may be found supping together after he has been stabbed and she has jumped into the Tiber.

Of the characters in the opera, Scarpia is by all odds the most interesting. He has the most pronounced personality. When Forbes-Robertson played the past in the drama with Mrs. Bernard Beere in London nearly 30 years ago, it was said of him that he was a villain of the Caesar Borgia type, utterly without any moral sense, seeking to attain his ends regardless of all laws, but a polished gentleman, regardful of good society's conventionalities, always the man of the world, suaviter in modo, but determined, inexorable. All this might be said of Mr. Scotti's Scarpia. His cruelty has the sinister elegance, the subtlety of Browning's Italian gentleman expatiating on the portrait of his wife, the duchess. And so Mr. Scotti's baron is prominent in the inner room of the operatic gallery, the chamber that contains the more striking full-length figures.

Mme. Farrar and Mr McCormack were vocally well disposed. Mr. Moranzoni was heartily welcomed. There were many curtain calls.

April 25 1917

LAZARO APPEARS IN ROLE OF DUKE

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Rigoletto," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager. Mr. Pupi conducted.

The Duke.....Mr. Lazaro
Rigoletto.....Mr. De Luca
Gilda.....Mme. Barrientos
Sparafucile.....Mr. Rothier
Maddalena.....Mme. Howard
Giovanna.....Mme. Mattfeld
Monterone.....Mr. Rossi
Marullo.....Mr. Laurenti
Borsa.....Mr. Bada
Cerprano.....Mr. Reschiglian
The Countess.....Mme. Egener
A Page.....Mme. Bonniggia

The good old opera was performed in the good old-fashioned way, without any attempt to give it a modern flavor. Mr. Lazaro, for example, bowed after aria and duet, and Mme. Barrientos more than once followed suit. The comparatively small audience—there were many Italians present—insisted on a repetition of "Donna e mobile," which Mr. Lazaro sang with a little cadenza and a high note at the end, not thereby improving Verdi's famous song.

Mme. Barrientos and Mr. de Luca were heard here in "Rigoletto" two years ago this month with Mr Caruso as the careless Duke. Mr. de Luca sang and acted with dramatic intelligence. His voice, naturally a fine organ, was skilfully employed. His conception of the first scene with Sparafucile, his delivery of the soliloquy that follows, and his treatment of the taxing scene with the courtiers in the third act were especially noteworthy for finesse and for an intensity that was never merely explosive. Facial play and gesture were significant. He sang the music as music, not simply as heightened, emphasized speech.

Mr. Lazaro made his first appearance in Boston. He has much in his favor, a pleasing face and figure, a manly and elegant carriage, an uncommonly good voice, one fit for lyric and also dramatic parts. The voice is of excellent quality throughout, agreeable in tender measure, virile and resonant in passionate outbursts. He sang with refreshing ease, without irritating self-consciousness of his natural gifts. Few tenors that have visited us in recent years have shown so rich material for the making of a great singer. What Mr. Lazaro will do with this material remains to be seen. He should bear in mind that there are singers, favorites for a time, especially with the unthinking, who have voice and nothing else. A truly great tenor sings with his brains as well as with his voice.

Mme. Barrientos again charmed by the purity of her intonation, the accuracy of her attack, her control of the melodic line, her taste in phrasing, her general musicianship. The voice is a small one, but it carries, and the singer has sense enough not to force it in the hope of making a greater effect. When she was last here her face in florid vocal passages was not always pleasing to the eye. There was evident labor in the task; there was also too deliberate premeditation. These faults have largely disappeared. Last night her singing was more spontaneous. She acted the part simply and discreetly.

Mr. Rothier did full justice to the character of Sparafucile, one of the most picturesque figures in all opera. A fine fellow, this Sparafucile, in his way! Mr. Rossi was an impressive Monterone. Miss Howard, who, if we are not mistaken, first sang here in one of Adelina Patti's farewell concerts in Music Hall, was sufficiently vivacious as Maddalena. The minor parts were uncommonly well taken. The chorus, to which Verdi was not kind, sang with marked discrimination. Mr Papi conducted in the true spirit, tastefully, authoritatively, and with gusto.

There was a slip in stage management. The scene of the abduction in the opera as in Hugo's tragedy, is absurd enough when it is skilfully carried out; last night Rigoletto, standing in front of his own door, was not blindfolded until several of the abductors had gone through it.

The audience was in an enthusiastic mood.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Metropolitan Opera Company in Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The King.....Mr. Ruysdael
Amneris.....Mme. Matzenauer
Aida.....Miss Muzio
Radames.....Mr. Martinelli
Ramfis.....Mr. Mardones
Amonasro.....Mr. Amato
A Messenger.....Mr. Audisio
A Priestess.....Miss Sparkes

The performance yesterday afternoon was remarkable by reason of superb stage settings and orchestral eloquence. Seldom has Verdi's opera been more magnificently staged. The great temple of Phta, with its dominating and placid idol, was grandiose and imposing. Thebes of the hundred gates was strikingly represented with a skilful use of perspective, while the procession gave the illusion of a returning and victorious army, and the victor's triumphal car was elaborate and of generous proportions. The Nile scene, with the sombre and stately temples overshadowing apparently limitless stretches of shimmering and surging water, eclipsed in beauty other productions of this opera seen here. Mr. Moranzoni conducted not only with dramatic fervor, but in such a manner that the beauties of the score were fully revealed. The chorus, too, was efficient.

Then too, there were distinguished singers on the stage. Miss Muzio on the whole sang better than she acted. Her voice is agreeable and well schooled. Her aria in the first act and the Nile scene were finely sung. She displayed vocal intensity when she was dramatically unconvincing. Thus, for example, she made little of the scene of Amonasro's entrance. Mme. Matzenauer, however, triumphed in song and action. A regal figure, she sharply defined the character. This Princess was not only ardent and voluptuous; she was a woman of brains and intelligence, keenly conscious of her rank, irritated at Aida's presumption in rivalry. She enjoyed trapping the slave into an avowal of her love for Radames. The singer's glorious voice, admirably controlled, was used with skill and artistic restraint. There was no attempt to impose its power. Mr. Martinelli's Radames and Mr. Amato's Amonasro are both familiar operatic figures while Mr. Mardones's sonorous voice gave dignity to Ramfis.

Florence Easton, who will sing tonight in Leoni's opera founded on the grisly play, "The Bat and the Cherub," was heard here in 1905 at the Tremont Theatre, when, as a member of Mr. Savage's English grand opera company, she took the part of Gilda on Nov. 1. She was slight and her voice was a light one, but of pure and agreeable quality. It was then said that she had been a member of the Moody-Manners English opera company in London and had sung for two seasons at Covent Garden. It was also said that she was an American by birth, but two or three years later it was stated that she was born "abroad." As the old school reader put it: "It matters little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of so great a man as Washington."

When she sang in Boston Mme. Easton was the wife of Mr. Maclennan, who was then singing heroic roles. The season before he had been heard here as Parsifal, for Mr. Savage had more than one leading tenor when he produced Wagner's opera in Boston. She went to Berlin during the season of 1907-08, and thereby hangs a tale. When Mme. Farrar sang in "Madama Butterfly" at the Berlin Royal Opera House, Miss Destinn was vexed, for she had taken the part in London, and thought it her property. Mme. Farrar came to the Metropolitan. The Berlin management asked Miss Destinn to appear as Madama Butterfly, for it did not wish the opera to be withdrawn. She flatly refused, protested against the American invasion, said that her "artistic honor" had been attacked, etc., etc. She sulked and would not sing in any opera for two months. "In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell?" Thereupon the engagement of Mme. Easton was suggested. She sang and was applauded. For many years she and her husband were favorites with the Berlin public. Mr. Maclennan sang there for the first time in a Wagnerian part in March, 1908.

Author? Author?

As the World Wags:

I little thought, when I submitted "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange," that so much discussion would be aroused. Indeed, I did not realize, at the time, that perhaps I had been destined to become the preserver of a sheaf of poems of inestimable value to literature. It is with the deepest regret that I am forced to confess that my own acquaintance with the writings of Frothingham Clancy is so slight that I cannot offer an opinion on the authorship. I feel it my duty, however, in view of the intense interest which has been created, to send you another of the half-dozen manuscripts discovered by my little dog Patou.

Like the others, it is written with a soft, blunt pencil on a sheet of yellow paper, the sort that comes in small blocks at seven cents each. The handwriting can be deciphered, which is all that can be said for it.

Of the remaining five I have chosen that which accompanies this letter chiefly in the hope that its difference from the symphony—in form, style and thought—may offer further clue to the authorship. PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

TO A LIMBURGER CHEESE

Who brought thee here, thou horrid smelling thing
Whose Hunnish breath pollutes the atmosphere?
I would not have thy rotting carcass near
Lest pestilence and death thy presence bring.
Wouldst grace the table of an honest soul,
Thou vermin fested mass of living rot?
I'll none of thee—avaunt! I like thee not!
Thou shouldst be buried in some deep dug hole,
The house cat glares and spits; the aged hound
Slinks from his bed before the glowing grate
And paws his nose and whines, nor does he wait
To sniff again where fumes of hell abound.
Away! Thou mayst not dwell with mortal man.
Go sink thy stench within the garbage can!

Old Psalms and Hymns

As the World Wags:

Those metrical versions of the Psalms printed in this column brought to mind Praise God Barebones and Trusty Tomkins, who often chanted such stanzas through the nose when about to give battle to the Cavaliers in Cromwell's time.

Shamed and confounded be they all
That seek my soul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
And shamed that wish me ill.

For a reward for this their shame,
Confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha! to me.

Whatever one may think of their merits as verse, these versions, many of them, are clear enough and to the point, but there are others which were apparently made for the sole purpose of puzzling posterity. Now, posterity does not like to be puzzled, and it may be for this reason that a goodly—or an ungodly—number of the present day descendants of the Puritans have such a strong regard for men like honest Dr. Dummerar, the ejected Episcopal vicar of Martindale, who was in high favor with the Cavaliers, not merely on account of his sound piety and learning, but also, as Scott says, on account of his exquisite skill in playing at bowls, and his facetious conversation over a pipe and a tankard of October. It was while quaffing with psalm book in hand, a mug of similar brew, that I came across the following stanza which may interest some of your numerous readers:

Amidst thy congregations thine enemies do roar,
Their ensigns they set up for signs of triumph thee before;
A man was famous, and was had in estimation,
According as he lifted up his axe thick trees upon.

Can this be a prophetic allusion to the leader of the "cut a cord" movement, so much in mind during the coal crisis? Will not some deep thinker kindly answer this conundrum and greatly oblige?
SOLSGRACE JEHOSHAPHAT WHITAKER.
Plymouth.

Paris in 1871

Paris bears her intermittent bombardment with a nobility of resignation worthy of herself. She registers details of the new devilry, and goes her way undaunted. She could appeal to the law of nations, but she knows her foe. In 1871 the Prussian artillery blasted her occupied schools and full hospitals into rubble. Then she did protest that these establishments were under the protection of international humanity. It was to Moltke that they directed Gen. Trochu's parlementaire, who bore the protest. Moltke gloried in the moment. The man who had thanked God for Bismarck's falsification of the Ems dispatch, and then said that if he could but lead in the war the "devil might fetch his (Moltke's) old carcass," now replied that distance and fog were responsible for the slaughter. But, he added a ghastly characteristic joke: "As our batteries draw nearer the gunners can be more discriminate in their aim." The future Emperor Frederick thought Moltke "admirable beyond praise" that day.—London Daily Chronicle.

April 26. 1918

Leoni's "L'Oracolo"

MUZIO TRIUMPHS IN "PAGLIACCI"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Leoni's "L'Oracolo," opera in one act, performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Win-Shee.....Mr. Didur
Chim-Fang.....Mr. Scotti
Hoo-Tsin.....Mr. Rossi
San-Luy.....Mr. Althouse
Ho-Chee.....Ella Bakos
Ah-Yoe.....Mme. Easton
Hua-Quee.....Mme. Mattfeld
A Fortune Teller.....Mr. Audisio

This opera, as was stated in the Herald of last Sunday, is based on Fernald's play, "The Cat and the Cherub," which was produced in New York, with Holbrook Blinn as the learned doctor, on Sept. 20, 1897. The play was seen at the Boston Theatre with William Beach as the oracle on Jan. 31, 1898. Fernald's play was derived from his story of the

[illegible] in the Cen[illegible] Magazine.

The scene of the opera is in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. Chim-Fang, the owner of an opium den, pretends to be in love with Hua-Quee, nurse to Hoo-Chee, the little son of the rich merchant Hoo-Tsin. The son of Win Shee, a learned doctor, one that is devout and a reader of the future, loves Ah-Yoe, the niece of the merchant. They meet and declare their mutual love. Win-Shee knows by his art that there is a tragedy connected with the boy. Chim-Fang, who wishes to marry Ah-Yoe and has been spurned as a suitor by the merchant, steals the child and hides him in his opium joint. Then he renews his offer of marriage, holding out the promise that he will find the boy. The merchant agrees to the match on this condition. San-Luy then says he will find the child. He asks the same reward. He goes into the den and brings out the boy, but Chim-Fang follows him and kills him with a hatchet. Then he pushes Hoo-Chee through a trap-door. Ah-Yoe goes mad. Win-Shee, overcome with grief, vows vengeance. A cry from the boy reveals the hiding place and he is restored to his father. Then Win-Shee, always suspicious of Chim Fang, induces the latter to sit down with him on a bench for a quiet talk. He hits him on the head with a hatchet and strangles him with his own pig-tail. A policeman approaches. Win-Shee props up the body and says to it what he said to Chim-Fang early in the play.

Set your thoughts upon a man
Whom lust of gold and the false tinsel of worldly power
Make a prey to evil desires.
Ponder upon his corrupt body, possessed by hideous demons.
While he shudders at the sight of his own soul, lo,
The thread of his life is snapped in two.

The policeman is out of sight. Win-Shee lights his pipe and disappears down the alley. The corpse falls to the ground. Dawn breaks. A cock crows.

In spite of Leoni's music the grisly drama is still powerful. The music is seldom significant; it rarely emphasizes the text or heightens a situation. There are pleasing moments in the love duet, but in the more important scenes the music is impotent. There are echoes of Leoncavallo's voice, and of Puccini's; there are reminders of Bizet and other composers; but they are not disturbing. There are some attempts at exotic coloring. Fortunately Leoni did not attempt to write continuously a Chinese opera. His Chinese are Italians in San Francisco singing Italian music; as Puccini's Japanese and Americans are musically better Italians. Poor Leoni did his best, but he is not the man to write a music drama on a tragic text. Witness the lamentable fate of his "Francesca da Rimini," which, performed at a public rehearsal at the Opera Comique in Paris, was immediately withdrawn. His recitatives and arioso passages in "L'Oracolo" had significance last night only by reason of the actors' dramatic skill and rhetorical force.

The performance was an engrossing one. Mr. Scotti gave a remarkable impersonation of Chim-Fang. There was no thought of Mr. Scotti, the man and the baritone; there was the living presence of the slimy rascal. There was no superfluity of detail. Every movement, every facial expression, every intonation told. Painstaking elaboration would have been too apparent. Mr. Scotti was as successful by what he left undone as by what he did. The keeper of the opium den, greedy, jealous, contemptible, sinister, was on the stage. The bodily presentation of the character was a triumph of art. A still greater triumph was the complete revelation of the wretch's character.

Mr. Didur's Win-Shee was also an uncommonly fine portraiture of character. Dignity, philosophic calm, controlled fury of vengeance stamped the impersonation. Action and voice in the final scene were tragic, not merely melodramatic. No one thought then of Leoni and his paltry music; no one heard it. There was the vengeance of the father; the crushing of a loathsome reptile.

Miss Easton and Mr. Althouse sang delightfully. The latter in the struggle with Chim-Fang showed genuine dramatic force. Mr. Rossi's Hoo-Tsin was an excellent characterization.

"Pagliacci" followed with this cast: Nedda, Miss Muzio; Canio, Mr. Caruso; Tonio, Mr. Amato; Beppe, Mr. Bada; Silvio, Mr. Laurenti. The performance was a brilliant one. Miss Muzio, a strikingly handsome apparition, acted and sang, not as an empty-headed soubrette—a characterization of Nedda that we have too often seen—but as a high strung, passionate woman, bored and disgusted by association with the strollers. The scene with Tonio, in which Nedda spurns his advances, was played in the grand style. The woman stood over the cowering clown as a superbly indignant goddess. Mr. Caruso acted and sang with an artistic sincerity that on previous occasions has sometimes been missed. Mr. Amato's Tonio was even more effective than before. The slavish adoration of the clown and his longing for the woman that despised him were quietly made manifest even before she alighted from the cart. The other parts were more than adequately taken. For once Silvio did not cause the audience to wonder at Nedda's choice. Chorus and orchestra contributed to the

success.

The theatre was packed with the enthusiasts. Every place where there was standing room was filled. Many were turned away.

This afternoon Rimsky-Korsakoff's ballet-opera, "Coq d'Or," which has made a sensation in every city where it has been performed, will be given. Mr Gilbert's ballet of New Orleans life will follow. Mr. Monteux will conduct. There should be another great audience.

'LE COQ D'OR'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Afternoon, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Coq d'Or," opera-pantomime in three acts with prologue and epilogue, performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulo Gatti-Casazza, general manager. First performance in Boston. Mr. Monteux conducted.

	Singers.	Pantomimists.
The Princess	Mme. Garrison	Rosina Galli
The King	Mr. Didur	Mr. Bolm
Amelfa	Mme. Howard	Queenie Smith
The Astrologer	Mr. Diaz	Mr. Bonfiglio
The Princes	Mr. Audisio	Mr. Hall
The General	Mr. Ruysdael	Mr. Bartik
A Knight	Mr. Reschiglian	Mr. Iouce ll
Voice of the Golden Cock	Lenora Sparkes	

"Le Coq d' Or"—produced at Petrograd as an opera—was thought to overtax the singers who should dance, or, if one prefers, the dancers who should sing. The ingenious M. Fokine devised the plan of having all the singers seated at the two sides of the stage while dancers mimed what was sung. This was done in Paris, London, New York, although the family of the composer protested, as it protested and with good cause against the turning of the Scherazade suite into a ballet.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether the opera suffers by the synchronous singing and dancing of two sets of comedians; or whether the wish of the composer to have the opera regarded as first of all a musical work is thus unfulfilled. We did not see the opera as it was first given at a theatre in Petrograd. How many Americans did see it? Why, then, should one wax hot in argument? Let us receive joyfully the good things that the gods give us.

"Le Coq d'Or" has been called a folk-opera. It is an opera based on a satirical fairy story told years ago by Pushkin. Children of six or sixty years will be unconscious of satirical intent and bitter application, as they read "Gulliver's Tavels" without thought of the Dean's terrible irony. No doubt Pushkin expressed in his story the feelings of discontented Russians, those disgusted with autocracy and ready to revolt. We know that the censor did not wish the opera to be performed in a public theatre while Rimsky-Korsakoff was alive. We can if necessary determine the precise symbolism, saying that the foolish old King represents this; the giddy Queen, that; the cock, what-you-will; but a man is much happier when this fantastical story is to him only as a story told by Grimm, Andersen, Carroll, Hoffmann, or any worthy successor of Persian or Arabian teller of tales. The Queen of Shemakhan, who boasted of her bodily beauty, was surely a sister of Flaubert's Queen of Sheba. Old King Dodon might have stepped out of an Offenbachian opera-bouffe; his army might have served under General Boum. Why be curious about symbolism? Why insist on applying the satire of Pushkin to contemporaneous events? That the opera is delightfully fantastical is enough. Does not the astrologer say, when the King has been pecked to death by the golden cock and Queen and bird have disappeared, that, the audience should not be gravely disturbed?

Those whom you said
Were phantoms all;
Know that on Dodon's realm
The only human beings
Were the Queen and I. That's all!

This fantastical story of the absurd King to whom the astrologer gave a cock to crow when a hostile force would threaten; this story of preposterous wars and the voluptuous Queen who turned the head of the doddering monarch, was told yesterday in marvellous fashion to a large, greatly amused, deeply interested audience. It is not easy to say whether the music itself, the pantomimic art, or the singing of Mme. Garrison were the most to be commended. Rimsky-Korsakoff's music, with its oriental and folk themes constantly appearing in piquant or georgeous metamorphoses; its exciting or languorous rhythms; its expression of the sensuousness and the tedium of the East; its delicious humor; its persistent fascination through instrumentation now delicate now kaleiderscopic, now humorously bombastic, is imaginative and realistic. The singers, chorus and those that voiced the chief characters of the drama sitting side by side dressed uniformly in drab, added to the strange charm of the performance. Mme. Garrison sang the extremely difficult music of the Queen purely, fluently and expressively. Mme. Howard and Messrs. Didus and Diaz displayed a fine appreciation of the ironical text. We mention them, because on them rested the burden of song.

And what shall be said of Mr. Bolm's King, Mr. Bartik's General, Mr. Bonfiglio's Astrologer, of Queenie Smith's Amelfa, so anxious about Dodon's "peaceful sleep"? No description would do justice to their joyous folly. To attempt a description of the courtiers, attendants, Boiars, soldiers or Queen's attendants would be as vain as an effort to picture in words the beauty of the costumes, the wild stage settings, the lighting, the evolutions, marches and processions. Mme. Galli in repose and in movement was a delight to the eye. At the same time it must be said that the necessity of timing inexorably the action to the music in some instances gave the appearance of rigidity to principals and subordinates.

Mr. Monteux showed imagination as well as authority and musical understanding as the orchestral leader.

Henry F. Gilbert's ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo," was performed for the first time in Boston. Mr. Monteux conducted. The chief dancers were Mme. Galli, as the quadroon girl, and Messrs. Bonfiglio and Bartik as the rival lovers. The scene was beautiful; the crowd was adroitly managed; there was vivid, turbulent action; but we were disappointed in the music. Mr. Gilbert is a composer of indisputable talent. There are some impressive pages in this score, but as a whole it is persistently boisterous, without relieving episodes. In spite of his Creole themes there is little true southern color, nor is the sensuousness or sensuality of the quadroon girl found in the music itself. Mme. Galli danced and acted with savage fury. The rivals and the crowd were not far behind her in this respect.

The opera last night, "Madama Butterfly," evidently pleased a very large audience, although the performance was not fully up to the Metropolitan standard. Mr. Papi conducted.

Clo-Clo-San	Mme. Farrar
Suzuki	Mme. Fornia
Kate Pinkerton	Mme. Egener
B. F. Pinkerton	Mr. Carpi
U. S. Consul Sharpless	Mr. Scotti
Goro	Mr. Bada
Yamadori	Mr. Audisio
The Uncle-Priest	Mr. Ruysdael
Yakuside	Mr. Cerri
The Imperial Commissary	Mr. D'Angelo

Mr. Papi either misjudged the acoustics of the theatre or thought that the singers needed uncommon support. There was little attempt in the first act at any orchestral nuances. Too often the chief singers were almost inaudible. Mr. Carpi sang here for the first time. He has the advantage of a youthful, manly, pleasing presence. It is said that he has not been for some time in good vocal condition. Last night he certainly did not make a marked impression by his singing. Mme. Farrar's Clo-Clo-San was not so fidgety, not so mannered as when she first took the part. Then there was a superabundance of insignificant and distracting detail. The performance is now simpler, more sincere. Mr. Scotti's Sharpless was again an easy-going, sympathetic person; but Mr. Papi in the first act had no mercy on him. The minor parts were well taken.

The opera this afternoon will be "Samson et Dalila"; Mme. Claussen (her first appearance here in opera); Messrs. Caruso, Chalmers, Rothier, Bada, D'Angelo, Audisio, Reschiglian. Mr. Monteux, conductor.

The opera tonight will be "I Puritani"; Mmes. Barrientos and Perini; Messrs. Lazaro, De Luca, Mardones, Rossi, Audisio. Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Interest in the late Frothingham Clancy, the bard of South Boston, is unabated. We publish today a letter from his literary executor, Prof. Deedledum, which will add fuel to the flames of dispute. Will not the eminent professor tell us how, when and where Mr. Clancy departed this world? We hear that there is talk of a Clancy club at the meetings of which his symbolism and theory of versification will be discussed. At present he shares the fate of Edgar Allan Poe, born in this city: there is no tablet to his memory.

For Prof. Entwhistle

As the World Wags:

The letter of Prof. Aloysius Entwhistle is very painful to me. As sole literary executor of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston, I denounce him as an impostor. I never heard of him until my attention was called to his cool appropriation of a share in the literary estate of my dear friend. His effrontery in attempting to palm off "Hard Lines" as a relic of the departed bard is matched only by the naivety of this preposterous entomologist who pronounces himself competent to determine the authorship of the Phipps manuscript and in the same breath admits that he has not read it.

May I call attention to a few specific indications of Prof. Entwhistle's ignorance of the man whose confidence he claims to have enjoyed? He makes Clancy say several rather vulgar things in a species of near-Irish brogue. It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of the poet's antecedents; they are none too certain. But anyone who had ever had five minutes' conversation with Frothingham Clancy could tell you that his diction was remarkably chaste even for a Bostonian—he had all of the Harvard precision without the Harvard priggishness. Even when under the influence of liquor (and I hope I have not created the impression that such occasions were other than very rare indeed) he still retained his natural dignity and his elevated conversational tone, however blurred his enunciation might become. It is true that he sometimes wrote in the brogue—I will look up one of his dialect pieces and send it to you. But he never spoke it.

Clever as Prof. Entwhistle doubtless is, he is obviously not a man of genius. Only a man of genius can follow Clancy's peculiar vein. No man of genius would begin a paragraph thus:

"The only point made by him (Decutedum) that I deem worthy of consideration is . . . (the Amy Lowell suggestion)" and then begin his next paragraph thus:

"The most convincing argument employed by the learned professor is that Clancy would not have . . . etc." But to return to evidences of ignorance of the poet.

Clancy's refusal to drink a cocktail with orange bitters in it is a pretty flight of Mr. Entwhistle's imagination. Clancy never drank cocktails of any sort. In "Hard Lines," moreover, Mr. Entwhistle would have him visioning

"beakers all bedight
With woolly tops of foam."

Clancy never drank beer: he detested the taste of it. He was fond of quoting, "Stuff! the poet's drink is wine!" Sherry, port and claret, especially the first, were his favorite alcoholic beverages. Occasionally he fell to harder liquors—rum, gin, and sometimes whiskey—but always regretfully, and solely on the principle of the old song

"When dull care does attack you,"

and

"Four good bottles will make you happy."

He never said as much, yet I know well enough that, as far as mere palate-tickling went, a chocolate ice cream soda, extra sweet, was far more pleasing to him than any vinous or cereal derivative. When he did get drunk it was like a gentleman, at home in his lodgings.

Prof. Entwhistle's announcement that the poet preferred a breakdown to a symphony is laughable. Not that Clancy was averse to the jigging reel, under proper circumstances and with congenial company, though he himself never danced; but to one who has waited with him a hundred times in the long line that serpentines the steps of Symphony Hall of a Friday afternoon, Mr. Entwhistle denounces himself. Clancy's musical tastes were broad; he never missed utilizing a free ticket to the chamber music of the Hoffman quartet, and I have seen him entranced upon the curbing by a pealing hurdygurdy. For hours he would follow the two Negro minstrels who used to frequent the deserted streets of the shopping district late at night. I can see him now, swaying to the gentle rhythm of those simple darky tunes, or roaring with delight at the monumental efforts of the monstrous fat one to retrieve the coins the crowd would fling.

But it was to the highest heaven of harmony—the second gallery of Symphony Hall—that he went to hear the unexpressive longings of his soul made flesh—the things he could not marry to even his own immortal verse. True, I once heard him call the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven "slow," and he was always impatient of dulness, even in high places. But he was never too modern or too smart to refuse homage to the great and noble men of former times.

As for Clancy's alleged predilection for free verse, it is merely another proof of Prof. Entwhistle's unacquaintance with his subject. If it were not for the recent libation of wrathful vials upon the head of a fearless, if somewhat quixotic, challenger of iniquity in pious cloisters, I would write a Websterian denunciation of the university that harbors this imposter. But I do hate to get into hot water—that is, when the water is too confoundedly hot, you understand.

Yet, like Malcom, I would not willingly omit to give any devil his due. Mr. Entwhistle's poem is very clever—clever enough for him to admit he wrote it!!! Even so, it has its crudities. Clancy would never have used the chicken metaphor for dawn. "As dawn began to peep." What a figure for glorious, blushing Aurora! A sniveling, peeping, cheeping, shell pecking, chick! Peep, peep, professor! No! No!

If Prof. Entwhistle had only spent a little less time on bugs and a little more on literature, he would know that Clancy despised free verse even while he invented it. His best work consists of the lyrics which he felt were too autobiographical for publication during his lifetime.

Finally Clancy is never murky. His innumerable imitators are murky, but their great original is as clear as the pools of Paradise. Before his expulsion from college he wrote an essay for the university magazine, protesting against the prevailing obscurity of con-

porary verse — a verbose, . plu-ric, but withal a genuine enunciation of his poetic principles. See such poems as "A Plausible Explanation," "Out Where the West Begins," "Woman," "Don Quixote," and "To Fitzgerald." His fancy is never turgid. He was an apostle of light; he is hated by a host of imitators because he saw no mystery in darkness.

THERSITES K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston.

SYMPHONY PLAYS BOSTON MAN'S MUSIC

Davison's Tragic Overture on 23d Concert Program

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Ernst Schmidt, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Davison, Tragic Overture, first performance; Wolf, Italian Serenade for Small Orchestra; Berlioz, Fantastic Symphony, No. 1, C major. op. 14a.

Mr Davison's piece was played here for the first time. A graduate of the Boston Latin school and Harvard University, he studied the organ and composition in Paris with Widor. He is the author of "Hero and Leander," a symphonic poem; a Romance; a set of concert waltzes, "The Gondoliers"; pianoforte pieces, songs and choruses. The overture was suggested by Hawthorne's story, "Rappaccini's Daughter." There is no attempt to follow the details of the story, to portray the various characters. The music is merely an expression of the mood awakened by the narrative. The composer's sense of tragedy as expressed by the music is neither strongly compelling nor dramatically intense. The overture is melancholy rather than tragic, lacking in force, an exhibition of well ordered emotion controlled by a keen regard for form.

Both the other compositions on the program, Wolf's Italian Serenade and the Fantastic Symphony hy Berlioz, inspired pages in which the romanticist celebrated various phases of his passion for Harriet Smithson, were thrice familiar to the audience.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, will be as follows: Schubert, Symphony in B Minor, "Unfinished," and Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat, "Eroica."

April 28 1918

"I Puritani" Revived Here

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bellini's "I Puritani," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company, Giulo Gatti-Casazza, general manager. Mr. Moranzo conducted.

Lord Walton	Mr. Rossi
Sir George	Mr. Mardones
Elvira	Mme. Barrientos
Henrietta	Mme. Perini
Lord Arthur	Mr. Lazaro
Sir Richard	Mr. de Luca
Sir Bruno	Mr. Audisio

Taine, enumerating the characteristics of Italy's beauty, spoke of a melody by Bellini heard at sunset. Many today smile at the mention of Bellini's name and cannot understand tho enthusiasm aroused by "Norma," "La Sonnambula" and "I Puritani." When "Norma" was last performsd here, Lilli Lehmann as the priestess showed that florid music could have dramatic significance. "La Sonnambula" was revived two seasons ago for Mme. Barrientos, but her associates on the stage wero inadequate. Last night "I Puritani" was performed. The opera had not been heard in Boston for over 30 years. It was a great favorite with our grandsires and our sires. Famous singers appeared in it; the polacca and the "Liberty" duet were in the repertoire of every handorgan.

Those who went last night to the Boston Opera House, especially those who knew the tasks set for Elvira, and Arturo, expecting to be disappointed by the vocal performance or bored by the melodic "thinness' were in many respects agreeably surprised. The libretto is indeed, uninteresting, weak. The chivalrous tenor assists a highly respectable lady to escape, and the soprano, his betrothed, believing him to be faithless, goes mad. He afterwards explains his conduct and his Elvira's reason is restored. That is the essence of the plot.

There are hopelessly old-fashioned pages in the opera, but there are many that still give pleasure. At the time it was produced at Paris with the famous quartet its success was remarkable. That was in 1835. The wonder is, to some, that the opera was not buried long ago; but there are elements of vitality in this music. First of all, there are melodies of Bellini that are beautiful by reason of the peculiar tenderness that characterized his work, a tenderness that is tinged with melancholy.

The opera demands singers versed in tho grand style, as well as vocally well equipped. The music for the tenor is taxing on account of its range. There are few that meet the requirements. Mr. Bonci chose the opera for his first appearance in New York, when he was the acknowledged master of bel canto among tenors. Mr. Lazaro did not make so favorable an impression as he did when he sang the Duke's music in "Rigoletto." The quality of his voice seemed less even, less appealing, less [illegible]. The part demands a more polished art. Mr. Lazaro, as the Herald recently stated, has uncommon natural gifts. He should zealously cultivate them. Victor Maurel once said of a tenor with a great reputation: "He is still studying," and thus paid the man a compliment, perhaps unconsciously.

Mme. Barrientos sang the florid music of Elvira brilliantly, but a still greater test of her art was the sustained song in the "mad scene," which she sang simply, with perfect vocal control, with a beauty in phrasing that displayed her as the accomplished musician. For Mme. Barrientos is more than a singer of florid passages; more than a possessor of a light voice capable of the highest and surest flights; more than a singer, technically fluent; she is musical and a musician.

Mr. Mardones sang nobly as Sir George, sonorously as was to be expected, but with a dramatic force and a sense of dramatic demands that were seldom in evidence when he was a member of the Boston Opera Company. His Sir George was not merely a bass tagged with that name. Mr. de Luca at first forced tone so that it was difficult to believe that he was the impersonator of Sir Richard. In later scenes he was again the excellent baritone known to us. The other parts were efficiently taken. The chorus performed well its simple duties. The opera was well mounted. Mr. Moranzo conducted with due regard for the singers and with appreciation of the music's character. A large audience was greatly pleased. There were many curtain calls.

Thus ended the operatic week. The promises of the management were faithfully kept. Opera has seldom, if ever, been produced here in so complete and so sumptuous a manner. Surely as a mere spectacle, no operatic performance has approached that of "Le Prophete." "L'Oracolo," remarkably well acted; the delightful "Coq d'or" and Mr. Gilbert's ballet were performed for the first time. The chief singers were in excellent voice. Mr. Caruso took his task seriously. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gatti-Casazza will be tempted to bring the company to Boston next season and for a longer visit.

Caruso Both Acts and Sings as Samson

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Metropolitan Opera company in Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila." Pierre Monteux conductsd.

Dalila	Julia Claussen
Samson	Enrico Caruso
The High Priest	Thomas Chalmers
Abimelech	Louis D'Angelo
An Old Hebrew	Leon Rothier
A Philistine Messenger	Angelo Bada
First Philistine	Pietro Audisio
Second Philistine	Vincenzo Reschiglian

Mr. Caruso sang the part of Samson for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon. His impersonation in every way deserved the highest praise. Listening to the beauty of his voice, thrilled by his tonal eloquence, there was no need to make allowances for clowning or indifference as an actor. The part has been carefully composed. The celebrated tenor was completely transformed, and not alone by a make-up that immediately established a convincing illusion. Samson's character was definitely portrayed. His succumbing to the wiles of the temptress, his despair, remorse and atonement were strikingly portrayed with a dramatic dignity and force that, with the exception of his performance in "The Prophet," Mr. Caruso has seldom chosen to display.

Mme. Claussen appeared as Dalila for the first time at the Boston Opera House. She sang here at a concert given by the Cecilia Society earlier in the season. Although herself well endowed by nature, the singer's costume in the first act would have left the most susceptible calm. It was as discreet as her acting was conventional. Other Dalilas have been more seductive, ardent, voluptuous, more irresistible in their appeal. Mme. Claussen was vocally well disposed. She sang capably, if without overwhelming amorous fervor.

Mr. Chalmers was impressive as the High Priest, and Mr. Rothier gave marked character and distinction to the Old Hebrew. The opera was magnificently staged and the stage management admirable. An enthusiastic audience occupied every seat and all the available standing room.

Much has been written about Debussy since his death. The Herald of last Sunday reprinted the tributo paid to his memory by the London Times. The Daily Telegraph of that city published (March 30) an article by Robin H. Legge which contains interesting matter.

"He, a man of monumental extremes—for excessive physical laziness, which was probably an indirect cause of his death was in complete contrast with his amazing mental activity—was born, like the most commonplace in a certain place, in a certain year, and died in another. But this throws no light on the mentality of the man, and it is that which counts. Incidentally may I say here that my personal acquaintance with Debussy was limited to a couple of conversations with him at Covent Garden during the rehearsal of 'Pelleas et Melisande,' and that, therefore, I had recourse to by far our greatest authority on modern French music, Mr. Edwin Evans, for such a 'picture' of Debussy as may be conjured up by the following notes, he having enjoyed an intimate friendship during many years.

"The keynote of Debussy's attitude toward music he himself struck in this sentence, derived from an article he wrote for the 'Revue Blanche' about 17 years ago: 'Je fais de la musique pour servir celle-ci le mieux qui m'est possible et sans autres preoccupations: il est logique qu'elle courre le risque de deplaire a ceux qui aiment "une musique" jusqu'a lui rester jalousement fidele maigre ses rides ot ses fards.'

"Again, in his 'Colloquy with M. Croche,' he sets forth his views—I need not remind those who love their Debussy who the immortal 'M. Croche' was. 'M. Croche,' in icy tones, we are told, said: 'Music is a sum total of scattered forces. It is turned into a commercial speculation! I prefer to hear a few notes of an Egyptian shepherd's flute, he is part and parcel with the scenery and hears harmonies ignored by your treatises. Musicians listen only to music written by clever experts; never to that which is inscribed in Nature. It would profit them more to watch a sunrise than to hear a performance of the Pastoral Symphony. Of what good is your almost incomprehensible art? Ought you not to lessen its parasitic complications, which, by their ingenuity, cause it to resemblo the lock of a strong box? You do not go forward, because you have no knowledge of anything but music, and you submit yourself to strange and barbarous rules. You are saluted with flattering epithets, and you are just a set of rogues! Something between a menial and a monkey!'

"There, in a nutshell, you have the views (positive and negative in a way) on his art by one the true value of whose influence it is all too soon to speak. He and his art are far too near us at present for a just estimate to be made. A century may well roll by ere the ultimate value is assessed, for, at this moment, it is almost entirely the superficial side of which folks speak when the art of Debussy is discussed.

"As 'Pelleas et Mellisande' is usually regarded as Debussy's master work, the following translation of a letter written by Debussy to Mr. Edwin Evans about the time of the production of that noble work, apropos of it and its aim, will be of peculiar interest. I believe the letter has not previously been published, and this translation Mr. Evans kindly made for this Note. The letter runs thus:

"On reflection, I find it rather difficult to speak of 'Pelleas' and to underline its characteristic portions, so please excuse what follows:

"1. Before all, you will do well to eliminate from discussion the question whether there is, or is not, melody in 'Pelleas.' It must be decisively understood that melody—or song (Lied)—is one thing, and that lyrical expression is another! It is illogical to think that one can make a fixed melodic line hold the innumerable nuances through which a character passes. That is not only a mistake of taste, but a mistake of quantity.'

"2. If in 'Pelleas' the symphonic development has, on the whole, small importance, it is to react against the pernicious neo-Wagnerian aesthetio which presumes to render, at the same time, the sentiment expressed by the character and the inner thoughts which impel its actions. In my opinion, these are two contradictory operations, from a lyrical point of view, and, when united, can only weaken each other. Perhaps it is better that music should by simple means—a chord? a curve?—endeavor to render the successive impulses and moods as they are produced, without making laborious efforts to follow a symphonic development, foreseen and always arbitrary, to which one will necessarily be tempted to sacrifice the emotional development. But one will have achieved a fine symphonic development! Once more, that has nothing to do with the lyric drama. Moreover, it is a too easy escape from a difficulty. That is why there is no 'guiding thread' in 'Pelicas,' and its characters are not subjected to the slavery of 'Leit-motive,' as a blind man is a slave to his poodle or his clarinet! Take note that the motive which accompanies 'Melisande' is never altered. It returns in the fifth act unchanged at any point, because, in reality, Melisande is always unchanged in herself, and dies without anyone—or, perhaps, only old Arkel—ever having understood her.

"3. The simplicity of Pelleas' must be insisted upon. I spent 12 years in removing from it everything of a parasitic nature that might have crept into it. Never did I seek in it to revolutionize anything whatever. But the habit has grown of dragging music into places of ill-repute, or of making of it a game of skill that none can understand without hard training. I have endeavored to prove that people who sing can yet remain human and natural, without ever needing to resemble madmen or puzzles. That at first disturbed the 'professionals,' and also the simple public, who, accustomed to being moved by the means as false as they were grandiloquent, did not at first understand that all that was being asked of it was a little goodwill. It is of very little importance whether one penetrates the secret of the means employed. That form of curiosity is as blameworthy as it is ridiculous, and, to say all, it is also completely useless."

"That is all I can find to tell you. The rest helongs to anecodte, on which I am badly 'documented.'"

Mr. Henry Coates of the London Daily Chronicle wrote as follows (March 28):

"The death of Debussy removes from modern music one of its greatest personalities, perhaps the most original creative force since Wagner. Although it is only in the last 20 years or so that the world has known his music, its influence on composers of today has been enormous. Already his work has founded a new school of young composers, not only in France, but in other countries; and even the older men have come under the spell of his remarkable ideas and methods.

"Debussy's music first appeared at a time when the Wagnerian influence had begun to degenerate into commonplace, and he immediately turned the trend of modern composition into a new and unexplored region by the original harmonic system he employed and his impressionistic style.

"Up to Wagner's day composers founded their work upon melody, rhythm, harmony and instrumental color, using these ingredients more or less in the order named. Debussy began at the other end, and much of his music relies for its effect purely upon color, both of instrumentation and harmony. The harmonic basis upon which he worked, that of the whole-tone scale, had never before been employed in the way in which Debussy used it, and in this most important field he was a pioneer, opening up new musical paths the importance of whioh is scarcely yet realized.

"At first his music was termed revolutionary, and as fierce a discussion raged around it as in the case of Wagner and Strauss. But of late years he had been universally accepted as a master musician, and great regret will be felt that he has not bsen spared to add to the masterpieces he has already produced, chief of which is his opera, 'Pelleas et Melisande,' a setting of Maeterlinck's poem so perfect that it is unlikely any other musician will ever attempt to clothe the poet's lines in music.

"Most of Debussy's music shows him as a visionary inspired by the mysteries of nature, or the rich imagery of poets such as Maeterlinck, Gerlaine and Baudelaire. His exquisite pianoforte music is almost the only great contribution to the literture of that instrument since Chopin, while his songs are among the most wonderful things in all vocal art.

"Debussy had a charming personality, and although of an extremely retiring disposition, made several visits to England, during each of which he was an honored and admired guest amongst English musicians. Nowhere, indeed, has the appreciation of his work been greater than in this country, where his orchestral compositions, as well as his opera and smaller pieces are constantly performed. Both in his person and in his work he was typioal of the artist of modern Francs, and a true Parisian, spending most of his time in his beautiful house in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, where much of his finest music has been written. It is understood that several works upon which he had heen engaged, amongst others a new opera, were nearly completed at the time of his death."

Hall Caine's Latest Play, "The Prime Minister"

Mr. Hall Caine's play, "The Prime Minister," was produced at the Royalty, London, on March 30. The Daily Chronicle described it as "broad, popular war-melodrama, very like a little Drury Lane drama without tho spectacle," and said that success of the play was to "a very large extent due to the supremely fine acting of Miss Ethel Irving." The review published in the Times of April 1 probably did not please Mr. Caine, who takes himself seriously.

"In his dedication Mr. Hall Caine considerately reassures Mr. Lloyd George. He is not to identify himself with his imaginary counterpart, Sir Robert Temple. Nor, we can see for ourselves, is Sir Robert a bit like Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour. The simple fact is he is not like anyone outside Colney Hatch. Here is a British Prime Minister who, warned by the police that his child's governess is a German spy, decides to retain her in his service. She has fallen at his knees with vows of repentance, and that is enough for him. Probably, in Mr. Hall Caine's idea, he is an apostle of what M. Paul Bourget used to call Redemptorism, the noble craze for redeeming lost souls. Our own explanation would be more commonplace; he must gratify at all costs his natural turn for talking like a book, for exhorting, for improving the occasion. Though he holds in his hand convincing proof of the girl's imposture, he postpones confronting her with them until he has had a good long talk. He talks like a book, we have said, but it is the copybook. He solemnly informs the picked statesmen, the Cabinet within the Cabinet, with whom he is awaiting the ultimatum from the Continent, that "war is always terrible, and it may be even more terrible in the future than it has ever been in the past." Fortunately the Cabinet sitting (an historical fact, it seems) is shortened an hour.

[illegible] between Central [illegible] time. Fortu[illegible] we are spared [illegible] Robert's platitudes. We [illegible] suspected Mr. Hall [illegible] of honour, but we were [illegible] For there is genuine, [illegible] humour in presenting [illegible] Minister who is an un[illegible]

[illegible] second and even more [illegible] attack of Redemptorism The [illegible] governess has been shot by her [illegible] mistake for the Prime Min[illegible] and the murderer has been caught [illegible] Is he handed over to the [illegible] bit of it. The Prime [illegible] go because he is only [illegible] boys will be boys. But not, [illegible] before he has improved the [illegible] "Go back to your masters. Tell them this is what their hate of hates has come to—fallen back on your own head like a boomerang, as all such murderous passions must do! No punishment the law could inflict would be equal to the hell you have created for yourself." Throughout the play we have seen much of the Chief Commissioner of Police, an obviously careworn man He has our sincerest sympathy—as the real tragic protagonist.

"But why did the German governess sacrifice herself for the Prime Minister? Sir Robert professes to understand, but, frankly, we do not. He says she gave her life to save his and her brother's. Now the boy has been bound by oath to his fellow-conspirators either to take the Prime Minister's life or to forfeit his own to them. If the logic there is not apparent, you remember that stage-conspirators are chartered libertines. But, even so, how is the sister's sacrifice to save the boy? He has not killed the Prime Minister; that is the sole relevant point for the conspirators. But what are motives to Mr. Hall Caine when he sees a chance for a dying heroine, crowning her repentance with self-sacrifice, asking a Prime Minister for a Christmas kiss, while carols are heard 'off'?

"This heroine is played by Miss Ethel Irving, who is what somebody has called Duse, a donna nervosa. She is best at 'nerve storms,' and she has one when unmasked by the prime minister; elsewhere she has to show intense nervous excitement, repressed rather than eruptive. No English actress could do it better, and if strong acting can save a weak part that will be at any rate one kind of Redemptorism in which we shall be glad to believe. Mr. Hallard is grave and dignified as the platitudinous, homiletic prime minister. If only Mr. Hall Caine could have found unhackneyed phrases for him, vibrant words that come fresh and warm from the heart! Perhaps he would, had he not been so scrupulously careful not to permit any likeness to Mr. Lloyd George."

The Pall Mall Gazette was kinder. While it admitted that Mr. Caine's dramatic recipe of piling up obvious contrasts of incident and sentiment did not carry one intellectually very far, it said that the play was effective. "It has this immense advantage over some other plays that have attempted to deal with war problems: it is an appeal of, to and through the heart. Its 'publicism,' if one may so call it, is not necessarily to be despised. Mr. Hall Caine is a shrewd student of events. But in this play he has not tried to dramatize a leading article."

Sacha Guitry's New Play, "Deburau," in Paris

The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote on March 31: "Sacha Guitry's new play, 'Deburau,' at the Vaudeville, where it is given at daily matinees, is one of the most charming comedies he has offered us, and agreeably free from the ribaldry of many of his former works. It is written in happy-go-lucky verse that is not without subtlety and humor, and, although the story is the familiar one of an old actor's greatness and decline, Sacha Guitry has inserted novel incidents. There is, indeed, no more original dramatist in France at the present day, and he is alike remarkable as a painter, playwright and actor. Mollere and Oscar Wilde have part in him, and his treatment of a scene always tends away from the conventional, without ever ceasing to be true, although so often marred by grossness. But in 'Deburau' he has shown more delicacy, more depth, and his cynical philosophy breaks through only at rare intervals. His hero, Gaspard Deburau, was, in 1839, the greatest pantomime artist of his day, and M. Guitry has followed his career with a deep insight into the psychology of actors. At first we see Deburau in his glory, good-naturedly striving to overcome the jealousy of his companions and repelling the amorous advances of great ladies, until one evening when he succumbs to a woman's smile. Here the author has invented a romantic episode which enables him to expound his theories of life; the enchantress is none other than Marie Duplessis, 'La Dame aux Camelias,' and for her Deburau neglects his art and his family. She in turn loves him madly—for two days—then Armand Duval appears, and Deburau discovers them in each other's arms on the very day when he learns that his wife has eloped with another man. This act—the second—is by far the best of the play. Later we see Deburau broken and irritable, living neglected with his son, who wishes to go on the stage. The old man's vanity will not suffer it, and to add to his bitterness he hears that his wife is happy with her second husband—a jeweler! But he lives in hopes that some day the Dame aux Camelias will come back to him. She comes at last, hearing he is ill, but it is only to bring a doctor, and he sends her away. He returns to the theatre for consolation, but is hissed by the audience, and we last see him teaching his son his art and summing up his life with the conclusion that women love, not the man, but the master of the household, and that work and love—even built upon illusions—are the best of an ungrateful world.

"Sacha Guitry is a greater playwright than an actor. His nervous and superficial style has a touch of lyrical brilliance, but there is something cynical as well that prevents our sympathy. In the last acts he lacked the dramatic power to move us. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps, who appeared in revues and musical comedies a while ago, is remarkable as the Dame aux Camelias, so different from the conception of Dumas fils, and doubtless more true, alas! She played the original love scene with Armand Duval, in which she bids him let his eyes speak to her and answers them in a long monologue with great naturalness and charm. M. Galipaux is an agile and amusing doorkeeper. MM. Cande, Baron fils, Barral and Hieronimus are perfect in minor parts, and Mme. Rosine Maurel deserves special mention for her extraordinary silhouette of an old fortune-teller. The scenery and costumes are a delight to the eye."

Notes About the Theatre and Plays New and Old

A. A. Milne's play, "Belinda," was produced at the New Theatre on April 8. The Daily Chronicle described it as a "delightfully witty and pretty" comedy of a grass widow (Irene Vanbrugh). The Times wished the play shorter. "What Bagehot (or some one else) said of serious poetry—that it should be 'soon over'—is equally true of frivolous proso dialogue. Mr. Milne's dialogue is delightfully frivolous, but it is not over quite soon enough, because, apparently, he thought it necessary to explain things, to wind up what might almost look like a regular 'plot.' Now the public that appreciates frivolous dialogue for its own sake is a picked public, with a soul above explanations and plots; for these raffines the playwright will more wisely ond with a note of interrogation (as they used to say of Ibsen) than risk a yawn."

"Hamlet" was performed as a warplay at the Old Vic, London, on April 6. Fortinbras spoke the last word: "Let your captains bear Hamlet like a soldier," etc. The Daily Chronicle said that this noble speech, beautifully spoken by a well-known actor, "now an officer and appearing accordingly under an unknown name," helped to throw a new light on "Hamlet" as essentially a warplay. "What is, after all, the heart of it but the eternal paradox of the need to kill, the shrinking of a sensitive, sympathetic, intellectual nature from the repulsive butcher's work necessary to rid the world of Claudius, and the final conviction that it must be done? The profoundest of anti-pacifist tracts — and Fortinbras understood!"

The "curfew" order prohibiting throughout Great Britain the consumption of gas or electric current on the stage or in the auditorium of any place of entertainment between 10:30 at night and 1 P. M. on the following day went into operation on April 2. Performances began and finished from half an hour to an hour earlier than usual.

"The theatres had crowded audiences in spite of the earlier start of the performances. The curtain rose at 7 o'clock at Drury Lane, the Lyceum, the Kingsway and the Royalty, and at varying times up to 8:30 at other houses, but with a few exceptions, where the people were streaming out by about 10 o'clock the entertainments all finished just before 10:30. At the music halls, where two performances each evening are given, the problem of meeting the 'curfew' order was solved by slightly curtailing the entertainment at both houses and beginning the second performance at 8:20 instead of 9 o'clock."

In connection with "Too Much Money," Mr. Michael Morton desires to have it known that under the title of "The Bottom of the Ladder," a play of his, dealing with the same subject as Mr. Zangwill's, was produced in New York some 15 years ago. In the case of the first it is a husband who, to cure his wife of extravagance, pretends that he has lost his fortune; in that of the second a father plays the same trick upon his son. Mr. Morton's only intention, in referring to the similarity, is to anticipate any charge of plagiarism that might be brought against him.—London Daily Telegraph.

"By Pigeon Post" is the title of a new drama of spies and the war, light, tricky and exciting, by Arthur Wontner, produced at the Garrick, London, March 30. The Times said: "The author knew what he wanted to do, and he did it briskly, cleanly, lightly."

"La Gare Regulatrice," a farce by Gaston Leroux and Yves Mirande, produced at the Scala, Paris, concerns an easy-going individual, Pichon, prevented from going to the front by heart disease, and whose life is made miserable at home by his wife, his mother-in-law, a show girl with whom he has become entangled, and his cook, who adores him. To escape them he joins up at an important railway junction, where the commanding officer bears the same name. When the latter is decorated, Pichon's relations, believing him to be the hero, arrive and fall upon his neck, and he cannot resist this moment of triumph in borrowed plumes. This, of course, leads to divers unpleasant complications, from which the unhappy man is barely able to extricate himself. M. Simon and an able company maintain the pace unflagingly.—The Stage.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, writing on April 4, said that the discontinuing of matinees is a blow to the managers. "They declare that they will be forced now to suspend evening performances, too, for receipts have been so bad of late that they counted exclusively on the matinees to cover their running expenses. Nine theatres already have closed, and thousands of theatre employes and players are faced with a hard situation. The stars and prosperous members of the profession, however, are coming forward splendidly to the help of their less fortunate comrades. The Opera is about to give a special benefit performance. It is undeniable that the Paris theatre receipts have dwindled recently to almost incredible figures. Last Tuesday, for instance, the takings at the Comedie Francaise were less than £20. It is true the play was the rather stodgy "Polyeucte." The Opera Comique the same evening took £100, the Odeon £20, the Athende £28 and the Renaissance £23."

Was Charlie Chaplin born in the Calle de las Buertas, Madrid? El Mundo of Madrid says so; that he is registered in Madrid as Carlos Martinez Chaplin. His father, an Asturian, kept a bar in Madrid. In 1884 he emigrated to Cuba; later he went to the United States and thence to England.

J. T. Grein of London is forming three theatrical companies of first-rate players to tour on the continent. The first will perform in Holland for interned soldiers and also the general public. The second will tour Scandinavia; the third will visit Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Portugal. Among the plays selected are "Hamlet," "Merchant of Venice," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Mid-Channel," "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Michael and His Lost Angel," "John Bull's Other Island," "Candida," "General Post," "The Saving Grace."

Messrs. Braff and Perkins, now running the Strand Theatre, London, have the motto "English plays for English Consumers." It is said "they are determined that there shall be no American products at the Strand while that house remains under their control."

Pinero's new play, "The Freaks," was withdrawn after a run of only six weeks. The Daily Telegraph made this comment: "To inquire into reasons would be idle questioning. One recalls Charles Lamb's explanation of the failure of his farce, 'Mr. H.,' which, on the conclusion of its solitary performance, he himself enjoyed the doubtful satisfaction of hissing. 'It just happened that my nonsense was not the kind of nonsense the public wanted.' There you have the pith and marrow of the matter in a sentence."

The manager of the Princess Theatre in Toronto is a diplomat. The programs of his theatre carry this statement: "The management of this theatre will appreciate the favor by ladies who remove their hats. Elderly ladies need not conform to this request."

"The Morals of Vanda," a comedy, was produced at the Grand Theatre, Croydon, on April 1. The Pall Mall Gazette said: "Taking as her theme the ever fruitful subject of hypocrisy in moralists, Miss Rhodes, the clever young authoress, has built up an amusing and at the same time poignant picture of 20th century middle-class life. Vanda, the daughter of a stern, religious maniac, who, in order to further his passion for 'preaching the gospel among the Jews,' embezzles his employers' money, and eventually finds herself a forlorn, disillusioned and hopeless woman at the age of 27. Friendless, she decides to embark upon a career of unscrupulous knavery as an act of revenge against the heartlessness of her world. Instinctive goodness and inherent self-respect keep her on the right path; but, in spite of this, she is within a hair's breadth of becoming a murderess."

Debussy, the Critic, and Other Notes About Music

About Debussy and his art much has been written in the past few days. But one side of his activities in the years before he devoted himself exclusively to composition would seem to have been overlooked by most of his biographers. We refer to his work as writer and critic. At one time, like other composers before him—not forgetting Berlioz—he wrote a good deal upon music, and his opinions denoted a fresh outlook, and, not infrequently, a turn for whimsical humor. To "Gil Blas" he contributed not a few characteristic criticisms, including some on the later Wagner that would certainly not have commended themselves to the "Perfect Wagnerite."

In this connection it is of interest to recall that in the summer of 1903 Debussy paid a special visit to London in order to record his impressions of the "Ring," as unfolded on the stage of Covent Garden. To those impressions he gave quaint and playful expression, as, for instance, when he wrote that "it is difficult for anyone who has not had the same experience to picture the condition of a man's mind, even the most normal, after attending the tetralogy on four consecutive evenings. A quadrille of leit-motifs dances in one's brain, in which Siegfried's theme and Wotan's lance are vis-a-vis, while the malediction motif cuts some weird figures. It is more than an obsession; it is a complete possession. One loses one's identity, and becomes transformed into a walking leit-motif moving in a tetralogical atmosphere." And he added: "How inafferable these people in helmets and wild-beast skins become by the time the fourth evening comes around!"

But, to the more compelling beauties of the Nibelungen dramas, Debussy did not turn a deaf ear. Thus, after speaking of "long moments of ennui," he recalled the sudden awakening to "the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea." It "surges into one's ears, and criticism flies to the winds." At the present day it is of peculiar interest to recall the lamented French composer's pen-picture of Strauss (whose "Heldenleben," by the way, he admired): "His forehead is that of a musician, but his eyes and features are those of a 'superman'; this last expression is borrowed from his instructor in energy, Nietszche." There was a characteristic touch, too, about his description of Grieg's music as giving him "the charming and bizarre sensation of eating a pink bonbon stuffed with snow."—London Daily Telegraph, April 6.

Massenet's daughter, Juliette, has protested against the turning of the instrumental Meditation of Thais into a scene for the singer that takes the part, as was done for the benefit of Miss Chenal at the Paris Opera.

Sophie Menter, the pianist, is dead. Born in 1846 at Munich, she studied with Niest, Tausig, Buelow and Liszt. Her father was a violoncellist, and she married another one, David Popper, in 1874, but left him after 14 years of varied activity, for it is whispered, she was not always amiable. We heard her play in Berlin 30 odd years ago, when she gave a thunder and lightning performance of Liszt's E-flat Concerto. She was, indeed, an Amazonian. A good many years ago she gave up playing in public, but taught at the Petrograd Conservatory when she was not at her castle Itter in Tyrol. Her most famous pupil was Sapelnikoff, and her interest in him was warm. She never visited this country. A London journal stating that Lendon first heard her in 1881, added: "Menter's chief hobby—we have called her a little eccentric—was cats, and a more expensive hobby the acquisition of jewelry. In her taste for the latter, however, there was clearly nothing to distinguish her from many quite commonplace people. But her affection for the feline species was such as to amount almost to a mania. For, whereas the ordinary lover of such domestic pets is content to leave them—if more than one—at home when traveling, Sophie Menter was never guilty of such callous neglect of her favorites. There was one in particular that invariably accompanied its mistress on her tours, and, when she was to play at a concert, it was her habit to take her pampered favorite with her—in a basket. Yet it was never recorded of her that she ever played variations on 'Three Blind Mice' for the delectation of her pet."

The other day a concert was given by the Boulogne Khaki Society on behalf of the French Red Cross at Boulogne, which attracted my notice, because among the performers was Mr. Charles Davison, a son of the famous J. W. Davison, the most ferocious music critic who ever used a pen, and of his wife, Arabella Goddard, now a resident at Boulogne. These names seem to take one back into the mists of time! But in my "beginning years" I remember J. W. Davison clearly. I hated his views, but I loved his energy!—Daily Telegraph.

Arabella Goddard played in Boston in the 70s, and was reckoned a cold and accurate pianist.

Sir Frederick Bridge, who, at Steinway Hall, presented the prizes won during the past year at the local examinations of the London Centre of the Trinity College of Music, said they had got rid of German music at the college, and he hoped our young composers would rise to the occasion. He remembered that many years ago the German musicians were not the scoundrels, barbarians and murderers that so many of their race had since proved to be. They were cultivated men, who would have been ashamed of the terrible way in which Germany had waged the present war, which we should not be able to forget when peace came. He did not think they would suffer from getting rid of German music. He was not quite sure that our young composers would rise to the opportunity; the work of some of them was somewhat lacking in quality. He impressed on young singers the necessity of studying elocution. It was quite wrong to

say, "The pupils have the words before them, and can read what we are singing." Young students of music were much better off than in his early days, when there were no local examinations, and when it did not matter very much to the teacher how the pupil got on so long as the bill was paid.—London Daily Telegraph.

A Glasgow minister on visiting one of his "poor" parishioners, a munition worker, was startled to find she had invested in a new piano, which had cost her £40. While contemplating the new purchase the woman informed the minister that it was bought "to go one hetter" than her neighbor over the stair, who had only paid £30 for hers. "But," remonstrated the clergyman, "can any of your household play the piano?" "Oh, no," replied the woman, cheerfully; "but there's a young fellow coming in tonight to show us how it goes!"—London Daily Chronicle.

If a scarcity of metals were to result in a scarcity of gramophone needles, an excellent substitute can be found in the spines on the back of a hedgehog. This discovery is due to an officer of the Argyll and Sutherlands. The spines allow one to "hear even the words of the singer and every note of the song in the softest of renderings." Therefore, if the war takes away our needles, a warrior has suggested an efficient substitute.—London Daily Chronicle.

M. Rosing sings Schumann and Wagner very well indeed, but we would rather hear his Russian songs; they have the ring of sincerity about them that the others cannot quite have when they are sung in French by a Russian and accompanied by an Italian. . . . It is not only the words but the music of songs that does not bear translation.—London Times.

Lili Boulanger, who took the prix de Rome in 1913 when she was 19 years old, died in Paris on March 15. She was the first woman to win a grand prix in music. As a pianist she was the pupil of Raoul Pugno. Her father, Alexandre, who wrote about a dozen operas of large and small dimensions, taught singing at the Paris Conservatory. Miss Boulanger had nearly completed an opera founded on Maeterlinck's "Princess Maleine," having worked on it during a long and painful sickness.

Henri Rabaud, having written the music for Gémier's production of "Antony and Cleopatra," has composed an opera on "Les Noces Corinthiennes" of Anatole France.

Tristan Bernard is writing the libretto of two musical comedies on biblical subjects.

The Theatre des Champs Elysees gave, in a gala benefit for Belgian prisoners, a sort of fairy opera by M. Fonson and Leon Jongen. "There was something of Maeterlinck's symbolism in this dream of a soldier in the trenches, and indeed the Belgian Shakespeare might have drawn something deeply philosophical and fanciful from such a theme. It was well rendered and lavishly mounted."

April 28 1918

There is naturally interest in the rations of soldiers held prisoners. We became acquainted with some entertaining facts by reading the life of Charles Domery, a soldier in the French service, on board the Hoche. This vessel was captured by the English squadron off Ireland, in February, 1799. Domery was taken to the prison of Liverpool. He had a voracious appetite, so that in the army he was allowed two rations. By his earnings, or the indulgence of his comrades, he procured an additional supply. When bread or meat was scarce he would eat daily four or five pounds of grass. In one year we quote from a letter of Dr. J. Johnson of Somerset place to Gilbert Blaine, M. D., F. R. S., and one of the commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen—Domery devoured 174 cats (not their skins), dead or alive. "Dogs and rats equally suffered from his merciless jaws." He delighted most in raw meat, beef or mutton, and was supplied with the rations of 10 men daily. "The French prisoners of war were at this time maintained at the expense of their own nation, and were each allowed the following daily ration. Twenty-six ounces of bread, half a pound of greens, two ounces of butter, or six ounces of cheese."

On Sept. 17, 1799, Mr. Domery's consumption of the day was as follows: Raw cow's udder, four pounds; raw beef, 10 pounds; candles (wicks and all), two pounds, five bottles of porter. At 4 o'clock the next morning he awoke with his usual ravenous appetite, which he quieted by a few pounds of raw beef. Dr. Johnston, Admiral Child, Mr. Foster and several respectable gentlemen bore witnes to his extraordinary eating. "He is in every respect healthy, his tongue clean and his eyes lively. He is six feet three inches high, pale complexion, gray eyes, long brown hair, well made but thin, his countenance rather pleasant, and is good tempered."

Tests for Longevity

As the World Wags:

Mr. Herkimer Johnson will no doubt be glad to learn that scientific advance has brought about a most important change in the methods of appraising candidates for life insurance. In lieu of the old investigations into the state and sufficiency of the applicant's lungs, kidneys and liver, with all their unpicturesque and humiliating details, he is now given a cigar or some other indication of physical adequacy and introduced to a group of experts, who engage him in pleasant conversation with the idea of eliciting his social gifts. Jut what tests are applied to this end is not revealed; nor would these have any other than a merely technical interest; but it is interesting to learn that science corroborates in one respect the untrained observation of laymen—an applicant who is shown to be an infernal bore is always given the highest rating. He is regarded as practically invulnerable.

Brookline. ABEL SEAMAN.

Clancy in Maine

As the World Wags:

Were it not for the spirit temerarious that is abroad during this war time, I doubt if I would dare to proffer that which follows. I know it may be received with derision, and that contumely may be my lot. But be that as it may, I submit, and I say it boldly, a poem by Frothingham Clancy.

The lines are written in the hotel register of one of the towns in our trolley league. Just above them is registered "Tyrus C. Moriarty" of Boston, and of him Hen Todd, the barber, speaks as "a four-flush phenom brung in for a game when Ed Green's wing went bum." Not infrequently these Hessians arrive accompanied by two or three admirers with wads and appetites for odds. Clancy was, doubtless, of the phenom's entourage.

First is written this line, in parenthesis:

"(We went dry at Kennebunk.)"

Then, signed with his full name, "Frothingham Clancy," is the following:

DROUTH

"Sahara," "Dust," "Bone," "Covered Bridge,"
No longer make a noise for me
Like dryness. Rather do they plash
And gurgle, gush and pour,
And roar,
Like the catch-basin
Near O'Halloran's saloon,
On torrential Sundays.
My tongue is swollen with the drouth;
My parched mouth,
Fish-like, shuts and opens;
And when I seek a simile
The old ones will not do for me:—
Not "dry as a bone,"
Nor "dry as Sahara,"
Nor "dry as dust,"
Nor "dry as a covered bridge,"—
But "dry as Maine!"
Oh, for a train
To take me out
Of Maine!

Do you catch the catch-basin, and can you hear the loud and wet sound of it "on torrential Sundays," when the drays are not rumbling over the pavings? That is Clancy. No doubt of it.

Cobbosseecontee. JOHN ALGER.

Modern Version of an Old Anecdote?

As the World Wags:

The anecdote which Observer told of Ammi in the Herald of Nov. 16—of his being left asleep in the woods in his ox-cart as he was riding home after a trip to the city with a load of pumpkins, and of his surprised inquiry, upon awaking from his sleep, whether he was Ammi and had lost a yoke of oxen or was not Ammi and had found a cart—bears sufficient resemblance to the anecdote told in the appended poem—which was in the issue for Aug. 22, 1801, of the Dartmouth Gazette, a weekly newspaper published at Hanover, N. H. as to suggest the thought that possibly the anecdote of Ammi is a later and revised version of the anecdote narrated in the poem.

I'M MARTIN OR AM NOT.

As country Martin snoring lay,
An arch wag stole his horse away,
And so left nothing but the bridle,
To pay the man for being so idle.
When he awoke, with much surprise
He looked around with staring eyes,
Who been I? zounds I hates forgot—
I'm either Martin or am not.
If I be Martin, rot my loss,
For some poxed thief has stole mine horse;
If I be not, hayes I been idle?
For, true as eggs, I've found a bridle.

INCONSTANT READER.

Brookline.

April 28 1918

GALLI-CURCI GIVES HER LAST CONCERT

Mme. Galli-Curci gave her last concert this season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Manuel Berenguer, flutist, assisted her. Homer Samuels was the pianist. The program was as follows: Paradies, Qual ruscelletto; Hook, Mary of Allendale; Mozart, "Ve lrai Carino"; Rossini, Tarantella; David, "Charmant Oiseau"; Buzzi-Peccia, Montanina; Chopin, Lithuanian Song; Massenet, Crepuscule; Delibes, Bolero; old French bergerettes; Bergere legere, Lisette, Jeunes Fillettes; Meyerbeer, Shadow Song from "Dinorah" (by request). Mr. Berenguer played Caplet's Reverie and Valse.

The hall was crowded in every part. Again the beautiful voice and rare accomplishments of Mme. Galli-Curci aroused enthusiasm. Many were delighted by her pyrotechnical display, but repeated hearings convince us that she is first of all a lyric singer; that in the years to come she will thus be known, a lyric singer with uncommon vocal flexibility and agility.

April 30 1918

'HER COUNTRY'

By PHILIP HALE

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Her Country," a drama in four acts by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode. Produced as "Kultur at Home" at the Court Theatre, London, March 11, 1916 (Margaret, Rosalie Toller; Kurt Hartling, Malcolm Cherry). Produced as "Her Country" at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, by Walter Hampden, Feb. 21, 1918 (Margaret, Rosa Lynd; Kurt Hartling, Alexander Onslow).

Mrs. Kolbeck.....Winona Bridges
Major Kolbeck.....Redfield Clarke
Elsa Kolbeck.....Margaret Vaune
Margaret Tinworth, Rosa Lydn (Lady Chetwynd)
Kurt Hartling.....Alexander Onslow
Otto von Ottberg.....Marc Loebell
Mr. Tinworth.....Charles Fleming
Sophie von Dorn.....Adele Klaer
Erika Krauss.....Bertha Broad
Mrs. Munroe.....Maud Milton
Ralph Munroe.....William Williams
Lt. Rainkampf.....Anthony Blair
Lt. Delmann.....Frank Ross
Lt. von Prossheim.....Charles Haines
Mrs. Col. von Rapp.....Marion Kerby

Mr. Besier, born on the island of Java, studied for a time at Heidelberg. It is fair to suppose that he is acquainted with German manners, customs and arrogance. When his play was produced in London the heroine was naturally an English girl. Lord Lushington and Lady Lushington were the Ralph Munroe and Mrs. Munroe of the present version, slightly changed to suit American taste and to quicken American patriotism.

In the original, Margaret and her aunt were at Luxemburg when the war broke out. It was rumored that England was not going to enter it. Margaret was tempted to remember that she was officially a German wife. Hartling had written her that as England was showing the white feather she had better go back to Germany. He argued in like manner when he saw her. Just before the last curtain she heard a newsboy cry: "England declares war." That determined her. She could be proud of her native country. As the time of action in the fourth act is given as Aug. 4, 1914, this ending was and would now be more effective than the one devised for the American girl. This, however, is a minor point.

The play as performed last night is interesting, especially so to those who have lived in northern Germany. The Germans on the stage are familiar types to them. There is the amiable, much enduring Frau Kolbeck, who has slaved humbly, gratefully for her husband, the major. There are Sophie and Erika, sly, prying, envious young girls, ready to fall, with a leer, into any officer's arms. There is the domineering and terrible wife of the colonel. There are the Prussian officers from Hartling, who weds Margaret, the American, neglected at home, believing in German simplicity, friendliness and truthfulness, to the lieutenants that drop in at Margaret's of an afternoon and strut their hour.

The implicit belief of these officers and their women in the supremacy of Germany and all things German, in the high and holy station of a Prussian lieutenant, in the superiority of Germans in all walks of life, and the characteristics of the modern German are brought out in the course of the play, in dialogue and in action.

Margaret, wishing to make her drawing room attractive, after poor old Frau Kolbeck had made it hideous, desirous of making herself attractive, brings down the wrath of the colonel's wife on her head. Whatever she does is wrong, because it is not done in the German way. She is constantly reminded that woman is an inferior animal; she should spend hours in the kitchen; she should have no opinions of her own. Hartling loves her "in the German fashion." Margaret describes his love as bestial, for she is the daughter of the fastidious art-collector Mr. Tinworth, not a cave woman by nature.

She rebels; she cannot brook Mrs. von Rapp's insolent advice and admonition. Because she will not grovel at her feet, Margaret is nearly strangled by her husband, who fears that his career is ruined by her spirited defiance. Then she leaves him.

The play is an indictment of German insolence, arrogance, sensuality, brutality. It is also an indictment of German house furniture, wall paper, pictures and, above all, red plush. It is a study of atrocious manners. Whether Margaret, having married a Prussian with her eyes open and against her father's will, might not have shown more tact, and on some occasions, better manners, is a question not idly to be dismissed. If it had been said to her that a wife's duty is to help her husband, she would have replied that it is a German husband's duty to put the glory of Germany and his regiment above all other obligations. Thus would we go back to the doctrines of the later German historians and philosophers.

The life in the small garrison town was well portrayed. Mr. Onslow played the part of Hartling with striking fidelity to the type; forcibly and in a convincing manner. The other officers were well differentiated in little matters of detail. The German women were capitally represented from Frau Kolbeck and the colonel's wife to Elsa, and the young girls. Miss Milton's experience and ability were shown in a comparatively small part.

Lady Chetwynd's first act was disappointing. She improved as the play went on, but it is easy to imagine the part acted in a way to excite greater sympathy.

H. B. H. of Boston writes: "If a man had insulted or spoken lightly of your wife would you seek to compel him to kiss her as an act of reparation? If so, then you will understand the viewpoint of those 'patriots' in various parts of the country who are forcing Germans to kiss the flag."

Eschatological

As the World Wags:

The Boston Herald and Journal, being bent on disseminating information on all subjects, will be glad to share with its readers the following eschatological assertion from a local paper:

"—— — ——, aged 69, who had sailed the seven seas and visited many climes, although the past 17 years or so of his declining years were passed in Brockton, journeyed across the silent river into the final port at the Brockton Hospital on Wednesday evening."

Milton. A. D. S.

As the World Wags:

There exists in Boston a most excellent example of the efficacy and the possibilities in camouflage. Near the top of the tower of the Baptist Church at the corner of Clarendon street and Commonwealth avenue, just below the openings there is a bas relief of figures, the existence of which is probably unknown to many passers-by.

Because of the variegated color of the blocks of stone, and of the many longitudinal lines of mortar between the blocks on which the figures are carved, these figures are ordinarily entirely invisible. After a sleet storm, or one of wet, clinging snow, all the masonry lines being covered, the unbroken mass of white lends itself to form from the juxtaposition of high light and delicate shadow, and one looks upon an ornamental frieze of figures where none had before existed so far as the observer knew.

Would it not be an excellent and practicable idea to paint the whole frieze a flat light color harmonizing with the color of the church, thereby eliminating the disturbing lines of mortar and allowing the bas relief to assert its existence? F. S. S.

Boston.

In Old Boston

As the World Wags:

The passing of the venerable Living Age into the hands of the Atlantic Monthly Company recalls a story that was current in the early days of the periodical when its character was not generally understood by many who resided in the rural "decstricts" that then surrounded Boston, but which, long ago, became a part of our present municipality, or arrived at the dignity of being cities themselves. From one of these onlying places one day in the early forties of the last century came a countryman who in passing along Tremont street saw the sign "The Living Age" staring at him conspicuously from the other side of the thoroughfare. This excited his wonder and he pondered long concerning its meaning. At last curiosity compelled him to seek out its significance, and, entering the door above which the legend was displayed, he astonished the attendant in the office with the remark: "I want to see the Living Age—what's the price?" He was politely informed that the animal he sought was non-existent, and he departed with the exclamation: "These city fellers have darned curious names for their books about literatoor."

This brings back an incident concerning the introduction of the Cochituate water into Boston a few years later, when Jamaica Pond had ceased to give a sufficiency of nature's cleansing liquid for the accommodation of housekeepers who could not use for washing purposes the hard water that came from the pumps which were distributed sparsely throughout the comparatively small city. The name Cochituate was then given to various things and places. One intrepid hotel keeper who dispensed from his bar many drinks that were not suggestive of aqua pura, boldly established a branch public inn, which he called the Cochituate House. A maid was sent from the main establishment to do some cleaning at the new departure. She lost her way on her search for her destination and returned with the excuse that she could not find the place. "But why didn't you ask someone to direct you?" was the natural query that met her assertion. "Oh, indade then," was the response. "I was ashamed to ask for the Go-cheat-away House." As the scruh-girl was a new arrival in the land of liberty, her mistake was no cause of wonder.

Dorchester. BAIZE.

1922

Hats Off!

[illegible]
[illegible] no more than justice to [illegible] scarcely [illegible]

[illegible] will please remove their hats. [illegible] doing you will not only add to [illegible] comfort but you will greatly [illegible] those who are so unfortunate [illegible] to sit behind you."

GAYLORD QUEX

COPLEY THEATRE—Henry Jewett Players in "Charley's Aunt," a farce in three acts by Brandon Thomas.

Jack Chesney .... N. Murray Stephen
Brassett .... Cameron Matthews
Charles Wykeham .... Nicholas Joy
Lord Fancourt Babberley.. ..Leon Gordon
Kitty Verdun .... Viola Roach
Amy Spettigue .. .. ..Beatrice Miller
Col. Sir Francis Chesney,
H. Conway Wingfield
Stephen Spettigue...... Fred W. Permain
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez,
Jessamine Newcombe
Ella Delahay. .. ..Dorie Sawyer

"Charley's Aunt," probably the most popular farce in the history of the English-speaking stage, has been played around the world in many languages. When first produced at Bury St. Edmunds, Feb. 29, 1892, W. S. Penley created the title role, and much of the play's success was due to his acting. The following December it was presented in London at the Royalty Theatre, where it ran for 1466 consecutive performances. In this production the author played Col. Sir Francis Chesney, a character which he continued to impersonate at intervals until the end of his career. Jack Chesney was played by Percy Lyndal, long a member of the Lyceum company. Miss Nina Boucicault was the first Kitty Verdun. Last December it was revived at the St. James Theatre, London. Kenneth Kent in the leading role followed much of the traditional business associated with the sham aunt, but emphasized the fact that Lord Fancourt Babberly was, like Jack and Charley, a rollicking undergraduates, who enjoyed practical joking and was himself wildly in love.

The Henry Jewett Players have made no attempt to modernize the farce. All the original soliloquies and asides are retained. Yet the humor is as fresh, as spontaneous, as irresistible as in other days. There is no question about the play's ability to stand the test of time. Mr. Gordon makes the most of every opportunity provided by the title role. His clever performance is but another evidence of a versatility displayed in many roles throughout the season. As the supposed Donna Lucia his clowning was never forced. His simulation of feminine coquetry was genuinely amusing. So was his dismay when confronted by two elderly and persistent suitors. The chums, Jack and Charley, were played with true boyishness by Mr. Stephen and Mr. Joy. Miss Roach and Miss Miller were charming opposites, while Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Permain gave excellent and realistic portraits of Col. Chesney and Mr. Spettigue. Miss Newcombe's Donna Lucia, Miss Sawyer's Ella Delahay and Mr. Matthews's Brasset, the Napoleon of finance at St. Olde's, were all well within the picture. In fact, the whole company entered heartily into the spirit of the farce. A very large audience filled the theatre and general hilarity prevailed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Our Boys in France." The cast:

Mrs. Darrow................Camilla Crume
Kate Darrow, her daughter,
Mercedes Lorenze
George Darrow, her son..Joseph McManus
Philip Drake.............James L. Crane
Colonel Frank Stace.......Robert Fischer
Harry Whitmer.........James Dyrenforth
Fritz Mueller....................Arthur Klein
Mailman ....Henry Dawson
Doctor Mueller..........Claude H. Cooper
Rose Matern.............Sue MacManamy
Mrs. Noe.......................Kate Blair
Mr. Noe.................Frank Harriman
Claudius Noe..................Marcy Breuer
Rev. Dr. Saphore.......George E. Murphy
Lieut. Hermancer..........Charles Martin
Col. Luffenberg...............True S. James
Victor Belois............Richard Barrows
Mariel Dandoy..............Marion Coakley
Monsieur Dandoy............Harry Jackson
Sergeant ....Charles A. Sellon
Col. Dodd Beane.............David Landau
Lieut. Frank Upham..........John Blake
First Soldier...............Jimmy McCann
Second Soldier..........William C. Loyd
Bomb Thrower............Harry D. Mack
Joe ....Harvey Carter
Davis ....Joe Bird
Tucker ....Charlie Blair
Belgian Woman.....................Alice May

This is frankly a melodrama, designated as "The big, patriotic melodrama." It is full of scenes and thrills, of sentimental platitudes and stirring scenic effects. It is a war play in war time. If the test of a production is that it "gets under the skin" of the audience, produces thrills and tears and applause, then "Our Boys in France" is a success. From the rise of the curtain on the first scene where the pacifist idea is discussed and overcome, through the spectacular bombing raid, the fight in the air and the night in the trenches, until the last scene when the spy is exposed, the Hun is beaten and virtue is triumphant, there is not a dull minute. Careful critics might cavil at some of the dialogue and some points in the construction of the play, but the plain human people who want to see something that treats of the things every person is thinking about will attend this and enjoy it.

All the scenery and mechanical effects were designed and invented by Lincoln J. Carter, and these in themselves are carefully presented so that they give as realistic a reproduction as is possible on the stage of what is actually going on in Flanders and all along the fighting line.

In a sense the play itself is incidental to the scenery and spectacular effects, but after all "the play's the thing," and this is a production that deserves praise. It is well constructed, on the whole, and the producing company does it justice.

NAN HALPERIN IS KEITH'S HEADLINER

Nan Halperin, in a character song cycle, music and lyrics by William S. Friedlander, is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and one of the most enthusiastic audiences of the season.

Miss Halperin depicts four stages in the life of a girl—the simpering kid, the grammar school graduate, the bridesmaid and the bride. The act is far removed from the conventional acts of this kind. There is the combination of a pleasing singer, a pertinent accompaniment of facial play that is something more than mere grimacing, and an intelligent differentiation of the four periods depicted.

An extra feature of the bill was a riotous boost for the Liberty loan. George Webb proved the best producer of the long list of boosters that have held the stage at this theatre in the last few weeks. Quick to seize every opportunity, the while injecting his remarks with a nice vein of comedy, he made an impassioned appeal that brought about the sale of $55,950 for the evening.

Other acts were Charlie Chaplin in his newest comedy-drama, "A Dog's Life," written and produced by the comedian and the first release from his own company; Lew Brice and the Barr Twins, in a singing and dancing specialty; Jimmy Hussey, assisted by William Wormsley, in a military playlet; "The Bonfire of Old Empires," a patriotic melodramatic act; Jay Gould and Fay Lewis in a comedy and dancing act; the Pollard Musical Comedy Company in a nautical comedy; Horn and Ferris, vocalists, and Maximillian's Educated Canine Pupils.

May 1 1918

Clancy Invictus

As the World Wags:

Frothingham Clancy! Though not familiar with the life or works of this quasi-illustrious poet, his name, inscribed upon your towering column, has become known to me; and something tells me that, quite by accident, I may have unearthed one of his productions, hand made, hitherto unknown to literature. It is a strange story. At Ford Hall last winter I frequently met a moody, masterful gentleman, whom, I judged from external evidence, to have been a compatriot of Mr. Clancy's. We used to walk from the meetings together, and we often discussed the speaker—that is, he discussed and I, less voluble than he, talked only whenever I could get a chance. One rainy Sunday afternoon he seemed particularly gloomy. I inquired the reason. He told me that he had never been wholly light-hearted since a dear friend of his, "a wonderful pote," had deceased, or "croaked," as he termed it. "I've a seegar box full of his pomes," he said, "and some day—" Here he broke off suddenly, with a click in his voice, and asked me would I lend him ten? As I did not have that amount with me, we compromised on three; and I handed him the money and my card, which he accepted with tolerant disdain. There was a pause. "I trust that Adversity has not dealt roughly with you," I said, not being able to think of anything else. "Adversity be domned!" replied he, waving aloft the three bills, and passed from my view forever. For I have never seen him since. But on the following day I received by mail a soiled sheet of letter paper on which was pencilled a short poem. The writing does not seem to be of recent date, and the paper is crumpled and has evidently been used to wipe a pipe-cleaner. Below the last line are two initials, almost illegible, which, after careful study on my part, seem almost to resolve themselves into something more like F. C. than anything else. Is it possible that my anonymous rebtor and creditor—for I value the poem—can have presented to me a genuine Clancy? I hasten to submit it to your discriminating judgment. It runs thus:

ADVERSITY BE DOMNED

All in the murk
Of pallid twilight's hopeless fearsomeness
We stand,
Me and Adversity—
Us two alone.
He gibbers at me,
And his loathly fingers work
Like he would throt me.
Do I duck? Or beat it?
I do not.
But, rolling up me sleeves
And spitting on me broad and hissing palms,
With one supreme, stentorian hoorroos!
I jolt him one; then two; then half a dozen;
And leave him oozing through his broken slats.
"Adversity" you call that gink?
G'wan! You make me sick!
His cognomen is Mud. Just Mud,
High Mucky-muck
In the United Order of Gloom Up-beaters
Am I.
Hope is me middle name.

The poem seems too metrical and regular to be likely to be deemed a good example of free verse by our own authoritative high-priestess. Perhaps "free and easy" would better describo it. Do you think it may safely he attributed to Mr. Clancy?
ENOCH MOLLIVER.
Malden.

Information Wanted

As the World Wags:

What is the law and the custom with regard to the execution of criminals? I have hitherto understood that the court fixes a certain day, and specifies hours between which the execution shall take place. For example, I understand that on Dec. 30, 1768, in Portsmouth, N. H., Miss Ruth Blay was hanged for the crime of infanticide. The hangman was Sheriff Thomas Packer. She had been reprieved three times and a fourth reprieve, or perhaps pardon, was on the way at the time of the execution. By what seems to me a very singular exercise of authority the court gave the sheriff four hours, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M., in which to carry out the dread sentence of the law. It appears that the sheriff, instead of allowing the poor creature to live as long as the law would permit, as a humane man would have done, and fearing lest his dinner would be cold, actually hung the poor girl soon after 10 o'clock. Hardly had the last convulsions ceased in the victim's frame, when a messenger arrived upon a foaming horse, bringing a reprieve or pardon. When these facts became known, the wrath of the people was aroused, and was terrible. The merciless old hangman came very near being lynched. And yet he was within the law. The execution could not be regarded as illegal, although most inhuman.

What I wish to learn is this: What has been the law and the usage with regard to the execution of criminals in the commonwealth of Massachusetts? Has the court generally fixed the day on which, and the hours between which, the penalty of the law is to be inflicted? If not, who does fix the time as above? Does the warden do it? Have there been, since colonial times, any changes in the law or the usage, in relation to the foregoing particulars? If so, what were the changes? Some of your many readers, who are learned in the law, may be able to answer the questions offered.
J. W. H.
Centre Tuftonboro, N. H.

ACTORS' FUND

The annual Actors' Fund Benefit was held yesterday afternoon at the Colonial Theatre, which was crowded in every part. The proceeds of the performance amounted to $4200.

There was a long and varied program. Attractions now playing at leading Boston theatres were generously represented, while Daniel Frohman, president of the fund, Miss Julia Arthur and E. H. Sothern came to Boston specially for the occasion.

Patriotism Features

Miss Mary Desmond, who sang "The Star Spangled Banner," gave the first of several patriotic numbers that were a feature of the afternoon. These included "Over the Sea Boys," by Irving Berlin, sung by Tyler Brooke with members of the "Toot Toot" and "So Long Letty" companies and 100 naval reserves from Commonwealth Pier.

Mr. Sothern, fresh from his trip to the front, told of his experiences while reciting the closet scene from "Hamlet" during an air raid. He read Allan Seeger's "Ode to American Volunteers Fallen in Battle" and two other stirring patriotic poems. The actor expressed Miss Julia Marlowe's regrets at her inability to appear, owing to indisposition.

Julia Arthur Recites

Miss Julia Arthur, who has lately been indefatigable in her efforts in behalf of the Liberty loan, recited "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The actress, a striking figure in the costume of the Stage Women's War Relief, read the lines with thrilling fervor. The impression was enhanced by the eloquent beauty of her voice.

Among the comedy features was a sketch, "The Honeymoon," by Aaron Hoffman, presented by Beatrice Noyes, Donald Gallaher and John Harwood of "The Country Cousin" company.

Other Notables Present

Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Alfred Lunt gave an entertaining "One Word" sketch by Frank C. Egan. Further comedy was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in "How They Make Motion Pictures." Patricia Collinge and Oswald Yorke in "A War Episode" and Charlotte Greenwood and Eddie Garvie in a travesty of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Lady Chetwynd and Miss Beatrice Herford also appeared, while vaudeville was represented by Leo Brice and the Barr Twins, Horn and Ferris, Nan Halperin and others.

May 2 1918

The Boston Herald and Journal published on April 27 a dispatch from Springfield which stated that on the preceding day the first cottage cheese luncheon in the United States was served by the Springfield Rotary Club at the Hotel Worthy. "The organization is the first to espouse the government's cottage cheese propaganda in aiding food conservation."

Mr. John A. Tufts of Exeter, N. H., sends us the bill of fare for the luncheon at New Hampshire College, Durham, on April 10. The bill reads as follows:

"U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, Dairy Division and Home Economics Department, New Hampshire College, April 10, 1918:

LUNCHEON MENU.

First Course—Astonishment:
Cream of Cottage Cheese Soup.
Corn Crisps.
Second Course—Interest:
Cottage Cheese Loaf.
Baked Potaoes.
Barley Muffins.
Whey Honey.
Third Course—Admiration:
Cottage Cheese Salad.
Corn Crisps.
Fourth Course—Devotion:
Cottage Cheese Tarts.
Coffee.

Clancy and Hutchins

As the World Wags:

Like the haunting echoes of a fairyland bell of silver, the tones of Frothingham Clancy come to me from the eternal silences. I knew him well. I have a few scraps of his verse. They are all too sacred for the garish light of day, and, mute witnesses of the beatings of a great heart, they adorn the walls of my billiard room. Even the butler gazes at them with reverence. "Archy to Hermione," they are entitled. One night, when an over-exuberant house-guest thrust the handle of his cue through the middle of a poem, honest Meadows, who had been serving cooling drinks, burst into tears and hurried from the room quite overcome, his great form quivering to his dolorous lamentations.

Withal, Clancy had simple tastes, even low at times. He was a compeer of the late Professor Hutchins, another great soul. But where Hutchins was profound and respected, Clancy was inspired and idolized. What Hutchins did with the tap-tap-tap of his stick, Clancy did with a few strokes of his pen. It was Clancy who put into verse that best known of Hutchins's speeches, than one ending: "Look at him! Gaze on him! Regard him with awe! The ossified man, from the Latin 'os,' meaning bone. The Latin language is dead, but the ossified man still lives. Oh God, 'tis wonderful! Oh God, 'tis wonderful!" The versified speech is replete with onomatopoeic lines.

On one occasion, I grieve to say, Clancy and Hutchins quarreled. Hutchins was engaged in that famous introduction, running: "Look at her, ladies and gentlemen! Perfect, perfect, plu-perfect! Little Alice was nurtured gently in a placid vale on the upper reaches of the meandering Charles, and there she has lived her sheltered life. The ripple of the waters is in her throat. To see her is to love her. To hear her is to adore her forever." In the midst of the eulogy, Clancy interrupted, with: "You're a liar, Hutchins. She didn't come from any village on the river. She's from up Dover street way." But Hutchins gazed down on him benignly and merely replied: "Nevertheless, Little Alice will now render: 'White Wings.'"

Poor Hutch! Poor Clancy! Is Hutch pointing out the glories of Michael's flaming sword? Does Clancy write Sapphic strophes on the glitter of Peter's keys of metals twain? It must be that they are still together in a gentler clime, a more propitious land, a haven where the heavens are a deeper blue and the waters more limpid.
PAUL PRATT.
Cabin John, Washington, D. C.

Long Life and the Lungs

As the World Wags:

Permit me to express complete disagreement with Mr. Abel Seaman, your Brookline contributor. I concede his wit. He only cites the life insurance test—doesn't necessarily endorse it. Is a bore long-lived? The answer of A. Seaman may be this: "Yes—long windlong life. Why not?" Again I demur. A bore in a club or at the tea-table, male or female, may be an affliction, but there are instances, one, at least, cited by Suetonius, I think, where an untrammelled Syrian talked himself (or herself) to death. I appeal to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist, for confirmation of this. A Torontonian in 1884 is said to have tickled herself to death by swallowing a feather. Odd takings off these—but think of the in-

tant fatally scalded in St. Louis in February, 1897, by the explosion of a mince pie. Verily, we live in troublous times.
Boston. WILLIAM B. WRIGHT.

Outnumbered

To be outnumbered, as we have been, on the line attacked, seems the predestined fate of the British army. The South African war cannot count, because of the wide area and scattered fighting comprehended. But in matters more correspondent with present circumstances, the conditions were the same. Wellington said that Talavera was the only battle in which he had a numerical superiority, and that only by counting the Spaniards, who, for all their fine personal gallantry, lacked leadership. At all his other battles, he said, he had the fewer men. "At Salamanca I had 40,000 men, and the French perhaps 45,000. At Vittoria I had 60,000 against 70,000. At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me. I had 56,000 to 58,000; Napoleon had near 80,000. The whole army in the south of France under my command was considerably larger than the force of Soult at the battle of Toulouse, but in numbers actually employed in that battle I had less than he." Small battles, compared with today's, yet Salamanca relieved the whole of southern Spain, changed the entire character of the war and was felt even in Russia.—London Daily Chronicle.

There is a disturbing rumor in literary circles that Frothingham Clancy, South Boston's bard, is still on earth; that the report of his death came from his publishers, who even went so far as to appoint a literary executor, the excellent Professor Deedledum. His name, it was thought, would at once aid in disposing of the volumes still unsold. We are loath to credit the rumor, yet letters of correspondents are not easily explained, unless some minor poet is masquerading as the lamented Clancy. Last Saturday there was not a volume of Clancy's poems to be found in any bookshop. We are informed that no copies are now obtainable in New York.

N. E. CONSERVATORY GIVES GOOD CONCERT

The New England Conservatory quartet, Ignace Nowicki, violin; Paul T. White, viola, and Virginia Stickney, violoncello, gave a concert at Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows: Mozart, Quartet in C major (Kochel 465); Beethoven, Serenade in D major, op. 8; Schumann, Quartet in A minor, op. 41, No. 2.

The players revealed an agreeable quality of tone and a fine mastery of their instruments. They played with marked precision and unity, while they brought to their interpretations the vigor and enthusiasm of youth.

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.

"Antonius Clansius, a bookseller at Pisa, putting off a shirt which was made straiter to his body than usual, flames were seen to issue from his back and arms, and that also with a crackling noise, to the affrightment of the whole family. The truth of this is attested as well as the history related by Fortunius Liceius, that great philosopher of his age, in the second book and 18th chapter of his Commentary of the Causes of Monsters."

"De Monstris" was published in quarto at Amsterdam in 1665. Liceius also wrote learned treatises on old rings, new stars and comets, ancient lanterns. Mr. Herkimer Johnson has assured us that these treatises are well worth reading. They are among the books that have helped him.

We are not told how long Sig. Clansius had worn his shirt. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, if he were to annotate the "De Monstris" of Liceius, would quote a passage in Lord Herbert of Cherbury's autobiography: "It is well known to those that wait in my chamber that the shirts, waistcoats and other garments I wear next my body are sweet beyond what either can easily be believed or hath been observed in any else, which sweetness also was found to be in my breath above others, before I used to take tobacco, which toward my latter time I was forced to take against certain rheums and catarrhs that trouble me, which yet did not taint my breath for any long time."

And Plutarch, writing of Alexander, said: "I remember I red also in the commentaries of Aristoxenus that his skin had a marvelous good savor, and that his breath was very swete, insomuch that his body had so swete a smell of it selfe, that all the apparell he wore next unto his body, tooke thereof a passing delightfull savor as if it had been perfumed. And the cause hereof peradventure might be the very temperature and constitucion of his body, which was hot and burning like fire. For Theophrastus is of opinion that the sweete savor commeth by meanes of the heate that dryeth up the moisture of the bodie. By which reason also it appeareth that the drie and hot countries pearched with heate of the summer, are those that deliver unto us the best spices. * * * This natural heate that Alexander had made him (as it appeareth) to bo given to drinke."

Is it not, then, probable that Sig. Clansius of Pisa, being of a hot constitution, gave off flames in the act of doffing his shirt instead of perfuming delectably the air of his chamber?

Sailors' Chanties

As the World Wags:

I read a review of a book on sailors' chanties. A few specimens of the best known ones were given. When a lad I heard a number, but can recall not many. If you can, I wish you could give us a short article on the old chanty. I recall one I have not seen published. It went about as follows:

I wish I was in New York city,
Haul away on the bowline, haul,
For there the girls are all so pretty,
Haul away, my hearties.

Hero is a Mississippi River Rousters' chanty:

I roosted on the Natchez, and on the R. E. Lee,
I roosted down the Olive Branch,
Oh dats the boat for me.
Oh my gal, oh my gal,
Oh Katy bar de door.
I went down to Memphis and cut myself plum loos;
I went down to Memphis and got in the calaboos,
Oh! my gal! Oh! my gal!
Oh! Katy bar de door!

Westminster. S. HARROCKS.

Authorship Doubted

As the World Wags:

Mr. Frothingham Clancy refilled his pipe and sprawled back against the warm southern wall of Fort Independence. "Dennis," said he, "'tis a fine afternoon. 'Tis an afternoon to inspire any man. Dennis, me boy, write this." And Mr. Clancy dictated me the following poem, which he pleased to call

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

When the heart of a mortat grows weary
In the struggle and stress of the day,
In the fight to accomplish perfection,
Which ceaselessly slippeth away;
Let him think, when the sun sinks slowly,
And he climbs to his narrow nest
That return he must
From his house of dust
To the shape which suits him best.

For the teacher returns as a book-worm,
And the student comes back as a lark;
The man who takes care of the fish trust
Reappears in the skin of a shark;
The society girl is a poodle,
The boozer turns up as a whale,
And the raw-boned John
Who mows the lawn
Lives under the shell of a snail

So though the horizon is troubled
With the storm-clouds dark array,
Let him think on his future existence,
When he shall receive his pay.
For the deeds he has done as a human,
And the good he has rendered man
Shall for him win
An appropriate skin
And he shall exist again.

Wollaston. SATYROS.

SYMPHONY ENDS 37TH SEASON

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 37th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mr. Schmidt conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, "Eroica" symphony; Bach-Bachrich, Prelude, Adagio and Gavotte for strings. Berlioz, Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini."

The program for this concert first stood as follows: Tschaikowsky, Suite No. 3; Beethoven, "Eroica" Symphony. It was changed to Shubert's "Unfinished" symphony and Beethoven's "Eroica." Shubert's Sympony was substituted for Tschaikowsky's Suite, it was said, because it is a favorite composition of Maj. Higginson. Again there was a change. The little Suite of Bach was exhumed, and Berlioz's Overture was added, although it was performed here last season.

The concert will be repeated tonight.

These compositions were played in the course of the season for the first time in Boston: Symphonies by Alfven, Carpenter and Dukas; a tragic overture by Davison (first performance); a suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe." Mme. Leginska played Lyapounoff's first piano concerto; Mr. Ferir played d' Indy's Lied for viola (originally violoncello) and orchestra. Mr. Sand played the whole of Mozart's clarinet concerto. Miss Garrison sang Zerbinetta's air from Richard Strauss's "Ariadne on Naxos."

Liszt's "Prometheus"; Chausson's "Poeme" for violin and orchestra, and Saint-Saens's Havanaise for violin and orchestra were performed for the first time at these concerts.

In the number of compositions performed Beethoven led with eight, Mozart came next with six, Berlioz and Sibelius followed with five apiece, Brahms four, Debussy four, Saint-Saens four, Cherubini two, Dvorak two, Goldmark two, Handel two, Haydn two, Rachmaninoff two, Schumann two, Tschaikowski two. Ravel's suite was was performed twice. The other composers represented by one composition were: Alfven, Bach, Balakereff, Carpenter, Chadwick, Charpentier, Chausson, Chopin, Davison, Dellus, Dittersdorf, Dohnaanyi, Dukas, Enesco, Grieg d'Indy, Lalo, Liapounoff, Liszt, MacDowell, Mendelssohn, Rameau, Ropartz Scriabin, Smetana, Strauss, Svendsen Wagner, Wallace, Wolf.

The singers were: Mmes. Garrison and Melba; Mr. McCormack.

The pianists were: Mmes. Leginska, Nash, Novaes; Mr. Gabrilowitsch.

The violinists were: Miss Seydel; Messrs. Noack, Witek, Zimbalist.

Viola: Mr. Ferir.

Violoncellists: Messrs. Malkin, Warnke.

Clarinet: Mr. Sand.

Mmes. Garrison, Leginska, Nash, Novaes, Seydel appeared at concerts with the orchestra in Boston for the first time. Mr. Sand, a member of the orchestra, appeared as a soloist for the first time. Messrs. Ferir, Malkin, Noaek, Warnke and Witek were members of the orchestra.

The programs of the season were not so brilliant, not so interesting, as in former years. Of the new compositions, Ravel's suite made the most immediate and also durable impression. No doubt the attention paid to the three extra concerts with chorus was somewhat injurious to the regular subscription concerts.

The list of works performed shows in a way the influence of the war. Yet no one would probably have objected if a symphonic poem by Strauss had been performed. On the other hand there was no excuse for the performance of Bruch's violin concerto, when Bruch's recent and foolish diatribes against our allies are considered.

Nor was the list of soloists a strong one on the whole. Out of 15 of them six were members of the orchestra. Mme. Garrison sang delightfully; Mme. Leginska played brilliantly a concerto of little worth. Miss Novaes was a very welcome, if belated visitor. Mme. Melba, Mr. McCormack and Mr. Gabrilowitsch always give pleasure.

After the departure of Dr. Muck, Mr. Schmidt, who was officially the assistant conductor, finished the season. For the conductor of next season's concerts several have been named. The men most worthy of consideration are Arturo Toscanini, Serge Rachmaninoff and Sir Henry Wood.

The Boston Herald and Journal has received several letters describing the war of words between Daniel O'Connell and a Dublin huckster woman. "J. W. H." of Centre Tuftonboro, N. H., merely states that the woman's name was Mrs. Moriarty. Mr. John P. Foley of Melrose writes a full account of the affair, unfortunately too long a description for this column. He quotes liberally from Daniel Owen Madden's "Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation." Mr. Edgar P. Howard of Brockton copies an account which, he says, was published in the Boston Herald of 30 years ago. This, again, is too long, we regret to say. As the World Wags:

The hero was not Dr. Johnson—see "Quidnunc's" letter—but Daniel O'Connell, as is related by Richard R. Madden in his "Revelations of Ireland." The story is too long a one to be quoted by me here in full, but I will give a few brief quotations to show its character. The heroine was not a fish-wife, but a huckster of Dublin, Biddy Morlarty by name. O'Connell bet with some friends that he would out-talk her. The debate began as to the price of a walking-stick. Among the mutual recriminations, O'Connell called the lady a "diagonal," a "radius," a "parallelogram"—"that she kept a hypothenuse in her house, and that all her neighbors knew that she had two diameters locked up in her garret," "and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday afternoon, you heartless old heptagon." To this was added the charges that she was a sub-multiple of a duplicate ratio and a blustering intersection of a superficies.

The final overwhelming denunciation is so good that I feel that I must quote it in full: "While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her, boys! There she stands—a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah! you're found out, you rectilinear-antecedent and equiangular old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping similitude of the bisection of a vortex!" O'Connell won the wager. The only easily accessible source for this story that I am aware of is "Half-hours with the Humorous Authors." Selected and arranged by Charles Morris. In four volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1890, vol. IV., page 391.

Taunton. SINCLAIR.

The heroine's name, we are told, was Biddy Morlarty. See how contradictory is human evidence. "Sinclair" names the author of "Revelations of Ireland" Richard R. Madden. Mr. Foley says the author was Daniel Owen Madden. The Madden of the "revelations" was Daniel Owen. The book was first published in 1848. R. R. Madden, M. D., who visited this country in 1835, was a voluminous writer.—Ed.

As Yet Unpublished

As the World Wags:

Cannot you persuade "R. L. W." to open that private package of historical data concerning Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler? We all knew and loved him in the late 60's; also his poetry, of which I remember but two lines:

"And the banner which, springing aloft like a cat,
Bears to Heaven the name of the great Daniel Pratt."

It would be a pity, if "R. L. W.'s" package contains such gems of poesy as this, that it should be lost to posterity. S. T.—1860—X.

Boston.

Fanny Herring

As the World Wags:

How did the myth originate about "the French actress, Fanny Herring"? Not long ago several Boston newspapers spoke of this noted Bowery player as "the French actress." Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson has something about this in his article on "Myths."

Boston. EARNEST SEEKER.

We regret to say that we never saw Fanny Herring on or off the stage. The late Col. Brown says that she made her first appearance at the Chatham Theatre, New York, on Oct. 21, 1847; but the colonel's dates are not always accurate. Mentioning the fact that she played Mose in "A Glance at New York" during the season of '53-'54, he said: "I first saw Fanny Herring as Jack Sheppard, and when I last spoke to her, she told me she had played the part 3000 times. She was the only woman who seemed to me to look and act a boy on the stage." Fanny died in 1906 at the age of 85. She was playing in New York at the Grand Central Theatre in "Little Buckshot," as late as 1881. Her mother made her first appearance in this country as Queen Elizabeth in "Richard III." with J. B. Booth as Richard and Henry Wallack as Richmond in November, 1831, at the Bowery Theatre. Fanny was versatile. M. B. Leavitt wrote of her: "She was a charming woman to do business with; had none of the foolish airs of some stars, and never failed in any of her engagements. When there was no longer a demand for her class of plays in the regular theatres, she went into the museums, not because of poverty, but because she had become old and was no longer sought for by managers as an attraction, despite her popularity. I relate this incident chiefly because it is such a fine illustration of the difference between the treatment of artists in England and America. There the older a favorite the greater the honor they receive."—Ed.

A correspondent in Lexington has sent to the Herald some interesting old programs. One is of the "positively last appearance of M. Jullien and his unrivalled orchestra" in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Jan. 13, 1854. This was the eighth concert after his return to Boston, the 119th in America. The program included the overture to "Massaniello," the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, selections from "La Sonnambula" with solos for violin, flute and cornet (Messrs. Hill, Reichert and Koenig); these quadrilles by Jullien—The Hungarian, The Royal Irish and The American. The last contained "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Our Flag Is There," "The Land of Washington," "Hail to the Chief," "Yankee Doodle," etc., concluding with a triumphant military finale, "arranged with 20 solos and variations," to be performed by 20 of M. Jullien's eminent solo performers. Mlle. Anna Zerr sang Horn's "I've Been Roaming"; the famous Bottesini played a fantasia on "La Sonnambula" for double bass; Reichert played an air and variations for flute, and the brothers Mollenhauer a duet for violins. Nor should Jullien's "Prima Donna" waltz be forgotten: "Composed expressly by command of the Queen of England, and performed at the court balls at Buckingham palace; the solos and cadenzas for cornet-a-piston performed by Herr Koenig." Tickets for the lower floor were 50 cents, for the balconies $1. That evening Jullien, according to the program, would make his "most positively" last appearance.

At this concert in the evening the overture to "Zampa" was played for the "first time." Did this mean at a Jullien concert, or for the first time in Boston? "The Sleigh" Polka by Jullien, descriptive of a sleigh ride and concluding with "Jordan's Hard Road to Travel," was "composed expressly for

...s ... n ... ...
...n City C... 1. Invocation, 2. ...us se entr...ine ..., 3. Dialogue ... o ...x. 4. ...oe... du bal ..., 5. Orage, 6. Le Retour. Lergen, violoncellist, made his first appearance, playing his own "Souvenir d'Europe", so did Stein·brugger, the horn player, with his own air and variations. There was a duet by Bottesini for double bass and clarinet. Anna Zerr sang an aria from "The Magic Flute." There was this delightful note on the bill: "The Queen of Night, in a perfect frenzy of rage and jealousy, invokes her daughter's aid to revenge, ...r, giving her a poignard, demands that she shall kill 'Sarosio' (sic) or never again be acknowledged as her daughter. In this Scena the highest notes ever heard from the human voice are introduced, and the composer has endeavored to musically delineate the passions of rage, despair, jealousy and revenge, in sounds that are scarcely human—he succeeded in producing a marvel of composition that stands unrivalled in its sublimity."

Poor Jullien! He died in a madhouse near Paris in 1860. He died wretchedly poor. His income from his concerts was very large, but he lost everything, partly through his desire to give operatic performances on a great scale, partly by the burning of Covent Garden Theatre, in which the whole of his music, his stock in trade—for his quadrilles were in MS.—was consumed. As an opera manager, he engaged Berlioz as conductor. Sims Reeves made his operatic debut under Jullien in "Lucia," Dec. 6, 1847. His orchestra visiting this country was a remarkable one, from all accounts. Not only were there famous solo players, but the band, as a whole, was excellent. Nor was Jullien, in spite of his famous shirt front, gigantic wristbands, mop of hair, and the gorgeous velvet chair into which he sank exhausted, a charlatan. "All pieces of Bechoven's were conducted with a jewelled baton, and in a pair of clean kid gloves, handed him at the moment on a silver salver." Yes, but the symphonies were played at his concerts in London, and played well.

A bill of the Boston Academy of Music, Jan. 3, 1860, announces the debut in Boston of Miss Adelina Patti. The cast was as follows, with Muzio conductor, and Theodore Thomas, leader:

Lucia	Adelina Patti
Fagardo	Sig. Brignoli
Ashton	Sig. Amodio
Raimondo	Sig. Muller
Arturo	Sig. Quinto
Alice	Mme. Morra
Norman	Sig. Ximenes

The bill gave the first position to a new chandelier:

"The new chandelier is of the most magnificent and tasteful description, and the largest ever used in any theatre, either in this country or in Europe. It has been manufactured by the eminent firm of Cornelius and Baker of Philadelphia, and placed in its position by their agents, N. W. Turner & Co. of this city."

On Jan. 4, 1860, "Ernani" was sung with Pauline Colson, Stigelli, Ferri, Susini. The prices for opera were then Reserved seats, $1.50; admission, $1; family circle, 50 cents; amphitheatre, 25 cents.

How many remember that the Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clothilde visited Boston in September, 1861? On the 25th, beginning at 5 P. M., there was a musical festival "at the Music Hall" in their honor. The program was as follows: National airs, music performed with orchestra and a choir of 200 children from the public schools; choral from "St. Paul"; orchestra. "Hallelujah" chorus from "The Messiah"; orchestra, One Hundredth Psalm. The journals of the time inform us that the late J. C. D. Parker played the organ voluntary; the band was the Germania. The national airs were "Partant pour la Syrie," the Sardinian national anthem and "Hail Columbia." Children waved little flags. What did the prince really think of the whole show?

Neighboring towns were not without musical entertainment. Does any one in Chelsea remember a concert given in its town hall on Nov. 27, 1855, by Maurice Stahl, balladist; Henry Mera, buffo; William Thurston, tenor; John K. Gardner, bass; H. M. Dow, pianist? The program was of a popular nature. "Cards of Admittance 15 cents. No postponement."

A newspaper clipping sent with these programs and others gives the words and music of a national anthem, "God Save the Union!" It was "composed in honor of the day set apart Jan. 4, 1861, by President Buchanan as a day of national fast and prayer for the preservation and peace of the Union; words and music by P. S. Gilmore.

God save our Union!
God save our land!
From all disunion
Keep heart and hand
True to our nation,
True unto Thee,
Lord of Creation,
Help us to be.

Father Immortal,
Our Sentinel,
Stand at the portal,
Guard our land well;
Bless us with reason
Peace to maintain,
Banish all treason
From our domain.

Calm all commotion
That may arise—
Increase devotion,
Strengthen our ties,
B... ... ...n mu...ion
O... ...ty band,
God ... ... Union
God save our land!

Cyril Scott, Composer, Writes Curiously About Music

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., of London, publish "The Philosophy of Modernism" (in connection with music), by Cyril Scott. It is a volume in "The Music-Lover's Library," edited by A. Eaglefield Hull. Charles Homeyer & Co. of Boston have imported copies of Scott's radical essays.

Much of the matter in this volume has appeared in magazines, even in the Occult Review, for Mr. Scott seems to hold "psychics" even Mme. Blavatsky, in profound respect. The color red correspondends to power, and yellow to intellect, so semi-tones are a midway shade between these and other colors. Mr. Scott quotes from Mme. Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine": "The best psychics * * * can perceive colors produced by the vibrations of musical instruments, every note suggesting a different color. As a string vibrates and gives forth an audible note, so the nerves of the human body vibrate and think in correspondence with the various emotions under the general impulse of the circulating vitality of Prana (cosmic energy), thus producing undulations in the psychic aura of the person, which results in chromatic effects." Yes, yes. And Mr. Scott, unmindful of Arthur Rimbaud and others before him, notes that vowels have corresponding colors perceptible to the psychic. Before we leave this little essay published as an appendix, let us note that lilac is "the hue of the highest spirituality." Inasmuch as Scriabin set a different table of color tones, Mr. Scott asks: "Whether he was a reliable psychic or merely an imaginative artist."

In the first chapter "Classicism, Romanticism, and Futurism," the author lays down the dictum that the requisite to immortality in art is the capacity to create something new, to invent a style. This capacity proceeds from a divine discontent, "Sufficient to prevent the man who posseses it from sinking in to that unprogressive lassitude so often associated with a good glass of port wine, a widow's cruse of tobacco and a rather soporific fireside." The man that thus sinks is a classicist, an exponent of pharisaism. No great genius was classical in his day. "What pedants call classicism is nothing but that transformation apparently brought about when the dust of yeara settles on what was once a romantic masterpiece." "In order to create something beautiful, one must create something new; and although it be good to admire those who have gone before, it is bad to imitate them." But because a thing is new it is not necessarily beautiful. A romanticist achieves in newness within limits. Romanticism is the most rational and productive attitude of great art. It is more fetterless than futurism.

Chap. II. "Originality as a Sense." The sense of originality, says Mr. Scott, is merely "the intensified consciousness of such weakness and tedium as arises from repetition and imitation." Max Reger "glamoured" the German public into believing he was a master.

In Chap. III. "The Psychology of Style," the author states that Percy Grainger's marked style shows his intense admiration for Kipling, as Schumann's shows his indebtedness to Jean Paul's romanticism. Wagner kept on inventing till the end. Grieg invented at the beginning and composed afterwarda; that is, he imitated himself from the moment he had found himself.

Chap. IV is a discussion of the faculty of unlearning. It is tolerably easy to learn, but to unlearn requires almost a genius.

Some will be shocked by radical statements in Chap. V: "Intellect and Simplicity." Beethoven for many is now merely an intellectual pleasure. "Wagner retains still that elevated sensuousness and all-thrilling rapture essential to the full and profoundest appreciation of music." A new thing kills an old one. "The aged often like the classics because they can understand them with ease, but the youthful often dislike the classics because they can understand them with too much ease, and to understand a thing too well is to feel tedium. Only the middle course in matters of comprehension can, therefore, be the pleasurable one." "Where is the serious-minded musician to be found who would subject himself to a hearing of the 'Messiah'? And yet, undoubtedly, at one time the 'Messiah' was a thing of beauty, and possibly, also, of intellectual complexity." Music is a more ephemeral art than literature.

The other chapters are entitled, "Musical Expressibility," "Form and Evolution," "Present-day Changes," "The Law of Recurrence," "Criticism and the Critical Faculty," "The Hidden Aspects of Music." As appendices are the articles "The Musical Constitution of England" and "Percy Grainger." Let us give in condensed form some of Mr. Scott's theories and opinions.

Music does not truly and actually express, beyond the few things that it really can mimic, those which many litterateurs and musicians would fain make it express. Beyond the limits of all things possible to imitate by sound, music ceases to express actually and truly anything but itself. That music "expresses the inexpressible, like most paradoxes is both true and untrue." Aristotle's phrase is true today: "Music expresses nothing but itself." Tradition means a dearth of greatness. The more subtle and heroic way to follow previous masters is "not by closely and accurately following in their musical footprints, but in their psychological ones; by imitating, not their forms, but their courage, their creative enterprise, their will to give to the world something that has never been given before." There is a law of recurrence in music. An old master, long laid aside, is resurrected. Echoes of his creative personality creep into modern work. Thus Mendelssohn resurrected J. S. Bach, whose harmonies are often unexpectedly modern, "much more 'discordant,' so to speak, than any of tho intervening masters till Chopin." Then there is a flavor of very early church music in modern music. "When a thing is sufficiently old, its effect, ond being resuscitated, is new again, so that, after all, a thing of beauty is a joy forever in one sense." The masters nearest oblivion are those who are neither old nor new. Many old melodies would be utterly spoiled for our modern ears if we reproduced them in their primitive thinness, as a Shakespearean play would be greatly marred if it were performed exactly as in Shakespeare's day. "The same thing applies when Europeans write 'Chinese' music. We write music which sounds Chinese but which is no more Chinese in reality than we ourselves are. If it were, it would probably be unbearable." It is not surprising to find Mr. Scott defending Mahler for the re-orchestration of Beethoven's music. Criticism has degenerated into "hole-picking," or a matter of ordinary newspaper reporting. It was an English musician who said: "I shall only begin to regard the English nation as a musical one when it makes war against barrel-organs and newspaper critics." Mr. Scott advances the old argument that unless a man can write a good symphony he should not presume to discuss the symphony of another. If the critic is a successful composer, the fact makes him the more untrustworthy. To found criticism on rules is to found it on tradition. "Tell me what newspaper you take, and I'll tell you what composers you admire." To get rid of personality in connection with genius is an affair of paramount difficulty. A genius understands his own work better than anybody else does.

This book of 135 pages is a provoking and a stimulating one; a book that should be read by all interested in music. It gives one the desire to be better acquainted with Cyril Scott, the musician, who is now known in Boston, chiefly by a piano sonata played by Mr. Ornstein, a few smaller piano pieces and some songs.

Edward Lankow's Treatise on How to Breathe Right

Mr. Edward Lankow of the Metropolitan and Boston opera companies is pleasantly remembered here, by reason of his uncommonly rich and noble voice and his skill as a singer. In a preface to "How to Breathe Right," published by Edward J. Clode of New York, he tells how he came to write the book.

"At the suggestion of Col. C. Hartmann, U. S. A., then stationed at Governor's Island, now in France, I lectured in May of this year (1917) before the signal officers' reserve corps, Eastern department. My subject was the science and practice of breathing, as especially adapted to the needs of officers in the service. Afterward, Col. Hartmann and other officers expressed their warm appreciation of the instruction given by me, and urged me to amplify it into a volume to serve as a textbook for practical, everyday use in the drilling of troops. I decided, however, to make the scope of the work general, for the instruction of all classes in the community, in the art of right breathing for health and strength. I have added also particular directions and exercises for the specific needs of soldiers and sailors, school children, singers, clergymen, public speakers and the sick."

Mr. Lankow at first gives a historical sketch of the art of breathing; how the Chinese and the Hindus developed a complex science, and used forms of breathing for the cure of various diseases; how the Greeks and Romans went further than the Orientals, for they set out to enlarge the chest cavity. As learning in the middle ages was in the hands of Monks, who warred against the body, the art was neglected and it died out. Mr. Lankow then discusses the importance of the art in peace and war as a prime factor in preserving health. "The habit of deep breathing makes one immune to the germs of various diseases * * * For a period of five years, I have made it a rule to dress in January exactly as in July—except in the matter of an overcoat. I go without underclothing. * * * As I gradually learned to take advantage of systematic breathing exercises, and thus to charge my blood abundantly with oxygen, the necessity for much clothing disappeared. Underwear grew to be uncomfortable. I found myself both happier and healthier without it. When I wore the heavier clothing in winter, I suffered from frequent colds. Now I am rarely troubled in that manner. If, through carelessness, I do catch cold, I am able easily to throw it off within 24 hours by means of extra practice in deep breathing, to... ...r with a short fast. I do not wish to infer that the heavier clothing is the cause of colds. My point is, rather, that the extra amount of oxygen I take into my body supplies the place of the garments formerly worn by me. Let me repeat that I do not advise anyone to experiment with the wearing of summer apparel in winter until after several years of systematic breathing exercises with consequent enriching of the blood. The matter like that of the cold bath, is one for individual discrimination."

Exercises in breathing are illustrated by photographs with plainly worded instructions. After special instructions for officers and soldiers, children and students are considered. There is a chapter for singers. Mr. Lankow believes that the tone which is formed of the least quality of breath is "the" tone. The diaphragm should be strengthened and hardened to such a degree that the control of the expiring breath is made easy. Then no matter how little breath is taken in, every part of it will be used in resonance. "It isn't er, how even a little breath is used. er,. how even a little breath is used." A thorough course in breathing will mean an improvement, even if the method of singing is otherwise faulty, for it will take some of the concentration from the throat and put it on the muscle which can more easily stand the pressure." Mme. Sembrich, Mons. Paul Plancon, Sig. Battistini and Sig. Bonci represent a school who could spin a pianissimo to a hair's breadth. Absolute diaphragm-control gave them this ability." In the few pages for clergymen and public speakers, Mr. Lankow speaks of the flexible, agreeable and magnetic voices of Dr. John Henry Jowett and Dr. Lyman Abbott.

The Story of Masefield's "Nan" in the United States

There have been many misstatements about the first performance in the United States of John Masefield's "Nan." The Dramatic Mirror, in August, 1917, said that this first performance was in Milwaukee that week or the week before. But the tragedy had been performed in New York over four years before that, and there had been a performance in Boston nearly a year before.

"Nan" was performed for the first time in the United States at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, at a matinee on March 25, 1912, by Miss Horniman's company from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, Eng. The company was on its way home from Canada. Irene Rooke played Nan; Milton Rosmer, Dick Gurvil; Charles Bibby, Gaffer Pearce; Mary Goulden, Jenny; Muriel Pratt, Kate Pargetter.

There was a Sunday night performance on Jan. 12, 1913, at the Hudson Theatre, New York, by the Stage Society. It was really a dress rehearsal for a matinee, a public performance at the same theatre on Jan. 13. The audience at the Sunday night performance was invited. A public performance of the tragedy had been scheduled for Dec. 15, 1912, but the police interfered. The performance on Jan. 12 began a few minutes after midnight, so that it did not come within the letter of the law. The actors had volunteered their services. Constance Collier played Nan; A. E. Anson, Dick Gurvil; Ivan Simpson, Gaffer Pearce; Mary Barton, Jenny; Alice O'Dea, Kate Pargetter. The matinee performance was for the benefit of the actors' fund and netted about $500. The executive committee of the Stage Society preferred that no criticism of the performance should be printed.

There were performances of "Nan" at the Plymouth Theatre, Boston, on April 29, 30 (evening and matinee) and May 2, 1913. Nan, Irene Rooke; Dick Garvil, Milton Rosmer; Jenny, Hilda Sims; Kate Pargetter, Isabel Beresford; Gaffer Pearce, Leonard Mudie.

"Nan" was written in the fall of 1907. It was produced under the direction of Granville Barker at the New Royalty Theatre, London, May 24, 1908. Lilah McCarthy took the part of Nan. This performance was of a private nature. The first public performance, with the same oast, was at the Haymarket, London, June 2, 1908. The play then was taken into Miss Horniman's repertory. There were revivals in London on Feb. 22, 1911, at the Court Treatre, and on May 16, 1911, at the Little Theatre: Nan, Lilah McCarthy; Dick, Claude King; Jenny, Mary Jerrold; Mrs. Pargetter, Helen Boucher; Gaffer Pearce, H. R. Hignett. Miss Horniman's company played the tragedy at the Court Theatre, London, May 22 and Aug. 30, 1913, with Irene Rooke and Milton Rosmer. At the latter performance Mr. Rosmer was called on for a speech. He had barely begun when a man in a box shouted: "The acting is great, sir! The acting is glorious!" Mr. Rosmer replied: "I am much embarrassed by the tremendous compliment this gentleman has paid us. Any inspiration our acting may have possessed is entirely due to this wonderful play of Mr. Masefield's."

Mr. Masefield wrote a preface for the first edition if his play. In it he says: "Tragedy at its best is a vision of the heart of life. The heart of life can only be laid bare in the agony and exultation of dreadful acts. The vision of agony, or spiritual contest, pushed beyond the limits of the dying personality, is exalting and cleansing. It is only by such vision that a multitude can be brought

to the passionate knowledge of thing lasting and eternal.

"Commonplace people dislike tragedy because they dare not suffer and cannot exult. The truth and rapture of man are holy things, not likely to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deathy path across history.

"The pietic impulse of the Renaissance is now spent. The poetic drama, the fruit of that impulse, is now dead. Until a new poetic impulse gathers, playwrights trying for beauty must try to create new forms in which beauty and the high things of the soul may pass from the stage to the mind. Our playwrights have all the powers except that power of exultation which comes from delighted brooding on excessive, terrible things. That power is seldom granted to man; twice or thrice to a race, perhaps, not oftener. But it seems to me certain that every effort, however humble, towards the achieving of that power helps the genius of a race to obtain it, though the obtaining may be 50 years after the strivers are dead."

Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and Its Appearance as a Film Play

To the Editor of the Herald:

"The Blue Bird" is being shown on the screen—film version, I believe they call it. Perversion, more likely. I have not planned to see it. The press agent, in one of his advance notices, makes this observation:

As wonderful a dramatist as Maurice Maeterlinck was, he would not be regarded as a person having any intimate knowledge of stage craft, if one was to judge from the manuscripts he wrote, particularly that of 'The Blue Bird,' the most wonderful of all his works recently transformed to the screen. * * * In writing 'The Blue Bird,' for example, Maeterlinck merely indicated or jotted down the most intricate and difficult stage directions, most of which required days and days planning in order to give the effect the poet desired. If, for example, he wished a stone to turn into a flower, he made a note of the fact and let the stage manager strive with the problem."

One might raise the question whether there lives a "wonderful dramatist" who possesses no intimate knowledge of stagecraft. Certainly it is absurd to accuse the author of "Pelleas and Melisande" and "Sister Beatrice" of such deficiency. Perhaps, however, the newspaper writer means that Maeterlinck was not versed in the technique of the movies. It is quite probable. Nevertheless now that "The Blue Bird" has fallen into the clutches of the camera men it is likely that sooner or later they will seize upon others of the Maeterlinck plays. They offer alluring possibilities. Imagine, if you can, what some of our movie queens would make of the second act of "Monna Vanna." Miss Garden's costume will then be forgotten.

As for the stage directions, I wonder whether the press agent ever read a Maeterlinck play. I know of no dramatist whose manuscripts, in this respect, offer more delightful reading—and I have read Shaw. To be sure, "Pelleas and Melisande" is almost Shakespearean in its brevity of scenic description, but most of the others are by no means meagre. Is not the description of the convent in "Sister Beatrice" sufficient? Are not the directions which accompany the miracle scene in the second act worth the reading?

As for "The Blue Bird," what is lacking in the picture given us of the wood-cutter's cottage, or of the palace of night, or of the palace of happiness, or the kingdom of the future? There is much that I should like to quote if space were granted, but the plays are accessible to any who care to read them. One extract I venture to set down as an example of Maeterlinck's stage directions—a paragraph from the first act of "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," in which the nurse, at Ariane's bidding, opens the forbidden door.

"The nurse springs backward, for while she is speaking the two leaves of the door glide of their own motion into lateral recesses, and suddenly disappear, disclosing a vast heap of amethysts piled up to the top of the doorway. Then, as though delivered suddenly from centuries of constraint, countless gems and jewels of every size and form, but all of the one substance, amethyst—necklaces, bracelets, rings, aigrettes, buckles, girdles, collars, diadems—fall like a crumbling mass of violet flames, and rebound as far as the further side of the hall; and, while the first to fall spread themselves over the marble flags, others, more and more numerous and more and more resplendent, begin to fall from all the mouldings of the enchanted vaultings, and flow therefrom continually with an incessant sound of living jewels."

A puzzler for the camera man, to be sure, but "Ariane and Barbe Bleue" was not written for the movies. Neither was "The Blue Bird."

PHINEAS PHIPPS.

Malden.

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

Joseph Brooks, the theatrical manager who died in November, 1916, left an estate of a net $300,000, as appears from the transfer tax appraiser's report last month.

Leslie Faber, the son-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones, was recently killed at the front. He played in the original production of "The White Feather" ("The Man Who Stayed at Home") in New York, also in "Diplomacy." He was born in 1879 and made his first appearance on the stage as a member of F. R. Benson's company. His first visit to the United States was in 1906.

"The Melting of Molly" will be turned into a musical comedy; book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly; music by Harold Orlob and Sigmund Romberg. Florence Nash will be in the company.

Bolossy Kiralfy's two children, Calvin, 11, and Varona, 7 years of age, appeared recently at Proctor's Palace in Newark, where they danced the famous Kiralfy dances created over 40 years ago by the Kiralfy brothers. These two children are the only representatives of the Kiralfy family on the stage in the present generation. They will be seen in New York this summer in a singing act. Dramatic Mirror, May 4.

Margaret Wycherley will appear in "The Thirteenth Chair" in Australia.

The Lambs Club of New York has passed a resolution that any member of the club who is an alien member of the government will be expelled.

"A. G. Rhodes," the author of "The Morals of Vanda," produced lately in London, is the actress Hazel May.

Dr. Clay detailed at the Northern Polytechnic yesterday some of the discoveries made in the course of the investigations carried out under the aegis of the Music Trades' Research committee. Important discoveries, he said, had been made in regard to sound-boards and string vibrations, and some of the results had been of the greatest possible value; but the benefits would not be made available to German or even to other manufacturers.—London Daily Chronicle, April 5.

Music-lovers in Hereford, one learns, are very much exercised over the recent sale to Christ Church, Oxford, for what is rightly described as the "paltry sum" of £100, of Barnard's selected church music, a cherished possession of the cathedral by reason of its being the most perfect set extant. In its complete form the famous collection of services and anthems was printed in 1641, and embraced the best of the church music in use in this country up to within a few years of the commonwealth, and a century or so ago no perfect copy of the work was known to exist, the least mutilated set being that—consisting of eight vocal parts—then in Hereford Cathedral. In 1862 the Sacred Harmonic Society acquired by purchase another set containing also eight vocal parts, including the two missing from the Hereford collection. The volumes embrace works by Tallis, Bird, Gibbons, Giles Farrant, Christopher Tye and others, and intimate friends of the late Dr. Sinclair recall his veneration for works of which, as the cathedral organist, he was the custodian. How the dean and chapter have come to part with so rich and rare a musical treasure is a mystery hardly explained by a statement in the Hereford Times to the effect that it is "understood" that the authorities "declined to spend the small sum of money required for the repair of the precious volumes." One gathers that every possible influence will be brought to bear upon them to repurchase the work and restore it to the cathedral library. — London Daily Telegraph, March 23.

The death has taken place suddenly at the age of 62 years of Mr. David Firangcon-Davis, the popular baritone, who had a most successful career on the concert platform and in oratorio. Born at Bethesda in Carnarvonshire, he went to Jesus College, Oxford, as a classical exhibitioner, and after graduating, took Holy Orders. He, however, left the church, and studied at the Guildhall School of Music under Richard Latter, and afterwards under Shakespeare and Randegger. He made his first appearance at a concert in Manchester in 1890, and in the same year won general approval for his rendering of the Herald in "Lohengrin" at Drury Lane with the Carl Rosa company. For some years he sang at most of the leading concerts in London and the provinces, as well as in oratorio and at festival concerts. For three years he appeared with equal success in Germany and Switzerland, and, returning to England in 1901, won the warmest encomiums in Elijah at the Queen's Hall, repeating the part at the Sheffield and Cardiff festivals of the following year. In 1903 Mr. Firangcon-Davis was appointed a teacher of singing at the Royal Academy of Music. He was the author of "The Singing of the Future."—London Daily Telegraph, April 16.

This famous house, at Hampton-on-Thames, which has just been commandeered by the military authorities, is intimately associated with the memory of the great actor. The house and grounds were purchased, in the middle of the 18th century by Garrick, who made considerable additions and improvements to the property. Robert Adam, the chief member of the family of celebrated architects, designed the alterations, and the gardens were laid out under the direction of Garrick. Originally called Hampton House, Garrick [illegible] faces the Thames, but the house [illegible] beyond the road, and is separated from the riverside part of the grounds. A passage cut under the road to the lawn (a suggestion, it is said, made by Dr. Johnson) gave access to "the Grecian rotunda, with an Ionic portico—a little, octagonal summer house by the river," where Roubiliac's statue of Shakespeare was formerly housed. The statue was bequeathed by Garrick to the British Museum. The Shakespeare statue was a commission from Garrick to the sculptor, Louis Francis Roubiliac. J. T. Smith, in his "Nollekens and His Times," states that Garrick agreed to give the sculptor 300 guineas for it, one of the conditions being that only the best marble should be used. Unfortunately, however, "the block turned out full of veins, which rendered the face so hideous to Mr. Garrick that he declared he could not put it up, as persons might ask, "What! was Shakespeare marked with mulberries?" Roubiliac assured Mr. Garrick that it was the best marble he could use for the price of the figure; but that, in order to make it agreeable to him, he would cut off the head, and replace it with another, carved from a fine, clear piece of marble, which he did, to the great pleasure of his employer. On the death of Mrs. Garrick in 1822 the statue was removed from the Hampton House to the British Museum.—The Stage.

On the Elizabethan stage all the players were males. If the war goes on much longer all the players on the Georgian stage will be females. Not one male appeared on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre yesterday afternoon, when the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art gave a public performance before many of the London managers and a large, friendly audience. And the men, to tell the truth, were not missed. In histrionics, no less than in other walks of life, women show themselves capable of taking the men's places. A female Giovanni, a female Paolo, a female Lysander and Demetrius, gave us all, or nearly all, the effect which males of equal talent and accomplishment could have given.—London Times, March 27.

mar 6 1918

A correspondent has sent to the Boston Herald and Journal the program of the annual exhibition of the Public Latin school of Boston at the hall of the Lowell Institute, May 24, 1856. These were the speakers for the Lawrence prizes: H. F. Allen, J. M. W. Hall, A. H. Clark, H. Waldron, H. Bumsted, S. P. Blagden, A. B. Poor, G. G. Wheelock, J. Ritchie, H. H. Hayden, W. H. Adams, L. W. Tappan, Jr., Edward Crowinshield, H. S. Shurtleff, W. C. Wood, G. G. Crocker, Edward Hale, J. E. Wright, G. B. Young, T. P. Smith. Mr. Smith was not a candidate, for he had already had the first prize.

The pieces spoken were by Shiel, Everett, Webster, G. P. R. James, Mitford, Pitt, Winthrop, Sumner, Sir Walter Scott, Kellogg— our old friend "Regulus at Carthage"—S. S. Prentiss, Stockton, Grattan, Palfrey, Kellogg again—our old and esteemed friend, "Spartacus to the Gladiators"—Mrs. T. P. Smith. The program stated that Mr. Young would speak Mirabeau's speech to the National Convention "in the original." Was Mr. Crocker's "Opposition to Mis-Government" his own composition? "Reply to Mr. McDowell—J. G. Palfrey." Who was this McDowell, and why was a reply necessary?

Pax Alma

As the World Wags:

Can you tell one, who reads with interest and value your admirable columns, who was the Goddess of Peace? Or if there is a god of peace, one the opposite of Mars? AMOS H. COLBERT.

Nantucket.

Pax, peace, was personified as a goddess by the Romans. She was distinguished on medals by an olive branch and a caduceus held together, for the Romans formerly used these joint emblems of peace with any of their neighbors. Sometimes she was represented with corn in her hand and fruit in her lap. See Tibullus, Lib. 1, El. 10, v. 70.

At nobis Pax alma veni, spicampue teneto;
Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

It would seem from this that she dressed in white. In a Latin tragedy—"Medea"—she is pictured as tying the hands of Mars behind him. There was a statue of Peace in the Temple of Janus at Rome. "The meaning of shutting the gates of that temple in time of peace," says the Revd. Mr. Spence, "seems to have been as much to keep this goddess from flying away as it was to hinder the god of war from breaking loose, and flinging the world into confusion."—Ed.

War Bread

Chalk as an assistance to the war bread maker would bring about a prosecution in London; but in Paris, where the scientific brain is unprejudiced, a calcium mixture has many advocates. France's war bread is declared to be salty, which leads to waste in assimilation, and, therefore, to increased consumption—as well as to increase of the gouty. Now the right thing is to use unsalted bread, as the wise people of Tuscany do. But you need lime, and you can get it by using prepared chalk mixed with water. The dough becomes whiter, never sours, and has a "very appetizing smell," is the verdict of one who has eaten it.—London Daily Chronicle.

Reading in the Elevated

As the World Wags:

Reading as conducted in the Boston Elevated—a theme worthy of the investigation of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, if he were on the water-wagon. (Yet how could he be on the water-wagon and the Elevated at the time? The sensation derived from swinging on a strap cannot be far from that given by

"beakers all bedight,
With woolly tops of foam"—

to quote from—? Professor Entwhistle.)

It all began when I noticed how difficult it is for a man to hold on to a strap and at the same time read a newspaper wide-spread. If they would have a newspaper holder suspended among the straps, or if, as a substitute for the newspaper, moving ads could be arranged, or baseball scores, stock quotations, et cetera, could be placed before the eyes of the throng, I think it would be highly satisfactory.

The present condition of affairs—namely, the paucity of reading matter in the cars—forces the traveling public to carry it own supply.

They begin early. I should say that fully 95 per cent. of the youth of the city does its home lessons on the cars. (Truly, home was never like this!) Even some college professors prepare their lectures en transit.

The reading public as a whole, however, is not so studious as the above examples. The variety of literature distributed through the car is an incentive to a "subway mule" to move up forward. The rate of his journey varies in proportion to the library on either side of him; but he moves, which is the essential thing. In the course of a promenade down a "trailer" you may see: "These Twain," open at the chapter headed "George's Eyes," while the young lady gazes longingly into the distance, consisting of a fare box and a cloud of transfers advertising a vanilla. (Why?) Next, the Atlantic Monthly; a book on practical plumbing; Variety, a vaudeville magazine, read by the actresses at the "St. James," "Alexander's Empire"; beautiful colored plates of one's internal apparatus; Gillette's Weekly; cooking notes; "Pilgrim's Progress" and newspapers of every description, open at cartoons, divorce cases, the war—anything you care to read is spread before you. I see no reason why a man could not spend the day riding between Dudley street and Park and in the process read every page of every paper issued in the city, by the simple procedure of looking over his neighbor's shoulder. (I know that is frowned on in the best circles, but, really, it is being done this year. More Hooverizing, perhaps.)

Samuel Johnston said a book should help us to enjoy life or endure it. Upon second thoughts, the answer to "Why is reading in the Elevated?" does not need the acumen of a Herkimer Johnson; not for one who has ridden on our limping Pegasus. EDITH N. SNOW.

Jamaica Plain.

P. S.—If the Elevated wishes to extend its scope a little, and, as a distinct side issue, make some money, I suggest the publication of a paper containing complaints recorded against it; and I wager there would be no lack of either material or circulation!

May 5, 1918

MAJ. HIGGINSON MAKES ADIEUS

Maj. Henry L. Higginson, founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was the central figure last night of an impressive scene in which, at the close of the concert in Symphony Hall, he took formal leave of the orchestra, paid tribute to the conductors and members for their devotion, thanked its audiences and bespoke continued support for those who were to take up the work which he felt obliged to lay down.

Friends of the orchestra and of Maj. Higginson filled the hall and the great assembly, listeners and musicians, lit-

[illegible] overwhelmed him with applause. He first set forth his wishes and aims in founding the orchestra, then turned to its conductor and members with warm words of praise, and finally addressed a closing word of confidence to the public.

Mayor Thanks Founder

It fell to Mayor Peters to voice the gratitude of the citizens of Boston, and his tribute added the note of personal affection to the occasion of farewell. Maj. Higginson was too deeply touched to make more than a few words of reply. "Mr. Mayor," he said, "and members of the orchestra, I thank you all, but especially the mayor, and you don't know how sorry I am to say good-by to you."

"My friends," said Maj. Higginson, "the Boston Symphony orchestra was set up from the conviction of my youth that our country should have great and permanent orchestras. In Europe I had seen the pleasure and comfort of such orchestras, and it seemed my duty and was my aim to give our country the best music possible.

"To achieve this object it was necessary to give to the conductor the sole artistic responsibility as an essential to success, and then to require of him and his men a high, and ever higher, standard. To win that standard nothing has been spared and the aim never forgotten; and in this season our orchestra has reached our high-water mark.

"The concerts were offered to the whole public, but my chief wish and hope was to meet the needs and satisfy the longings for the beautiful art of the many people leading quiet or busy lives and having little enjoyment; and, furthermore, to help in the education of the students of music.

"To me the concerts have been a great joy, not only because of the lovely music, but chiefly because of the refreshment and enjoyment of the multitude of people unknown to me who, leading gray lives, have needed this sunshine, and this year it is they who have written to me a mass of warm letters full of gratitude for the past and of urgent requests for the future. To these unknown friends and to all of our audiences far and wide I offer my heartiest thanks. Thus the faith and the vision of my youth have been justified.

"I had hoped to have carried on the concerts during my lifetime, but this war has brought us many troubles, and among them the problems of the orchestra during the season, which have exhausted my strength and nerves. Therefore my part in our orchestra ceases tonight, except for the popular concerts of this year. The conductors, the members of our orchestra and the office management have done their work excellently from first to last, and have deserved the warmest thanks and praise."

Turning to the orchestra, the speaker proceeded:

"Gentlemen of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—For many years we—you and I—have been good comrades, an honor and a great pleasure for me. In these years we have worked hand and glove together, and have kept true to our rule, laid down at the outstart, of intelligent study under one conductor at a time—and we have reaped the reward of success sure to follow. We have played in many cities of the United States, and have won great applause and, better still, have deserved it. Each year has marked an advance in the quality of our music, and this year has seen our high point.

"I like to think myself a member of our orchestra, and have done my best to help you; and, on your side, you have served with an intelligence and devotion not to be forgotten by the audiences or by me. I congratulate you, and thank you for our success fairly won.

"My time for work is past; and now a number of excellent men and women have taken my place. Of you I ask for them the same intelligence and devotion as in years gone by. My best wishes go out to you."

To the audience Maj. Higginson said: "Our orchestra has always been heartily supported by you and by the public throughout our country, else it could not have lived. It must live in all its strength and beauty, and now will be carried on by some friends who have taken it up; and for them I ask the same support which you have given me through all these years."

Mayor Peters said: "We all feel that tonight, when he whose name is so indissolubly connected with the Symphony Orchestra and who has done so much for it is here to say an official good-by, there should go out to him a word of parting from those hosts of people who have benefited from this orchestra during a period running back almost 40 years, and it is to represent them that I am here now.

"A democracy, to be successful, must have service given to its people, and he who in a democracy renders service to the public is he who earns the gratitude of the people. The spirit which actuates this country has been shown by him who had the vision to create this great orchestra.

"In the Harvard Union, at the 80th anniversary of his birthday, Maj. Higginson said he did this for the people, and that represents the contribution of his citizenship. Sir, you have rendered much to your country in many ways; [illegible] yourself set up a standard of public service since the time of our war; and tonight I have the privilege of thanking you on behalf of the people of this city—those thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands who, unknown most of them to you personally, have shared together, as this great audience has shared tonight, the pleasure and profit of your work for them.

"We want, sir, to doubly thank you, and we want to give to these men who are taking on themselves the future of this orchestra our best wishes and expressions of confidence. But to you, sir, particularly—and it is my privilege as mayor to speak for its people—we want to thank you deeply and humbly as a body of your fellow citizens whom you have served through years of unselfish devotion."

May 7 1918

'GENERAL POST'

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "General Post," a comedy in three acts by J. E. Harold Terry.

Sir Dennys Broughton, Bart.	Thomas A. Wise
Lady Broughton	Cynthia Brooke
Alec	Reginald Goode
Betty	Cathleen Nesbitt
Watson	James Kearney
Edward Smith	William Courtenay
Albert Smith	Wigney Percyval

"General Post" is an agreeable and amusing comedy of social conditions in England as affected by the war. The title comes from the indoor game known in this country to some as "Jerusalem." The game has other names. The motive of the comedy is snobbery.

Edward Smith is a tailor, excelling in his profession, and acquainted with Nietzsche and Sudermann. Betty falls in love with him, or perhaps with his opinions and ideals. A rather forward young girl, she tells her parents, and her brother, Alec, how much she admires Smith. When they argue with her and show proper horror, she boasts of her love for him. Sir Dennys pooh-poohs the thought of war with Germany. He is conservative in politics, dress, opinions on social position. That this Smith is in the Territorials makes him all the angrier, for even to believe in the Territorials is to be a radical. Betty is bound to have her tailor. She proposes to him. He, wiser than she is, and because he loves her, refuses her hand.

The war has broken out. The year is 1915. Sir Dennys is a private in the "G. R's." Alec, an insufferable snob in the first act, is now a subaltern in the regiment commanded by Smith. Only Lady Broughton is still conservative. She shows her prejudices when Col. Smith visits her family with Alec.

The war is over. The tailor is now a brigadier-general, a V. C. and is entrusted with an important government mission. Sir Dennys and Alec wish Betty to marry him. Even Lady Broughton admits that her prejudices were foolish. But Betty? She had treated Smith cruelly when he was a colonel and a visitor. She had told him bluntly that she had been a silly girl when she proposed to him. She was hard and cynical. Now she is logical. If her parents had stormed against her because she wished to marry Smith the tailor, would it not be wrong for her to wed him because they were pleased at the thought of having a brigadier-general for a son-in-law? If he were now only a tailor, they surely would not consent. Then there was Smith's brother, Albert, a tailor in their town, but not so skilful a cutter as Edward. If she should marry the general would they not be obliged to be on good terms with Albert and his wife? Alec as a soldier had said that snobbery is a peacetime complaint. Is it not also a wartime complaint? So she makes a full confession to the brigadier-general, and keeps him on tenter-hooks, until the butler mistaking her use of the word "engaged" unites the lovers and brings down the curtain.

The story is a slight one, but the characters are deftly drawn, the dialogue is often lively and generally entertaining, the love scenes are not too sentimental and are enlivened by Betty's malice. It has been said by shrewd observers that social conditions will never again be what they were in England; that war as well as love levels ranks. Sir Dennys has a continual change of heart and mind. He finally persuades himself that he established the territorials; he is prepared to invite the lesser Smith to dinner—"we needn't ask anybody else"; and as dukes are running dairy farms, and earls are engaged in this or that business, he would not be greatly grieved if Edward were to go back to tailoring. Yet even to the end snobbery lurks in his mind and in his speech. Is the comedy too optimistic? Will Lady Clara Vere de Vere marry after the war a gallant general who before it was a tailor, a greengrocer, or a haberdasher, even if in off hours he read Nietzsche and could discourse sweetly about pragmatism? We may live to see stranger things than this.

Mr. Terry, whatever the future may bring, has written a very pleasing comedy. Here and there a little has been added perhaps to the dialogue "to please American taste"; for there are bits of slang unknown to the dramatist, yet the comedy is essentially English.

It was capitally played. Miss Nesbitt, who first visited Boston with the Irish Players, succeeded admirably in explaining the complex character of Betty, as an impressionable girl, as a woman ashamed of her folly—for her love then seemed to her folly—and as a woman moved at last by the patience and fidelity of Smith, yearning to be his wife, yet honestly feeling that another woman would be of more advantage to his career. Is there not here a touch of snobbery? She was now ingenuous and outspoken, now hard and sarcastic, and at last adorably malicious in her affected coquetry.

Mr. Wise was amusing as Sir Dennys—absurdly conservative, delightful in his change of views, choleric, blustering, led like a lamb by wife and daughter when they stifled laughter at his twists and changes of opinions.

Mr. Courtenay, manly and sincere, played with refreshing simplicity, naturalness and a fine sense of humor. Miss Brooke acted in a high-bred manner, without exaggeration in the manifestation of her prejudices. The other parts were well taken.

HEROES OF LONG AGO AT KEITH'S

'All for Democracy' Clever Allegorical Sketch

"All for Democracy," an allegorical sketch of the present, written and produced by Hamilton Coleman and Sylvanus George Levy, is the chief attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good-sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

The piece conveys the idea that what transpires is a dream of President Wilson. Thus the President, seated at a desk, listens in turn to the indictments of the enemy by Grant, Lee, Lincoln, Washington, Lafayette, Joan of Arc and Pershing.

The indictments are well pronounced, the visualization and vitalizing of the chief characters were true to the conventional ideas we associate with each celebrity. Particularly fine was the resemblance of P. H. Westphal to the President in profile. The other characters were interpreted by Frank Kenmore, Grant Foreman, Tony West, Alfred Clark, Bert Hughes, Phil McChesney and Charlotte Gay.

One of the best features of the bill was the act introducing Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, who last season roundded out 50 years of creditable work on the stage. The role is unlike any heretofore associated with this venerable actress and there was wonder at the spontaneity with which she essayed the vernacular of the street after the manner of George Ade. Assisting Mrs. Whiffen were Peggy Dale Whiffen and Thomas H. McKnight.

Other acts on the bill were: Seabury and Shaw in a dancing act; Lillian Shaw in character sketches; Bert Fitzgibbon, monologist; Conlin and Glass in a comedy sketch; Reine Davies in a song cycle; Alton and Allen, dancers; the Belgium Trio, jugglers of human beings, and James J. Morton, "the fellow of infinite jest," who uses the novel method of introducing in turn each number on the bill as an outlet for his drollery.

POP CONCERT

The first Pop concert of the season took place last evening at Symphony Hall. There was a large audience, dotted here and there with uniforms, and the applause was constant and hearty.

Last season Agide Jacchia, an experienced conductor of opera, made these concerts attractive by his spirited conducting, skill in program making and by his ingratiating personality. Re-engaged for this year, he was warmly welcomed last evening. A feature of the first concert was the performance of the national airs of the four principal allied nations: "God Save the King," the "Marcia Reale," "La Marseillaise" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

Other numbers on the program included Sousa's "Solid Men to the Front"; overture from Thomas's "Mignon"; Volstedt's waltz, "Jolly Fellows"; Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody; Herbert's, "Her Regiment"; prelude to the first act of Bizet's "Carmen," and other pieces.

The orchestra responded readily to the wishes of a conductor blessed not merely with a knowledge of routine, but an emotional nature. Seldom is there an opportunity to hear music of a light character played by musicians of the first rank. An admirable arrangement of leading themes and melodies from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" was a feature of the evening, while Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody was given with extraordinary brilliance. Extra numbers were added. These included Pierre's favorite, "March of the Little Lead Soldiers." Mr. Hoffmann, the concert master, appeared as soloist in the Meditation, from Massenet's "Thais."

Vex thou not the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit;
Vex not thou the poet's mind;
For thou cans't not fathom it.

Base Imitators

As the World Wags:

A great deal of nonsense about the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston is being printed, I am told, in your column. It is with somewhat of bitterness that I learn that a number of persons are claiming the friendship of my dear friend, whose vain struggle for recognition is one of the blackest stains on the escutcheon of our fair city. For nothing succeeds like success; and now that Clancy is coming into his own the camp-followers, who fled in the hour of trial, are returning to plunder.

I congratulate you on your decision not to publish the letters which you say insinuate that my poet still lives—to print them would only give unnecessary pain. We bore him barefaced on his bier, and the anguish of that hour will never fade. I took up an old thigh bone, thrown up by the diggers, and as I tossed it back into that grave of hopes, while the stones and clods rattled down upon the insensate form of him I loved, I dedicated myself to the erection of a monument not made by hands, but of the master's own matchless speech.

Discriminating readers of your column, and I doubt not there are such, will not confuse the genuine fruits of Clancynian genius with those of certain enthusiastic, but ultra-imaginative, or possibly temulent, persons who are flooding your office with their desperate bids for notoriety. But I have always understood that your column, devoted as it unquestionably is to the moral regeneration of the community, makes its appeal to that element in the clientele of the Herald and Journal which is proud of the appellation lowbrow. To such beings one can only say that Clancy is not for the multitude. He is pre-eminently a poet's poet.

You have published the following poems by Frothingham Clancy: "Out Where the West Begins," "To Fitzgerald," "A Sort of Immortality," "A Plausible Explanation" and "Quixote." No others have ever been printed outside the authorized editions published by the editors of the Riverdrive series.

"Adversity be "dommed" cannot be Clancy's because its grammar is atrocious, and Clancy was a stickler for grammatical accuracy. I must concede, however, that his expectoration "on his hissing palms" sounds very like the South Boston bard. I fancy the suggestion came from "A Plausible Explanation."

"Drouth" cannot be Clancy's, since it contains a quasi-biblical line. Clancy regarded the present fad for the Bible as literature, and more especially the influence of Hebrew parallelism, as to a considerable extent responsible for the turgid convolutions of many contemporary prose syles. "Spit it out clean" was his admonition; "don't be wiping your mouth with the back of your hand afterward."

"To a Limburger Cheese" is admirable, but "Hunnish breath" gives it away. Clancy flew the terrestrial coop long before "Hun" was in every poetaster's ink-pot.

The nameless lines sent in by Miss O'Hara are too Longfellowishly middle-class to be Clancynian. No one unblighted by respectability could have composed them. And they are disfigured by the silly word "burgeoned," which Clancy condemned with a fluency I should like to reproduce, but must not.

I scarcely need to comment on "Metempsychosis." Its remarkably rocky rhythm, or lack of rhythm, would appear to indicate that its author had no ear; or, if he had ears, that they were long ones.

Clancy is dead! No young laureate carved those words in boyish grief. He passed away—by the great world unwept, unhonored and unsung. I wept for him; I honored him; I wanted to sing for him, but we had a cheap funeral—all fees were covered by the undertaker's blanket charge. It seemed a pity to waste the money and we allowed a lugubrious second bass to sing "Crossing the Bar."

As Clancy remarked shortly before he breathed his last: "So past the strong heroic soul away." He was a gallant man. PROF. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston.

The typewriting of the excellent and eminent Prof. Deedledum is not always clear. Should the quotation from "Enoch Arden," slightly altered, be "So past the stung heroic soul away"?—Ed.

The Retort Courteous

As the World Wags:

I stagger under the blow dealt to me somewhat unfairly under the rules of the game by Mr. Wright who, as a matter of phonetics, hardly deserves the name he bears. But I cannot hit back, as I should like to do, for we quarrel, as he seems to forget, in the presence of a lady whom we are bound to respect—La Politesse, to wit. How can I catalogue the long list of bores who exist to prove my contention, when they are alive and probably possessed—though this does not always seem possible—of feelings that might be hurt by this ruthless classification. The more wholly justified I am by facts the more completely am I estopped from proving my case. I can only smile and shrug my shoulders. ABEL SEAMAN.

Boston.

May 8 1918

"I remember one saying of Generall Lambert's, 'That the best of men are but men at the best.'"

Clancy, the Man

As the World Wags:

It occurs to me that, in the interest of a more general understanding of the life and works of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston (and what subject before the world of letters is of greater importance at the present moment?), I ought perhaps to elaborate a hint that I let fall at the conclusion of my last communication to your column. I said that Frothingham Clancy was a gallant man.

Clancy was a man of moods. To the student of his poems, particularly of his lyric poems, that fact is obvious. He was usually sanguine; he was often despondent. He rarely compared himself very definitely to other men, yet he was convinced of the supremacy of his own genius—he habitually thought of himself as the foremost American of letters. But there were times of hideous doubt, times when he "looked upon himself and cursed his fate."

Yet I think that he was always saved from utter hopelessness. The Celtic part of him was too consistently inquisitive to allow his whole nature to be given over to grief; and while in Saxon gloom he brooded over the mysteries that veil, perhaps not unkindly, the unfathomable abysses toward which the wandering trail of human existence leads, from some gallery of his consciousness the internal spotlight was still manoeuvred and the emotions it illuminated were faithfully recorded. The most striking thing about these episodes of abasement was that they were usually terminated by an unpremeditated flip of the spotlight handle outward. Magically it used to flash, at such times, upon splendid truths already couched, or so it seemed to the poet, in unique and powerful apothegm.

Clancy had learned while at the university that the difference between an optimist and a pessimist is often reducible to the difference between a full and an empty stomach. For several months, one year, he lived on six meals a week. The time of genuine famine was from Saturday night till Monday night. At 5 o'clock on Monday afternoon he hated the world; at 8 o'clock he blessed it. From 5 to 8, if he thought of it at all, it impressed him chiefly as composed of rhythmical jawbones.

In later years, therefore, he used to rout the demon of despair by stuffing his belly. A pound of moderately old cheese and half a loaf of bread were, he maintained, ammunition for his soul. Corned beef hash, browned, with a dropped egg and a quarter of a bottle of a well-known brand of tomato ketchup, was a machine-gun for his spiritual battles. Sea-food was a heavy howitzer, though he had an absurd prejudice against the smaller kinds of fish, since he feared to swallow a bone and by choking to death to extinguish an unreilluminable lamp of literature. He was not a pretty sight when he was trying to win his war with food. And sometimes the foe was too mighty. Then it was that another demon went into the trenches. Clancy said he was justified in fighting fire with firewater.

It was after one of these periods of desolateness that he made one of the most original, profound and withal gallant of recorded high sentences. The man had been suffering deeply—he had been in actual agony—his soul was utterly in the dust. Pulling himself together, he asked me to accompany him downtown to a famous oyster bar, where he had often won great victories of the mind.

We walked together in silence. I knew that when he was ready for words he would indicate it. We stood before the bar, and as he spoke the first to herself, "Deedledum," he said, "did you ever feel an inexplicable sense of gratitude to whatever gods may be for giving us oysters without bones? After all, my dear boy, 'It might have been' is not a very sad statement. It seems to me that, given omnipotence, I could make a much more satisfactory universe; I a measure I could avoid a good many rather stupid blunders; but I must confess that when I try to image another creation, it is much easier to imagine a worse one than a better one."

Smiling that rare, that winsome, wistful smile, he had spoken with the gentle melancholy characteristic of my poet. And then, turning to the attendant, "My friend," said he, "continue your ministrations upon your shelly heap till further notice. Deedledum, let us show our gratitude to the divinity that shapes our ends, by a proper appreciation of its bounty in the instant."

PROF. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston.

NAN' AT HOLLIS

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—Alexandra Carlisle and members of her supporting company now appearing in "The Country Cousin" in "The Tragedy of Nan," a drama in three acts by John Masefield.

Jenny Pargetter.....Beatrice Noyes
Mrs. Pargetter.....Clara Blandick
William Pargetter.....Charles Mackay
Nan Hardwick.....Alexandra Carlisle
Dick Gurvil.....Alfred Lunt
Artie Pearce.....Gus Heege, Jr.
Gaffer Pearce.....John Harwood
Tommy Arker.....Robert Hudson
Ellen.....Louise Prussing
Susan.....Alice Runey
The Rev. Mr. Drew.....Albert Tavernier
Captain Dixon.....Al Roberts
The Constable.....Charles Deleker

Masefield's powerful little play was first given here at the Plymouth Theatre in March, 1912, by Miss Horniman's company from the Gayety Theatre, Manchester, Eng. Miss Irene Rooke and Milton Rosmer were seen as Nan and Dick. The same company repeated the performance at the same theatre in April of the following year.

Those who went to the Hollis Street Theatre yesterday afternoon doubting Miss Carlisle's ability to portray a vividly emotional role were more than agreeably disappointed; for the actress, who has again and again displayed subtlety, finesse and distinction in comedy—many will remember her delightful performances with E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues"—rose superbly to the test.

From the moment that she appeared, a tragic Cinderella in pitiful green rags and tatters, with white face and great sad eyes, until her exit, dragging weary, hopeless feet to meet the surging tide, it was evident that a strong dramatic personality was on the stage. Natural slenderness made her the more pathetic, the more appealing as drudge and cruelly humiliated victim of the Pargetter household.

But although frail in physique Miss Carlisle played with a concentrated intensity, an amazing suggestion of reserve that made every moment impressive. She was eloquent in gesture and facial play. The spell of her performance lay in its emotional simplicity, the passionate and poetic sincerity in which the play itself was conceived.

Miss Carlisle was fortunate in her associates. The distinction of her performance was enhanced by the wholly admirable work of the supporting company. In fact, so cleverly was the play cast, so vivid were the individual characterizations that the realism was that of life itself. Mr. Lunt brought his usual intelligence to the part of Dick, whose complete sensuality included strong opinions as to the pleasures of the table. The Pargetters were relentlessly true to the type as played by Miss Blandish, Miss Noyes and Mr. Mackay. Mr. Harwood's Gaffer Pearce was a distinguished bit of character acting. Only Mr. Roberts, as Capt. Dixon, overdid his clowning, and struck a false note in a bitterly ironical scene.

A large audience was justly enthusiastic and Miss Carlisle said a few words in good taste at the close of the performance.

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It is said by all the war correspondents that the Portuguese have fought bravely at the front. Gilles Menage died in 1692. His talk, "Menagiana" was first published in 1715. In the second volume (1729) is this remark: "The Portuguese have lost a battle. Fourteen thousand guitars were found on the field." What battle was this? Let any bright-eyed boy in the first class in history lift up his hand and voice. Unfortunately we do not know the year of the Menages remark. He lived nearly 80 years and talked a great deal. No one doubted the bravery of the Portuguese in the years of Portugal's greatness. Before the Crusade that under Don Sebastian ended disastrously at Alcacerquiver, the officers and gentlemen of the court filled their canteens with bonbons and sweetmeats instead of laying in stores of junk, biscuit and water, and their tents were furnished with precious stuffs and silver vases, while the soldiers were poorly rationed. At that time Portugal's strongest fighting force was in India. Nothing is said about guitars found on the field of Alcacerquiver, where 9000 Portuguese were slain. There were Grecian poets that charged in battle armed with the lyre. A Norman at Hastings shouted stirring songs. Why could not guitars have fired hearts to heroic deeds?

As a Personal Favor

As the World Wags:

When I survey those wondrous signs, which even in these milder days apprize the patrons of the Boston Elevated that the car is not heated because "we have been asked to save coal by Mr. James J. Storrow," I always feel a sense of being slighted that the conductor does not make a similar proclamation when I press the buzzer, that he will stop the car at Arlington street "because he has been asked to do so by Mr. Onesiphorous Dunn."

Northeast Amherst. O. DUNN.

Echo

Apropos of Richardson's church tower on Commonwealth avenue and Clarendon street mentioned in this column on April 30, in a short article on "Camouflage," there comes to mind the following anecdote concerning the church interior. In its early days cursed with a most disconcerting echo which put preaching in a jumble, Richardson tried stringing wires as a remedy. In those days he had in his employ a general factotum, an Irishman, for whose opinion he had great respect. After he had arranged his wires, Richardson brought Pat to the church and, placing him at the back of the nave, mounted the pulpit where with hope and confidence in his heart he addressed a few experimental sentences to his faithful henchman. Then without slight apprehension he said: "Pat, is there any echo left now?" "Echo is it?" said Pat, "faith there is, sor; the very foinest echo oi've heard since oi lift the Gap o' Dunlavan!" F. S. S.

Boston.

Clancy as Politician

As the World Wags:

The late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston was a fervent Nationalist; in his cups he was perfervid. Yet he saw no future for Ireland outside the empire.

Some time before the outbreak of the present war he was approached by a German high official in this country, who suggested that he could best serve Ireland by accepting a commission in the gas service of the German army. Clancy indignantly refused.

"Doubtless," he exclaimed, "the poor country is on the griddle, but I am not wishful to be helping her to the fire."

Clancy supposed that "gas service" meant supplying gasoline to the motor trucks. Perhaps it did; but why the poet should have been approached—what talents he had for that service—I cannot imagine.

Boston. Prof. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

That Southern Accent

As the World Wags:

Your recent discussion concerning the difference between the accents of western people and those of New England has brought up the matter of the so-called southern accent. Whence came it? Did the southern whites get it from their black mammies; and if that is the case, where did the Negroes get it, and what causes the variations in different parts of the South? Is it due to climate? Some people argue that the Negroes obtained their accent from the southern whites. Has Mr. Herkimer Johnson ever given this matter any consideration, either under "Accent" or "Dialect" in his colossal work on sociology? J. S. G.

Boston.

The Boss Barber

As the World Wags:

The question, "Should one tip the boss barber?" which has troubled "W. E. K." may be solved or eliminated if he will patronize one of the many "no tip" tonsorial parlors which are now available in Boston. One of the large department stores has made a success of its barber shop and one of its taking points is "no tips." One may sit in its chairs with an easy mind, free from thoughts of tips unless they be stock market tips from well meaning friends.

The experiment of handing the barber a dollar bill brings to mind my experience at a hotel in a well known Maine summer resort which supported one barber. After a hair cut and shave, having decided that a 25 cent tip would be proper, I handed the barber a dollar and complacently waited for the change from which to proffer the tip. The barber calmly stuffed the bill into his vest pocket with a "Thank you. Just right." Thankful that I had not handed him a two or a five dollar bill, I hurriedly departed.

In view of some previous articles of "W. E. K." about national prohibition problems, I think it will soon be a matter of tippie rather than tips that will cause him sleepless nights. A. T. L.

Portsmouth, N. H.

COPLEY THEATRE—The Cercles Francais of Harvard and Radcliffe in "Le Mystere de la Chambre Jaune" (The Mystery of the Yellow Room), a play in five acts by Gaston Leroux.

Roulotabille.....Yves Buhler Unc.
Larsan.....R. H. Bassett, '20
Robert Darzac.....P. K. Fisher, '20
M. Stangerson.....F. C. de Wolf, '18
Sainclair.....I. J. Williams, '20
M. de Marquet.....P. V. Donovan, '18
Le president des Assises.....Nathaniel Thayer, '21
Le pere Jacques.....P. Ayme-Martin, 1L
Arthur Rance.....C. B. Larrabee, '19
La Souris.....Geoffrey Baker, '20
Maleine.....J. B. Fenno, '21
L'Avocat General.....J. B. Fenno, '21
Un Huissier.....H. R. Teplow, '20
Bernier.....H. R. Teplow, '20
Brigadier.....Malcolm Cowley, '20
Mathilde Stangerson..Margaret Carver, '18
Edith Rance.....Marian Graves, '18
La Mere Bernier.....Mary Peabody, '19
1re Invitee....Elizabeth Stuffiebeam, Unc.
2re Invitee.....Marian Harris, '21

The matinee was given for the benefit of the American fund for French wounded. Well acted and adequately staged, Gaston Leroux's exciting play gave pleasure to a large audience.

The thrilling nature of the drama, with its unexpected denoument culminating in Larsan's suicide in the court house, might well inspire amateurs to do their best. The members of the French clubs of Harvard and Radcliffe who appeared in the cast deserved hearty congratulations for excellent work. There was little or no hesitation in their delivery of the lines, and the interest of the audience, too often prone to lag at performances given by amateurs, was held consistently from start to finish.

Some of the impersonations were conspicuous for their ease and authority. Among these were the Roulotabille of Mr. Buhler, the Stangerson of Mr. de Wolf, the President of the Assises of Mr. Thayer, and the Sainclair of Mr. Williams. Miss Carver displayed genuine histrionic ability as the unfortunate Mathilde, while Mr. Ayme-Martin was excellent in a minor part.

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The poets are with us today. "S. T.-1860.-X." will read with pleasure, we are sure, fragments of a rhapsody by Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler. We knew the illustrious man. We heard him more than once explain the mysteries of the universe to students at Yale in the early seventies. Shabby, soiled by travel, he was blazingly eloquent. At times, interrupted by some flippant and sensual bystander, he was splendidly vituperative.

We publish a singular communication from Mr. Dolager of Amesbury. It is needless to say, as Disraeli said on a memorable occasion, that we are on the side of the angels. Esteeming Col. Luther as we do, we are confident that he is not the author of the poems known to the world as Clancy's.

"W. B. W." thinks the name "Frothingham Clancy" impossible. Why "impossible"? To us and to others the name itself is poetry. Remember the words of Charles Lamb: "Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley."

Cowley sounds too much like tripe, the one dish, besides Brussels sprouts, that we cannot endure. Does not the name Frothingham Clancy "carry a perfume in the mention"? Frothingham reminds one of far off bells heard over green fields at sunset. Clancy has a chivalric ring; we hear the clash of swords.

We have received a letter from a woman signing herself "Nancy Clancy." Living in Dorchester, she says she is a sister of Frothingham. The fact that she speaks of him as "Frothy" leads us to think that she knew him not. She encloses a "short poem written in the period of his truest poetic inspiration, before he took to free verse." We should like to hear from Prof. Deedledum about Clancy's family. Had he a sister? Had he a brother? Was there a nearer and a dearer one? We like to think of Clancy as alone, solitary, mysterious. "Nancy" writes: "Alas, he left us years ago." It is our impression that he died within the last five years. Before publishing "Nancy's" letter we await Prof. Deedledum's answer to questions that are not impertinent.

Daniel Pratt

As the World Wags:

The other evening I saw a few lines concerning Daniel Pratt in your column. When I was a mere boy, away back in Kansas, my father (an Ohio man, by the way) used to repeat some of that poetry. At that time neither he nor I knew there was a "Daniel Pratt" or a "Prattsville."

Moving into Revere on the border of Prattsville, and hearing, locally, that there was a real Daniel Pratt, I became interested. These are the lines as I remember them:

[illegible] and fat
[illegible] great Daniel Pratt
[illegible] away
[illegible] light of day
[illegible] all
[illegible] falling waterfall

[illegible] to Georgia, all the way,
[illegible] of Platitude takes his way,
[illegible] as the lightning's flash, to hop
[illegible] Rocky Mountains highest top
[illegible] crag and hill o'er hill
[illegible] upon a mill.

Boston. W. J. S.

A False Medium

As the World Wags.

A few evenings ago it was my pleasure to attend a seance. During the evening the spirit communicated with reference to your friend, Frothingham Clancy. The spirit did not give his name, but fully identified himself as the gentleman once known by readers of Talk of the Day in the Boston Journal as "the Heron Editor." I believe he died somewhere on Cape Cod.

He stated in positive terms that Clancy was not entitled to the credit that you have awarded him. He said that nearly all the poems quoted were the work of Col. Amos T. Luther and Henry Clay Oneliner, both gentlemen of good repute to former readers. The best one, the spirit said, was touched up and improved by John F. Fitzgerald Luther, son of the Colonel.

Far be it from me to start a Clancy-Luther controversy similar to the Bacon-Shakespeare movement; but was there are other "mejums" let me suggest you investigate the subject in the interest of truth. By the way where are Col. Luther and Mr. Oneliner? I hope we may hear from them again.

Amesbury. SOCRATES DOLAGER.

From an Outsider

As the World Wags:

One dislikes to butt in on the literati, but "Frothingham Clancy" sounds to me as improbable as the name of that energetic and helpful citizen of Lowell, whose heels have eased many spines in recent years the country over. My friend Dr. Hennessey dogmatically asserts that there are no Humphries in Ireland. "I hae me doots." Two young men who lived with the late Zenas T. Haines, "Corporal" of the old Herald, a native of Farmington, Me., once bet that Tucker was a commoner name hereabouts than Wright. A resort to the Boston business directory proved that the Wrights outnumbered the Tuckers in the ratio of about three to one. And in Ireland, I am told, the Wrights are as plentiful relatively as they are in our own Duxbury and Rockland. But what's in a name?

Brookline. W. B. W.

[illegible]

Genevieve Ward, with the aid of Richard Whiteing, has written her memoirs: "Both Sides of the Curtain." The book is published by Cassell, London. Now 80 years old, she is still playing on the stage, energetic, vigorous. Perhaps some of the Herald readers remember her as the opera singer, Mme. Guerrabella. Many of us recall her as Stephanie in "Forget Me Not." With reference to this admirable performance, W. L. Courtney in his review of her book of reminiscences digresses pleasantly:

"I remember seeing her in her famous impersonation of 'Forget-Me-Not'—not in the original cast in which Forbes Robertson appeared, but when that sound actor, W. H. Vernon, was the Horace Welby. It was an experience which could not be easily forgotten. She came on the stage, I recall, with her back to the audience, moving in the slow steps of a valse, and I think she was singing. She altered this entrance subsequently, I fancy, for perhaps it was considered too daring and unconventional. But on a young spectator it made a profound impression of light-hearted recklessness, suggesting I know not what of feminine wiles and daring intrigue. Of course, the great moment in the play is when Stephanie de Mohrivart is all but confronted with the man who has sworn to take her life, and when, thanks to Welby, she is allowed to get away while the intending assassin's back is turned. The extremity of her terror, her blanched lips, her agonized face, the half-sob that escapes her lips, the stealthy movements as of a hunted animal as she creeps to the door—all the high tension of that dramatic moment left behind it an ineffaceable memory. It was a great performance in a play, melodramatic and artificial, but exceedingly effective; and it practically made Miss Ward's reputation in London, in the provinces, in America—wherever she played it. And, as she tells us in her book, it was more or less of an accident that 'Forget-Me-Not' came into her hands—one of those happy accidents which, taken at the flood, lead on to fortune."

As the book itself is not yet on this side of the Atlantic ocean, let us quote Mr Courtney again:

"A very interesting and eventful life it has been from that early tragedy of marriage to an unscrupulous Russian nobleman—now told in authoritative fashion by Mr Whiteing down to her latest triumphs as principal member of the late Sir George Alexander's company. She was a singer before she was an actress, and she was called in the playbills 'Guerrabella' before she resumed her maiden name of Genevieve Ward. But whatever roles she enacted, she proved herself a highly-trained and well-equipped artiet, a real professional in the best sense of the term, incapable of the facile victories and the equally facile failures of the amateur. She obtained her schooling for the most part abroad, and did justice to her teachers. And, in turn, she became a very accomplished and successful 'coach' for the stage. For she had been through the mill, and she knew the value of experience and training when these things are added to a quick and sensitive temperament and the native instincts of a born actress.

"Miss Ward's record of work done fills a notable chapter in modern dramatic history. 'From first to last, as I make out,' she tells us, 'in drama alone, without saying a word about the operas mentioned elsewhere, I have played in 77 pieces, great and small, and by a large proportion mainly the former.' Shakespeare was a great contributor—Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Margaret of Anjou, Volumnia, these are a few of her impersonations in Shakespearean drama. But there are besides Jane Shore, Mrs. Haller in 'The Stranger,' Meg Merriles in 'Guy Mannering,' Queen Elinor in 'Becket' and the blind Queen in 'The Virgin Goddess.' The last is a comparatively recent performance, and by no means one of her worst. She tells us what a strain it was on her eyesight, for she had in the second act to stand for 20 minutes facing the audience with a glassy unbroken stare. 'My eyes ran water after, and ached badly for a long time. When I was a child my brother and I used often to see who could look the longest at the other without blinking. When first I played Lady Macbeth I thought the same device would give me a look of being asleep, and I went through the whole scene without moving an eyelid, or even ae much as turning a pupil.' That with all these dramatic experiences—and perhaps I ought not to omit her representation of the Marquise in 'Caste'—she believes in the drama, and is enthusiastic for her profession goes without saying. She passes shrewd comments on the actual condition of the stage, and I note that she has very few good words to say about Ibsen, while she seems to imply that a little of Bernard Shaw goes a long way. But without doubt this book, with its occasional reflections and its history of solid work, is a notable contribution to dramatic literature, and the illustrations add much to the effectiveness of the whole."

We learn from the Daily Chronicle what she thinks of Mr. Shaw: "Rather less of himself than he is willing to supply would satisfy the general demand." Charles Santley is "the finest and most masterful baritone I have ever known. Of Sims Reeves she observes that he was the "voice and nothing besides, the greatest tenor of his day, but a mere stick at acting." We have read elsewhere that Reeves prided himself on his acting, that he really believed it was his histrionic ability that kept audiences in their seats through the last act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," while other tenors in the part were less fortunate.

Once she played in "Becket" with Irving and Ellen Terry before Queen Victoria at Windsor. She was surprised at finding Victoria so short and was impressed by the beauty of her voice. "I remember how startled I was to hear great approval of passages of secondary importance that would not have got a hand in London."

As Mme. Guerrabella, Miss Ward made her first appearance in opera at Bergamo in 1855. Having sung with success in other Italian cities, at Paris and a London, she came out at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1862 as Violetta. Touring in Cuba she lost her voice. Having taught singing in New York for some years she determined to be an actress. She appeared on the dramatic stage for the first time at Manchester, England, Oct. 1, 1873, as Lady Macbeth.

In her volume of reminiscences she says that she was a singer "when music was a delight to hear, not a problem in mathematics. We shall come back to the old golden rule—think of the singing and the rest will take care of itself."

"The English actor," she says, "has the racial passion for independence. He longs to set up for himself."

"I once went to a Chinese play in San Francisco, and we had to run away from its realism, as it began with the birth of the hero." Once at Johannesburg she was molested by rats. "I made the night porter take me upstairs, where I had less splendor and a bed to myself."

A foolish, snobbish, fulsome biography of Genevieve Ward by Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson was published in Boston in 1882. A song, words by Mrs. Gustafson, music by "the favorite English balladist, Miss Elizabeth Philp," preceded the preface. Here is the first verse of

GENEVIEVE.

Hail to thee, and farewell,
Beautiful Genevieve!
Oh, kind for thee be wind and wave,
Thou daughter of the Free and Brave!
Godspeed of English heart and hand
Goes with thee to thy native land.
Farewell,
Beautiful Genevieve!

There are many pages about the importance of Miss Ward's family in this biography. Here is a specimen brick: "One of the family, a wealthy bachelor named Horatio Nelson Ward, went to Europe about 30 years ago, and spent about 15 years and from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds, in seeking out the genealogy of his family. He succeeded in tracing them back to the year 700 in Denmark, where the name is still found spelled Waerd, and meaning, both in Danish and in German, as in English—to guard."

Miss Ward is now proud of her age. Her biographer stated that she was born in New York on "the 27th of the blustering month of March." She neglected to state the year. It was 1838. There is some entertaining gossip in Mrs. Gustafson's book, many letters addressed to Miss Ward, and an account of the controversy over "Forget Me Not." There are seven pages of names of families that intermarried with the Ward family, also of descendants of various names, beginning with Abbe and ending with Yearo.

Jullien's Madness; Performances of "Moses in Egypt" in Boston

To the Editor of the Herald:

Seeing your article about Jullien, I should like to give you the account of how he became insane, as related by a friend of his.

Jullien had been giving his favorite daughter special instructions in singing his favorite song. One morning he came to his daughter's room, razor in hand, and asked if she wanted to hear the angels sing. Taking in the situation at a glance, his daughter said, "Yes, father, if you will get our favorite song; I must sing that once more." He went for the song. Meanwhile his daughter summoned assistance. That was the beginning of his insanity.

I should like to know if "Moses in Egypt" was performed here as an opera at the Academy of Music about 1860 or 1861, with Mme. Colson as Nicaule. I think it was given by the company in which Sig. Muzio introduced his pupil Clara Louise Kellogg to Boston (before she went abroad). Isabella Hinckley, afterwards Mme. Susini, was also a member of the company, also Adelaide Phillipps, Brignoli, Susini, Ferri, Barill and Scola. ELIZA HALL.

Jullien, whose surname was Julien according to his birth certificate, first showed signs of insanity on Feb. 21, 1860. The next day he was wholly mad. He cut himself twice with a knife. Taken to an asylum for the insane he died on March 14, 1860. Many curious stories are told of his last year.

Rossini's "Mose in Egitto" was performed as an opera at the Boston Theatre on March 21, 1861. The leading singers were Mme. Colson, Adelaide Phillipps, Stigelli, Susini, Ferri. Muzio conducted. The chief singers sang in it on March 24, when it was performed as an oratorio. Clara Louise Kellogg made her debut here as Linda on March 19.

The opera was first performed in Boston by the Havana company at the Howard Athenaeum on Saturday, May 15, 1847, without scenery or stage appointments. It was performed by this company later in the month with scenery and action. The cast was as follows:

Moses .....Pietro Novelli
Aaron.....Luis Perozzi
Pharaoh.....Luis Vitt
Amenofi.....Natale Perelli
Maria.....Teodolinda Gerli
Anaide.....Fortunata Tedesco
Sinaide.....Teresa Ranieri

Sinaide, the wife of Pharaoh, became Nicaule in the English version for oratorio purposes.

There was a performance of the opera at the Melodeon as an oratorio by the Havana company on Sept. 26, 1847—the last of several.

When Rossini's opera was performed in Chicago on July 2, 1863, the singers were Mme. Lorini, Morensini, Stockton, and Brignoli, Susini and Lotti. The playbill bore this astonishing statement: "In announcing Sig. Susini in the celebrated role of Moses, the director claims for him, being at present the greatest representative in this religious character which has been acknowledged by the musical critics in both hemispheres."

"Moses in Egypt," the oratorio, was first performed in Boston by the Handel and Haydn Society on Dec. 21, 1845. This statement was then made: "Its production in English not attempted in any other part of America, nor even in England."

There were many performances by the Handel and Haydn: 14 in the season of 1845-46; 10 in 1846-47; five in 1848-49; eight in 1853-54; three in 1854-55; three in 1855-56. On Feb. 29, 1868, the solo singers were Mmes. Parepa-Rosa and Edith Abell, George Simpson, the Messrs. Winch and M. W. Whitney.

In December, 1896, there was a proposal to perform "Moses in Egypt" as an oratorio on a Sunday night for the benefit of Mr. Max Hirschfeld, composer and conductor. The New England Sabbath League objected strenuously. This led to an acrimonious correspondence between F. P. Bacon, who was for many years the music critic of the Boston Herald, and William T. W. Ball, a dramatic critic of much experience, who as a writer belonged to the school so ably represented by Mr. Bludyer in "Pendennis." Mr. Bacon and Mr. Ball taunted one the other with the license of ink. The chief question was whether "Moses in Egypt" was originally an oratorio or an opera. The letters were entertaining. As published they are pasted in an edition of the opera in the Brown room of the Boston Public Library.

A Note About Misquotation in High Places

To the Editor of the Herald:

In turning over the pages of the Tatler recently I came across Sir Richard Steele's noble tribute to Betterton, the great tragedian, and the good-natured essayist's earnest appeal for the support and protection of the actor's poor, demented wife, who had lived with her husband for over 40 years without a break in their domestic relations. The paper says that Betterton ought to be recorded with the same respect as Roscius among the Romans, and, indeed, Betterton had no eminent successor until Garrick came to shine in both comedy and tragedy. He was more worldly wise than the elder player, for he knew well how to save the pounds, shillings and pence, and he did not leave his widow without a generous provision for her old age, which lasted until the time of Edmund Kean, who was neither a prudent nor a virtuous husband.

But my purpose in this communication is not to exploit either the public or private lives of noted histrions. I simply desire to call attention to the singular misquotations which Steele made from "Macbeth" in his reflections on the burial of Betterton in the cloisters near Westminster Abbey. They run as follows:

Tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creepe in a stealing pace from day to day,
To the last moment of recorded time!
And all our yeesterdays have lighted fools
To eternal night. Out, out short candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.

Now let us turn to Shakespeare, whose wonderful gift of expression has found no peer in English verse. He made the ambitious Scottish monarch, after the death of his wife, the partner of his crime in the murder of Duncan, say:

Tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frete his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

Evidently Steele did not improve Shakespeare. He erred through carelessness, but he did not deliberately mangle him as did Colley Cibber, the hero of the Dunciad, who has been made immortal by Pope, the little wasp of Twickenham. But misquoting is a general fault. We all do it like airy Dick Swiveller, who is as lovable, irresponsible and impecunious in fiction as was Dicky Steele in real life even when he boasted of his friendliness for Joseph Addison, the stately and immaculate editor of the Spectator, that gem of English literature.

Well, it takes all kinds of men to make a world, but I believe that in the present time we could well spare the Kaiser, if, indeed, he can be called a man. Were there any humanity left in him he might find in Macbeth a lesson to stay his insatiable and fiendish ambition to master humankind.

Dorchester. JOHN W. RYAN.

It may be remembered that De Quincey took Hazlitt to task for the abundance of quotations in his essays. "To have the verbal memory infested with tags of verse and 'cues' of rhyme is in itself an infirmity as vulgar and as morbid as the stable boy's habit of whistling slang airs upon the mere mechanical excitement of a bar or two whistled by some other blockhead in some other stable. . . The reason for resisting the example and practice of Hazlitt lies in this—that essentially it is at war with sincerity, the foundation of all good writing, to express one's own thoughts by another man's words." Strange to say, De Quincey did not censure Hazlitt for his numerous misquotations. Concerning them the editors of Hazlitt's collected works (London, 1902), Messrs. A. R. Waller and Arnold Glover, have this to say: "In many cases his quotations are simply and unintentionally inaccurate, but very often he misquotes (if so it can be called) on purpose. That is to say, in his masterful way he presses quotations into his service, and if they are not exactly serviceable as they stand, he makes them so by changing a word here and there, or by blending two or more quotations together. He sometimes quotes (or misquotes) without using quotation marks, and the editors would fain believe that he sometimes uses quotation marks to round off some unusually happy phrase of his own."—Ed.

Some New Plays, Native and Imported, in London

The Herald has already described Israel Zangwill's "Too Much Money." The play was taken to London and brought out at the Ambassadors Theatre on April 9. The Daily Telegraph: "We did our best. The farce had such a simple way with it that not to laugh seemed unkind. And at the end we had

er memories of moments [illegible] t. But Mr Zangwill ex[illegible] too h of us. We cannot laugh quite so ly as he wished. We want a little e help than he provided. And we like Mr. Pickwick when he envied e ease with which the friends of Mr. ter Magnus were amused. There ere, to be sure, those moments—some tty quips, some chances which the ayers (generally it was Mrs. Mary rough and Mr. Morand) seized for lly humor of their own. But the rest s solemn stuff."

Eugene Walter's "The Knife" was oduced at Comedy Theatre, April 10. gain the Daily Telegraph: "This is cheerful entertainment. Half of it is case of rape, and the other half vivection. And the author lets you off o more than he must. Horrid and harwing circumstance is rubbed into you ith a perseverance which endures to e end. He succeeded. He was quite ruesome. The flesh did creep. And if u like your little adventures with the hastly you may enjoy yourself hugely der 'The Knife.' Somewhere in harles Kingsley's there is record of a llow who used to read the 'Crimes Celebre' on week days and the 'Vies s Saints' on Sundays with the single im of feeding himself on tales of torture. This would be the play for him. But beyond making the flesh creep our author does not go. It is not necessary to take anything to heart, and not possible to take anybody seriously. His horrors have no uncomfortable power to haunt us after the ertain is down. He piles up the agony, he makes an attack with all the panoply of frightfulness on our sensibilities, but our minds remain quite calm. 'The Knife' does not cut very deep. There is indeed no obligation on melodrama so to do. But other obligations it has, and if it chooses to go handling such themes as the outrage of a girl and medical experiments on the living human body it should be sure that it has power enough to make what happens something more than horrible. And even a robust taste may complain that the horrors of 'The Knife' are only that and nothing more. It is officially described as 'a warning,' to whom and against what you may speculate with a certain flippancy. But it all happened in America, where many things are doubtless different." The girl's story of the outrage was to the reviewer the best written bit of the play. The chief actors were Aubrey Smith, the doctor; Kyrle Bellew, the girl; Farren Soutar, the lawyer, and Helen Haye, the female doctor.

"Be Careful, Baby!" by Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo, was produced at the Apollo, April 17. The Times published this merry notice:

"If 'Be Careful, Baby!' were shown on the film (and it would be admirably suited to that medium), you would never guess its country of origin. A gentleman is seen getting into the wrong bedroom by mistake and being hidden in the linen basket. French, you say, of course, bethinking you of many a Palais Royal farce—but, then, the first misfortune happened to Mr. Pickwick and the second to Sir John Falstaff, both true-born Englishmen. When, however, you hear a lady describe her Italian husband as 'my dago picture-puzzle,' you are no longer in doubt. This lady's abundance of American slang is 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' As Hazlitt says of Coleridge's preaching voice: 'It rises like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes.' And you can imagine nothing more authentically American than the lady herself.

"She is a Miss Helen Raymond, and she reminds us—outrageous though the comparison may seem—of a very great American actress, Ada Rehan. She has the same deep, full tones, the same exuberant manner, the same authoritative personality, towering over every one and dominating the scene. She must be seen, of course, in something else than broad, noisy tomfoolery before it can be said whether she has Ada Rehan's fine shades and wide range of expression. But here, at any rate, even through the poor, ungrateful medium of bedroom farce, is revealed a new actress of striking temperament and talent. America seems to be the native country of these deep-voiced, masterful, emphatically expressive women—Miss Genevieve Ward and Miss Ethel Levey are two other and contrasted variants of the same type—and they are sure favorites with London playgoers, as Miss Raymond found last night before she had been five minutes on the stage.

"As for the bedroom farce, it is like all the rest: after all, there is only a limited number of ways of getting into or under the wrong bed. Mr. Griffith Humphreys is droll as the dago picture-puzzle, particularly in the bedroom scene, wherein he seems to imitate the illustrious hero of the 'movies,' Charlie Chaplin, and there is a clever sketch of an Irish 'help' by Miss Peggy Doran. Many U. S. A. uniforms were agreeably conspicuous among the audience, everybody rocked with laughter at the farce, and Miss Raymond was so rapturously cheered that she had to make a little speech of thanks."

This is the play, "Twin Beds."

"Betty at Bay," by Jessie Porter, was produced at the Strand on April 9. It is a "pretty, tender, simple hearted war comedy of a young wife who won the heart of her officer-husband's stern old father, much as Little Lord Fauntleroy did that of the old earl. The wife in question is the Betty of the title. She is a Wendy-like little person whom a young lieutenant met unconventionally in Kensington Gardens. As he was heir to the title, the father was very much against the marriage, and when the son is supposed to have been killed, the old man's antagonism to the girl 'widow' is only increased by the fact that she has no baby. But in the end, of course, the soldier husband proves never to have been killed." The Daily Chronicle should have added that Betty turns out to be an heiress, who had purchased the mortgage on the estate, and all she begged of him was that he would accept the old place as a gift at her hands. "The piece," says the Daily Telegraph, "despite certain shortcomings, is rich in promise and gives every hope for Miss Porter's future as a playwright." The acting of Christine Silver (Betty) and our old friend J. H. Barnes (Sir Charles) was highly praised.

The story of Pinero's "Monica's Blue Boy," a mime play with music by Frederic Cowen (New Theatre, April 9), is simple. A suburban Cinderella stays at home while her elder sisters go out to serve their country. The fairy prince comes to her and, having been wounded, tells her how he went over the top. She falls in love with him. Father and sisters surprise her waltzing with him and are shocked at the sight of her dancing with a private. They recover themselves when they learn that Private Lance Lovejoy is a real baronet.

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

Emanuel Compinsky, who came out, a pupil of Emile Sauret in London on April 18, was described as an unusually gifted young violinist.

The London Times was pleased with the Belgian Quartet's performance of the quartet by Debussy, April 10. "It is a specialty of theirs; they know where to skim lightly and where to lean with weight. It grew under their fingers like a stately tree; the light played on the leaves, and there were bits of blue sky between them." But is Debussy's quartet really like a tree? The quartet is beautiful, wonderful; but "stately" is the last word to describe it.

A neat story was told recently by Dr. Broome of Northern Church, Toronto, to his choir during a practice. One need not be reminded, said the doctor, that when a Welshman is a bass singer he is a bass, and is proud of it. A Welshman, who was a fine bass, dreamt that he was in heaven and, of course, in the choir. But even he had not imagined what a fine voice he had. There were millions of sopranos, contraltos and tenors, but he was the only bass present. During a chorus, Gabriel, who was conducting, waved a hand to the Welsh-and whispered, "Not quite so much bass please."—London Daily Chronicle.

"The Naughty Wife" was produced at the Playhouse, London, April 11. The Times, telling the story, ended: "Why that, you say, is Sardou's 'Divorcons'? To be sure it is, and the formula of many another amusing comedy as well, and 'The Naughty Wife' is none the worse for that. It is the treatment that matters, and the treatment here is new, or new enough, at any rate, a new combination of old materials. . . The old formula takes on a glittering air of novelty at the Playhouse because of the ness of the ladies' gowns and the smartness of the ladies' gorwns and the smartness of everybody's acting." The chief comedians were Gladys Cooper and Charles Hawtrey, wife and husband, Stanley Logan and Ellis Jeffreys.

The violin sonata of J. A. Carpenter was played in London on April 12. The Daily Telegraph described it as "a clever work of modern tendency, with just a smack of the artificial about it. Olga Rudge was the violinist.

On April 13 a "capital" violin sonata by Arnold Trowell was performed in London, "a mixture of the styles of 60 years ago or so and of today. O'Connor Morris's little violin pieces, "Mistwraiths" and "Elfin Serenade," played at the same concert by Rhoda Backhouse, were highly praised.

Mme. Suggia, the first wife of Pablo Casals, brought out in London Gabriel Faure's new violoncello sonata on April 15. Leonard Borwick was the pianist. The Times said: "The work is conspicuous, even among Faure's music, for its avoidance of anything like a close, and more particularly for the way the two instruments are interwoven; there is nothing approaching a bravura passage for either alone, and every cantilena is shared between them amicably. The first movement has the rhythmic complexity that Brahms loved, and the last the playful figuration in which Mendelssohn excelled, without the least resemblance to the manner of either; between them comes a movement in the spirit but not the idiom of plain song." The Times added: "Mr. Borwick, the interpreter of the classics, showed in Debussy's 'Hommage a Rameau' and an Etude of Stravinsky's that all the classics are not a century old."

Alice Shaw, once known in America and Europe as a concert whistler, died in New York on April 22.

This was said of Yves Tinayre, who sang French songs in London, April 10: "M. Tinayre was present at the battle of the Marne, and there is a story that he used his powers of attraction to good purpose there and drew certain of the enemy within our lines, who subsequently became prisoners."

We much regret to record the death of Chung Ling Soo, the well known Chinese magician, who received a fatal wound in full view of the audience during his performance at the second house at the Wood Green Empire. In one of his tricks he was supposed to catch upon a plate two bullets fired by his assistants from two rifles, and members of the audience were asked to go upon the stage to attest the genuineness of the bullets and powder, and to superintend the loading—which was done on Saturday evening by two soldiers. The rest may be told in the statement to a Press representative by Mr. Soo's stage manager, Mr. F. Kametaro: "I directed them (the two soldiers) to go into a corner out of the way, and upon receiving the cue from Mr. Soo I gave the order to fire. Both assistants fired. Mr. Soo always fixed the guns in his private room. After the bullets were fired Mr. Soo usually staggered, and when he fell I thought it was the usual performance. He then called out, 'Oh, my God!' Upon going to him we found that a bullet had passed right through him." Mr. David James, the manager, summoned three doctors, but life was only prolonged for a short time by the administration of oxygen. Most of the audience left the house ignorant of what had taken place; the final fall was thought to be part of Chung Ling Soo's entertainment. Chung Ling Soo's real name was William Elsworth Robinson, and he was born in Philadelphia in April, 1861. He came to this country some 18 years ago, and, from a circus performer, developed later on into a conjurer. He had appeared at every hall of importance in the United Kingdom, and often provided the whole entertainment at the houses he visited. He had only recently returned to England after a long tour of India and the Far East.—The Stage.

An open-air cinema, "What Our Lads Are Doing at the Front," organized by the National War Aims Committee, is showing in English towns.

Two works by Franck—the Symphony and "Les Djinns"—give a stamp to a concert. By 10 years Wagner's junior and Brahms's senior, he stands in a special position. None of the three owes anything to either of the others, and all took up music as it had culminated in Beethoven, each emphasizing one side of him—Wagner the expanded key-circle, Brahms, the rhythmic certainty, and Franck, the melodic variation. Franck's themes are organic, they grow round some nucleus as Beethoven's did, they have protean shapes and maintain a dignified reserve, they have warmth without vivacity and sincerity without strongly marked character, and are not free from mannerisms. His music asks above all for fine tone in performance and something of the grand manner.—London Times, April 14. But the Times did not like the Queen's Hall orchestra's performance of ballet music by Rameau: "It was the language of the Morris-dance and the quarterstaff, not of the gavotte and the rapier." It rapped Mme. d'Alvarez for her selection of songs: "The insincerity of the changeable Chimene in her overwrought 'Pleurez! mes yeux' and the sloppy sentiment of the 'Agnus Dei' from Bizet's L'Arlesienne—we are speaking of the music only as such—rang equally false in this context."

The Philharmonic Society of London ended its 106th season on April 15. "One hopes that our music-lovers will read and ponder the rather ominous appeal printed in yesterday's program with reference to the society's claims on their support, and that, in due course, we shall welcome the dawn of yet another season of London's oldest musical institution. Under Sir Thomas Beecham's rule its finest traditions have been abundantly maintained, with the addition of a fresh artistic stimulus."

The piano recital by Harald Gulbrandsen Friday evening was a financial as well as a musical success. It has been seldom that our people have witnessed anything in this line of a superior nature, even from professors in the art much older in years. He exhibited a talent that was surprising to the Black River Falls friends, and earnest appreciation was frequently made manifest throughout the entertainment. His fineness of touch was readily observed, while his calm and unostentatious vigor was the admiration of all observers, while in his violent passages, in which the keys were being touched off at the rate of 300 per minute, more or less, there was little swaying of the body, and about the only noticeable change of expression was a slight reddening of the face and the tightening of the cords in the cheek and neck.—A Black River Falls (Wis.) exchange.

Now that Boccacio is in the air— two pieces taken from the "Decameron" are in preparation—it may not be out of place to note that Shakespeare was not nearly so much indebted to the Italian writer as some people think. Chaucer borrowed freely from him, while Marston and Fletcher were greatly his debtors. Dryden's "Tales from Boccaccio" were immensely popular long after the death of the "translator." In modern times Keats, Tennyson (in "The Falcon," produced under the Kendal-Hare management at the St. James in 1879, and in "The Lover's Tale"), Longfellow, Swinburne and George Eliot found much inspiration in the famous hundred tales of Boccaccio. On the other hand, only in two plays of Shakespeare do we find any trace of the Italian stories. The plot of "All's Well That Ends Well" is taken from the story of Giletta of Narbonne, in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," which was largely composed from works by Boccaccio and others. Shakespeare invented many of the characters, including the comedy characters Parolles, Lafeu and the Clown, and that beautiful portrait of old age, the Countess of Rousillon. "Cymbeline," the second of Shakespeare's plays in which there is an indebtedness to the "Decameron," is founded upon the "Chronicles" of Holinshed. On to this fragment from British history Shakespeare weaved the story of Iachimo from the "Decameron" (Day 2, Novel 9). Shakespeare, it will thus be seen, derived but little from Boccaccio.

To come to our own period, there was a comic opera—and a very successful one—which had the author of the "Decameron" for its hero, and his wife, the noble lady whom he immortalized under the name of Fiammetta, for heroine. In 1853 there was produced in Paris a five-act vaudeville entitled "Boccace, on le Decameron," in which the principal character was played by Charles Albert Fechter. This piece, which rejoiced in four authors, became the comic opera for which the Viennese composer, Franz von Suppe—who, by the way, was of Germano-Belgo-Italian origin—wrote the music. "Boccaccio" was first brought out in Brussels, and then, on March 29, 1882, at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris. It found its way to London immediately, being produced on the 22d of the following month, in an adaptation by H. B. Farnie and Robert Reece, at the Comedy. The title role was taken by Miss Violet Cameron, who, happily, is still with us. The other principals—Lionel Brough, J. G. Taylor, Louis Kelleher, and Kate Munroe, who contributed so largely to the success of "Boccaccio" in 1882—have joined the great majority.—The Stage.

Mar 13 1918

A London journalist, discussing the sowing of tomatoes, says that few will choose the yellow variety although on the first introduction of the plant into England that was the sort usually grown. Is this journalist right in saying that its golden appearance won for the fruit the alternative name of love apple? Was not this name given on account of the supposed aphrodisiac qualities of the fruit? Boys in western Massachusetts in the sixties often heard warnings against the eating of tomatoes, raw or cooked, for it was thought that the eating would bring on cancer. It seems that there was a prejudice against the plant as a garden vegetable in England about 1750. Chambers' Cyclopedia of 1753 defined the tomato: "The fruit of lycopersicon or love apple; a fruit eaten either stewed or rawed by the Spaniards and Italians and by the few families in England." Ralph Waldo Emerson described sea life as an acquired taste, "like that for tomatoes and olives." Does grafting the tomato on the potato stalk improve the strength of its tubers? The word "tomato" is not found in dictionaries of the 18th century—Walker's and Bailey's. In Bailey's we find: "Love apple, a root in Spain that inclines to a violet color."

The journalist says that English poets note with envy a use of tomato peculiar to America, "for there it supplies a much needed rhyme to 'potato'."

The Boche's Mixture

Tobacco taken from a German prisoner was found on analysis to contain hops, twigs and leaves of fennel, cow's lungwort, mint, vervain, wild oats, briar and reeds, pith from the elder tree, scraps of bark, cheese scrapings, and brown paper.

Rattling the Skeleton

The billing of Gertrude Hoffmann on the walls of the Orpheum Theatre, St. Louis, announcing her return engagement, reads as follows:

"Miss Hoffmann has appeared before the royal court of London and the Municipal Court of St. Louis."—The Morning Telegraph.

Around a Finger-Bowl

Who was the first to use finger-bowls in Boston? When were they introduced as an essential part of table equipage? Mme. de Genlis was shocked by the adoption in Paris during the Consulate of the English custom of washing hands and rinsing mouths at table. She told M. de Valence that in England it was another matter; for English women left the men at dessert. "I find it shocking to the last degree for a man to make his toilet by my side."

Alfred Franklin, describing French table manners from the 12th to the 18th century—"Les Repas"—speaks of the water poured on guests' hands before and after the meals, with due observance of rank and quality. "This oper-

[illegible] had the [illegible] of [illegible] grace [illegible] attitudes of which artists took advantage. This cannot truly be said of the disgusting rince bouche, by which we have replaced the basin and the ewer." Antoine de Courtin in 1695 gave many rules for conduct at table. "It is uncivil to pick one's teeth during a meal or after it with a knife or a fork; this is wholly unmannerly and disgusting. It is also uncivil to rinse the mouth after a meal in the presence of persons whom we should respect."

In the old days among the Fench as among the Romans it was the custom to bathe before the meal. If a Frenchman wished to be a really cordial host, he offered a bath to his guest, who went directly from the bath room to the dining room. Jean de Troyes told pleasantly the story of Louis XI. and his wife, Charlotte de Savoie, dining sumptuously at houses of their subjects. When the Queen and several ladies of her company supped with Jehan Dauvet, they were nobly received and entertained. There were four richly adorned baths. It was expected that the Queen would bathe first, but she was somewhat indisposed and the weather was unfavorable. Mme. de Bourbon, Mlle. Bonne de Savoye, Mme. de Montglat—all noble dames, risked the adventure, as did Perrette de Chalons, "bourgeoise de Paris." Gossips say Perrette was the mistress of the King; but were not Phelise Renard and Marguerite de Sassenage preferred to Perrette? By them he had children, one of whom, Marie, was the grandmother of Diane de Poitiers. At any rate Perrette bathed. Then they all made good cheer. These baths were apparently improvised for the occasion, but certain great families had bath rooms in their mansions. Set tubs? Surely there was no sanitary plumbing.

The Hungry Hun

His greed has flown—
Not counting cost—
Against the whole
Embattled world:
And he has found
His battles lost
Before his flag
Was half unfurled.

And still the Hun
Thirsts for your blood!
'Tis in his eyes,
His tiger veins,
His ruthless weapon—Hate—
May flood
The sensate world,
But without gains.

The bomb he carries
(Which is Greed)
Will take a
Diabolic curve
And fling its aches
With certain speed
Upon the nation
He would serve.

His wizened brain
Emerging from
The wrecks of war,
Though aged by pain,
Seems not to learn
(So dull is he)
'Mong corpses cold
What life is for

MILO E. BENEDICT.

Concord, N. H.

May 14 1918

He who far off beholds another dancing,
Even one who dances best, and all the time
Hears not the music that he dances to,
Thinks him a madman, apprehending not
The law that rules his else eccentric action.

On with the Dance

Not long ago a clergyman in this city felt it his duty to inveigh coarsely and in a sensational manner against the dance. He might have quoted liberally from the book attributed to Francois Louis Gauthier, published at Paris in 1769. The title, translated into English, runs as follows: "Treatise against Dances and Naughty Songs, in which the Danger and the Evil contained in them are shown by the multiplied witness of the Holy Scriptures, of the Holy Fathers of Councils, of many Bishops of the last century and Our's, of a number of moralizing Theologians and Casuists, of Purists, of several Protestant Ministers, and finally of the Pagans themselves."

He might have asked the choir to sing the pathetic song of the unfortunate cut off in her prime. It begins:

First to the dance-house,
And then to the ale-house.

Or he might have quoted from the sermon of Mr. Jones, the pastor of a Negro church in Barnwell street, Cleveland, 60 years ago: "Whar there's dancing there's fiddling—whar there's fiddling there's unrighteousness, and unrighteousness is wickedness and wickedness is sin! That's me—that's Jones."

There was room for a passage from the conversation of William Penn and Lord Peterborough as reported by Walter Savage Landor. Peterborough was surprised at learning that Penn would not reprove country folks for an innocent relaxation: "I fancied that even the sound of a fiddle was an abomination to you." Penn answered:

"I was never given to capering; but there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool and cold weather warm and temperate; not, however when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and, unless one taketh due caution, watching their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their breath, too, between one's lips, if peradventure one omitteth to shut them bitterly and hold tight."

There is this to be said: Let one stand across the street and look up at the windows of a "dancing academy." The music is not heard; the bobbing, the prancing, the clutching and the gyrations are grotesque, reminding one of Calderon's lines that we have quoted above. De Quincey, seeing in modern ballroom, could not write his gorgeous description of an "intricate dance under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls . . . spectacle capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open." For the scene presented to De Quincey "a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolutions of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading upon the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempers the mind to the spectacle, the subject to the object, the beholder to the vision."

There were these visions when we were young; when the dance was the waltz of the seventies; when the music was by Johann or Joseph Strauss; Metra, Godfrey or Waldteufel.

Today De Quincey would watch curiously a ballroom as he would stand before a monkey cage, and he might remember regretfully the words of Artemus Ward in Aspinwall: "At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily white hoofs in the dazzling waltz."

At Last! At Last!

As the World Wags:

Once and for all let me settle this confounded controversy over the authorship of a couple of ridiculous verses. I refer, of course, to "Lines on the Painting of a Symphony in Purple and Orange" and "To a Limburger Cheese." Frothingham Clancy did not write them. Neither did Amy Lowell, nor Walt Whitman nor "B. L. T." I wrote them; wrote them not for publication or for a heritage to future (or futurist) generations, or even for personal amusement, but to convince an obstinate acquaintance that any blamed fool could write free verse—or any other kind of doggerel. I had my labor for my pains. My obstinate friend was not convinced. I have no doubt that if he had read them first in the Herald and Journal, not knowing that I wrote them, he would have thought them exquisite. I threw them out of the window of a Saugus branch train, and thought I had seen the last of them. Of course, I had no idea that some infernal pup named Patou—an Airedale scrubbing brush, no doubt—would go fetch them into the spotlight of public criticism.

So my handwriting was "legible, which is all that can be said for it." I wish to thunder it had been totally illegible.

Raddins. URIAH BUMPUS.

Pride with Grief

How shall we indicate the houses from which a man who fought in defence of his country has fallen? It is suggested in America that a gold star should replace the black star on the flag which indicated that a man had gone. In England the usual custom seems to be to place a band of black ribbon round the card which said, "A man from this house is serving his country." But why not something more in keeping with the pride which mingles with our grief? Why does not some enterprising publisher put upon the market a suitable card, or, better still, let the government supply them?—London Daily Chronicle.

Sixteen Years Ago

It is impossible to read without a thrill of pride of the wonders which our airmen are achieving at sea against submarines. Sixteen years ago at a dinner in London to M. Santos-Dumont, one of the speakers said: "The time will probably come when we shall have not only our foot guards and our horse guards, but aerial guards as well"—and shouts of laughter greeted the saying. In a private chat Santos-Dumont predicted to the writer that aircraft would in time to come be the enemies and masters of the submarine. But even he did not think of airplanes; dirigibles were his dream.—London Daily Chronicle.

KEITH STARS

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent, in "Over There," a satire on conscription, by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a good sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Mr. Rooney and Miss Bent have abandoned their routine of chatter, song and dance. This time they have the principal roles in an act that includes several assistants. The lines of the chief character are tailored for Mr. Rooney and he is provided with much action. The piece takes a vitriolic fling at the slacker. There was a clamorous call for the principals at the conclusion of the act, and we were once more enchanted with the art of Mr. Rooney in the dance. Nor was he less interesting with his partner in the irresistible spell of "The Sister of Rosy O'Grady," which the audience took up and whistled the refrain in several well directed attempts.

Other acts were Al Herman, blackface comedian, with an "intimate style"; the Five Kitamuras, in a characteristic Japanese acrobatic act; Bessie Wynn, an interpretative singer of charm and personality, in a cycle of songs and readings; Tom Smith and Ralph Austin, knockabout comedians who bring pleasant memories of other and happy days in vaudeville; Frank Fay, comedian, in songs and chatter; Nina Payne, in character studies in dance, an act that reveals the dancer as first of all the contortionist; Bernie and Baker, instrumentalists, with a leaning and undeniable facility in the art of syncopation; Sylvia Loyal and Her Pierrot, in an act with 70 trained pigeons, that is a striking demonstration of a many-sided talent.

COPLEY: "Charley's Aunt," a delightful old farce, with Leon Gordon as the aunt from Brazil, "where the nuts come from." B. N. Lewin is now playing Jack Chesney; Lionel Glenister, Charley Wykeham.

May 15 1918

Books, my friend,
Truly are so seductive company,
We are apt to sit too long and late with them,
And drowse our minds in their society.

"Dear Sirs" or "Gentlemen"

"The Duke of Billingsgate" wrote to the New York Sun from Philadelphia. He is temporarily acting as correspondent for a business firm. He receives many letters bearing the prefix "Gentlemen," instead of "Dear Sirs." Not one of these writers ever sees the person confidently addressed as "Gentlemen."

"For all they know we may be like the New Yorker in Byron Rufus Newton's immortal poem, 'Vulgar of manners, overfed, over dressed and underbred'; the veriest muckers, in fact, yet they bestow on us their accolade 'gentlemen,' because, forsooth, we sell to or order from them salted codfish, assorted stove lids or some other beastly truck. How absurd! Why cannot they address their letters properly, 'Dear Sirs,' and not betray their ignorance?"

Nearly 50 years ago Richard Grant White made the same complaint. He notified the misuse of "gentlemen" in business correspondence. Mr. A. addressed as "Sir"; but the firm of A. B. & Co. as "Gentlemen." Now the plural of 'Sir' is 'Sirs'; and if 'gentleman' has any significance at all, it ought not to be made common and unclean by being applied to mere business purposes."

Elsewhere White observed that the meanings "gentleman" and "lady" in this country are so divergent that "unless you know the person with whom you speak so well that you can put yourself in his place and assume his habits of thought, you cannot understand exactly what he means by the phrases a perfect gentleman and a perfect lady." Thus, "a waiter's ideal of a perfect gentleman is a man who orders a good dinner, and, paying for it, gives him all the change under a dollar." (This was written about 1880.) "And I know a woman of very excellent sense and breeding whose notion of a perfect gentleman is a man that never speaks to her in the street without taking his hat quite off, and does not sit in her presence until she does him the honor to request him to do so. Perhaps the waiter's criterion is quite as reasonable as hers."

We have known of highly respectable members of a firm being addressed as "Gents."

America to England

(May, 1918.)

And every hillside seemed to rock
With exaltation at the shock
Of thrice a thousand British guns
Hurling defiance at the Huns;
From every slope the chorus rose,
Great Britain's answer to her foes.

Before my eyes the trenches lay,
Steeped in the sunrise warm and gay;
Beyond them, through the tangled wire,
Snapped the incessant Teuton fire;
I could not see the men who went
At dawn through that entanglement.

Before the sky had turned to gray
They clambered out and moved away;
Steadfastly toward the dreadful place
Each silent soldier set his face,
Within the impenetrable mist
To find tho great Antagonist.

A score of fights were won while yet
They scrambled up the parapet;
Before they met the leaden tide
A hundred mean impulsos died;
White souls marched on to high emprise,
Purged by the power in sacrifice.

And when the storm of battle broke,
And through the poisonous swirl of smoke
The roaring shells fell all around,
Tearing anew the shell-torn ground,
Blinded and dazed and smote upon,
The wrecked battalion carried on,

And set the flesh their souls had won,
A barricade against the Hun,
To hold the Madman out of France,
To halt his terrible advance,
His dream, a generation old,
Of triumph by blood and iron and gold.

O you who were our wall that day,
Who flung your gallant lives away
To guard our Freedom's sacred fruit,
To save our children from the brute,
To keep forever bright and free
The hearth-fires of democracy,

What shall we say who bring our power
To you at this eleventh hour,
Who yearned to see the horror cease,
Who agonized with God for Peace,
Who cried against the cup?—Ah, we
Have had our own Gethsemane.

This: While America endures,
All that we are and have is yours;
If we be late, we would be so;
If last to come, then last to go;
For victory or for martyrdom,
With all our manhood do we come.

We come, we come. In vain our tears,
In vain the long desire of years.
Our personal joys and griefs are dumb—
We have one voice: God, let us come;
Let us be spent for Liberty,
Or climb if need be Calvary.

HAZELTON SPENCER.

Kent's Hill, Me.

That Southern Accent

As the World Wags:

"J. S. G." carried your recent discussion on Accents to the "so-called southern accent." From the questions I would never conclude that he was favorably inclined toward what you headed—"That Southern Accent."

"Did the southern whites get it from their black mammies?" Horrors! White Trash have been lynched for less.

Not wishing to enter the lists even as much as I despise our Boston leaning toward the broad "a," our terrible "ing," our detestable "r," I will call to the stand and enter in my place that famed engineer, artist, novelist, globe trotter and Eastern Shore man, F. Hopkinson Smith:

"And then her southern speech, indescribable and impossible in cold type. The softening of the consonants, the slipping away of the terminals, the slurring of the vowels, and all in that low, musical voice born outside of the roar and crash of city streets and crowded drawing-rooms with each tongue fighting for mastery." ("Peter"—Scribner's—page 120.)

Danvers. TERRAE FILIUS.

A Troubled Music Critic

A newspaper is seldom popular with the average local musical talent. The pianists expect the paper to say of them they are Paderewskis; the vocalists must equal Melba and Galli Curci, and the violinists must have an art on par with that of Kreisler. A newspaper is unwilling to stand up before the world with such statements. What is the result? Local talent says: "With such a paper it is impossible to create an artistic atmosphere in this town."—Atchison Globe.

May 16 1918

Pitt said to Canning, if Walter Savage Landor, reported him correctly: "For a successful minister, three things are requisite on occasion: to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one and to be indifferent which you are called."

Donkey Meat

It is seriously proposed in England to eat donkey meat. The Governor of Moravia is quoted as saying that it tastes like the best kind of game. Labouchere during the siege of Paris preferred donkey to beef or mutton. "Let anyone who doubts the excellence of donkey," he wrote, "slay one of these weak-minded animals, cook him, and eat him."

The ancients were not all of this opinion. We now quote from that most fascinating folio, "The History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents," by Edward Topsel (edition of 1658): "Maecenus allowed the flesh of young Asses to be eaten, preferring it to the flesh of wilde Asses, and this custome also prevailed at Athens, where they did eat the flesh of old Asses, which hurteth the stomach, having in it no good juice or sweetness, and is very hard to be digested. In like sort about the coasts of Alexandria, men use to eat the flesh of Asses, which, begetting in their body much melancholick and adusted humor, causeth them to fall into the Elephantia or spotted leprosie." Of the "Wilde Asse" Topsel reported: "Their flesh being hot doth stink and taste like an other Asses, but boyled and kept two dayes hath a pleasant taste; yet doth it not breed good bloud, because it is viscious and hard to be concocted, although there be many which did eat that, as also the flesh of Panthers and other such beasts."

Let us go back of Topsel. Galen noted that the ass was eaten in time of scarcity, but not as a regular article of food. Some of us remember our Xenophon. His soldiers thought that the flesh of wild asses caught in the Syrian desert was most delicious. There is an epigram of Martial, "Cum tener est onager, etc," from which we learn that the flesh of the wild ass was considered by him good and tender eating when the ass was young and fed only on its mother. The commentator quotes Pliny

the Elder ... the flesh of the folos I. held for excellent good meat, and such they call Lalisiones."

From all this it appears that if donkey flesh is to be eaten, a young donkey should first be driven wild.

Two or Three Conductors

Mr. Ysaye is now conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch has been appointed conductor of the Detroit Symphony Society orchestra, "at what is said to be the largest salary paid to any conductor of an American orchestra." The two orchestras are to be congratulated, for if Mr. Gabrilowitsch is in his heart a pro-German as some still insist in spite of his denial, he has not yet been accused of hellish plots against this country. There has been talk in Boston of Sir Henry Wood as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra next season. This was the program of his symphony concert in Queen's Hall, London, April 27: Smetana, overture to "The Sold Bride"; Percy Pitt, Oriental Rhapsody; Gounod, "Plus grand dans son obscurite" (Mlle. Zoia Rosowsky); Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4; Tcherepnin, Piano Concerto in C sharp minor (Mr. Moiseiwitsch, pianist); Samazeuilh, poem, "Sommeil de Canope" (first time in England); Massenet, "Voyons, Manon"; Wagner, Siegfried's Journey. Surely, a varied and interesting program.

It is said that Mr. Gabrilowitsch will receive $30,000 for his work with a stick next season. This reminds us of the Pianist Rosenthal's reply to a Viennese colleague, who asked him: "How much do you think I made on my last concert trip?" "Half as much."

The manager of the Detroit Orchestra is Mr. Cyphers. Is the name auspicious?

Ear, Nose and Palate

As the World Wags:

Sounds, odors, flavors affect us as variously as faces. If I like red hair my friend detests it. The learned editor of this column cannot endure tripe or Brussels sprouts. Both, in the humble opinion of the writer, fit into the eternal harmonies of gastronomy. The name "Frothingham Clancy" may convey to some the sensation of a perfume. To others it may call up visions of a maniac clattering his gyves. To me the name "Frothingham" suggests cool beakers of foaming mead, and his patronymic as to you, the clash of swords, or the musical clinking of old Spanish doubloons one upon another. It is well that these delectable sensations affect us so differently. It would be a sad world otherwise—as sad as perpetual winter or perpetual righteousness.

Boston. W. E. K.

We ate Brussels sprouts many years ago in a foreign city and were deathly sick. Tripe looks like a bit of rubber door-mat smeared over with a repulsive sauce. Then, it is so cowish. The most palatable dish of it we ever ate was a good while ago at the Manhattan Club, New York. It was a breakfast specialty of the club.—Ed.

Ypres and Wipers

A distinguished lady, visiting our wounded men in hospital, stopped at the bed of one of the North Country soldiers. "And where were you wounded, my good man?" "Eh? It were at Wipers, mam." "Ypres," said the lady. Tommy stared at her a moment, and then continued: "Ah were coming out of communication trench at Wipers—"

"Ypres," said the lady. Again Tommy stared and then went on: "It were the first fight at Wipers—" "Ypres," corrected the lady again, and as Tommy lapsed into silence the lady passed on. His mate came along and said: "That were a great lady talking to you." "Aye," said Tommy, "seems right enough. Pity she's got hiccups."—The Stage.

May 18 1918

A play, "Lot 79," which, entitled "Captain Kidd, Jr.," was seen here at the Park Square Theatre in October, 1917, was produced in London last month. The London Times of April 22, mentioning the fact that certain scenes were laid on Cape Cod, said: "As to Cape Cod, though probably few London playgoers know it, the place is endeared to lovers of Hazlitt because of his father's sojourn there before he came home to settle at Wem."

This statement is hardly correct. Hazlitt's father, a clergyman, landed at New York in 1753. He settled in Philadelphia, preached in Maryland, where he had a serious illness, refused calls to Pittsburgh and elsewhere. In June, 1783, he preached at the "Brattle Street meeting" in Boston. In August he left Philadelphia to make his home in Weymouth. He often went to Hingham, where he preached for Ebenezer Gay. He also preached in Salem. In the summer of 1785 he visited Cape Cod. His daughter Margaret wrote that he stayed there three weeks, but could not make up his mind to live in so desolate a place. "It was a neat little town, inhabited chiefly by fishermen, but nothing was to be seen but rocks and sands and the boundless ocean. He took William with him, who, child as he was, could not help being struck with the barren and dreary look of the country, and inquired if any robins or Bob Lincolns came there, and being told there were none, he said, 'I suppose they do not like such an ugly place.' Stepping into the boat, he dropped his shoe into the sea, which he lamented because of his silver buckle." Having lived for a time at a new settlement, Hallowell, "in the province of Maine," again at Weymouth and later in Dorchester, Hazlitt sailed for England from Long wharf, Boston, on Oct. 23, 1786.

Where did Hazlitt spend three weeks on Cape Cod? The description given by Margaret does not fit the Barnstables, Sandwich, Hyannis, the Yarmouths, Harwiches, Dennises. What village was never visited by robins? We doubt if Hazlitt went below Buzzard's Bay.

The Man Clancy

As the World Wags:

To hear is to obey, and I hasten to shed what light I can upon the family relationships of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston. Broadly speaking, he considered all creatures his kith and kin. "Good morning, Dog," he would say, with lifted hat and a grave solicitude that was quite touching to behold.

I was walking with him one morning across the Common. We were attired in the habiliments of the banana bum, which made the soilure of the poet's garments, by a pigeon flying overhead, of less consequence than it might otherwise have been. Clancy had been rather sentimentally expatiating upon his kinship with all creeping, swimming and flying things. "These pigeons," he exclaimed, "are my brothers and sisters." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the dastardly deed was done, and Clancy's tenderness was swept away in a torrent of very unbrotherly profanity. I heard no more of doves as blood relations that day.

Clancy was a lonely and somewhat gloomy figure when I was attracted to him back in the undergraduate days. He hinted once at some disagreement with his family; I believe it was over a matter of slight practical moment, but "infinite, sir, in principle."

I have heard him refer (he was, I regret to state, averagely well along toward an advanced stage of one of his rare periods of intoxication) to the charms and graces of four blooming and talented sisters, for whom he professed, with sobs, his liveliest feelings of admiration and devotion. But whether they really existed, or were only the lovely figments of alcoholic frenzy, I cannot say. He never mentioned them sober.

As for the possibility of "one nearer and dearer"—I must restrain this all too fluent pen; for I could move storms or condole—or condone. Legally, Clancy was a single man. Let us think of him so—solitary, mysterious, grand.

What we are accustomed to term the petty conventions of society are in reality much stronger than some of those restrictions which in theory are its chief bulwarks. Clancy made toothpicks of a good deal of what he regarded as the mumbo-jumbo superstructure of civilization. "Words, words, words—mere wind, sir; we fill our bellies with the east wind, sir, as the Scripture hath it; you cannot feed capons so." Whether Clancy was actually capable of an abiding affection for one woman, who shall say? His only worshipped mistress was art, and next to her I think he loved Clancy.

Perhaps I am not quite just to the departed bard. I would not seek to gloss his faults—if they were faults. Without them he would tower too far above us, like

"the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty."

Clancy was very human. And it was better so. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston.

A War Note.

The municipality of Lanwitz offered a rewards of 200 marks ($50) for information concerning a thief who stole a tame deer from the Municipal Park and butchered it.

Charles Astland, a laborer, 45 years old, was committed for trial at Crydon, Eng., on the charge of shooting a deer valued at £5 in Croydon Hill Park. Astland said when he was arrested: "It is a job to live on these rations. I must have something for my children."

In mediaeval times the penalty for killing a deer was death.

May 19 1918

WEST END PUPILS HEARD IN CONCERT

The seventh annual concert of pupils and orchestra of the Boston Music School Settlement, 41 Allen street, West end, took place yesterday morning at the Copley-Plaza Hotel. Jacques Hoffmann conducted. The orchestral pieces included Massenet's overture to "Phedre" and Godard's Adagio Pathetique. Haydn's Minuet and Schubert's Marche Militaire were played by an ensemble group, George Cohen, conductor. Compositions by Swift, Kriens, Kuhlan, Pache, Dvorak (Sonatina in G-Finale), Buzzia-Peccia, Dessauer, Rheinhold, De Berlot (Allegro Maistoso from 9th concerto), Rissini (Aria from "Barber of Seville"), Mendelssohn (Concerto in G-minor—allegro confuoco), and Moszkowski were on the program. Anita Bates, Chester Titcheli, Minnie Siegel, Riva Rotstein, Violet Toronto, Millie Toronto, Israel Kopp, Ida Kopp, Frances Berman, Sarah Aronson, Etta Wein, Ruth Freed, Gertrude Cohan and Marian Drury took part. A military drill and plastic dance were performed by the eurythmic class, and the Folk Dancing class performed the Sailor's Hornpipe and a Dutch dance.

The concert deeply interested a large audience. The proficiency of the orchestra and Mr. Hoffmann's interest and skill as conductor were fully appreciated, as were the musical instinct and serious endeavor of the pupils, many of them very young.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the good work that is being done by the Boston Music School Settlement. Not only is musical talent recognized and developed; home life is bettered. Such work makes for civic righteousness. The officers of the Settlement are Walter R. Spalding, director; Daniel Bloomfield, associate director; Mrs. A. Lincoln Filene, treasurer; Harold Gleason, head worker.

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It is a pleasure to record the success of "Charley's Aunt" at the Copley Theatre. Mr. Gordon is most amusing. The other members of Mr. Jewett's company enter joyfully into the sport.

When this farce was revived last Christmas in London the Daily Telegraph said: "Of all farces, what could be better than 'Charley's Aunt'? She is not now, there is no denying it, in her first youth, but something may be said for the theory that old farces—like old wine, old friends, and old books are the best. The fun takes on a richer quality when we go to it with the memory of having enjoyed it once, twice, and again. We know we are going to laugh, and all the more heartily we do laugh. In some fashion, a kindliness toward the piece, a gratitude for the good times we have had, makes us like it all the better."

It may be asked, however, if the fun would not be as rich if the farce were played more seriously. This question sounds paradoxical, but it is not. When "Charley's Aunt" was first played in this country—at the Standard Theatre, New York, Oct. 2, 1893—the part of Babberly was taken by Etienne Girardot, who was brought over from England. He was then described by a New York reviewer as "a quietly droll comedian, who copies W. S. Penley's unexaggerative representation of the character in London." The reviewer added: "He permits none of the temptations to buffoonery to lead him astray into burlesque, and his performance, like that of the whole company, is pitched in a comedy key and kept there."

When the play was revived at the Manhattan Theatre in New York in 1906 another reviewer praised Mr. Girardot for his exceptional skill. "His work has grown along the subtle lines of delicacy and finish, which seem so trivial but count for so much. He has the art of creating laughter without descending to horseplay."

In London late in 1915 Percy Crawford was praised for "getting every possible ounce of fun out of the part, without ever degenerating into even the semblance of clowning."

It must be confessed that the performance at the Copley, funny as it is is often in the burlesque vein. Neither the young women nor Col. Chesney and Mr. Spettigue, could for a moment be in doubt of the pseudo aunt's sex, especially as Mr. Gordon fully exhibits his trouser legs underneath his skirt.

The Pall Mall Gazette in December, 1911, noting that the farce was then nearly 20 years old—it was produced at Bury St. Edmunds in February, 1892—states that the remarkable welcome conferred "some ineradicable quality of youthfulness in the play, some note of genuine humanity," and that those characteristics had kept the farce "so marvellously alive that even now the desire to see it is so strong and the disposition to laugh at it so overwhelming." In January, 1912, the same journal said that the popularity of the play was amazing. Brandon Thomas, the author, told a reporter that at that time about 250,000 performances had been given in England and all over the world; it had been translated and played in 18 different languages. "Tens of thousands of persons have seen the play 10 or a dozen times or more. The ticket vouchers that were issued from the box office at the old Globe Theatre during the run of over four years would, if placed end to end, extend nearly 200 miles or from London to Liverpool." Tieschler played the Aunt in Germany; Novelli played it in Italy. The author took the part of Col. Chesney in the original London production and played it at intervals until the close of his career.

W. S. Penley, the original Babberley—he played the part over 1400 times on its first production—died on Nov. 11, 1912, after a long illness. It was said of him that he was visibly sent into the world to set it laughing, in this respect resembling Blakeley of the Criterion rather than Toole and Edward Terry, who were naturally serious rather than comical. Penley was also successful as the shy curate in "The Private Secretary," the lay brother Pelican in "Falka," the youth in love with the Gutta-Percha Girl in "The Arabian Nights." Dying when he was 61, he had reaped a large fortune for his exertions, "but he paid for them in other and melancholy ways."

When the farce was first performed in New York the Dramatic Mirror inquired curiously into its popularity. It gave these reasons: delight in the ludicrous; the fraud practised upon the curmudgeon Spettigue; "because four couples out of an impossible five are at last happy in love."

Let us add that there is a "Charley's Aunt" Club in London, with Mrs. Brandon Thomas the president. At its meeting in last December it was announced that 45 of its members were with the colors.

The Herald has received from Miss Abbei Fabyan of Boston some interesting old programs.

A Boston Theatre bill of Jan. 14, 1864, announces the "first time of Gounod's Grand Romantic Opera in 5 acts of 'Faust,' which created such great sensation at its first production in Paris that it had to be repeated for over 200 consecutive nights." To put it mildly, this statement was an exaggeration. "Faust," produced at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, on March 19, 1859, was performed 57 times that year. It was followed May 11 by Weber's "Abou-Hassan," Mozart's "Escape from the Seraglio," Deffes's "Petits Violons du Roi," Lajarte's "Mlle. Penelope," Gluck's "Orpheus."

To go back to the Boston bill. Max Maretzek conducted. The cast was as follows: Margherita, Clara Louise Kellogg; Siebil, Henrietta Sulzer; Martha, Fanny Stockton; Faust, Francisco Mazzolini; Mephistopheles, Hanibal Biachi; Valentin, Fernando Bellini; Wagner, Muller. It was announced that there would be "a still more increased orchestra, embracing the celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club, a military band, new and brilliant costumes, appointments. In order to give eclat to the performance, Sig. Bellini has accepted the comparatively small part of Valentin." The performance began at 7:30 P. M. The bill stated that on Jan. 16 Verdi's "Macbeth" would be performed: "Mme. Medori in her grand character of Lady Macbeth; Sig. Bellini in his great role of Macbeth."

Another bill of "Faust," Jan. 14, 1865, stated that the incidental ballet would be "executed" by Mlle. Ernestine and Mlle. Auriel. The acts were named: The Compact; the Kermesse; the Garden; the Repentance; Death. The singers were Mmes. Kellogg, Morensi, Zapucci; Messrs. Lotti, Bellini (Mephistopheles), Lorini, Muller. Carl Bergmann conducted. Jennie Van Zanzt was to make her first appearance the next week as Lucia. "Don Sebastian" was among the operas to be given. The price of seats was $1.50, 75c, 50c, 25c. "Colored people admitted to the gallery only."

There is a bill of a performance of "Faust" on Oct. 14, 1871, with these excellent singers: Christina Nilsson, Annie Louise Cary, Victor Capoul, Josef Jamet (Mephistopheles), A. Barre, Max Maretzek conducted.

How many of our readers have heard Herold's "Zampa"? At a performance on Jan. 23, 1867, Carmen Poch took the part of Camille and Mazzolini that of Zampa. That night Giorgio Ronconi was advertised for "Don Pasquale." "The Star of the North" was also announced for that week.

Nov. 14, 1863. "First appearance of the brilliantly successful prima donna, Miss Amalia M. Hauck, and the new lyric tenor, Sig. Ranieri Baragli, in 'La Sonnambula.'" Antonucci was the Count.

Jan. 27, 1866. "Norma," with Carozzi Zucchi, Signora Bosisio, Mazzolini and Antonucci.

Nov. 23, 1867. Anna de la Grange, Adelaide Phillipps, Brignoli and Orlandina sang in "Martha." "Lucrezia Borgia" was announced for the next week. Gladly would we hear the opera again.

Clara Louise Kellogg, Mazzolini and Ronconi sang in "Fra Diavolo" on Nov. 1, 1866. This was at the Boston Theatre. It was stated that on Nov. 26 "the popular and justly celebrated author and comedian, Mr. John Brougham, will

... [illegible] appearance at the theatre.

... [illegible], Sophia Dziuba, ... [illegible] and Joseph Weinlich ... "Der Freischuetz" on Jan. 21 ... [illegible] Neuendorff conducted. "Peasants ... [illegible] Rangers, by the ladies and gentlemen of the Grand Chorus."

... [illegible]'s opera "Judith" was performed Jan. 25, 1864, for the first time ... [illegible] Mmes. Midori, Sulzer, Mil... [illegible] Mazzolini, Bellini, Biachi, ... [illegible] Mazzoleni chose Petrella's ... for his benefit on Jan. 27; Bellini chose Verdi's "I Due Foscari," ... [illegible] owe to the great majority of ... [illegible] Stella Bonheur made her first appearance here as Siebel on Nov. 17, 1866. When Clara Louise Kellogg took the part of Rosina on Jan. 19, 1867, Baragli was the Count, Ronconi, Figaro; Bellini, Bartolo, Antonucci, Don Basilio. It must have been a joyous performance.

13th Bethlehem Bach Festival at Lehigh University

The program of the 13th Bethlehem Bach festival to be held at Lehigh University next Friday and Saturday will be as follows:

Friday, May 24, 4 P. M. Cantata, "My Spirit Was in Heaviness." Chorale, "World Farewell." Actus Tragicus, "God's Time Is the Best." Double chorus, "Now Shall the Grace." Chorale, "O Joy, to Know That Thou."

Friday, May 24, 8 P. M. Tombeau, "Ode of Mourning." "Magnificat." Chorale, "Glory Now to Thee Be Given."

Saturday, May 25, 2 P. M. Mass in B minor—"Kyrie" and "Gloria."

Saturday, May 25, 5 P. M. Mass in B minor—"Crado to the End."

The soloists on Friday will be Mildred Faas, soprano; Emma Roberts, alto; Nicholas Douty, tenor; Charles T. Tittmann, bass. Saturday: Mae Hotz, Merle Alcock, Mr. Douty, Mr. Tittmann. The choir of 250 voices will be assisted also by the Philadelphia orchestra and the Moravian trombone choir.

"To make up for the lack of adequate hotel accommodations—the expansion of the Bethlehem steel plant has crowded all hotels and boarding houses—local citizens have volunteered to entertain visitors at the forthcoming Bach festival in their own homes. Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Schwab, Mr. and Mrs. Warren A. Wilbur, Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Drinker, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Buck head the list of steel company officials, university professors and other prominent citizens who will furnish sleeping quarters. The rate that is uniformly charged is $2 per person per night and the proceeds are to be devoted to local charities. The two-fold purpose will thus be served of affording exceptional hospitality and of benefiting worthy charitable causes."

Houghton Mifflin Company has just published "The Bethlehem Bach Choir; an Historical and Interpretative Sketch," by Raymond Walters, registrar and assistant professor of English, Lehigh University. It is a volume of 290 pages with many illustrations. After an interesting chapter, From Pioneer Days to the Era of Steele, there are chapters on the Beginnings of Bach Singing in Bethlehem; the Bach Festivals, 1900-1905; the Festivals at Lehigh University; the Bethlehem Bach Choir in New York; Dr. Wolle, the Conductor; Charles M. Schwab and the Bach Choir; the Executive Committee of the Choir; a Community Enterprise; a Musical Force. In the appendix there is an account of the choral singers, the works performed, the soloists, the Moravian trombone choir, the orchestra and the officers and committees. There is an index.

As this exhaustive book contains matter of more than parochial interest, a review will be published in the Herald of next Sunday.

Notes About the Stage, Plays, Actors and Actresses

Some of our readers may remember a play, "Capt. Kidd, Jr.," by Rida Johnson Young, produced at the Park Square Theatre, Oct. 22, 1917. When it was produced at Atlantic City in June, 1916, it was called "Buried Treasure." It was not much of a play and the comedians at the Park Square Theatre did little to enliven it. This play has turned up in London as "Lot 79." It was produced at the Queen's Theatre, April 21. The Daily Telegraph found it bright and cheery, containing an unimpeachable moral. "It is to the effect that better far than treasure of gold or precious stones are the mens sana and corpus sanum born of hard work, fresh air and clean living." The Times, having remarked that the value of an idea depends less on its literary antecedents than upon the present use made of it, said that the author missed the opportunity of telling anything worth knowing about an old-fashioned New York ... [illegible] or the shores of Cape Cod. "These seekers strike you as rough notes for characters rather than as characters."

Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson played last month in English towns for charity. Two performances of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in Derby brought in £... [illegible] At Manchester £712 was taken. The performances were in aid of the Nation's Fund for Nurses.

Hall Caine has introduced a new scene which brings the third act of his "Prime Minister" to ... [illegible] even more dramatic ... [illegible] than the original one." It is of a ... [illegible] nature. The Daily Telegraph remarks; "Whatever cold and reasoned criticism may have to say to 'The Prime Minister' it unquestionably contains many passages which arrest and grip the attention."

"Chu Chin Chow" celebrated its 750th performance at His Majesty's, London, on April 17.

Pinero's "In Chancery," first performed in Edinburgh on Sept. 19, 1884, will be turned into a musical comedy by Pinero and Fred Thompson.

Maud Allan, the dancer, made her first appearance in a speaking part as Salome in Wilde's tragedy in London, April 12. The Pall Mall Gazette said that her Salome, with a slight American accent, was wholly innocuous if hardly the very temperamental little Salome of the author; that as an actress she has very much to learn. This was said of the play itself: "Its qualities remain—both its affectation of fine writing for fine writing's sake, and those Flaubertian excursions in imagery, for the beauties of which it is so largely indebted to the song of Solomon. Its atmosphere of provincialized Roman decadence remains, too, for what it is worth—its sense of marble and roses and blood." The Stage had a spasm of virtue. It condemned the play for impurity of theme and treatment. Quoting the words of the page when the Syrian captain has stabbed himself, the writer says: "All which—and it is a fair specimen of the dialogue, rouged and painted like a courtesan's face—is very repellent to a healthy taste. The trick of it, with its high-colored words and its mechanical repetitions, is easy enough to a craftsman with any verbal skill and it is to literature what pinchbeck is to precious metals."

George Scarborough's and Augustus Thomas's drama, "At Bay," was recently performed in Madrid.

It is said that Mrs. Fiske will play next season in "Penny" by Martin Brown, once a professional dancer. He is the author of "A Very Good Young Man," to be produced next August in New York.

A dramatization of Conrad's "Victory," made by B. MacDonald Hastings, has been produced in Syracuse, N. Y. Is not this the first of Conrad's stories to be put on the stage?

Valeska Surratt next season will appear in a spoken play.

A statement made in or near this spot a week ago—to the effect that Lionel Adams is the only actor except Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson who ever played the role of the Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"—appears to have been based on anything but fact. An authoritative letter on the subject contains these bits of news:

"Sir Johnston's brother—Ian Robertson, lately with Guy Bates Post in 'The Masquerader'—played this role many times, visiting those cities Sir Johnston could not play, and at one time playing a simultaneous engagement with his more distinguished brother in Chicago—Ian at the Princess and Sir Johnston at the Garrick. The piece was also done by several stock companies in this country. David Powell played the role at Northampton, Mass. In England the play was also given by another actor. But, despite all these attempts . . . the play has never been a success except as played by Sir Johnston."—New York Times, May 12.

A memorial has now been erected over the grave of the late Sir Herbert Tree at Hampstead. It is a reproduction in stone of the statue of the "Mourning Woman" in the British Museum, the gracious and sorrowful dignity of which suggests the loss to art of the dead actor. The inscription, the letters of which are being carefully drawn from those on the Trajan column in Rome and are to be carved next week, is headed with the simple words, "Ars luget," beneath which appear the name and dates. Following are Sir Herbert's favorite lines from Richard II., "Mount, mount, my soul." The grave is enclosed by a kerb, within which hyacinth scyllas and blue muscari are now in bloom. On the kerb it is proposed later to add Milton's lines:

"In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love,
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies."
—London Times.

A dramatization of Victoria Cross's novel, "Five Nights," was produced at Bournemouth, England, on April 8. The author prepared the stage version.

"Jane," produced in London in 1890—it had a run of 196 nights—will be turned into a musical comedy.

Gerald du Maurier has offered his services to the war office and applied for a commission in the Irish guards. He gave as his reason for this choice of regiment: "My father was French and my mother English."

There will be little or no variety in the London bills if managers continue to follow the policy of producing American plays one after another in rapid succession because one or two examples have caught on. I am a great believer in American plays, but it is unfair both to author and producer to handle them in this wholesale manner on the principle of the continuous house. It may "seem like being on Broadway" to our American visitors, but after the first flush of patriotic fervor they must surely want to see a little of our native work—if only to compare with their own. I know we are rather poverty stricken at the moment in native work, but is anything being done to encourage British authors? I'm afraid not. Managers do not yet realize how much more they stand to gain, from a commercial point of view, when they "create" an English production, which if successful can bring in five times the profit from America that it could possibly make in England. —The Stage, April 25.

Jane Houston will play in London this summer.

The gradual ascendency that Shakespeare is getting over St. George as today's patron is, after all, neither unprecedented nor unnatural. The "Burns Nicht" means on the whole more now to Scotsmen than St. Andrew's day. There are several advantages the patron poet has over the patron saint. He is the familiar friend of everybody and an ambassador of ideals, as witness today's "Shakespeare message" between the children of Great Britain and the children of America. America, by the way, has neither patron saint nor patron poet. But Dr. Page is president of the "Shakespeare Association," and, I know, very much prizes the Third Folio presented him last year.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 23.

I have often noticed that the nations upon which Shakespeare is hardest are those that love him most. He particularly loathed the Germans, who have claimed him for their own. He meted out no more than even-handed justice—if that—to the Jews, and they have been his devoted scholars. Also, he had not a good word for those "rug-headed kerns," the Irish. Yet Ireland has given Shakespeare alike his finest actors and his most enlightened critics. And it was Dr. Douglas Hyde who wrote, in the "Book of Homage," "For thy sake I forgive thy country!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Theatrical Affairs in Paris and the Long Range Guns

The Paris correspondent of the Stage (London) wrote on April 13: "As I anticipated last week, the government has acquiesced in the demand of theatrical managers that matinees should not be prohibited during the bombardment of Paris by long-range guns. Besides the financial blow to the profession, the restriction had a depressing moral effect, and the dignity of the capital demands that life shall continue, in so far as possible, unaltered, or we are simply playing into the Germans' hands. The horrible disaster on Good Friday, when a shell struck the Church of St. Gervais, is not likely to be repeated, and theatre-goers know the risk. On Tuesday of last week, it is true, receipts had dwindled as low as £20 at the Comedie-Francaise, £100 at the Opera Comique—which, by the way, narrowly escaped a shell some days before—and £38 at the Edouard VII., and £16 at the Grand-Guignol. Music halls had fared little better, for although they drew larger audiences, their expenses are proportionately higher. But a reaction has set in, and I believe the most serious crisis is past. Many of the theatres are still closed, and at the Varietes the production of 'The Quaker Girl' was postponed at the last moment, but on Wednesday M. Huguenet, the well-known actor and president of the Actors' Syndicate, had an interview with the minister of labour, M. Colliard, on behalf of artists and employes, and I look to see the theatres reopening shortly. Parisiens will learn the stoic philosophy of London in the matter of bombardments. Indeed I witnessed something of the sort yesterday afternoon, at the Comedie Francaise, where I had gone for the revival of Marivaux's 'Les Fausses Confidences.' Racine's tragedy 'Britannicus,' which preceded it on the bill, had just finished when the curtain rose—the stage set for the comedy—and Silvain, still in his Roman toga, but with his wig removed and his boots on, appeared and addressed the public: 'I have just been informed that the bombardment has begun—two shells have fallen. I believe—it is my duty to warn you. . . . The Germans respected the tragedy, but come to interrupt the comedy! . . . We will continue to play, of course.' It was charmingly said, and met with an immense ovation. Twenty minutes later an explosion was heard in the neighborhood. There was a little murmuring among the audience, and some 20 people left. The house was full; on the stage the actors continued without a break, and no further incident occurred."

"M. Edmond Sée's play, in two acts, 'La Brebis,' is being given at the Odeon with a revival of 'La Station Champbaudet' of Labiche. M. See is a playwright whose literary and psychological talent has not been fully recognized by the public. He has not written many plays, it is true, but he has considerable standing among writers. 'La Brebis' is a shrewd and somewhat cynical study of a light woman, and in its appreciation of characters it comes near to being a masterpiece. Lucienne, like most of her type, is an unintelligent little woman, who longs to become more than the mere plaything and pleasure of Pierre, to whom she is sincerely attached. Pierre hears that the bank in which his uncle's fortune is placed has become involved owing to the neglect of its president, who is Lucienne's protector, and he easily persuades Lucienne to be more attentive and gain the great man's confidence. She is flattered with so new a part of friend and comforter, but it does not last. Pierre, reassured financially, returns, and she discovers that his kisses are more pleasing to her vanity than her new role of a woman of brain in whom men confide. It was well played—sufficiently—but with no special brilliance."

He wrote on April 5:

"The Grand-Guignol Theatre in Paris has won a wide reputation abroad as well as at home, and while the provincial goes to the Cmedie Francaise, the foreigner to the Folies-Bergere, and the boulevardier to the Vaudeville, all pay a visit to the pretty little playhouse which has gained the name of museum of horrors. It has not the distinction and artistic tone of the American Washington Square Players, but it is designed to thrill the jaded nerves, and, indeed, the average English or American is sure of a distinct shock of some sort! I must own that I witnessed the new bill with some melancholy. To begin with, there was a little drama of mistaken identity at the box office which nearly made me miss the first playlet, but did not quite. Alas! the dramatization of 'The Fall of the House of Usher' is excellently played—especially Usher—but the end might be rendered more impressive by skilful lighting effects.

"The principal thriller was 'Le Crime,' by MM. Level, unquestionably the best of the new program for its real qualities of construction. Two students, completely ruined after a night of cards, assassinate a woman of their party who has returned to their rooms for her reticule. The body is packed in a trunk, but they are unable to leave until their bills are paid, and little by little the fruits of their crime dwindle away. Finally one of them becomes insane, and opens the box, revealing the corpse to the men who have come to make an inventory of the furniture. The suspense is ably maintained, and it is well, if melodramatically, played. Yet we are far and away from the thrills of 'The 13th Chair.' So much for the horrors of the evening, but there are horrors of another sort. The comic portion of the program consists chiefly in saying crude things very bluntly. Yet there was an element of humor in M. Segur's 'Les Inseparables,' where a man cannot rid himself of his friend's passionate wife, even when they are discovered, and MM. Yves Mirande and Geroule's farce, 'Il faut toujours fermer les Parisiennes,' presents one diverting scene of a notary trying to explain a delicate situation to the provincial relations of his deceased client; but it is coarse, as a matter of course."

"The Odeon gave us a most interesting example of old and nearly forgotten eighth century classics last week—'Esprit de Contradiction' of Dufresny and 'La Petite Ville' of Picard—typical little masterpieces of a period rich in men of wit and observation, now utterly neglected upon dusty shelves. 'L'Esprit de Contradiction' is a satirical study of feminine contrariness, written with an appreciation of dramatic effects that reminds one of Moliere and Lesage. MM. Darras, Maxudian, Coutant and Mme. Kerwich give a deft interpretation. Picard, is of a somewhat later period—he died in 1828—and a study of his comedies and novels throws amusing light upon society during the Revolution and Directoire. He was especially good at sketching little human weaknesses, and 'La Petite Ville' cleverly illustrates the life of a sleepy little provincial town that contains every form of vice and imperfection under the mantle of hypocrisy, as Desroches, whose coach has broken down there, soon discovers. One old gallant, M. Riflard, has remained proverbial. Bertin, Lamy and Mlle. de Tehl and Barsange portray the characters very skilfully, with the right note of the times."

"Le Maitre de Forges" was revived without success at the Nouvet Ambigu.

Notes About Opera, Concerts, Music and Musicians

It is not generally known, in connection with the regretted death of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, that none of the several distinguished Welsh vocalists and musicians of this name is related to the others—Davies being, to be sure, a fairly common name in the principality. Thus Mr. Ben Davies—happily still in his prime as a singer—Mrs. Mary Davies, Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Miss Emily Davies, Miss Fanny Davies, the pianiste, and Miss Maggie Davies ("the Welsh Patti") are not related to one another, nor was any of them, I believe, a relative of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A writer for the Daily Telegraph wrote of the singer: "So Ffrangcon Davies is gathered to his fathers. May the turf rest lightly on him! It is several years since last I saw him or heard him sing, but my memory is as alive as ever it was to the dignity of his style and to the intensity of his expression. I have a very vivid recollection of running into him one night in the damp, dank, vaulted corridors of the Alexandra Palace during the interval of an oratorio concert—it was a performance, I think, of 'Gerontius'—and of finding him with tears streaming down his face so copiously that he would not face his fellow-artists in the 'green-room.' He was immensely, almost terribly, sincere in his art-work, and the place he made for himself in our concert life was quite unique, because of the strong personal note that underlay all he did."

Sir Thomas Beecham, speaking at Bir-

ingham, April 24, complained of the neglect of music by the state, and said the pernicious system of primary instruction had degraded the musical taste of the average home to a most unbelieved extent. "Unless our teaching has reformed we should have swarms of foreigners here after the war, and we should be once more beaten out of the field, and should say good-by for 200 or 300 years to any real musical civilization."

At the Aeolian Hall, yesterday, Miss Margaret Cooper sang, or, perhaps it would be truer to say, led her audience through that delightful combination of playing a piece, acting a part, telling a story and singing a song which she has made peculiarly her own. When you have once heard it done it seems so entirely right and natural that you wonder whether Miss Cooper did not invent the whole program herself—plot, words, tune, accompaniment, and all—and that more people have not thought of doing the same; for it is the ideal thing to be unable to say at the end of each idyll—shall we call it?—whether what you liked best was the sentiment, or its setting, or the picture as a whole.—London Times, April 24.

When Gervase Elwes sang in London last month the Pall Mall Gazette said that Brahms's four "Serious Songs" owe the esteem in which they are held more to the great name with which they are signed than to the music they contain. The reviewer praised John Ireland's song, "The Heart's Desire," poem by A. E. Housman.

Mme. Clara Butt, since the commencement of the war, made over by means of her own sheer ability, no less than £42,000 to various charities, the chief, perhaps, being the Red Cross; and for the fund for musicians affected by the war—her own fund if memory serves—her contribution during the same period of time has been £15,000. Are these not pearls of price?. Hitherto I have heard no remonstrance in these cases against the helping of those who from various causes cannot help themselves! Surely, surely, this is the very appointed time when all should be lending their aid for the good of others; and most certainly it is no time for cavilling. It is "your money we want," not your words, pearly though they may be! And it is your money which Mme. Clara Butt wants to collect for the Red Cross.—Daily Telegraph.

Puccini's "Le Villi" has been performed in English at Liverpool by the H. B. Phillips Opera Company. The late Arthur Rousbey company performed it at Manchester 21 years ago.

The Daily Telegraph says of Sidney Homer's "Bandanna Ballads": "Mr. Homer writes wondrous well, and he has that rarest of gifts, a light touch. 'A Banjo Song' is at once clever and vivid, and the simplicity and pathos of 'Uncle Rome' are delightful. The picture of an old nigger recalling with pleasure the voice of his dead master 'swearing sort of sociable' is particularly fresh and quite touching."

Violoncello sonatas by Beethoven and Brahms played in London on April 20 led the Times to remark: "It was a lesson to those, if any were present, who think the classics are dead, or at any rate that they can no longer be relied upon to draw an audience. They are dead, they never were alive, to those who use them as pegs for virtuosity, who seek to apologize for their dulness by playing them in 'record' time, who over-emphasize for fear people should go to sleep; but they have a surprising way of coming to life again under really sympathetic fingers. Of several ways of playing Beethoven—with emotional warmth, intellectual appreciation, or blind devotion—the English way is to play him with self-restraint and a reverent judgment, and it is not a bad one. There was also a sonata by John Hure, and a poem by McEwen, both new. The sonata kept promising to be interesting—it seemed to be paved with good intentions—but about half-way through one began to be aware that such merit as it had was due to the players. McEwen's 'Hills o' Heather' is plaintive, bagpipy, and thoroughly characteristic."

The Pall Mall Gazette (April 18) said that Miss Doris Manuelle has a voice whose singing quality recalls that of a musical instrument made by a skilled craftsman rather than of the born singer. The quality is there, and it is richly musical, but the lyrical feeling is subtly different from that of song. This impression may owe something to her diction, but its true source lies deeper, probably in her personal attitude toward the problem of song interpretation."

The Daily Telegraph (April 22) found Jean Hure's violoncello sonata, already mentioned in the Herald, "a little tedious and a trifle old-fashioned in expression—a little oil-lampy," while J. B. McEwen's new "Hills o' Heather," breathe the spirit of the hills and the heather, of the open air. "It is a great little work this, well on top of the heights for long aimed at and ascended by Mr. McEwen, who by very virtue of his fresh-air expression sets a magnificent example to the composers of his generation."

A Londoner, writing of the annual musical competition in Belfast, whose chief concerns now are soldering, munitions of war and shipbuilding, says: "Under present conditions, of course, it is not surprising that the women are more accomplished than the men, or that the standard of teaching should not be high in these days. The standard has never been a high one in Belfast, simply because the people have never regarded music as a subject upon which one could possibly hold passionate views. Those who have wanted to study music seriously have gone abroad and have been regarded in consequence as mildly eccentric. Yet, I remember somewhere about 1907 the singing of a male voice choir at the first 'Feis Ceoil'—it was called, I think, the Belfast Select Choir—which would have been a pretty fair match for the famous Vienna Maennergesang Verein, which held the Queen's Hall breathless a few years before the war. It may interest you, perhaps, to know that in these Belfast competitions there were over 120 more entries than last year."

"There are few pianists nowadays who give us Bach as written. Most of them prefer transcriptions of his organ works, and thereby betray that their motive is display rather than music. . . . Rachmaninoff's Preludes require dexterity rather than phantasy."—Pall Mall Gazette.

It used to be said in the north in the days before the war that Manchester was the most musical town in England; the more modest, it is true, added "after London." Sceptics would point to the ever-diminishing audiences at the Halle concerts, to the preponderance given in their programs to music recognized as "safe," classical and established, to the absence of chamber music in the town except on a very limited scale, and to the general lack of interest in present-day conditions displayed by the bulk of the public who still regarded Brahms as the last word in modern music. These sceptics, it is needless to say, were severely frowned down. However, soon after the war had broken out even those who were previously most sanguine as to the conditions and prospects of music in Manchester began to look glum. Arrangements for the autumn season of 1914 had of course already been made, and the machinery for a few months worked fairly well. But as the winter wore on and it became apparent that the war was not to be over by Christmas, musical people began to ask themselves whether, after all, it would be possible to carry on much longer. The sceptics, it began to be felt, might have been partly right. The fact remains that the musical atmosphere in Manchester is very different today from what it was three years ago. In the first place the Halle concerts, instead of claiming the obituary notices that kind friends had been preparing for them, have taken a new lease of life. This is largely due to their having been partially reorganized and placed on a more or less democratic basis. Social formalities have been relaxed, some of the concerts are now given on Saturday nights, when smoking is permitted, the number of cheap seats has been increased, and there have been constant opportunities of hearing a great deal of representative modern music of many different schools, most of which is familiar enough to Londoners but has not hitherto penetrated so far north. In fact, with Sir Thomas Beecham as the society's musical adviser the interests of the general public have been considered more from a purely musical point of view than has been the case for many years.—London Times.

What shall be said of Mme. Jeanne Jouve, who, in these times of strings and, on a dismal day, gravely sings to us without a break four songs dealing with death, the tomb, suicide and eternal night? They were by M. Guy Ropartz, and conceived as one composition based upon the first phrase of the "Dies Irae." The music is not devoid of interest, but why, and again why, give us anything so gloomy? One of our prominent musicians is of the opinion that serious music is mostly bad music. These are occasions when we are disposed to agree with him.—Pall Mall Gazette, April 24.

Many music-lovers in Paris are said to be grieved at the threatened conversion (which may actually have taken place by now) of the beautiful Theatre des Champs Elysees into a home of revue. A year or so before the war that theatre, which owed its existence to the enterprise and artistic taste of Gabriel Astruc, was opened with a great flourish of trumpets, and everybody pronounced it one of the most perfect opera houses in Europe. It was there that the Russian ballet appeared with so much eclat before they came to London, while a notable event in the spring of 1914 was a visit from the Boston Opera Company. But the war put an end to the brief spell of prosperity enjoyed by the luxuriously appointed theatre, with results said to have been disastrous to the owner's pockets. Then appeared on the scene a Madame Laparcarie, with an offer to take a 30 years' lease of the building for the purpose of running it as a haunt of revue. Hence a number of angry protests from music-loving Parisians who resent the idea of a house identified with opera in its most serious form, produced with the highest regard for artistic fitness, being turned over to the frivolities of irresponsible revue. Le Courrier Musical, lamenting the fact that the government had not come to the assistance of the Astruc theatre, described the proposal to abandon it to the mercies of revue-producers as "unimaginable and indecent."—Daily Telegraph.

The Pall Mall Gazette said of John Alden Carpenter's violin sonata, played by Olga Rudge and [illegible]: "He has written better music than this, which inspires little more than esteem, and conveys no vivid impression of individuality."

A correspondent writes: Yet another promising and undoubtedly brilliant career has been cut short by the death of Lt. Herbert Mathieson, who was killed in action in France on Sunday, March 24. To the general public he will be remembered for his series of popular songs written under the pseudonym of "Herbert Mackenzie." His most popular song was undoubtedly "The Trail that Leads to Home," which he wrote as a companion song to "The Long, Long Trail"; but many of his other songs secured colossal sales. For over four years he was musical adviser to Messrs. West & Co., who speak of him in terms of the greatest admiration and affection. We may safely say he helped to cheer thousands of men at the front, where his songs were always enthusiastically received. His popularity among his innumerable friends was on a par with the popularity of his songs. He leaves a widow and little daughter. Matheson was also reader to Winthrop Rogers, besides being organist at St. Swithin's, London Stone.—Daily Telegraph.

Joseph Holbrooke has almost completed "Bronmen" the third section of a trilogy. The first, "The Children of Don," and the second, "Dylan," were produced at the London Opera House.

The librettist, T. E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden), took his subjects from the Mabinogion.

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One word more about the eating of donkey meat now recommended by some in England.

In Spain is a little town, Olvera. For many years it was the refuge of the man with bloody hands, so there was a proverb: "Kill your man and fly to Olvera." The people were once compelled to furnish rations to French troops. They foisted on them ass's flesh for veal. Roeca, who married Madame de Stael, says in his "Guerre en Espagne," that this insult was always thrown at the troops: "You have eaten donkey meat at Olvera."

In the 16th century Bruyerin, also known as Champier, physician to Henry II. of France, wrote learned quartos and octavos on food, preservation of health, curing diseases, etc. He states in "De re Cibaria," page 708, that Cardinal Antoine Duprat was so fond of donkey meat that he vainly attempted to popularize its use. Duprat, by the way, tried in every way to enrich himself. There is a story that Francis I., wishing some of the cardinal's money, spread the report that the Pope was dead, whereupon Duprat, hoping through royal favor to obtain the tiara, sent him two tons of gold. It was Francis who, wearied by Duprat's importunity, joked on his name by quoting a line of Virgil: "Sat prata bibere." Bruyerin also noted that in his time the flesh of the cow was considered unhealthful; it was found only on the table of the poor.

A Poem by D. Pratt

As the World Wags:

Not only in the seventies, but in the sixties, the visits of Daniel Pratt were great larks to the students of our New England colleges. He always dropped into rhyme. Here is one of his tributes to himself—the only one I can recall:

Let Shakespeare stand behind the door,
Let Byron take his pen no more,
Let Milton moulder in the tomb,
And give the great American room!

Boston. WILLIAM H. COBB.

A Red Cross Appeal

Remember! Remember and never forget.

You must think every hour of what they are doing,
You must think every day what a Hell it must be,
Remember those gone and those who are going,
Picture the horrors they all of them see.

Remember! Remember and never forget.

They are proud they are there and glad to be "in it,"
They are fighting for you and for me and for right.
Remember! They do—we are "in it" to win it,
They know, as we know, that it's right that makes might.

Remember! Remember and never forget.

You must never forget they are guarding our honor,
You must never forget they are brave, strong and true,
Remember, remember, the glory, the splendor
Of fighting OUR fight, for OUR red, white and blue.

Remember! Remember and never forget.

Think of YOUR part in these days you are living,
Think of those lads who will need loving care,
Remember YOUR DUTY, your duty is giving,
Think what God gives us, and GIVE your FULL share.

Boston. FRANZ E. ZERRAHN.

Ffrangcon-Davies

It was often said in joke of the late David Ffrangcon-Davies that, singing the music of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio, he had at last persuaded himself that he was actually the prophet; that he expected at last to ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire. We now read in a London journal of April 18: "Overwork led to mental trouble, and for some years Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies was an inmate of an asylum. His delusions were connected with his singing of the part of Elijah."

He first sang in Boston at a concert of the Handel and Haydn—Bach's Passion Music—April 3, 1896, and was first heard here in "Elijah" on Feb. 7, 1897. At a Symphony concert on April 8, 1899, he read Byron's poem, when Schumann's music to "Manfred" was performed. His reading was singularly ineffective. Knowing this, he was for a long time sore. He poured out his woe to a prominent musician of Boston somewhat in this manner: "When I read 'Manfred' in London playactors, critics and public bow before me and crown me with laurel, but in Boston your dude fiddlers of the orchestra and your cynics of the St. Botolph Club make mock of me, a man from the Welsh hills. And I want you to understand that when I sing Elijah, it is as if in the little church at homo the prophet's spirit descended upon me, and I want you to understand I AM the prophet Elijah, and any—"; here his language, to quote Bret Harte, became "painful and free."

William Ludvig sang in Mendelssohn's oratorio with a spirit that was fanatical. Ffrangcon-Davies sang with a force, a dignity, a religious fervor, a solemn authority that were indeed overwhelming. He sang as one inspired. A strange man, the writer of a strange book, "The Singing of the Future," in which, however, are excellent ideas, he was every inch an artist—to use that much abused word. He had the Welsh fervor that characterized the singing of Evan Williams, Ben Davies and Gwylim Miles.

In 1356

France has been ravaged by others than the Huns. Froissart tells of devastation in 1356. "The King (Jean II., called the Good) sent also great provision to all his fortresses and garrisons in Anjou, Poitou, Mayenne and Touraine, and into all the fortresses where he thought the Englishmen should pass, to the intent to close the passages from them and to keep them from victuals, that they should find no forage for them or their horses. How be it for all that, the prince (Edward, the Black Prince) and his company, who were to the number of 2000 men of arms and 6000 archers, rode at their ease and had victuals enough, for they found the country of Auvergne right plentiful; but they would not tarry there, but went forth to make war on their enemies. They burnt and exiled the country as much as they might, for when they were entered into a town and found it well replenished of all things, they tarried there a two or three days to refresh them; when they departed they would destroy all the residue, strike out the heads of the vessels of wine and burn wheat, barley and oats and all other things to the intent that their enemies should have no aid thereof."

may 21 1918

Modeste Alloo

Soon after the war broke out Mr. Modeste Alloo, the excellent first trombone of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, left Boston to fight for Belgium, his native land. Returning to this city, he was appointed, late in 1917, expert supervisor of the regimental bands at Camp Devens, that he might improve them; make them so efficient that, accompanying our soldiers to the front, they need not fear comparison with bands of France or of Great Britain. Patriotic men of Boston gave generous financial support to this undertaking. Mr. Alloo's fitness for the task was soon recognized by officers, soldiers, musicians. The public at large had the opportunity of appreciating his skill, industry and fervor when the band of 114 members was heard under his direction at the great meeting for the Red Cross fund, held last night in the Boston Opera House.

Mr. Alloo is thus serving America more effectively perhaps than if he were now with a rifle in a trench; for music is a powerful force in war. It is not necessary to cite the classical examples of Tyrtaeus and Sophocles with lyre and song at the head of Grecian battle lines; of the Norman shouting his proud chant at Hastings; of the piper at Waterloo, immortalized by Victor Hugo. In this very war, the greatest of operatic conductors, Arturo Toscanini, risked his life on snow-shrouded mountains, inspiring musically and by his leadership gallant Italians fighting against Nature herself as well as Austrian troops.

W. H. Davies, the hobo-tramp-poet, thus describes himself:

My face is large, my lips are thick,
My skin is coarse and black almost

A London journalist thinks that Mr. Davies attempts to rival Coleridge in facial unattractiveness. "My face," wrote Coleridge, "expresses great sloth and great, indeed, almost idiotic good nature. 'Tis a mere carcase of a face, fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth with sensual thick lips, is almost always open." This description reminds one of Coleridge's picture of a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler in Birmingham.

"He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundry poker. O that face! . . . the lank, black, twine-like hair, pingui-nitescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eyebrows, that looked like a scorched after-math from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of color and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure—slunk in behind his waistcoat, while the countenance lank, dark, very hard and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim notion of some one looking at me through a used gridiron, all soot, grease and iron!"

Not long ago the Stage (London) received a letter from a man who wished a theatrical engagement. After he had named his mental qualifications, he described his physical, concluding with these words: "I must, however, admit that I have a snub nose; otherwise I am just as God made me."

Who Is He?

As the World Wags:

Little did I think when I forwarded to you the anonymous poem "Adversity Be Damned," perhaps the handiwork of Clancy himself, which an eccentric acquaintance, unknown to me by name, has recently sent me, that I should ever hear from that acquaintance again. But this morning I have received a letter from him, and, stranger still, the letter encloses three crisp one dollar bills, the full amount of an indebtedness of many months standing! This is his communication: "Say, who's the all-wise guy, that calls himself a Prof, who can shut both eyes and tell, without thinking, whether Clancy would have wrote a certain pome or whether Clancy wouldn't? Well, well! Marvellous, says you. But I sense him. I have his number. He's a fake highbrow—a eammy-flaged second-story worker. If it wasn't for circumstances over which I have complete control and which put me wise to remaining, for the present, incognito—except at night—to a few friends only—I'd meet in unmitted argumentt his punk professor in any bar room south of Dover street; and in about four minutes I'd have him so he couldn't tell a Villonic triolet from a Popish Alexandereen. He'd be thinking a Clancyclone had dropped out of the sapphire Blue and whelmed him! Clancy's litery executor! Faugh! It's lucky for him, I'm after thinking, that Clancy was dead before Prof butted in with his executing job. Now here's another pome from out of the cigarbox-ful that was left me by the departed friend and eredltor that I've told you of, whose name I ain't naming. Was it Frothingham Clancy? I was going to tell, but I won't. Let the sapient (from "sap," and 'ient,' 'eyent,' 'eyen': eyes; meaning, blear-eyed) professor say whether Clancy wrote it, or whether he wrote it himself."

The undisciplined and violently assertive person who wrote the above signs himself "Vindex Amici," but he gives me no clue to his right name. May I not be permitted to say that I do not approve his severe strictures on Prof. Deedledum? I regard them as much too harsh, and, for the most part, unwarranted. Nevertheless, I feel that I owe Vindex, evidently in enforced social retirement, an opportunity to have his views presented, particularly as he has, most unexpectedly, paid me back my $3. The poem, the authorship of which I do not attempt to diagnose, runs as follows:

BUTTS

In the white aureole of a blazing star
I light my torches. Swiftly, one by one,
Into the awful depths of cosmic space
With poised aim I fling them down. A few
May reach their target and then, flaming high,
Illume the paths of men. The greater number
Will never find the mark, but quickly die,
Unseen, unheeded.
Even as at Murphy's, when at closing time
I cast a wavering glance along the floor,
In and about the brazen cuspidor
I note the butts thrown by the wassailers,
Sad souvenirs of semi-sated smokes.
Some, with precision flicked, true to the mark,
Have found a lodgment in the shimmering vase.
The major part, unskilfully projected,
Bespangle, far and wide, the sawdust waste,
Cold and unlovely.

Malden. ENOCH MOLLIVER.

A Word of Warning

As the World Wags:

I have been amazed to see in several Boston papers quite detailed descriptions of new inventions for whistling the boche down the wind. Now, why, in the name of esution, prudence and patriotism, do we not keep still about these things until we let the death-machines speak for themselves over in Picardy? That is the way our wiser kin, the British, did when they announced their invention, the tank. It made its debut with a convincing snort of death to the Hun. That is the way our inventors should do and the way our newspapers should do if they are truly patriotic. But some of our papers have not only described new war inventions, but accommodatingly given pictures of them, so that our adversary might sit right down and make some and get them into the field before we could.

It looks just like an irresponsible child, to run and tell the papers all about a new war invention, and it is no less childish and fatuously reprehensible for a newspaper to publish such a piece of war news. Hereafter, if someone invents a bomb that will blow the boche to the moon, in the name of grown-up sense let us hear nothing about it until we hear of its explosion over in Picardy.

In like manner, some of the prophets who have warned us of our coast dangers should be reminded that it is not well to outline too obligingly any more devices for the powers of darkness, otherwise known as the boches. "You never got into the bathtub with all your clothes on, did you, Tommy?" inquired a guileless aunt, who was left in charge of her small nephew. "No," quoth that suggestible youngster, "I never did; but I will now."

It was sage counsel given by the poet Burns:

"But still keep something to yourself
Ye scarcely tell to ony."

TACITUS AMERICANUS.

Weston.

Seen at Keith's

Trixie Friganza, assisted by Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily, is the chief attraction at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large and highly pleased audience.

Miss Friganza was never funnier than in her present act. Her chatter is all new and there are some uproariously funny bits of burlesque, as when the rather heavy comedienne is swung in the uplifted arms of the dancer, Weily, to the alarm of the audience. It is an uncommon privilege to hear her tale of disposing of three husbands, in song, to the burlesqued accompaniment on the bass viol. Her dancing assistants are worthy of an individual place on the bill.

The most interesting act was the drive of George Webb, the actor, for the Red Cross fund. His wonderful salesmanship at this theatre during the Liberty loan drive is a matter of pleasing memory. Back again, he entranced the audience with the potency of his appeal. Passing through the auditorium he gathered $755.49, making a total for the day of $1046.14. Included in this amount was the sums realized from the sale of articles auctioned off that were contributed by the R. H. White Company. This latter feature was rousing in its patriotic appeal, for many bidders refused to accept the articles and insisted upon their being auctioned off again.

Other members were Joe Towle, in a pianologue; Page, Hack and Mack, in an acrobatic act; Hugh Herbert, assisted by Sam Fries and company, in a comedy sketch; Lillian Fitzgerald, in imitations; "Blue" Bert Nobody, in a black face monologue; Rita Mario and her orchestra; Michel and King, bird imitators, and Hart and Dymond, dancers.

May 22 1918

Mr. Hazelton Spencer writes to the Boston Herald and Journal:

"My learned friend, Prof. T. K. Deedledum, long ago mapped out an extraordinarily elaborate campaign, by means of which he hopes to make universal the fame of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston. I betray no confidence when I assert that Dr. Deedledum's tactics are cuneiform. The thin edge is to consist of those of the poet's compositions which, by reason of color, odor, or the general bizarre, are more apt to find favor with that eternal majority of the reading public which the good professor insists on terming lowbrow. Entrance having thus been gained, and interest and enthusiasm aroused, the sublimer relics of the departed bard will be given to the world.

"I know nothing of the poet except what Dr. Deedledum has told me, and little of the poet's work except in the MSS., which his literary executor has shown me. As I was reading one of these the other day I came upon the poem which I enclose. Dr. Deedledum intended to reserve it, but I persuaded him to let me send it to you. I am inclined to estimate it as the noblest piece of free verse ever published, though I realized of course that that is not very high praise."

Only a Dog?

BY FROTHINGHAM CLANCY.

I.

I saw a dog walking
In pain to his master's house at dusk.
He was terribly pierced with porcupine quills
On both sides.
I never saw that sight before;
I had always supposed that porcupines
Were a sort of sylvan joke.
I do not think so now.

II.

He was a handsome Boston bull;
He was a good dog.
He was well mannered, bravo, and affectionate.
I knew him well,
And respected him.

III.

The dog walked slowly, but directly,
Toward his master's house.
He trusted his master.
His master had been so kind to him
That he had had a happy life.
I suppose that he expected that his master
Would make him well.

IV.

The dog stopped obediently
And allowed us to examine him.
There were great tufts of quills—
Hundreds and hundreds of piercing, cruel quills—
Halfway into his sides;
They covered his head also, and his nose.
He did not whine at all,
But he looked deathly sick;
I think he knew that he was going to die.
But hoped and trusted in his master's power.
We pulled out one quill
That was working into his eye.
He did not moan or snap at us.
Then we told him how sorry we were,
And said, "Go home, poor fellow."
He resumed his painful journey;
He knew where he was going,
Though he did not know
What awaited him.
We went in and telephoned to his master.

V.

I can not forget that dog;
I can not forget his silent pain.
And the sick anguish in his eyes.
I try not to imagine his amazement
When his master did nothing to ease his agony,
But took a bluish tube with a handle
And pointed it at him.

VI.

Throughout his long painful way from the dark wood,
The dog had been wanting to find his master.
All the way,
He had been thinking of his kind master.
I can not forget that dog;
I can not forget the misery in his eyes,
Mixed with and made doubly pitiful by
His determination to find his master.
He bore his anguish like a gentleman;
He waited patiently for us to look at him,
And did not wince.
And then he walked on—
Futilely.
For he seemed to have an overpowering desire
To find his master.
I think I never saw any other living creature
So human.

The Clay-Eaters

As the World Wags:

Food will win the war! How about clay as an article of diet? In a clipping from Frank Leslie's Illustrated of May 17, 1890, I find some interesting particulars of the clay-eaters of Marion county, Alabama. The clay eaten by these people is white, very soft and is found in large quantities in various portions of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. The writer tells us that the eaters roll it into little balls, which can be carried in the pocket, and when they are ready to eat it water is poured over it until it is wet and soft again. He goes on to describe the life of the clay-eaters of Marion county. They are very poor and superstitious.

"The clay-eaters have some peculiar customs and superstitions. They have signs for everything, and almost worship the moon. The average clay-eater has a mortal dread of an owl. As soon as the hoot of an owl is heard, a chair is overturned. If the hooting ceases, it is a sign that the threatened danger has been warded off; but if it continues, there is weeping and wailing. In every fireplace will be found a piece of flint rock. This is supposed to keep foxes and owls from catching the chickens. If they start on a journey, no matter where, and a rabbit is seen to cross their path, the journey is at once abandoned, because a rabbit never runs directly across a man's path except to warn him of death. Like the Negroes of the South, they are all firm believers in the magic power of the left hind foot of the graveyard rabbit. To sweep trash outdoors would sweep someone out of the family."

The clay-eaters are white. At the time the article was written there were about 200 of them in their mountain home. Are there many of the clan left?

I take it that the taste for clay is a cultivated one. Mr. Hoover has as yet not listed it as a "substitute."

The superstitions of the clay-eaters are not uncommon. We have equally curious beliefs right here in Massachusetts. I know a very intelligent Cape Codder who carries a lump of alum in his pocket as a cure for rheumatism.

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster.

BY 'OUT THERE'

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Out There," in three acts, by J. Hartley Manners.

INSPIRATION.
A Room in a Lodging House During the Autumn of 1915.

"haunted" Annie.....Laurette Taylor
"Princess" Lizzie.....Helen Ware
"Old Velvet".....Beryl Mercer
Herb.....H. B. Warner
Monte.....James T. Powers
Dr. Hanwell.....George Arliss

DEVOTION.
The "Orange Walk."

The Surgeon.....George Arliss
The Irishman.....Chauncy Olcott
The Cockney.....O. P. Heggie
The Canadian.....James K. Hackett
The Scotchman.....George MacFarlane
The American.....George M. Cohan
Gabrielle.....Julia Arthur
The Help.....Laurette Taylor

REVELATION.
Division 1—Mrs. Hudd's Rooms.

Mrs. Hudd.....Beryl Mercer
Miss Elizabeth Hudd.....Helen Ware
Herbert Hudd.....H. B. Warner
Mr. Montague Marsh.....James T. Powers

Division 2—A Public Place.

The Nurse.....Laurette Taylor

"Out There" was produced at the Globe Theatre, New York, on March 27, 1917, with Miss Taylor, the wife of the dramatist, as Annie.

The play was given by the company named above at the Century Theatre, New York, May 17, 1918, for the benefit of the Red Cross. These excellent actors and actresses are not merely giving their services in the tour of large cities, but they are paying their traveling expenses.

"Out There" is called by the author a dramatic composition. It is really a series of sketches intended primarily to arouse patriotism, to keep the watch fires burning. Annie, in a London lodging house, has a gin-drinking mother, a brother that is an amateur pugilist, a sister that thinks only of herself. Annie is stirred by the war. She is eager to be a nurse. At last she persuades a visiting physician to let her go "over there"—to help as best she can. Her brother is shamed into enlisting. The second part shows Annie in a hospital helping and cheering the wounded. She has her reward: she becomes an assistant nurse. Returning to London as a nurse, no longer a mere help, she still does her bit by making patriotic speeches.

It is not necessary to dwell on the loose construction of the play, for the dramatist himself makes no pretensions. He carries out his purpose; he is a propagandist, relying on humor that often has a pathetic touch. The first two scenes are strongly contrasted, and, in each, various types are clearly drawn.

As the actors and actresses have so generously given their services, it is not necessary to inquire curiously into their portraiture of the dramatist's characters. All that took part have won fame on the stage; all were moved last night by a fine spirit. Miss Taylor naturally has the most important role. She was at first a pathetic little figure, the one idealist in a squalid household. In the hospital she was not too constantly the ministering angel, for ministering angels are not renowned for humor. She was at times very funny in her artless endeavors to be of use. There were fine moments in her performance, as her facial expression when her dream was realized, and she was permitted to don the Red Cross cap.

The others in the company gave great pleasure to the audience that crowded the opera house. Miss Ware gave a capital performance of the reckless, self-centred, vulgar Lizzie. Admirable was Miss Mercer's characterization of Annie's mother. It would be invidious to particularize concerning the men. Mr. Olcott had the fattest lines, and he and Mr. MacFarlane had the opportunity of singing. Mr. Heggie was an amusing cockney. Mr. Arliss was the sympathetic physician—by the way, the hospital was run in a curious manner—and Mr. Cohan was quietly funny.

Mr. Burr McIntosh made a fiery speech before putting up an autographed program at auction. His remarks about the Germans and the equally dangerous enemies at home were received enthusiastically. He stated that the premiums of the evening amounted to $35,000; the house itself brought in $12,000. The program was knocked down to Mr. William Lindsey for $12,800.

The program stated that after the play Mrs. Fiske would speak and Mme. De Cisneros would sing. The Footlight orchestra, led by Mr. Manney, contributed music.

The Messrs. Shubert, who now hold the proprietary interest in the Boston Opera House, gave its use absolutely without charge, and Mr. Herriek proffered the facilities of his theatre ticket agency and waived the premiums usually accruing from such sales.

May 23 1918

Strange meat is now recommended by wise men. We are told that cannibalism is practised in Vienna; that in parts of Saxony camel nourishes somewhat, and while horse meat may be obtained for 1 mark 80 pfennigs a pound, dog meat costs 2 marks 75 pfennigs. It may here be remarked that the people of the island Savu, which lies between the meridians of New Guinea and Borneo, preferred dogs and cats to sheep and goats on the table when the justly-celebrated Capt. Cook visited them. As their taste was not sophisticated, it is interesting to know that the hog held the first place in their estimation; next came the horse, then the buffalo, and then poultry. They did not like fish, which was eaten only by the poor, for on Savu there was a greedy fish trust as there is in Boston.

Much has been said about whale meat, but nobody has quoted the pages about it in that book of all books pertaining to the sea and the wonders therein. Herman Melville's "Moby Dick." The sturdy sailor from Nantucket under Capt. Ahab insisted that whale steak should be eaten nearly raw.

Now comes Mr. W. T. Cox, state forester of Minnesota, and lifts up his voice: "Protect the beaver from the ruthless hunter, but when you do kill him, we use his skin and eat his flesh. It is excellent

—it t... ...eef." And so, w... ...e meat is said ... some to look and taste like beef, as if this were an inducement.

Mr. C...x is not the first to speak of beaver meat or to eat it. Richard F. Burton, long before he was knighted, visited Salt Lake City. On Feb. 7, 1860, he went to a territorial and civil ball in Social Hall. An elaborate supper was served—four soups, nine roast meats, nine boiled dishes, etc. Among the six "stews and fricassees" were beaver tails. Burton noted that bear meat was a favorite throughout the West, "especially when the animal is fresh from feeding; after hybernation it is hard and lean." He added: "In the Himalayas many a sportsman, after mastering an artificial aversion to eat bears' grease, has enjoyed a grill of 'cubby.' The paws, which not a little resemble the human hand, are excellent—experto crede. I cannot pronounce ex cathedra upon beavers' tails; there is no reason, however, why they should be inferior to the appendage of a Cape sheep."

What in the world were "collard heads" doing on this bill of fare under "stews and fricassees"? Collard as known to some of us is a sort of cabbage that does not head. Note the pies served at this supper: Mince, green apple, pineapple pie, quince jelly pie, peach jelly pie, currant jelly pie.

"After supper dancing was resumed with spirit." The party, lasting 13 hours, ended with prayer and benediction at 5 A. M. This was in 1860. Not long afterwards Artemus Ward visited Salt Lake City. He, too, attended a ball in Social Hall and saw that bear and beaver were on the supper bill of fare. "I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors." Burton saw Mr. Kimball, "a large and powerful man not unlike a blacksmith," which I believe he was. Burton said nothing about his dancing, but described the dancing in general as a "somewhat severe muscular exercise." When Artemus was at the ball only quadrilles were danced. "The Mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed."

Let us go back to beavers' tails. They were eaten long before there was a City of the Saints. We quote again from that invaluable folio, "The History of Four-Footed Beasts and Serpents," by Mr. Edward Topsel (edition of 1658, page ...): "The tail he (the beaver) useth for a stern when he swimmeth after fish to catch them. There hath been taken of them whose tails have weighed four pound weight and they are accounted a very delicate fish, for being dressed they eat like Barbles: they are used by the Lotharingians and Savoyans for meat allowed to be eaten on fish-dayes, although the body that beareth them be flesh and unclean for food. The manner of their dresing is, first roasting, and afterward seething in an open pot, that so the evill vapor may go away, and some in pottage made with Saffron; other with Ginger, and many with Brine; it is certain that the tail and forefeet tast very sweet, from whence came the Proverbe, 'That sweet is that fish, which is not fish at all.'"

Hazlitt on the Cape

As the World Wags:

Regarding the exact place of the alleged sojourn of William Hazlitt when a child on Cape Cod, how about Provincetown? If his father received a call to one of the Cape churches, as the statement that he could not make up his mind to live in so desolate a place might indicate, very likely the negotiations may be set forth in the records of some town or parish clerk.

Lancaster. J. C. L. C.

William Hazlitt, the father of the essayist, was a Unitarian. His daughter in the manuscript from which we quoted says nothing about his thought of settling on Cape Cod as a clergyman. He went to the Cape from Hingham, and may have gone down Plymouth way.—Ed.

May 24 1918

TO A YOUNG ARTIST.

Your face is a nun's white mask
That hides its secrets.
And the startling red of your lips
May mean anything.
I wonder what lies behind the amethyst of your eyes
In regions of mind and heart.
If it were granted me to see
Through the seemingly translucent portals,
I wonder whether I would peer
Into a foul, humid jungle—
Over which Evil
Broods,
Huge bat wings slowly flapping,
Toad-eyed, gray-faced, fetid of breath,
Wiping noisome dews
From her forehead with slimy talons.
Perhaps I would blink
Upon a garden
Blazing with color clashing
Passion flowers,
Deadening my soul with their incense.
Maybe I would stare astonied
At a trim little lawn
Bounded by a stiff little hedge
And set out with silly plots
Of posies.

Boston. ANTONINUS CLARDY.

Is this the poem referred to in the following extraordinary letter?

As the World Wags:

I have sent you under another cover one of my poems. I had intended to send this letter with the verse, but I am absent-minded. But what I want to say was this. The poems printed by you and attributed to my brother Frothingham are not and never were his—they are mine.

While I do not wish to cast aspersions, I may say that my late unlamented brother was no poet. He wasn't anything. Anything that he may have put over as his was mine. I have written verse both untrammelled and honest-to-God since I was a boy; and always it was the habit of Frothy when he was alive to grab it off and to take the credit—there was never any cash. For years before Frothy's death he and I were not on speaking terms. I went to his wake truly, but only to show that I forgave. It riles me that anyone, least of all Prof. Deeeedleduuuum, should at this late date attempt to profit by what he—the Prof.—must know is spurious. Bah!!!!

Frothingham Clancy is dead—he croaked five years ago—and I—I—I wrote the deathless masterpieces that are so basely attributed to him. I hate him, brother though he was, in name if not in fact.

The poem that I enclose will convince anyone that knows anything that I—I—Buckingham Clancy, 3d, am indeed the author of the Clancy poems.

Farewell!,—,,——"

BUCKINGHAM CLANCY, 3d.

South Boston.

We doubt the relationship. "Buckingham" does not go well with Clancy, nor do we accept the "3rd." The familiar "Frothy" grates on our ear. Not even a brother would have dared to call Mr. Clancy anything but "Frothingham." Frothingham! O the sonorous, mouth-filling word as pleasing to us as was "Mesopotamia" to the devout old woman in her church. And it is a brother that would snatch the laurel from Frothingham Clancy's brow! Nor does the poem published today convince us that Buckingham Clancy, 3rd, whoever he may be, could possibly have written the verse published in the Herald and Journal through the courtesy of Frothingham's devoted literary executor, Professor T. K. Deedledum, whose honesty and critical acumen have long been recognized here and in foreign lands.—Ed.

Whale Meat

As the World Wags:

Ever since Jonah was cast out of the whale's belly we have always thought of the whale as a big, dirty mammal, and never considered it fit for food. But we have no proof from chronologists or dietitians whether it was due to a bad attack of indigestion by the whale, or whether it was Jonah's unkempt person, that made the whale throw him up. The people in the West Indies have long relished whale meat, which they call "sea beef," and from which they prepare a most palatable dish. Cooked with sweet potatoes and hot sauce made from green peppers and vinegar, with mustard as a garnish, it is digestible and should be relished by the most fastidious person. Since the war the whale has gained some recognition on this continent as food, and we now read of whale steak selling for the price of what we used to pay for ordinary beefsteak before the war. What a contrast! For in the West Indies they say, "Give me a penny's worth of sea beef," and one could get a big slab for a penny, enough to feed the greediest family. The whale seems to have a sense of humor, for since such a big price is being paid for his flesh he is leaving West Indian waters and abiding on this continent. He cares not how the West Indians fare for food, they will have to get along as best they can. The whale has been spoken of by one of the poets. He was not always thought so little of as some people imagine. I quote two lines from memory:

"The whale, the whale, the mighty and free,
Is the monarch and pride of the deep, deep sea."

Boston. L. C. ODIAN.

The choir will now sing:

Whales in the sea
God's voice obey.

Daniel and Old Lions

As the World Wags:

When M. M. Gillam was the Boston Post's city editor and Charles B. Dan, the city editor of the Herald—both real newspaper men and ideal managers in the local room—Daniel Pratt of Prattville, Chelsea, used to visit the newspaper offices every few weeks. His illuminated face made us all jolly, for he always carried a manuscript 250 feet long unrolled, as some of the boys said, which was thus "unfit for publication." He resembled the late lamented Galen Bowditch in many ways. To start him telling the story, or stories, of his past was like starting a stream which would flow on forever. Gillam and George F. Babbitt, like Ned Rankin and his fellow-reporters, Shaw and Charlie Spaulding, Ned Byram and other scoffers on the Herald, plagued the "Great American 'Traveler'" so fiercely that his visits became fewer and fewer till he vanished. Daniel and his manuscript remain a rollicking memory. We old 'uns all murmur, "Peace to his ashes!"

Boston. W. B. W.

May 25 1918

Sir Henry Wood, the next conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, came to Boston at the beginning of January, 1904, and on a stormy Saturday night heard the orchestra, led by Mr. Gericke, play an overture by d'Albert, a symphony by Glazounoff, and Loeffler's "Death of Tintagiles." Mr. Gilibert, baritone, was the soloist. Sir Henry—he was then plain Henry—was on his way to conduct the concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York, Jan. 8-9, 1904. His program there was thus composed: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5; Saint-Saenes, violin concerto, No. 3; Rimsky-Korsakoff, caprice on Spanish Themes. Mr. Aldrich of the New York Times, reviewing the concert, said of Mr. Wood: "He drenches his listeners in color; he delights in extremes." Mr. Aldrich spoke of "fullest freedom in expression, tempo, nuance." The Evening Sun was more personal: "He is a joyous, manly little man. He wears his dark front hair in the fashion of countless Angles before and in Tudor style, chopped at the neck, behind." When he was knighted the Pall Mall Gazette said of the honor: "It has been rightly earned, no less by the gifted conductor's special talent as such than by his sympathy and willingness to hold out a helping hand to many a young composer who has had the inestimable advantage of obtaining the first public test of his music's worth."

The question now comes up, will he insist in Boston on being called "Sir Henry"? Will he resent the affectionate familiarity of "Hank, old top"?

Muting the Mule

As the World Wags:

Army efficiency requires modern science to proceed with all speed to perfect one of the most useful of human inventions. For the mule is an artificial creation, not contemplated in the original scheme of nature, and not represented in the ark. Long this animal has patiently borne his burdens, performing hard and thankless jobs day after day, over all sorts of trails, under all kinds of conditions, and often on short rations. Now, in response to a hint from France, it is proposed to excise his bray. Pacific coast veterinarians will assemble for experiment in an effort to ascertain the means, known to exist, by which the bray may be eliminated from the indomitable beast of burden, thereby bringing one of man's most valued achievements a little nearer perfection. In the French army the brayless mule is not unknown. Thus muted, he does not betray troop movements to the enemy even when in the front line trenches. An Oregon veterinarian says there are three theories as to the proper method for performing the operation. Each is a surgical process, one having to do with the nostril, another with certain muscles of the neck, and the third involves the severing of some muscles of the tail—will science kindly explain just how the mule's tail co-operates in the production of his bray? Silence the animal by whatever method may be found best, and science will have added much to the worth of a beast highly appreciated in all the armies of the world. Two years ago England was buying Georgia mules in $3,000,000 lots. Diplomacy has arranged that Pershing shall get his from Spain. What next? Perhaps the next thing might be the silencing of the army driver. "Language" sometimes will budge a mule when nothing else but dynamite would do it. But "language" is dangerous among the trenches. A correspondent tells how a driver lost his way in the dark and wandered into No Man's Land with his four-mule hitch and a wagon-load of rations. A doughboy at a listening post wildly waved him back and mumbled a warning not to speak above a whisper. "Whisper!" replied the driver. "Man alive! I've gotta turn four mules around!" And there's the rub. Mute the mule by physical means, but will moral suasion or the sense of danger suffice to silence the driver?

Boston. F. L. B.

Richard Ford, speaking of travel on Spanish roads, remarked: "But few nations can surpass the Spaniards in the language of vituperation: it is limited only by the extent of their anatomical, geographical, astronomical and religious knowledge; it is so plentifully bestowed on their animals—'un muletier a ce jeu vaut trois rois'—that oaths and imprecations seem to be considered as the only language the mute creation can comprehend; and as actions are generally suited to the words, the combination is remarkably effective." The curious reader should consult Brantome's Treatise on Spanish Oaths.—Ed.

The Versatile Pratt

As the World Wags:

I was delighted to read in your column Mr. William H. Cobb's version, with appropriate selection, of how the Great American Traveler, Daniel Pratt, dropped into rhyme in the sixties apparently to his own advantage when comparing himself with gentlemen who before his time had enjoyed some fame in this connection.

It is, however, only just to say that Daniel's fame as a poet was only one of his minor accomplishments. He was known in my time—in the eighties—as the author of the theory of the universe, including therein the sun, the planets and all the stars.

And yet he did not confine himself to that comparatively limited topic. I recall his lecture on the steps of Memorial Hall more vividly than some other lectures that I listened to in those days beginning as follows:

"The universe is composed of three things—men, women and Harvard College." CHARLES M. LUDDEN.

Boston.

A Pittsburgh Choir

As the World Wags:

On a recent Sunday one of our Pittsburgh churches had this sign out:

11 A. M.
The Music
of the
Inarticulate
Chorus Choir

CHARLES N. BOYD.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Modern Drama

"A dramatized version of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' will be produced in London."

Will this be classed as a problem or a sex play? Or will it be a pantomime like "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape," in which the Ravels delighted our fathers and grandfathers?

May 26, 1918

What would have been said of "Out There" if the play had not been performed for the Red Cross fund? What would have been said of the performance itself if the comedians had not generously given their services and paid their traveling expenses?

An "all-star cast" hastily brought together for an occasion may well be looked on with suspicion. No matter how excellent each actor may be, there is necessarily a lack of ensemble playing, so that a company including comedians of only fair ability, who have played together for a long time will in nine cases out of ten give a smoother, even a more brilliant performance. Then there is the danger of each star wishing to shine in the centre of the stage.

Those who saw "Out There" in New York last year, played by Miss Taylor and her own company, say that the performance was on the whole much better, with the result that the play itself was more interesting. It is true that there are persons, who seeing a show in Boston always say with a superior air, "You should have seen it in New York," although in some instances they themselves have not been in that city for several years. Too often their lack of appreciation is well founded. Seldom does the "original company" visit this city when there is a belated production. When the "original company" is advertised, comparison of casts generally shows that only a few of the principal comedians are in the company for "the provinces."

To go back to the performance at the Boston Opera House. There was Laurette Taylor, for whom the "dramatic composition" was written. The dramatist, Mr. Manners, being her husband and a human being, made liberal provision for her. Those who complained that she "hogged the business" in the second act no doubt forgot this fact. The second act dragged, but this was not wholly the fault of Miss Taylor. There was excessive repetition of lines and business. The pace was sluggish.

It is not easy to see how the Princess Lizzie of Miss Helen Ware, or the "Old Velvet" of Miss Mercer could be bettered. Each character was sharply defined. Miss Ware received the highest praise for her representation of vanity, selfishness, heartlessness; at the end of one of her flippant, callous speeches she was hissed by some in the audience, as the villain was always hissed by the gallery in the days of good, old-fashioned melodrama. In the showing of film plays hisses may be heard in some of our theatres when the villain commits a peculiarly atrocious deed.

In New York the impersonation of the Irishman by Mr. Kerrigan was loudly praised. Mr. Kerrigan, who first came to this country with the Irish Players, is indeed an excellent actor, but the Irishman as played by Mr. Chauncy Olcott was wholly satisfactory. Mr. Cohan was amusing in a quiet manner as the American. Never stepping out of the frame, he made his points neatly. His by-play was always delightful, and it was not at the expense of his colleagues. Mr. Heggie surely portrayed the Cockney.

Only Mr. Powers was a sad failure as Monte. He evidently thought he was playing in a farce, and he was farcical at any cost. Unfortunately he was not funny even in this way.

A [illegible] of the [illegible] Bethlehem Bach [illegible] at Lehigh University last week, [illegible] of a book just published by Houghton Mifflin Company, "The Bethlehem Bach Choir; an Historical and Interpretative Sketch," by Raymond Walters. We gave last Sunday a sketch of its contents. The chapters about music in Bethlehem, Pa., many years ago are of peculiar interest.

In June, 1742, there was a "Singstunde" or service of praise and prayer, singing of praise and prayer, by about 80 Moravian men and women led by Count Zinzendorf. When, on the Christmas eve preceding, the count and his company met together with the settlers in the first built log house, an Epiphany hymn was sung which includes the words:

> Not Jerusalem,
> Rather Bethlehem,
> Gave us that which
> Maketh life rich—
> Not Jerusalem.

"These lines came to the minds of the settlers, and by general consent the name of the ancient town of David was adopted." These pioneers were descendants of the Unitas Fratrum of Moravia and Bohemia. Music had an important place in the service of the Moravian church. A high standard was maintained. Musical instruments were brought over in 1742. On Christmas, 1743, the instruments, "played for the first time in the house of God," included the violin, viola da braccio, viola da gamba, flutes and French horns. Thus were the Moravians the opposite of early church folk in New England, who resented the use of instruments to accompany psalmody. A spinet arrived from London in 1744. A small organ was substituted in 1746, and put up by a Moravian organ builder. A larger organ was installed in 1751. Three years later trombones arrived from Europe. Ever since the trombone choir has held a peculiar place in Moravian life. "The passing away of members of the congregation and the hours of 'love feasts' and Holy Communion are announced by the playing of trombones. Tradition has it that such music once saved the town and its inhabitants. From their forest hiding places, Indians, who had planned an attack one night in 1755, heard chorals played by the trombone choir, and stole away, declaring that the Great Spirit surely guarded the white settlers."

There was polyglot singing. In 1745 at a love feast "In Dulce Jubile" was sung in 13 languages, accompanied by string and wind instruments. Various dialects were contributed by Indian converts. The Bethlehem Collegium Musicum had been organized the year before. In 1748 there was an orchestra of 14. Benjamin Franklin told of a visit to Bethlehem where he "heard very fine music in the church," and "was entertained with good music, the organ being accompanied with violins, hautboys, flutes, clarinets, etc." This mention of clarinets in 1756 is interesting. Was Franklin mistaken? The clarinet was not then in general use in Europe. In a list of orchestral members at Bethlehem in 1789 flutes, oboes, French horns and trumpets are mentioned, but not clarinets. A bassoon came to Bethlehem in 1800. Six years later a double-bass was bought for $68, "a large sum for those days."

"The first copies to reach America of Haydn's quartets and symphonies were those brought to Bethlehem by the Rev. Mr. Nitschman. The 'Creation' and the 'Seasons' had had in Bethlehem their first renditions in this country." Nitschman was the first violin and leader of the orchestra in 1789. Haydn's quartets were played as early as 1795. "The Creation" was performed in 1811. It is said that the earlier symphonies of Mozart were performed in Bethlehem before 1790.

The overture and 16 "pieces, viz., airs, recitatives and choruses" from "The Messiah," to quote the New York Journal of Jan. 4, 1790—were performed in New York on Jan. 9, 1770. This antedates the performance of "The Creation" at Bethlehem. Mr. Sonneck shows that "The Messiah" was thus made known to New Yorkers before it was performed in Germany. "To be sure Tuckey gave only 17 of the 57 numbers, but is it absolutely certain that Handel performed his masterwork in its entirety at Dublin?"

Mr. Sonneck also asks in his invaluable book, "Early Concert Life in America," whether the orchestra at Bethlehem was composed of both sexes as at Herrnhut. Bushy stated that at Herrnhut women in the band of 40 or 50 played string and wind instruments as well as the men, "from whom, however, they sat strictly separated." The names of men only are given as members of the Bethlehem orchestra in 1789.

Two hundred and forty-one concerts were given at Bethlehem from 1807 to 1819. There were neither tickets nor admission charges. "At a benefit concert in 1807 a collection of $19.13 was received, and this was considered a goodly sum. Near the door of the concert hall was a green box, upon which were the words, 'For the Support of Music.' The average for the concerts in 13 years was $1.25. This was enough to pay for the copying of music and for instruments, new strings and candles."

Music of a light character was popular. Gen. Washington and other guests were serenaded when they visited Bethlehem. [illegible] before an important service a visiting clergyman heard instrumentalists playing lively music. He asked one of the performers the next day at dinner:

"Do you use the same instruments in church to play sacred music which you used last night?"

"Yes, we use the same."

The clergyman then asked an older colleague: "What do you think, brother, is it proper to do so?"

To which the elder replied: "Will you use the same mouth to preach with today which you now use in eating sausage?"

The chapter on the growth of the Bach cult at Bethlehem is also interesting. The Choral Union organized by Dr. Wolle gave its first public concert early in 1883. Dr. Wolle went to Munich in 1884 to further his studies. On June 5, 1888, Bach's Passion According to John was performed. This was the first complete performance of it in America.

Prof. Walters writes entertainingly and instructively about the Bach Choir itself, its festivals, its visits to other cities, and the Choir as a community enterprise and a musical force. He naturally has much to say of Mr. Charles M. Schwab's deep interest in the Choir, in the brass band composed of his workmen, and his great generosity. These are statistical pages of value to any one interested in the musical history of this country. There are also copious extracts from the reviews of the festivals published in newspapers of leading cities. It appears from these reviews that the good people of Bethlehem were restive under the legitimate and constructive criticism that they thought of an adverse nature. The Outlook, an outside defender, deprecated editorially the articles of "certain New York critics, censorious and patronizing by turns . . . although valueless as interpretations of the festival." Prof. Walters has this to say: "As far as the Bethlehem forces are concerned, they now apparently wish the episode relegated to the Wordsworthian category of

> Old, unhappy, far-off things
> And battles long ago.

"And the critics who, at the invitation of Mr. Schwab, have resumed attendance at the festivals being held at Lehigh, now apparently have also resumed something of their earlier friendliness to the festival enterprise."

A correspondent asks for information about Miss Alice Sjoselius, a soprano, who sang here for the first time on April 9. Through the courtesy of a friend we are allowed to quote from a letter written by her: "It may interest you to know that I was in Germany before and during part of the war. When the United States entered, I asked to be released from a five-year contract with the Opera in Mannheim, which was to begin last September; and finishing the engagement in Schwerin, left early in June. After January no letters came through from this country and it was during this isolated period I thought more and more about our American music, realizing there was much could be done for it at this time. When America declared war and the moment came to decide whether I should hold to my good prospects there or come home, I felt as never before that I was an American, and thinking my brother would undoubtedly join the army, as he did, I gave up everything; but one idea went with me, to work heart and soul for our songs! Eventually, I must return to opera, but now I am ready to do the little in my power for this purpose. Being away seven years with only short visits here during that time, I knew very few of the American compositions, but had faith in those."

Alfred F. Denghausen, who died at Cincinnati, O., as the result of a surgical operation, was known in Boston, where he had lived for 15 or 20 years, as a musician of pure taste and high ideals. As a singer, he gave pleasure by the catholicity and interest of his programs and by his interpretative earnestness, versatility and general intelligence in recitals and as soloist at concerts of the Apollo Club, of which he was an efficient, valued member; also by the seriousness of his choir work in church. Born in Cincinnati, he was of Dutch descent. A stanch patriot, he composed an American national hymn, "Hail, Land of Liberty," which, effectively written, is well calculated to arouse enthusiasm. He was a man of fine character, simple, ingenuous, lovable.

There have been notes about Jullien, the conductor, on this page. Looking over some newspaper clippings we found one about musical conductors published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Aug. 26, 1903. Not only are there references to Jullien, but there is an allusion to Sir Henry Wood, now talked of as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Wood's career at The Queen's Hall began with the promenade concert season of 1895. Born in 1870, he started out as an organist. He conducted operatic performances in 1890-94. He taught singing and composed.

"I have lived long enough to have seen many musical conductors, beginning with Surman and Jullien, and going on, through Costa and Sterndale Bennett, to Sousa and the anonymous leader of the Roman band. Lady conductors, too, I have known both at home and abroad, but I cannot say that I have been impressed by their mode of wielding the baton. The modern conductor is a development of the older leader of the orchestra or first violin, and I can well remember how in the early days of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Perry, the leader, would beat time with his bow in complete disregard of the conductor's baton! Old Surman used to sing occasionally with the chorus while conducting, and it was said of him sarcastically that, 'He trusted in one, two, three,' etc. His rule came to an end with the rehearsal of 'Elijah,' when Mendelssohn was present, and was unable to tolerate, 'Baal, we cry to Thee,' legato, and came forward to assume the baton himself with marvellous and instantaneous effect.

"Jullien was a great creature, if not a great musician. It was a sight to see him at the Promenade Concerts, curled and white-waistcoated, leading his band, and dropping exhausted into his armchair at the end of his 'British Army' Quadrilles, or some similar piece. Nothing put Jullien out more than a crying child, and I have known him to stop the band and sit down till the indignant mother had been ejected. Costa was an ideal conductor as regards his command of his orchestra and chorus, but his tendency to overwhelm everything with brass was painful to the audience and fatal to the singer. Probably the fact that at the Opera he had his seat between the orchestra and the stage, instead of behind the orchestra as at present, had something to do with his overwhelming instrumentation. I once heard Costa and his orchestra completely out-shouted by an indignant audience at one of the opera concerts at old Covent Garden. Mario was announced and did not appear, and the audience refused to hear any one else, so Costa thought to drown the malcontents with the overture to 'William Tell'; but he found out his mistake after a scene closely resembling that at Ephesus in the days of Paul, and wisely gave in.

"In the recently published 'Life of Sir George Grove,' mention is made of Costa's indebtedness to Sainton for drilling his band, and the same may be said of Jullien's debt to Mellon, who also conducted the ballet music at the Opera. Costa, at a rehearsal of the Handel Festival choir at the Crystal Palace, once called out, 'He is singing flat, that man in the blue tie,' and on being congratulated afterward upon his acumen, said naively: 'I heard some one singing flat and I saw a man in a blue tie,' and shrugged his shoulders! No greater contrast in method was possible than between Sterndale Bennett at the Philharmonic, and Manns at the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts. Bennett rigid, cold, precise; Manns perspiring, eager, and endeavoring to mark every phrase in the way practised nowadays at Queen's Hall by Wood. When Costa broke down and Manns had, at very short notice, to conduct a Handel festival, it was feared that his method would prove a failure with such a large orchestra, but this was not the case, and a series of successes resulted, until at length Manns's strength gave way.

"Two of the pleasantest concerts given annually at the Queen's Hall are those by the R. A. and the R. E. bands respectively, and the difference of methods of the two conductors is remarkable. The Royal Artillery band has a conductor of the type of Manns and Wood, who marks every phrase with a gesture, and sometimes irritates by his over-accentuation. The Royal Engineers has a more solid leader, content to mark time and lead his performers without embarrassing them or the audience. Certainly in modern times no conductor has done more to cultivate the love of high-class music among the multitude than Mr. Wood at Queen's Hall. To see the rapt attention with which Beethoven's sonatas are followed, often with score in hand, in the cheapest seats, whilst at the so-called promenade concerts the closely-packed audience endures fatigue without faltering, is enough to show that the love of good music has permeated the British public in a manner which, 50 years ago, would have been thought impossible."

What did the writer mean by saying that the audience followed Beethoven's "Sonatas" "with rapt attention," "score in hand," at orchestral concerts?

A New Play by Sutro: Other Notes of the Theatre

Alfred Sutro's play, "Uncle Anyhow," was produced at the Gaiety, Manchester, Eng., May 21, 1917, when it was entitled "The Two Miss Farndons." It did not reach London till the first of this month. The Pall Mall Gazette of May 2 had this to say about it: "Though it is quite a nice and pleasing and entirely harmless play, 'Uncle Anyhow,' Mr. Alfred Sutro's new comedy, produced at the Haymarket last night, hardly suggests that its author has spent many sleepless nights in soul-struggle over its composition. It is just stock-pot stuff, daintly filleted and agreeably seasoned. Take a pound of 'Caste' and a slice or two of 'The Toy-Maker of Nuremberg,' not to mention 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' trim with some early epigrams, and there you are! Whether or no Mr. Sutro achieves thereby any particular enhancement of his reputation, the recipe has, at least, the merit of familiarity. It is all supposed to happen just before the war. Mr. Dennis Eadie plays an Oxford don whose young cousin has got engaged to the younger daughter of an eccentric and unappreciated aeroplane inventor. The elder daughter is in the chorus of a revue, upon which and other counts the young cousin's snobbish step-mother object to the match. The Oxford don, acting as unofficial friend, or 'Uncle Anyhow' of the family, helps the two girls and introduces the aeroplane inventor to a job at a toy factory, himself proposes to the chorus girl and fixes things up generally. Then comes the war, the entry of the young hero in khaki, happiness for everybody, new hopes for the aeroplane inventor, and curtain. If the play itself is, as the schoolboys say, 'no great shakes,' the acting is charming."

Miss Genevieve Ward, in her book of reminiscences, to which the Herald has already referred, speaks sourly of John Coleman. "Some are greater characters off the stage, for good or ill, than they are on. They leave a name in the profession long after the public has forgotten them. Coleman, who, at the beginning of my career had found actor-management too heavy for his shoulders, was one of these. He had a tremendous notion of the dignity of his art as embodied in himself. He acted the actor, and was still before the footlights in fancy when he took a walk or shook hands with a friend.

"The greatest actor," she says, "I ever saw in my life was Modena, at the Scala in Milan. He was at that time 80 years of age, and was playing Louis XI. I have seen many in this part, including both Irving and Charles Kean, but Modena was head and shoulders above them all. It was wonderful." Irving she regarded "as a great character actor, but not a Shakespearian actor, except as Malvolio. Lest this should be regarded as heresy, I hasten to add that I take much the same view of Sarah Bernhardt. Though not a great character actress, she is a great melodramatic actress, with the exception of her Phedre, which is, or was, really tragedy." She discusses training for the stage: "As to the teaching, personally I am in favor of a provincial novitiate, preceded, perhaps, by a walk-on or two in some of our leading London theatres. The last-named is a study in itself in facing the footlights and in getting accustomed to the sight of an audience. A sharp girl will pick up a great deal in watching others, and need never fear she is losing time by playing subordinate parts in a first-class company. It is the greatest mistake to try to reach a London audience with raw material. A good provincial tour is a sovereign remedy for amateurishness. I can hardly impress strongly enough on beginners, and especially on the good-looking ones, that they should never be above starting in a small way. Nothing is more fatal to success than conceit."

During the last year 10,859 persons paid for admission to the birthplace of Shakespeare, 4748 visited Anne Hathaway's cottage, and 531 the museum and foundation of New Place.

Rose Stahl will play the mother of a soldier in "The Drums," a comedy by George C. Hazleton, in which Sergt. Empey will take part.

Jane Cowl's comedy, "Information, Please," in which June Murfin collaborated, will be produced in New York next fall.

James Montgomery's comedy, "The Aviator," known as "Going Up" turned into a musical comedy, was produced at Manchester, Eng., May 13. Montgomery has written a new farce, "Four Queens," to be produced in New York next fall.

At the request of the United States government, Howard Kyle and Jefferson de Angelis are organizing a company to present Charles Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" in the Liberty Theatres in the various national army and national guard training camps, beginning June 10. The executors of the Hoyt estate have waived all claim to royalties, and the various members of the company will receive only their actual expenses, their work being their contribution toward the winning of the war.—**Dramatic Mirror.**

Stuart Walker of the portable Portmanteau Theatre is designing a portable stage for use on battleships.

Marie Loehr has taken a new play from Robert Hichens.

Edith Taliaferro will be seen in "Annabel Lee," a play by her husband, Earle Browne, music by A. Baldwin Sloane.

"Polly with a Past" will be seen in Boston after a run on the Pacific coast and an "indefinite engagement" in Chicago. Our "Novelties" come late, very late.

Arthur Sinclair and his company, "The Irish Players, are rehearsing a new play by William Boyle, "The O'Dempsys," a sequel to the delightful comedy, "The Eloquent Dempsy," which was performed here at the Plymouth Theatre.

Mr. Sinclair hopes to produce the new play at Cork on May 28.

Forbes-Robertson is planning to make a tour in Australia with classical plays. Didn't he say something some time ago about retiring from the stage?

The stage played its part in the great book sale at Christie's on behalf of the Red Cross, which ended last week. A copy of the Third Folio of Shakespeare brought £235. Mr. Gerald du Maurier's copy of the first issue of the first edition

of "She Stoops to Conquer" [illegible] for £25. An autographed copy, bound in vellum, of "Quality Street" realized £14, and a copy of the first edition of "Peter Pan" realized £26. An apparently unique copy of R. L. and Mrs. Stevenson's play, "The Hanging Judge," given by Mr. William Archer, was knocked down for £90. Other items of stage interest included plays by Shakespeare and Tennyson, annotated by Henry Irving and presented by Mr. H. B. Irving.—May 2.

Arthur Byron will be in Megrue's new comedy, "Tea for Three."

Bert Williams has signed with Mr. Ziegfeld for the "Follies of 1918." Marilynn Miller, the dancer, has also been engaged.

Harry Lauder may return to this country next fall.

Augustus Thomas is writing another drama of the Middle West.

The total amount subscribed in the New York theatres for the third Liberty loan was over $33,000,000. The Keith vaudeville theatres raised $11,751,950. The maximum quota for all the New York theatres had been fixed at $10,000,000. The Shuberts' theatres throughout the country raised $8,690,425 of the third Liberty loan. Of this sum $4,298,525 was raised in the Shuberts' New York theatres.

Phillips's novel, "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox," is being dramatized by George V. Hobart.

Max Pemberton's version of Sardou's "Patrie" may be produced in London. Sardou dedicated the play to John Lothrop Motley, historian of the Dutch Republic. An English version was produced at the Grand Opera House, New York, in 1869 with Frank Mayo as Captain Karloo, F. C. Bangs, the Duke of Alva, C. W. Couldock, Count Rysoor. The translation was by A. de Lile. The Morlacchi Ballet was a feature. The play was a failure; it was withdrawn after a fortnight. A version "Dolores" by Mrs. Sarah Lane was produced at the Boston Theatre in 1888.

Cyril Maude will be seen next season at the Empire Theatre, New York, in a new comedy by Haddon Chambers.

Edith Wynne Matthison may go to London after her engagement in New York.

Sally Cohen-Rice, who has been a widow for two years, will return to vaudeville in "Just Divorced," a one-act comedy by G. Vere Tyler.

The Rev. L. G. Buchanan spoke at Hull, Eng., in the interests of a war charity. "He said he was of opinion the public made too great a demand upon artists for charity purposes today. The public had appealed too much to actors and actresses, whose bread and butter was concerned in their work. It was all very well for big wigs in the front rank like Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey. They could afford to do it freely. He had, however, a great deal to do with the rank and the file of actors, actresses and artists when he was in London, and he could assure his audience they had told him that it was right enough for the charitable public to be charitable, but it was often at the cost of their bread and butter. He knew Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey did not take that view. In regard to another point, he was profoundly thankful to know that the stage had killed the 'Private Secretary' type of clergyman. He thought though that the stage created the type by taking some of his profession and exaggerating them, but the humor had killed the type, and it was now as extinct as the Dodo. Though he had never acted on the stage, he had helped an actor school friend in the profession with one of his characters in Dublin. His friend, who was playing at the Royal, after a performance came to his (the vicar's) house to supper, and remarked: 'I am cast for a blooming padre in the next piece; how on earth am I to do it? Give me some tips.' The vicar did so, and advised him: 'First of all, be manly in your delineation; secondly, be natural, whatever you are; but, for God's sake, don't be a Private Secretary.' He took the hint and had made a distinguished name on the boards throughout England."

Mr. Martin Harvey remarked that he did not think the vicar's views were very widespread. He had never met with a single instance of a sign of weariness in his profession, when any member was called upon to help in any of the various matinees, meetings and funds for war and other charities. They in their profession looked upon this as a justification very largely for keeping their banner afloat at this moment. It was a very great opportunity for the members of the profession, and a very great privilege that they were allowed to assist such funds and keep in touch with them.

Notes About Concerts, Music and Musicians

The Herald and Journal recently published the program of a Symphony concert in London conducted by Sir Henry Wood, for there is talk about his coming to Boston as conductor of the Symphony orchestra. The Times of April 2 did not enjoy the concert, which took place on the 27th: "The audience was not so large as usual, probably because the program offered so little of real attraction. The symphony was Tschaikowsky's fourth, in F minor, a work which falls so far short, in distinction of idea, of the expression sought for. In these difficult days one seems to demand more than ever reality and sincerity and to be the [illegible] in patient with the empty skilfulness of Mr. Percy Pitt's Oriental Rhapsody, the meaningless brilliance of Tcherepnin's Pianoforte Concerto in C sharp minor, or the weak sentiment of 'Plus grand dans son obscurite,' from Gounod's 'La Reine de Saba.' The new work presented, a poem for orchestra, 'Le Sommeil de Canope,' by Gustave Samazeulth, was yet another example of purely manufactured music, plenty of 'color' and 'atmosphere,' so tiring to hear now that the novelty of this kind of writing has worn off. The fresh and exhilarating 'The Bartered Bride' overture of Smetana was one true moment in the afternoon's music, and a Wagner excerpt was another. The soloists were Mlle. Zoie Rosowsky, who sang effectively though without much character, and Mr. Benna Moiseiwitsch, who struggled bravely through the tedious pages of the concerto."

The reviewer for the Daily Telegraph was not so fussy. He found the program remarkable for its diversity; Pitt's Rhapsody "deftly colored"; Miss Rosowsky, an accomplished singer. "The Russian examples were Tschalkowsky's fourth symphony—which is unaccountably neglected here by comparison with its two successors, and, finely played under Sir Henry Wood, was the more welcome on that account—and Tcherepnin's pianoforte concerto in C sharp minor, an interesting work of which, however, the rhythmic qualities are more striking than the actual subject matter. For the soloist its difficulties are colossal, but Mr. Moiseiwitsch, who first introduced the work to us, made light of them, playing, indeed, with extraordinary brilliancy, even for him. Of the afternoon's novelty, Gustave Samazeulth's symphonic poem, 'Le Sommeil de Canope,' there is really not much to be said. Conceived and wrought in a poetic vein appropriate to its subject, it belongs to a type of 'atmospheric' tone-painting of which the modern French school has produced so many examples, and the composer, whose name is quite unknown here, relies, like others of his kind, more upon his skill in mixing his orchestral colors than upon themes of any sustained melodic interest. In a word, a score pleasantly descriptive after a now familiar pattern rather than in any way memorable."

The Daily Telegraph speaks of Vaughan Williams's "Silent Noon," sung by Plunkett Greene, as an "immortal" song. Has any one sung it in Boston? The reviewer was delighted with Guy Ropartz's violoncello sonata in G minor, "a fine work, full of charm and vigor, beauty and romance." The violoncellist, Priv. Felix Salmond, according to the reviewer, is a "great" artist.

The Stage of May 2 gives this resume of a lecture on music and education, delivered by Sir Thomas Beecham at the University of Birmingham, April 26: "Sir Thomas insisted that music appealed to a vastly greater number of persons than any other art. Four hundred years ago England was probably the most musical country in Europe; but by the beginning of the 19th century the creative and appreciative power had sunk about as low as anything could sink in any civilized country. About the middle of that century there was a passion for education, and music did not escape, but we began at the wrong end; we should have founded orchestras before colleges; we should have had concert organizations, opera houses and other institutions. At present students went out into the world and found there was nothing really interesting to do. The most brilliant players ever heard in the world, the most competent English orchestras were now playing in kinema or vaudeville houses. We had no opera houses; we had not a single musical institution of any importance that was adequately supported by the state. The public attitude toward music and education should be taken into consideration now as well as the whole question of developing our musical resources. The position at the moment was a scandal. Birmingham had now got an orchestra, and they must now find some place to put it in; they must put their school of music on a proper footing so that they could stimulate interest in music all through the Midlands."

What I believe must be the first "aircraft orchestra" has just been formed by a section of the royal flying corps stationed at Hounslow. It is a band of string instruments, and the 11 performers celebrated the success of their venture with a theatre party last night at "The Better 'Ole." I met the whole party on their way back, looking as happy as sandboys. They assured me they were going to keep up the celebrations until the early hours this morning, for their arrival "home" would mean the commencement of a concert of their own. Several of the company were elderly men with gray hair. The smallest and youngest of all was pointed out to me as the performer on the bass violin! The men spoke in glowing terms of the benefits they derive from musical practice as a change from manual labor and nervous strain. The chief drawback to the formation of bands in the flying corps is the fact that the men are necessarily always on the move from one place to another.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It is said that Edgar Stillman Kelley will write music for an elaborate ballet. "At a time when the nation's emotional nature is tense and wrought up by the war Dr. Kelley believes that it is the province of art to provide pleasurable relaxation and a mental exaltation by ministering to other and more natural emotions."

Lt. Reginald B. Jones, formerly an organist in England, wrote home: "The padre came along on Sunday evening and our battalion had an open-air service while the shells were whistling over and the German planes hovering. We salved an old piano from a ruined cottage. It had seven notes missing and three holes from shells in it, but we mended the wires with telephone wire and string. I played it for the service, the fitter having 'tuned' it. In spite of the great discords we had fine, hearty singing."

A "testimonial" will be given to the baritone Giovanni Tagliapietra in New York early next month. He was once well known throughout the country as an operatic baritone. In concert halls he always brought down the house by singing Faure's "Palm Branches." He sang in Boston as late as April, 1893, at a Gilmore's Band concert. A veteran of Garibaldi's army, Tagliapietra was the second husband of Teresa Carreno. Her fourth husband, now a widower, was his brother Alfredo.

Elsie Janis and Her Chief Song to Soldiers in France

The army edition of the Chicago Tribune, published at Paris, April 29, gives an account of Miss Elsie Janis entertaining the soldiers in France. She has given as many as three and four separate entertainments a day.

Contrary to the expectation of most of those who know Miss Janis's art best, both through having heard her and by reputation, the actress seldom provides her treats of mimicry for the field forces on her tours, but does more in the way of singing songs and telling stories.

"Perhaps the song in Mrs. Janis's repertoire that evokes the most appreciation is 'When Yankee Doodle learns to Parlez-vous Francais.' It is her biggest hit with the men, and there is a pretty story connected with the way Miss Janis came by it, simply out of kind-heartedness in the first instance.

"A youth called at her hotel and, after explaining the merits of the song, explained that in case he won success in inducing her to sing it, he had been promised the position of manager of his firm's Chicago office. She promised to sing the song in public even before hearing it, having in mind the youth's success in his ambition for a better position. The song won tremendous applause wherever sung, from the beginning. Here is the chorus, in which the men at the front frequently join, the tune being an infectious one:

"When Yankee Doodle learns to parlez-
vous Francais,
Parlez-vous Francais?
In the proper way,
He will call each girl-le
Ma cher-le.
To every miss that wants a kiss he'll say
Oui! Oui!
On ze Be on ze Boo on ze
Boulee, boulee vard
With a girl, with a curl,
You will see him promenade.
When Yankee Doodle learna to parlez-
vous Francais,
Oo! la! la! Sweet Papa! he will teach
them all to say,

"One of Miss Janis's most happy traits in accounting for the success won by her among the American expeditionary force is her adaptability in making herself at home under unusual conditions. The point was recently illustrated at an American army round-house city in France, whither Miss Janis had journeyed particularly to entertain the railway units. The wagon roads adjacent to the railways about which the men were at work, however, were impassable owing to the mud and mire. She solved the dilemma confronting the officer escorting her by suggesting that she should reach the platform to be used as a theatre by riding on locomotive.

"Accordingly, she mounted the cowcatcher of one of the big engines that usually rush in and out of the town in question like blue streaks to the great amazement of the surrounding countryside. In this manner she passed between rows of cheering men on both sides of the line for a distance of a quarter of a mile. On mounting the platform to give her entertainment she sang out, "Are we down-hearted?"

"The roar of the response from thousands of throats told its own story.

"The song adapted by Miss Janis from George Cohan's 'Over There' and consisting of a parody, entitled 'Over Here,' undoubtedly arouses most enthusiasm. The chorus of this song is as follows:

Over here, over here, send the word, send
the word we are here,
And we all are working—you bet
We're working—not one is shirking,
Never fear
Mother dear, dry your tear, soon your
troubles will all disappear
We are over, we're glad we're over,
And we won't come back till its over, over
here.

"In singing this chorus with Miss Janis, the emphasis on the last sentence, 'And we won't come back till its over, over here,' is said to represent a fortissimo usually that would be worth the time of any man to take a journey to the front to hear."

What the Paris Correspondent of the Stage Has to Say

The Paris correspondent of the Stage wrote on April 26:

"Mr. Winthrop Ames, the American manager, told me just before leaving that he had given up the idea of an American theatre in Paris. Yet I think it would have been a success if confined to farce and musical comedy. The most prosperous houses here just now are Anglo-French music halls like the Alhambra and the Olympia, and an incalculable amount of good could be done by philanthropic entertainers. Mr. James K. Hackett is coming over shortly to study the situation on behalf of the Knights of Columbus.

"Several theatres have reopened in a tentative way. The Renaissance made a revival of Pierre Veber and Hennequin's farce 'Vousn'avez Rien a Declarer,' which it would have been as well to have left among the refuse of mercifully forgotten things. The cast is of too inexperienced a quality to alleviate all that is most objectionable in it; and as an entertainment it is not desirable. The Theatre Edouard VII. is running 'La Foie Nuit,' and being rather outside the German gun's usual line of fire, is well patronized. The Odeon, which has admirably followed its old standards, producing plays of unquestionable merit drawn from the best contemporary and classical drama, gave two new productions—on Thursday Corneille's 'Sertorius,' which had not been performed for 112 years, and on Sunday Brieux's 'La Robe Rouge.' In 'Sertorius' Desjardins played the title role with his usual mastery and skill. Joube returned to the Odeon, where he won his first laurels, and where he is at his best. An old operetta, 'Annette et Lubin,' preceded the tragedy, and was quite agreeably sung by the troupe of the theatre. 'La Robe Rouge' is, perhaps, the greatest play of Eugene Brieux. The dramatic qualities are not marred, as in many of his plays, by the thesis, and it remains a strong and moving drama, with a weak first act, it is true, for Brieux has not the instinctive dramatic perception of Rostand or Bernstein, but with a story well built and characters excellently drawn. Of late he has shown a tendency to smother the action in endless ethical debates, but this play is simple and alive. Like 'Justice' and 'The Third Degree' it is an indictment of certain judicial abuses that incite magistrates to condemn prisoners indiscriminately in order to gain rapid advancement. Mlle. Vera Sergine is as passionate and as tragically beautiful as seven years ago when I saw her here in the part at Porte Saint-Martin. She expresses all the sorrows and the revolt of the people. Mme. Grumbach is moving as the mother, and Gretillat made an able study of the ambitious Mouzon; but it is a part unfortunately associated with Huguenet. Mr. John D. Williams, the American manager, was to have produced an English version of the play this spring in New York, but the idea seems to have been abandoned.

"The Chatelet, Vaudeville, Scala and Dejazet are reopening and an interesting opera season has begun with 'La Favorita' at the Empire, which is rather out of the way in the Avenue Wagrame, but has the advantage of safety from long-range shells. The Palais-Royal will begin a series of matinees next week, while work on the underground theatre is being pushed forward. Altogether things are looking brighter, though the lights are still painted blue."

On Sunday, April 14, the Opera-Comique made nearly $3000 and the Comedie-Francaise $1250 at the evening performances.

Two new theatres have opened and are specially designed to meet the requirements of the times. Gustave Quinson has rented the Concert Hall in the Rue Montmartre, which is in the basement, and is protected by a six-story building above. He has renamed it "L'Abri." It was opened May 1 with a new revue, "1918," by Lucien Boyer and A. Willemetz. Quinson has also rented the ancient Caveau de la Revolution, near the Palais-Royal, from which he expects to transplant farces for greater security as soon as he can have the new hall done over for the purpose.

It is said that Frank Jay Gould is mainly responsible for the establishment of an Anglo-American theatre at the junction of the Rue St. Lazare and the Rue de Mogador. The theatre will be opened early in September.

"Head Over Heels," a Play

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Head Over Heels," a play in two acts and three scenes with music; book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Woolf; suggested by Lee Arthur's dramatization of Nalbro Bartley's story, "Shadows"; music by Jerome Kern. Produced by Henry W. Savage at Stamford, Ct., May 20, 1918. Harold A. Levey conducted.

Miss Muriel Sterling.....Dorothy Mackaye
Office boy.....Lambert Terry
Mr. Robert Lawson.....Boyd Marshall
Mr. Edward Sterling.....Charles C. Wilson
Mr. T. Anthony Squibbs..Robert Emmett Kean
Mr. T. Anthony Squibbs..Robert Emmett Keane
Mitzi.....Mitzi
Signor Bambinetti.....George F. Marion
Miss Edith Penfield.....Edith Allan
Mrs. Sarah Montague.....Margaret Jarman
Baron Everard Cesare D'Oultremont.....
Victor LeRoy

Jarvis of the Ritz [illegible] ..... Thomas Walsh
[illegible] ..... Carrie McManus
B[illegible] Troupe—
T[illegible] ..... Joseph Dunn
[illegible] ..... James Oliver
[illegible] ..... George Obey
[illegible] ..... Edward Mathews

A very pretty and amusing show for summer or any other season is "Head Over Heels," which entertained an audience last night that completely filled the theatre. There is a story, thin but coherent and continuous, except for the funny and welcome imitation of vaudeville in the second scene; there are humorous lines, there is a scene for real acrobats with Mitzi among them; there is music that is dainty, tuneful, piquant, well rhythmed and scored with refreshing lightness and grace. The overture, commonplace patchwork, gave no promise of what was to come. Fortunately the charming music of the opening scene sung by the typewriting girls, Miss Francis, Miss Hollywell, Miss Bowes and Miss Browne, at once reassured the listener, nor was he afterwards disappointed. Add to all this an excellent company headed by Mitzi, costumes exquisite in color and design, and two very effective settings, the suite at the Hotel Ritz and the gardens of the Penfield estate. Mr. Savage may well plume himself upon his musical comedy, his company and his taste as shown in producing this play.

The story can be told in a few lines. Mitzi, one of an acrobatic troupe, crosses the Atlantic to find young Sterling, who has made love to her as to every other attractive girl he has known. This susceptible youth has freely bestowed rings on the objects of his passing fancy. Mitzi was one of the recipients. From him she received the only ring that had not blackened her finger. Finding him faithless, she turns her attention to Lawson, Sterling's law partner. He shows his affection by hiring a suite for her at the Ritz, egged on by Mr. Squibs, a publicity agent, the funny man of the play. Lawson has been supposed to be in love with another. Hence complications, jealousy of Mitzi, misunderstandings, etc., etc. Of course, there is the explanation for the fall of the curtain on a happy ending. Sterling concentrates his love on Edith in a duet. Even the publicity agent is forgiven.

Only in the second act are there a few tedious moments. Ineffective business might well be cut out, or the act fattened by the ingenious author and the capable manager, Mr. Marion.

Mitzi was delightful in every scene; as singer with her little but carrying voice of peculiar quality, and her simplicity and absence of self-consciousness in song; as acrobat, showing her well-knit figure with pleasing muscular display; as comedian, irresistibly roguish, slyly demure, astonishingly frank, naturally comical, yet able to show sentiment and even a deeper emotion.

Mr. Keane was constantly amusing with his quips and cranks, nods and becks, and smiles that were not wreathed. He was not too farcical even in the bit of melodrama in the vaudeville episode. And here Mitzi showed her versatility, from her imitation of the sentimental singer with a ballad of the heart and the home to the gum-chewing attendant that changes the bill. Miss Allan sang well and in an unaffected manner her duet with Mr. Wilson. Messrs. Marshall and Wilson were pleasing in a manly way. Mr. Marion made much of a part that might easily have been caricatured. The ladies of the chorus, some with solo parts, were young, comely, wearing their costumes as if they were accustomed to them, graceful in movement and in repose. There was a large and well drilled orchestra.

"Head Over Heels" should have a long and prosperous run.

May 27 1918

Evan Williams, whose death is reported, delighted and moved thousands by his singing. He had the Welsh sincerity and fervor. The voice itself was of singular beauty and power. Many remember how in his prime he thrilled them, as in Goring Thomas's "Swan and Skylark," in "Samson and Delilah" (at a Worcester Festival), in airs of Gounod and Handel, in humble ballads. It mattered not whether he sang at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society, with the Cecilia, or with the Boston Symphony orchestra, his hold on the audience was the same. He was a simple, honest soul, boyish, without envy, without guile. The success of another singer pleased him. While he was at his zenith in the early nineties he was a favorite in concert halls until his death. He sang in Boston for the last time on Dec. 10 of last year, when he apologized for a cold contracted by singing at war camps. Fortunately he did not share the fate of many popular singers; he had acquired a handsome property and was not dependent on a capricious public.

Courtesy in Refusal

We quote from the Windsor (Vt.) Gazette of April 28, 1801:

"Answer to correspondent: The piece signed 'Original' we would insert if we did not think we should do better to select."

Another View of Clancy

As the World Wags:

If I am not mistaken I have seen casually mentioned in this column recently the name of Frothingham Clancy. It may not be generally known that he is the author of those striking lines that one sees in the electric cars in connection with some advertisement or other:

"As into the subway your way you wend
Search out that odd cent for the treat it will
vend."

This was not uttered as an impromptu, as I have heard maintained, but was a deliberate and labored feat of his muse who, under stress of circumstances, now and then donned the overalls of honest toil and strove efficiently in the advertising columns of the press. That his natural gifts entitled him to a first-class passage did not debar his wholly democratic mind from visiting upon occasion the second class or even steerage of literature. Such excursions were marked by the same steam roller metrical traits and carelessness of the trammels of usage in his choice of language that are remarked in his higher flights. The clattering impetuosity of the example that I have quoted vividly denotes the reckless haste of the tourist full of fear lest he miss the infrequent trolley, and the violence with which he bends to his artistic will the obsolescent word "vend" marks with emphasis his imperious attitude toward the obedient army of words of which he was the acknowledged master.

It may be freely confessed that this gifted man shared with many of his distinguished predecessors in literature a taste for stimulating beverages. His serious attachments to alcohol were intermittent and infrequent, but his flirtations with that fascinating, but dangerous, siren were innumerable and picturesque. Under such influences he was more than commonly emancipated from all obstructive self-consciousness, and his liberated natural self was a source of the purest joy to his friends. The last time that I saw him he was clinging to a lamp-post with an obvious conviction that it was the ship and all else the sea. He was clearly engaged in separating from the visual confusion with which his peculiar mental state surrounded him the next succeeding post on his intended route. When, after careful consideration of the whirling fact, he had succeeded in doing this, he released his grip upon the first and fled with incredible speed to this carefully determined goal, the second post. Here he repeated the process and so leisurely proceeded homeward. His conduct was superficially grotesque and was so recognized by a retinue of lads who accompanied his progress with cheers of delight, but beneath these unessentials it was perfectly apparent that his grip upon the fundamental principles of science was unrelaxed. He was employing in self-defence in a temporary emergency of bodily peril the same principle that underlies the gyroscope—the power of momentum. To employ a bold figure such as rejoiced him, the servants of his mental household had left him and his kitchen and offices were wholly disorganized, but up in his intellectual library all was well.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.

Boston.

The name of Clancy recalls a recent definition of poetry: "The art of arranging words in the order of least commercial value."

On the Contrariness of Folks

As the World Wags:

The subject is too vast to be treated exhaustively in a single letter. Only a work of the size of the Encyclopaedia Britannica could do it justice; but let me touch, in passing, on one particular form of contrariness which may be called the hygienical-benevolent.

Have you ever noticed that on a morning like this, which is deadly muggy, for instance, when you feel in every bone the firmness of warm molasses candy, and every muscle tingles with the elasticity of a wet rag, and your brains are like putty, and your hands like lead, and you feel like emulating the ashman of whom the little Sunday school girl said that she was sure he must be a very good man because when the bottom came out of the ash barrel he was lifting, and the ashes went all over him, he just sat down on the curbstone and talked about God—have you ever noticed, I say, that this is the moment selected by every well-meaning person you meet to tell you how well you are looking, thereby inferentially convicting you of rank hypocrisy in not feeling as well as you look? And do you not at such moments realize that you are only deterred by overweening conventionality from doing murder then and there to relieve your feelings?

Boston, May 23. J. L. MUGGINS.

May 28 1918

We were reading yesterday a copy of The Green Mountain Patriot of Sept. 8, 1802, published by Samuel Goss at Peacham, Vermont. We have never been in Peacham, Caledonia county. Referring to the history of Vermont by the excellent Zadock Thompson (Burlington, 1842), we are now well-informed: "One of the most remarkable occurrences in this town was the loss of a man's great toe, by frost, in the month of June. Mr. Walker, the gentleman who sustained the loss, was 84 years old, and was frozen, in consequence of being lost in the woods, and lying out through the night of the 8th of June, 1816."

On the first page of this newspaper is the continuation of "A Friendly Address to Thomas Jefferson, Esq., President of the United States," urging him to accept the evidences in favor of Christianity. Then comes a biographical sketch of Bonaparte:—"The following account of the early years of Bonaparte is from the pen of a gentleman who was his school companion." We were especially interested in the "Manner of Living of the Inhabitants of Virginia," an article taken from the American Museum of 1787.

An F. F. V.

"The gentleman of fortune rises about 9 o'clock. He perhaps may make an exertion to walk as far as his stables to see his horses, which are seldom more than 50 yards from his house. He returns to breakfast between nine and ten, which is generally tea or coffee, bread and butter, and very thin slices of venison, ham, or hung beef. He then lies down on a pallet, on the floor, in the coolest room in the house, in his shirt and trowsers only, with a Negro at his head and another at his feet, to fan him and keep off the flies. Between twelve and one, he takes a draught of bombo or toddy, a liquor composed of water, sugar, rum and nutmeg, which is made weak and kept cool. He dines between two and three, and at every table, whatever else there may be, a ham, and greens, or cabbage, are always a standing dish. At dinner, he drinks cider, toddy, punch, port, claret or madeira, which is generally excellent here. Having drank some few glasses of wine after dinner, he returns to his pallot, with his two blacks to fan him, he continues to drink toddy or sangaree all the afternoon. He does not always drink tea. Between nine and ten in the evening, he eats a light supper of milk and fruit, or wine, sugar and fruit, and almost immediately retires to bed, for the night; in which, if it be not furnished with nuscheto (sic) curtains, he is generally so molested with heat, and harassed and tormented with those pernicious insects, the muschetoes, that he receives very little refreshment from sleep. This is the general way of living in his family, when he has no company. No doubt many differ from it. Some in one respect, some in another; but more follow it than do not."

It appears that men of the lower and many of the middling classes lived differently. Arising at about 6 A. M. a man drank "a julap (sic), made of rum, water and sugar, but very strong." He breakfasted at about 10 o'clock on "cold turkey, cold meat, fried hominy, toast and cider, ham, bread and butter, tea, coffee or chocolate, which last, however, is seldom used but by women." He drank cider, not wine, at dinner. He ate no supper. "The women very seldom drink tea in the afternoon. The men never."

Massachusetts News

A correspondent wrote to the Green Mountain Patriot from Kingston, Mass., July 27: "Last week a number of my neighbors experienced a sudden death amongst their horn cattle. Fifteen were found dead in 24 hours, and the owners could assign no positive cause till a 16th was found to drink out of a little pond which had settled where an old barn had been lately taken up, and she expired immediately. Since that place has been fenced in, and there has no deaths happened. This probably might be ascribed to the vast quantity of salt petre which these combustibles under the barn might have contracted. Upon examination of their bodies the nitre was found in their maws apparently mortified. The farmers are hereby cautioned to take care of their cattle on the like occasion."

There is an account of the fight between "the Boston frigate," Capt. M'Niel, and seven Tunisian vessels. "Two of the Tunisians were sunk, two dismasted and the rest fled. The Boston put in to Syracuse (in Sicily) much injured, having several of the officers and men killed."

Adv.

In this issue of the Green Mountain Patriot, William Neilson offered a reward of 1 cent for the apprehension and return of an indented boy, John Henry, "about 5 feet 9 inches high, light complexion, had on when he went away a pair of striped blue and white trousers, and brown frock."

Mr. Jacob Guy, Jun., had just received for sale, "a quantity of Turk's Island salt, St. Croix rum and loaf sugar, very low for cash."

Mr. Jonathan Ware on Sept. 1, 1802, was aggrieved: "The Viper that was suffered in a spiteful communication on the community, the town of Peacham, an adjacent town, and especially myself, in this day's paper, to hand my name to the public, ought not to have had this extraordinary indulgence, be he who he may, and surely not without having handed his own name also. Please, sir, to drag forth the assassin to the light. Let it be known to whose malice and ignorance you prostituted your impartial paper." "Impartial" was italicized in bitter sarcasm.

A war-time play with no red light, no booming of guns, no thrills and no horrors—that is "Arms and The Girl," presented last night at the Copley Theatre by the Henry Jewett players. The cast:

M. Richepin, Burgomaster of Beaupre, ... Fred W. Permain
Mme. Coolen, Landlady of the Tete d'Or, ... Florence Leclercq
Toinette, Maid at the Tete d'Or, ... Beatrice Miller
Olga Karnovitch ..... Jessamine Newcombe
Porter ..... Irving Jackson
Ruth Sherwood ..... Viola Roach
Wilfrod Ferrers ..... Lionel Glenister
Sixth German Cavalry:
Corporal ..... Cameron Matthews
Fritz ..... William C. Mason
Hans ..... Owen T. Hewitt
Lt. Eugen von Elbe ..... B. N. Lewin
Reinhold Manders ..... Camp W. Foltz
Heinrich Kellenborn ..... Frank F. Siple
Konrad Hartman ..... Lawrence R. Mathers
Gustave Rentgeon ..... Robert Crawford
Gen. Klaus ..... H. Conway Wingfield
Jack Martin ..... Leonard Craske

It is a travesty on German "efficiency," an example of the real American brand of humor, that can extract fun out of situations that threaten to become tragic. It is the first attempt to find fun in the ruins of Belgium, written by Grant Stewart and Robert Baker.

The entire scene is laid in a small inn in the Belgian town of Beaupre. Two young Americans, a man and woman, find themselves in the town when the Germans take possession. The girl is on her way to Paris, but forced to leave the train, she awaits her fiance at the inn, where the young man is staying. The escape of another young woman, a Russian spy, leads to complications which involve the young man, and he is in danger of being shot for aiding the Russian to escape. To avoid that, the girl declares that he is her expected fiance, and the German general orders the burgomaster to marry them on the spot, which he does. Shortly afterward the expected fiance arrives and is forced to play the part of a chauffeur, much to his disgust.

It is easy to see what complications might arise from such a situation, and the authors of the play have made the most of them. The newly-weds go through many distressing scenes and the bridegroom suffers a broken arm, while the fiance-chauffeur passes through many stages of disgust, suspicion and disappointment, only to give up at last and surrender the girl to the man whom she has hastily married.

It is pure comedy, with a sentimental ending, for the hurriedly-made bride falls in love with the husband who has offered to procure a divorce as soon as they have escaped from their dangers.

The parts are well taken and the company makes the most of a play that holds the interest of the audience, on whose credulity it makes some demands.

KEITH AUCTION

Hobart Bosworth, in "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

This act is a condensation of Jack London's story. Witnessing Mr. Bosworth's interpretation of Wolf Larsen on the screen Mr. London is reported as having exclaimed: "Henceforth I shall look upon Mr. Bosworth's conception of the character of Wolf Larsen and forget my own."

The piece is a tense melodrama, morbid in its grewsomeness, intensive in its grip on the audience. A psychological study of a man beast, there is none the less, pity. A well-meaning fellow, he is the victim of a brain tumor, and there is the constantly recurring obsession of being the master of his soul.

Mr. Bosworth's conception of the Sea Wolf is remarkable in his picture of the man brute. The character in his hands is overwhelmingly stamped with authority. Passing from supreme control to his final moments of blindness and paralysis, he was pitiful in his despair, and the contrast of the two conditions was marked by telling subtleties of speech and method. Assisting Mr. Bosworth were Carroll Ashburn, John Hewitt, Frank Howard and Ida Stanhope.

George Webb, the spellbinder, who has excited the admiration of B. F. Keith audiences with the excellence of his salesmanship of Liberty bonds and Red Cross collections, concluded his appearance last evening by selling tickets for the drawing of the sloop yacht Idle Wave for the Red Cross fund. Among the purchasers were Mayor Quinn of Cambridge and Donald Brian, the actor. The latter had as his guest Miss A. Thornton of Everton street, Dorchester, and her number won the prize.

One of the best features of the bill was the act of Jack Wilson, assisted by Ben Bard and Gladys Moffatt. Coming directly after the sad tone of the melodrama, Mr. Wilson used this as the topic of extemporaneous speech, as well as taking his fling at all the other acts. As an exemplar of this style of speech, Mr. Wilson has few equals. Thus all his remarks have a delightful spontaneity; nor is he less interesting in the speed with which he gets his points across the footlights.

Other acts were Dolores Vallecita and

er group of performing leopards, the urt Earle company, instrumentalists; lorenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop one of the best dancing acts seen at his theatre this season; Hunting and Francis, back again in "Love Blossoms"; Barto and Clark, dancers and singers; Donald E. Roberts, tenor, and the Levallos, slack-wire performers.

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The Chicago Evening Post did not enjoy a show, "Doing Our Bit." It found the line of "stereotyped chorus girls" unpleasant to the eye. "The trouble was—speaking for the audience, of course—that too many of the bare backs had scapulas that jutted out like reefs of coral from a milky sea. And in too many of the ensilked legs maiden rondure was replaced by old-maiden angularity."

The reviewer is not a shrewd observer. An old maid is not necessarily angular.

Juvenal Revised

"Juvenal writes to the effect that Messalin invariably wore a blond wig when he went slumming."—The Morning Telegraph.

War Slang

As the World Wags:

The phenomenal growth of slang in the camps and trenches of this world war is of more than passing interest. The probable importance of its influence on the French language is emphasized by the fact that the members of the "Academie" began some time ago to collect and analyze these peculiar expressions of the poilus and the Tommies. This investigation was started before Uncle Sam's boys entered the conflict. The enrichment by the admixture of Yankee wit and originality is already marked.

Whenever men are forcefully driven together by community of interests a modification of their language commences. The unusual environment calls for expressions out of the ordinary, and, as man is prone to mysticism, the words and phrases thus coined often tend toward a secret code of communication.

Among my books of reference is a "Dictionnaire d'Argot" by Jean La Rue, and, by way of preface, it contains an admirable "Histoire de L'Argot" by Clement Casciani. In point of fact, about one-half of the work is devoted to a discussion of the origin and development of slang. In the closing paragraph is a statement to the effect that numerous expressions which were slang pure and simple in the 18th century figure today in the dictionary of the "Academie," and many words under the ban today, because they belong to slang, will hereafter enrich the official language. No wonder, then, that the academicians are on the watch for a harvest of forceful new terms.

The Parisian Apache invitation, "Allons etrangler un perroquet," for let's go get a drink of absinthe, is all French and funny enough—strangle a parrot indeed! But when one of our boys is asked what he has been doing and replies "father of twins," as a sort of tomfool translation of "pas de tout," one has to steady his ribs for a convulsive explosion at the absurdity of it all. On the other hand the word "marmite," as applied to the big German shells, is both rational and expressive. Great stew pots they are as they seethe and gurgle in their flight; and "bocheric," too, meaning the terrible crucities and atrocities of the boches, is strong and will probably live. You have, no doubt, noticed that Empey in his popular book, "Over the Top," introduced a glossary of words and phrases to the use of which we "over here" have not yet become accustomed — notes, as it were, explaining the new war English. That book, by the way, is one of the very human documents of the war literature, as is also Carol K. Corey's "Plain Tales from the Trenches." In the March number of the National Geographic Magazine, though both of them lack the refining touch that makes a masterpiece of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through."

Contrast the conditions under which that flood of French came into the English language after the Norman conquest with the interesting peculiarity of the present situation where so many tongues are being mingled in friendly intercourse, and under great stress of circumstances. It is amusing, of course, but there may come from it all a by-product of war that will help materially in binding the allies more closely together for the all important period of reconstruction and post bellum activities. ROBERT L. WINKLEY.

Boston.

Jean La Rue's dictionary is a little volume of 192 pages, very incomplete. Our correspondent would be interested in Hector Franco's "Dictionnaire de la Langue Verte," a quarto of 495 pages with three volumes to the page. The phrase "Strangle a parrot" had variations before the Apache gained his name in Paris. In French studios of the Sixties the phrase was "Etouffer un perroquet" (see Larchey's "Excentricities du Language"—1865). In the same writer's "Dictionnaire historique d'Argot" (1878), "plumer," "asphyxier" are also given. Aristide Bruant added in 1901, "estrangouiller." Alfred Delvau in his dictionary gave only "etouffer." He said that Charles Monselet introduced this phrase for drinking absinthe into literature. In Le Roux's "Dictionnaire comique" (1752) "perroquet," of course, does not mean absinthe; it was then a slang term for something very different. Dr. Cesaire Villatte's "Paris Is men" (Berlin 1884) notes the use of "perroquet" for absinthe, but gives only the verbs "asphyxier" and "etouffer." —Ed.

may 30 1918

Heroically Dry

Through the efforts of Mr. William H. Odell, its presiding genius, and other members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the annual dinner of this famous troop will be dry, for the first time, it is said, in the history of the intrepid band of warriors. In years past irreverent paragraphers have commented facetiously on the heroism of Ancients and Honorables at table; on the thrice admirable management of the commissary department; on the stomachic ammunition poured out recklessly on stated and solemn occasions. Even the old jest relating to "bottle scarred" veterans was exhumed by scoffers in New York. There were pathetic allusions to the "dead men" on the floor of battle.

The commendable determination of the Ancient and Honorable does not necessarily imply a change of heart, impaired digestion, or an inexplicable, mysterious absence of thirst. The resolution is not necessarily a stern and ruthless attack upon the forces led by the Demon Rum. The Ancients and Honorables think that in these days there should be no extravagance. They remember the bravery of the Spartans, also their simple fare, the black broth that struck terror to the souls of their luxurious and conquered foes. Simple living, high thinking, brave doing is the motto for the day. The survivors of many Gargantuan feasts in Boston are thus doing their bit. They of all men are the ones to set an example. The bill of fare for this dinner should be inscribed on their banners in letters of gold. The cannon on the Common should roar the louder in applause.

But after the war? Then is the time for jubilation. Then will the heroism displayed in 1918 be recounted in song and oration when the drought may have passed.

may 31 1918

'HIGH AND DRY'

By PHILIP HALE

YE WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "High and Dry," a romantic comedy in four acts by Lewis B. Ely. Produced by William P. Orr.

"Whitney" Jones.....William B. Mack
"Satan," a Printer's Devil.....John L. Welch
Pinky Smith.....Esther Howard
"Bump" Timmons.....Spencer Charters
Sam Hardin.....Edwin Walters
Col. Luther Trapp.....Frank Sheridan
Susie Meadows.....Viola Harper
Mrs. Price.....Adelina O'Connor
Dick Marvin.....Pell Trenton
Clara Bland.....Edna Baker
Ed Gibson.....Charles Colville
Joe Bass.....William T. Clarke
Josiah Dodd.....George Schaeffer
Mrs. Dodd.....Maude Dickinson-Nolan
Sheriff.....Cassius Quimby
Rev. Mr. Murdock.....Lawrence Edlinger

This comedy, entitled "A Dry Town," was played for eight weeks in St. Louis by a stock company last year. It is said that the play has been revised; that its character has been greatly changed.

As the play now stands Clara Bland, a newspaper woman, having $1500 or more in her pocket, which she earned by writing after she was dismissed from a Washington journal as the result of a libel suit brought against it by Col. Trapp, goes to Gourdville, Mo., for the purpose of exposing the colonel, an oily rascal, who is running for legislative office on the Prohibition ticket, while all the time he is manufacturing "O'Malley's Family Spirit," a drink that did great harm to throat, stomach, liver and kidneys.

She buys a half interest in the town newspaper, reforms the drunken editor, who has been the unwilling tool of Trapp, finally exposes the Colonel through the assistance of Mrs. Price, who when Clara's [illegible] has hop[illegible] in the Deacon's room [illegible] confesses that Clara's charges against the Colonel are all true; that the Colonel had cruelly wronged her and to console her had paid the burial expenses of their intrusive baby and then made her postmistress. Clara not only does all this; she reforms the town. Men in the last act, who before had been hypocrites, acquainted with blind-tigers, carriers of pocket flasks, are no longer drunkards, because now in the wet town, being able to drink openly. They do not long "to drink between drinks." Furthermore they are all well dressed, most of thm in frock coats and glossy silk hats. This shows the power of the press, "the Archimedian lever that moves the world," as the editor said at the war meeting attended by Artemus Ward.

Clara did not do all this without an heroic struggle. Trapp and his heelers nearly drove her from the town. They traduced her character, threatened her in every way, persuaded the landlord to eject her from his hotel, forged a telegram, wrecked her newspaper office as the press was printing a vitriolic article exposing Trapp, clapped Marvin, her partner, into jail—what did they not do? Only the foreman Jones, the printer's devil, Pinkey Smith and two female compositors were her staunch friends. She triumphed at last, triumphed gloriously, and married Marvin 60 days before he enlisted to fight for democracy against Junkerdom. Truly, a lively play, melodramatic, comic, satirical, and above all highly moral. An audience that filled the theatre last night laughed heartily and applauded the comedians, and especially the villian, when they responded to a curtain call.

The company played the comedy in good faith. Mr. Sheridan gave a smooth and plausible performance of Trapp, an excellent performance, unexaggerated, one that carried conviction. Mr. Mack was good as the sour and honest foreman. The other male characters were adequately represented. Mr. Schaeffer was a smug country bank president to the life. Mr. Eddinger, the pastor, preached his little sermon effectively in the deacon's room. Miss Baker was resolute, relentless, as the newspaper wonder without losing the charm of sex. Miss Esther Howard, as an eccentric compositor, had the fattest part, but her natural sense of humor, her consistently grotesque representattion of foolish good nature and queer personality, emphasized strongly lines and situations. Miss O'Connor, as Mrs. Price, in her chief scene, spoke so rapidly, so hysterically, that she was wellnigh unintelligible. We gathered from her remarks that the Colonel had played her a mean trick and the postoffice was not a sufficient recompense. At any rate, she saved Clara Bland, who in the next act was seen in a sumptuously appointed office rejoicing in the large circulation of her newspaper with many columns of advertisements.

The Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal of May 18 referred to our inability to relish tripe, which, it remarks, when properly prepared is "a dish fit for the gods."

"There used to be a hole-in-the-wall eating place, near Faneuil Hall market, where tripe was a specialty and where it was cooked to perfection in several ways. And patrons were at a loss to say whether they liked it best boiled, broiled or smothered. That place may not be in existence now, but if it is not Boston has lost something for which certain material gains in other directions are not full compensation."

Does this eating place exist?

We have read that the taste of tripe was so delicate to the ancient Romans that they often killed oxen for the tripe's sake, but Grangousier, at the feast he provided for his neighbors, "all stiff drinkers, brave fellows and good players at ninepins," advised his wife Gargamelle to eat sparingly, because, "tripes were no very commendable meat." Remember the lines of Dryden:

To what would be a quail and pheasant swell
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?

Yet there is a description in "The Old Curiosity Shop" of a stew in which tripe entered largely that makes our mouth water, as it affected Mr. Codlin while he sat by, hungry and expectant.

Gen. Sam Brown

As the World Wags:

For General "Sam Brown," designer of the present British army belt, try Indian Army Lists prior to 1900.

Boston. B. Y. X.

Father and Son

As the World Wags:

The recent death of James Gordon Bennett, the younger, recalls to my mind the fact that some 50 years ago Mr. Copeland, who was a prominent member of the Church of the Advent when it was on Green street, told me he knew the elder Bennett well when he lived in Boston in 1820. My informant then did the book-binding for Wells & Lilly, publishers, who kept in the court leading from Boylston street in the rear of what is now called the Continental building. He said that Bennett was then a somewhat grouty young man, not at all companionable, who combined the offices of proof-reader and book-keeper for the firm mentioned for $6 a week. This was not a large salary, but it must be remembered that the cost of living in those far-off days was small and that a prudent young Scotchman could get along very comfortably from Sunday to Sunday on what the boys nowadays would look upon with contempt. I can hear one of them saying—"Six bucks for six days' work?—Nothing doing!"

Bennett was nearly starving, a stranger in a strange land, before he found employment in Boston, and he rejoiced exceedingly when he found a silver coin on the Common. Then his good luck began, for with a full stomach he shortly after discovered Mr. Wells, a fellow countryman, who gave him a lift out of extreme poverty so urgently desired. Then he found a boarding house on Court street opposite the jail which was replaced by the old Court House and is now the extension of the City Hall. Mr. Bennett wrote poetry then, and was patriotically romantic. He spent much of his spare time on Dorchester Heights, where he obtained fine views of the harbor including, among others, the then fortified Castle Island now used as a public park. Hearken to the bard who surely does not rival either Bobbie Burns or Byron of his own highland countryside.

"The numerous isles are bright;
I've heard in softness murmurs
Of the evening song
Ushering in the twinkling stars of night;
The deep-toned evening gun
Sends out a sudden flash—
The billows trembling up the
White shore dash."

The dome of the State House was not gilded when Mr. Bennett resided here, but he saluted it after this fashion:

"The fires
Of sweet domestic bliss are burning bright
The despot dares not touch them—
The lofty hall,
Where freedom off with legislation meets
To measure justice out, high over all
Is seen; and here and there
The busy streets,
Peopled with myriads, arrest
The passer-by—
These are thy blessings, blue-eyed
Liberty."

This verse is not as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but, as Mercutio says, it will serve. It shows the young Aberdeen man's appreciations of our then so-called literary emporium, but on the whole he was wise when he dropped poetry for prose even if it was of a somewhat vitriolic character. He made things hum even to the point of humbug.

With all his regard for Boston Mr. Bennett left it for New York in 1822 and received then an invitation to work on the Charleston, S. C., Courier, where he got many ideas concerning journalism which he afterwards elaborated when he returned to New York and established, after many journalistic experiences as a hired man, the Herald, with a very little money and a great deal of self-confidence and pluck. He fought his way to success while still keeping well within the tide of public opinions. Like his distinguished son, he treated abuse with a grim humor that was as entertaining as it was effective, and under all his shrewdness he was at times impulsively generous, a trait that he gave to his son and successor on the Herald.

Of this quality of the latter the writer of this screed had a notable reminder. In an experience of deep sorrow he sent to the New York Herald for some information that he thought could not be secured elsewhere. Mr. Bennett replied with a prepaid personal telegram in which he gave the intelligence required with many expressions of sincere sympathy. The writer was unknown to him personally, but Mr. Bennett went out of his way to do a much-needed favor. For this, whatever his faults, for he was human, there is one at least who venerates his memory.

Dorchester. BAIZE.

Signatures

As the World Wags:

Not all the wags are World Waggers. The gentleman at the adjacent desk, the editor of "Our Mail Bag," discovers one occasionally to relieve the seriousness of his admirable column: Witness the letter headed "Corn Planting Time" from one Cornelius Plant of West Cambridge Farms. The gentleman's waggery is as delicious as his corn, and he is not less fertile in camouflaging his identity than another correspondent who succeeded recently in getting a letter published in the "Mail Bag" over the signature, "N. C. Mentis"!

Would that I possessed the witty brain and the battered old Oliver of our friend "W. C. T." to close with some comment appropriate to the subject.

SOUTH STREET.

Boston.

June 1 1918

The word "morale" is freely used with reference to the condition of troops with respect to discipline, subordination, confidence. It is now generally spelled with a final "e." The Daily Chronicle of London insists that as the word comes from the French, it should be spelled as in French, "moral." But in English literature, "morale" is the older form, go-

back to 1841. "Morale" with this meaning apparently first appeared about 1883. In French, "morale" is never used with reference to the mental condition of soldiers.

The Daily Chronicle asks for a word to express the antithesis of militarism. "Civilianism," O brother journalist, has been used. We quote from Macmillan's Magazine of August, 1888, finding the quotation in the great Oxford Dictionary. The sentence has peculiar significance today: "Even in these days of rampant British civilianism, proud of its defencelessness and full of pity for the strong man armed."

Other words have been suggested: Pacifism, populism, civicism, democratism, Wilsonism. The Shoe and Leather Gazette of London recently said: "Our first task is to beat the Germans, to convince them that militarism does not pay and that civilism does." "Civicism" is already in the language—the principle that all citizens have equal rights and duties: "The spirit of freedom, the assertion of natural right, and revolt against the domination of Man (merely as Man) over his fellow—Civicism." This is from the Contemporary Review, 1874.

A Sentence for Today

Gen. William T. Sherman wrote to the commanding officer of the 13th infantry after the death of Willy, his eldest son and namesake, at Memphis, in October, 1863:

"For myself I ask no sympathy. On I must go, to meet a soldier's fate, or live to see our country rise superior to all factions, till its flag is adored and respected by ourselves and all the powers of the earth."

Choir Will Now Sing

As the World Wags:

I should be very glad if one of the readers of your column could give me the lines of that touching little song "When the Apple Blossoms Bloom You'll Hear Me Sneeze."

Bethel, Me. W. E. BERNSCOTER.

Hazlitt and Cape Cod

As the World Wags:

You know that as late as 1840 or so all the Old Colony—practically everything south of Boston—was popularly known as "Cape Cod." Hazlitt's father preached in Weymouth, and in those days Weymouth was on the Cape. Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," has much to say about "The Cape Cod Man" from Hingham, who was one of the crew. Bradford Horrey, who edited Hazlitt's notes, relates how Hazlitt, in recalling the intensest pleasurable moments of his life, mentions among them his first taste of frozen barberries; they were on a bush on the north side of the parsonage barn at Weymouth. He was then a small boy. I understand the old parsonage still exists, moved to another locality.

Boston. SYLVESTER BAXTER.

Hazlitt's sister Margaret in her account of the family's life in the United States evidently did not regard Weymouth or Hingham as on Cape Cod, for she sypeaks of her father, then residing at Weymouth, and often preaching at Hingham, as visiting the cape with a view to settling there. She gives a minute description of their house at Weymouth. "The house stood in a most romantic spot, surrounded on three sides by very steep hills that sloped down just in sight of the windows, and were covered with locust trees." She speaks of a peach tree in the garden, and a large meadow beyond the garden and the lane. "On a little low hill to the castward stood the house of prayer, and below it Dr. Tuft's, the road to Boston passing close by them; to the north, King-Oak Hill."—Ed.

In Praise of Tripe

As the World Wags:

I am not surprised that tripe is not attractive to your eye or to your palate; and, indeed, spread upon a platter, it does suggest in appearance a bleached rubber door-mat. We all have our likes and dislikes in the matter of edibles. Oysters and tomatoes are disagreeable to my sight and taste, and a stew of the former always recalls to my mind the remark of a roast beef eating English acquaintance, who in disdain called it lobscouse. Of course it was not exactly that, but it was his way of expressing his disregard for the steaming milky bowl.

I confess, however, that I have a weakness for tripe. My grandmother used to say that there was only one way of preparing it for eating: broiled carefully over a clear coal fire and then saturated with what "Gus" Taft of Point Shirley fame used to call good, 29-cent butter. That was the way we got it in my semi-bohemian days at George Young's, where it was a famous dish. I presume it is still served in the same way at the enlarged hostelry.

Stewed tripe is not unpalatable, to my way of thinking, and it was an agreeable gustatory surprise to an old friend of mine who was once a passenger on a steamer going down the river Rhone. Hunger oppressed him on deck. He went into the dining department and found on the menu the name of a dish he had never seen before. It was set forth as "Gras Double." Out of curiosity he ordered it and found it was tripe floating about in delicious liquid. It was so good that he called for a second helping, thus giving additional significance to an effective if not a particularly descriptive name.

At my boarding house at the old West end when I was a bachelor they used to serve sometimes for breakfast tripe fried in batter. I did not care for it in that form, because it seemed tasteless, and I invariably called for the alternative dish, a broiled beefsteak which was tender and juicy and a credit to my competent landlady, who was a favorite among the journalists of my time when the world was between 40 and 50 years younger than it is now.

To return to Taft, incidentally mentioned above, where would he find 29-cent butter in these strenuous hours, if he were living, to dress his game birds and fish? He never used any other sauce that I recall. The last time that I saw him he was eating broiled lamb chops in an eating house near the Quincy market. He liked to get away from the game once in a while. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

June 2 1918

Much has been written of late about Debussy. Mr. Arthur Hartmann, a prominent violinist, who once studied in Boston, wrote his reminiscences of the composer for the Musical Courier of May 23. He tells us that Debussy's desk, a long flat table, was always in order, without an ink spot on the blotter. Debussy, according to him, had worked on his libretto based on Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" and was purposing to write one on Poe's "Devil in the Belfry." He had seen Wagner only once: "His eyes were terrible. Oui! They were frightful! But Liszt, ah that was different. He was goodness itself." There was a dinner at Debussy's house, when everything was in red from the tablecloth and napkins to the champagne (mind you, red champagne, if you please, and not sparkling Burgundy). This reminds one of Huysmans's hero in "A Rebours," who gave a dinner where everything was black, furniture of room and table and dishes served; also those who waited. Debussy commented on the Germans and their music: "Those people drink whether they are thirsty or not. Everything with them is en gros. A theme must be long, regardless of its contents or value; the longer the better. Then another interminable episode and then another endless theme. Then after 16 quarts of beer they begin a development so long, so long, that there is scarcely room in this house to hold it. Take, for instance, the symphonies of Mahler (which he, of course, pronounced Mal-air) with its 1000 voices and whips, submarines and what not. Or Monsieur Strauss, who is clever in that he knows how to write nothingness itself. Well, my friend, with it all, their noise does not sound any louder than the finale to Beethoven's 'Fifth' produced by a small orchestra with the addition of a contra-fagott." When Mr. Hartmann questioned Debussy about the Germans entering Paris he gave him his word of honor they would never come. "Besides, let them come, and you will see something that you overlooked in your reckoning, for do not forget, dear friend, that every concierge woman in Paris would go out and fight them with knives and forks. Do you hear me—with knives and forks, thus, piff pouf, one in each eye. Voyons, you forget what the women of France are."

It appears that Debussy's sickness lasted from December, 1915. In a letter to Mr. Hartmann he spoke of morphine injections for four months, which made him a walking corpse without volition. "When one wishes to go to the right, one goes to the left, and there are other like foolish actions." He was depressed by the death of his aged mother.

The Musical Times of May 1 devotes nearly a dozen pages to Debussy. M. G. Jean-Aubry writes his personal recollections. A few months ago Debussy's health was much improved, so that he was making plans for the future, but his friends knew that he was doomed; that the improvement was temporary and deceptive. He and M. Jean-Aubry had visited England together in 1908. He was anxious to go again. "He ardently desired to revisit London, for he had many charming recollections of his first visit. But now I shall never hear that voice again, except in the tender remembrances I hold of him—that voice, mordant and passive by turns—and I shall no longer see those piercing eyes gazing so ironically and, at the same time, seemingly under the spell of an indefinite dreaminess. . . . Tomorrow no doubt many of those who never did anything for him or his work will assert that they had been his ardent friends; yet of friends he had but few, for he was scarcely sociable and seldom communicative. I myself had indeed for a long time avoided his acquaintance, having been warned against his misanthropy. Yet from the day I knew him I felt that I had found an admirable man of balanced outlook, able to weigh the great and the little, jealously guarding his solitude, despising gossip and impulsiveness, avoiding the inquisitive journalist who is one of the drawbacks to fame, but full of confidence in—and even intimacy with—a chosen few."

M Jean-Aubry met Debussy through Andre Caplet, who once sojourned in Boston. We recently read, by the way, that Caplet, who is now near St. Quentin, has composed five songs with words by Charles d'Orleans, du Bellay, Remy de Gourmont and Henri de Regnier. A critic says that Caplet is "ridding himself of the rather exaggerated Debussy influence that characterized his earlier work"; that he shows in these songs "a perfect taste and a very personal sense of melody." They were sung in manuscript by Rose Feart at a concert of the Societe Musicale Independante in Paris.

Debussy was greatly pleased by the manner in which he was received 10 years ago in London. The London journals noted the enthusiasm of the public and the visitor's physical resemblance to Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "At the door of the Queen's Hall," says M. Jean-Aubry, "and even to the door of his carriage, Debussy, fatigued by all his emotions, was the victim of the avidity of autograph collectors, who thrust theatening fountain-pens at him from every point of vantage. Shrinking into the corner of the carriage to escape a kind of enthusiasm to which he was anything but partial, he yet repeated again with a tired patience, 'How nice, they are!'" Debussy visited London again in 1909. The state of his health prevented him from going to Manchester and Edinburgh. He was interested in a plan of T. J. Gueritte to establish a Society for British Music in Paris. "To me," says M. Jean-Aubry, "he was not merely a great composer; he was a representative figure, a symbol of all that is dearest to me in France. He was a friend with whom I had often discussed, in that bright studio of his, amidst those simple ornaments and the books he loved, questions of French music and literature, and during these last years we spoke about all that War had awakened in him who had been so deeply national. He had always striven most earnestly to find again our real traditions, and to fight ever against those like Wagner's, which he admired, but at the same time considered it dangerous to our art to follow."

A volume of articles by Debussy that appeared in the Revue Bianche and Gli Bias and elsewhere, amended and revised, will soon be published by Dorbon Aine in Paris. The title is "Monsieur Croche Anti-Dilettante." Debussy had given the proofs to M. Jean-Aubry. Will the book contain the article on Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel"? We have quoted Debussy's opinion of Strauss as reported by Mr. Hartmann. This is what Debussy wrote 18 years or more ago: "This piece is like an hour of new music at the madhouse—clarinets describe distracted trajectories, trumpets are always muted, horns foresee a latent sneeze, and hurry to say politely, 'God bless you!' a big drum makes the boum-boum that italicizes the clown's kick and gesture; you burst with laughter or howl in agony, and you are surprised to find things in their usual place, for if the double bass blew through their bows, if the trombones rubbed their tubes with an imaginary bow, and if Mr. Nikisch were found seated on the knees of an ouvreuse, all this would not surprise you. But in spite of all this the pièce is full of genius in certain ways, especially in the prodigious surety of the orchestration, and the mad spirit that sweeps one along from beginning to end."

There are extracts in the Musical Times from obituary notices published in Parisian journals. These articles are for the most part inadequate, written in some instances by men not versed in music. One of the most appreciative is by Laurent Tailhade, known by his satirical verses, his serious poems and his translation of Petronius and three comedies of Plautus rather than as a music critic. He boldly writes: "Claude Debussy is among the greatest musicians of modern times, along with Cesar Franck and Richard Wagner. No doubt Vincent d'Indy and Gabriel Faure (who was his master) also occupy a place of equality with the composer whose career has now been closed by a premature and cruel death, but neither of these perhaps is equal in freshness, elegance, originality and supple and robust vigor to the enchanter who gave such appropriate utterance to the 'Romances sans paroles,' and 'L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune,' and who reached the height of Verlaine and surpassed Mallarme." Tailhade censures Saint-Saens for not mentioning in his article defending French music Franck, Gabriel Faure or Debussy. "Those who have not heard Ricardo Vines conjure up at the piano, with his profound and melancholy touch, such things as "Iarlins sous la pluie,' 'Arabesques' and 'Nocturnes,' do not know what a subtle, unexpected and delicious charm there is in the pieces written by Claude Debussy for Chopin's instrument. The Polish master, the gentle consumptive, has never revealed in all his work greater charm, greater mysticism and greater strangeness than the author of 'Pelleas' has infused into those 'marginalia' which he wrote as a pastime between his larger works." We have taken the liberty of giving the correct title of one of the piano pieces mentioned. Either Tailhade or the translator slipped when he wrote 'Jardins sans la pluie,' a title that would inevitably suggest a dry treatment. Nor was Gabriel Faure the "master" of Debussy.

Henry Quittard speaks of Debussy as having remained unique and isolated. "Chopin, Moussorgsky and Chabrier no doubt bred in him that marvellous extension of harmonic conception which will remain his greatest glory. He was not insensible to the subtle and penetrating art of Gabriel Faure, nor to the moving and smiling grace of our 18th century music, nor perhaps to some hesitating essays of more obscure composers. But it must be understood, above all, that he has succumbed to these various influences only within the limits which even the geratest musician cannot escape. Between what he has received and what he has left us there is an enormous difference, and it marks the extent of his genius. As much of Debussy's work as remains known is rich enough to preserve his name forever. As time goes on his place among the master musicians will become clearer, but even now it can be confidently stated that it is side by side with the greatest."

Paul Landormy wrote an excellent article: "All the resources acquired by musical art in earlier days are used by Debussy at their proper times. He rejects some of them, and does not break with tradition. He enriches them with new, chiefly harmonic designs, but he retains all that the centuries have left to his art. However, he does not deliberately show the traces of his knowledge, and he does not care if he appears to have forgotten the past. He hates the exhibition of any encyclopaedic erudition which makes a work look like the summary of the whole history of musical technic. He makes a choice of his resources, and does not thrust them forcibly on his hearers. It was in this sense that he said he disliked musical theory, the art of undue development and of extracting more from a theme than it contains, and more than is admissible. But he has his theory, or rather his eloquence. He does not strain it. Nothing in his music is strained. He limits our pleasure in order to make it more complete. He always fears to try one's patience. He is discreet and concise."

Ernest Newman contributes to the Musical Times the first of two articles entitled, "The Development of Debussy." He frankly says, what some of us, warmest admirers of the earlier Debussy, have been compelled to feel, that the Debussy of the last years has been a disappointment. "From one of the most original composers in Europe, he degenerated into one of the least original. One charm of his earlier work was its incalculability; the great defect of his later work was that it rarely held a surprise for us. The man who set out with the resolve to be beholden to nobody became the slave of his own mannerisms. The apostle of a new naturalness in music settled down into the dandy and the poseur, and a rather faded dandy at that, trying to impress his older contemporaries with the costumes and the tricks of manners of a musical generation that we had almost forgotten."

It is more than possible that the weakness of his later works was due to his physical condition, for the disease must have affected his mentality. This is true: that for some years he had merely composed, not created. He was content to echo the composer of the works that had given him a place apart. Mr. Newman would agree to this, but he finds that, like every man of genius, Debussy was something distinct from the crowd. "He consciously specialized in aloofness. In two or three little ways, apart from his music, we detect the fastidious aristocrat—I will not say Pharisee—anxious to show that he is not as other men are." Here Mr. Newman is unjust, and the evidence he offers, as the matter of titles, indications, manner of printing, etc., is trifling.

For the early works, beginning with "Arabesques," Mr. Newman has nothing but hearty praise. He considers the influence of Mallerme and his circle on Debussy, "The revolt against romanticism, the avoidance of rhetoric, overemphasis and false eloquence, and the need for the evocation of emotion by suggestion rather than direct statement." The ideal was summed up in Mallerme's remark that the poet should give us "the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder afloat in the leaves; not the intrinsic, dense wood of the trees." Appreciating with discrimination "Pelleas and Melisande," Mr. Newman doubts whether the style could be profitably used again. Debussy was fortunate in his libretto. "The delicate, tenuous, mournful musical style that Debussy had been developing in his vocal works was the predestined counterpart of Maeterlinck's style and of no other. The musical method was suited to none but shadowy characters, all of them—even Golaud—rather under life-size, and all carrying about with them a sort of aura of plaintive melancholy." Does Mr. Newman say this as a reproach? This unison of Maeterlinck and Debussy is to us the crowning glory of the composer.

Even Mr. Newman has to admit that the two masterpieces of this period in Debussy's artistic life, "L'Apres-midi d'un Faune" and the "Fetes" of the "Nocturnes," give him a place as one of the masters of our time, "completely original in idea, absolutely personal in

style, and logical and modern from first to last, without a superfluous bar or even a superfluous note." He speaks of the piano pieces, "Masques," "Isle Joyeuse," "Pour le Piano," "Estampes," the first set of "Images," in which Debussy is at his very best, "moving with perfect ease and freedom along the most unaccustomed ways, drawing new resonances from the pianoforte, capturing all sorts of phases of light and water and aerial vibration that had never been recorded in music before."

Debussy wrote the words of his "Prose Lyriques." Mr. Newman sees him in these poems "manipulating the stock formulae of the symbolists with a sad lack of humor." "We cannot repress a smile today as we read of a 'white shiver,' of the waves 'chattering like mad little girls coming out of school, amid the frou-frous of their dresses,' of the 'naughty shower of rain' that has the effect on the little waves of creating 'frou-frous of flying skirts,' of the 'white kiss' of the moon, of the Sunday in the country, when everyone in his best makes for the outskirts of the town, and the trains go fast, 'devoured by insatiable tunnels' and 'the good signals along the line exchange mechanical expressions with their solitary eye!' Mr. Newman finds these phases "facile falsities." Here we must part company with him. Almost he persuades us that he is the one devoid of humor.

Difficulties Surmounted by the Motion Picture Industry

The testimony elicited in a pending suit for the adjustment of the affairs of a great motion picture corporation throws much light upon phases of that industry but little known to the public or even to those related remotely and indirectly with the producing and marketing ends of the business. For almost a decade there has been between the exhibitor and the producer an active, sustained and mutual desire always to give the public better, stronger and increasingly beautiful films; and to such a degree has this enthusiasm for service betterment been carried that in many instances, especially in the formative days of what is known as the special feature system, both the producer and the exhibitor have sustained surprisingly large losses that might have been avoided by adhering to methods less enterprising and less considerate of the public.

As in other branches of theatre entertainment, the producers of the silent drama have no fixed and enduring gauge by which to estimate in advance the everchanging interest, desire, taste or whim of the always growing motion picture public. Only it is known that the people always want "better pictures," which invariably means more costly pictures, whatever else it may mean. The great initial cost of a better picture would stagger and discourage almost any other factor in amusement enterprises, for the simple reason that there can be no certainty as to how the public will receive it. To the cost of production there must be added the preliminary expenses of lithographs, billposting, press publicity campaigns and—most puzzling and precarious of all the difficulties—the simultaneous and equitable marketing of the costly "better" picture.

And when all of these liabilities have been met and discharged, there yet remains the vital question: Will the public like the picture well enough to pay back even its cost?—The Morning Telegraph (N. Y.).

A New Opera with Mary Magdalen the Heroine

The Musical Times is shocked by Vicenzo Michetti's treatment of Mary Magdalen in his opera, "Maria di Magdala," produced at Rome, March 5. The dominant idea is that her conversion was only an amorous episode among many. In act one she is in love with the Apostle John, who speaks to her of the new law of love and of its preacher, the Christ. Curious, and wishing to continue in John's company, she follows him to see and hear the new master. In act two she is among the faithful. Judas entertains a sinful passion for her. Spurned by her, he attempts to win her by procuring the safety of our Lord. His betrayal is therefore his revenge. Act three shows her on Golgotha and joyous on Easter morn. Now, there are many strange legends about the Magdalen and about Judas. That Judas was in love with her was said long ago.

Michetti's opera is not the first with Mary Magdalen as the heroine. Massenet's "Marie Magdelaine" was first performed as an oratorio at Paris in 1873. (It was performed here by the Cecilia Society as an oratorio or "sacred drama" on Nov. 20, 1890, with these solo singers: Mary, Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Martha, Julie Wyman; Jesus, J. H. Ricketson; Judas, G. Del Puente.) This "sacred drama" was produced as an opera, with scenery, costumes and action at the Opera Comique, Paris, April 12, 1906, with this cast: The Magdalen, Alice Ackte; Martha, Marie de l' Isle; Jesus, Salignac, Judas, Dufranne. There were 12 performances that year; three in 1907. Mme. Ackte, Salignac and Dufranne have sung in Boston. Louis Gallet wrote the libretto for Massenet. Judas laughs at the good resolutions of Mary and tells her if she will remain a woman and continue to be a lover, she will rule the universe. Later he warns Martha that if Jesus comes to their house to visit Mary his motive will be misunderstood, and the Pharisees will take advantage of his coming. The later scenes are Calvary and the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. Massenet wrote the music when he was at the Villa Medici in Rome.

Michetti, having studied at Pesaro, wrote his libretto. The Musical Times says of his music that it has much of Wagner and of Mascagni, and is based largely on declamation so that the themes are developed chiefly by the orchestra. "The result is that often the voices have to give way to the orchestra and the work tends to monotony. In fact, the opera becomes more tiring as it proceeds, and the promise of Act I. which is really good, is not followed up. Technically it presents good work, but lacks real inspiration and rational development and the success which it attained was due more than anything perhaps to the splendid direction of the conductor Panizza, and to the really magnificent mise-en-scene, which was remarkable not only for its rich composition of coloring, but for its fidelity to the scenes and costumes represented"

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

"The Hero," a drama in one act, by Miss Alice Brown of Boston, was performed for the first time on any stage at the Murat Theatre, Indianapolis (Ind.), on May 27.

The scene is laid in a fisherman's cottage somewhere off the northwest coast of Europe and in swift moving scenes the play shows how a real hero—"the greatest man you and I will ever know," as Fiula describes him—invokes the spirit of Lord Kitchener to rouse the men of the land to leave their nets and their peaceful songs to take their place in the great world and the great war. George Gaul, Hugh, "the hero"; Margaret Mower, Fiula; Paul Kelly, Finn; Morgan Farley, Mark. The production was by Stuart Walker, who began his second repertory season at Indianapolis on May 20. Fifteen plays were listed as the repertory from which selections should be made for the Indianapolis season. Audiences were invited to indicate preferences. Data gathered from the slips turned in the first week indicated an almost unanimous desire to see "Romance," "Madame X," "Passersby," "Merely Mary Ann," "My Lady's Dress," "Kismet"—yes, "Kismet," "The Faith-Healer," for a special performance only, and "You Never Can Tell" and "The Dummy," which were performed during the Walker season last year. The opening play was "The Misleading Lady."

A motion picture company is forming in New York to feature Marguerita Sylva, prima donna. Geraldine Farrar will also head a new company for the same sort of work.

The Herald mentioned some time ago new works performed in Paris: Arthur Honneger's violin sonata and two "Poemes Senegalais" for voice and string quartet. Honneger is a young man of Swiss origin, who has lived almost continually in France. The Musical Times says that his music has "a certain charm and simplicity, and a wealth of emotion," which seem to be derived from his native country and are even more apparent in this sonata than in his recent songs. Poulenc, whose "Rhapsodie Negre" was an event of this season, again showed interest in African music, but he has approached Africa in a different spirit than David, Saint-Saens and Luigini. "He endeavors to be to Africa what Claude Debussy or Charles Koechlin have been to the Far East, and to do what M. Maurice Delage has done for India in his "Quatre Poemes Hindous." It is no longer a question of superficial local color and of conventional or literal tone painting, but of an endeavor to endow European music with some of the resources of sonority and color peculiar to the black races. M. Poulenc has here embarked on a somewhat uncommon career, for which he would appear to be highly adapted. His 'Poemes Senegalais' are both vocally and instrumentally very interesting. I do not think, however, that a young man with so fresh and supple an imagination need confine himself to that exotic type of musical expression, but for the moment he has shown thereby an originality, a musical intellect and a quality of style which have made a most favorable impression and hold preat promise for his future."

Sir Hubert Parry's new suite for piano, published by Augener, Ltd., is described as an engaging compromise between the ancient and the modern. "It is cast in the old form from Prelude to Gigue, and it is perhaps enough to quote such titles as 'The Passionate Allemande' and 'The Wistful Courante' to indicate in what way Sir Hubert has clothed his model in modern dress."

The London Times said of Arthur Sullivan's music to "The Tempest," performed by the "Vic" Shakespeare Company at the Queen's Hall, April 29—a few boards, some plants in pots, and no scene shifting: "Sullivan's music is certainly an amazing Opus 1—so firmly and delicately drawn, so reticent and well balanced. This thin but most effective scoring is as difficult to play as Mozart, and for the same reason—every note must be heard and there must be no mistakes; and that was very nearly achieved in spite of the conductor's being unable to see the actors."

Sullivan wrote this music at Leipsic in 1860-61. It was first played at the Crystal Palace on April 5, 1862, when it led to his friendship with Charles Dickens. Sullivan also wrote incidental music to "The Merchent of Venice" (Princes Theatre, Manchester, 1873), "The Merry Wives of Boston" (Ms.); "Henry VIII" (Royal Theatre, Manchester, 1878); "Macbeth" (Lyceum Theatre, 1888).

A reviewer for the Musical Times objected to gestures of Mme. d'Alvarez singing Bizet's "Agnus Dei." "But we must take this highly gifted singer as we find her. We are not bound to look at her, but as soon as she sings we are bound to listen to her—sometimes spellbound."

Sir Alexander Mackenzie, lecturing on war music, said that "the period which covered the Napoleonic wars—about 20 years—was the most brilliant in the history of music"—a statement that can be vigorously disputed.

Stuart Baird, formerly of Boston and recently with the "Sybil" company, is now the leading baritone in "The Kiss Burglar."

The connection between electricity rations and music may seem remote, but it is being keenly appreciated in those churches where the organ is blown by electric power. At Brixton Independent Church, justly noted among Nonconformist churches for its music—it was announced on Sunday that the usual voluntaries and incidental music would be omitted with a view to saving current.—London Daily Chronicle.

Ernest Newman writes in the Birmingham Post that he is disappointed with the women players in the English orchestras. In the third act of an opera, for instance, when more power and vitality are required, less is forthcoming. He complains that women have fallen short with the wind instruments, where it is most keenly felt.

Our old friend, the tenor, Constantino, sued by Homer Moore of St. Louis, must pay, unless a new trial is granted, $1343.12. There was evidence that Constantino was engaged to take the leading part in four performances of Moore's opera, "Louis XIV," for the sum of $2500 and, after postponing the premiere performance two times, owing to a cold, appeared in the opening performance on Feb. 17, 1917, nearly two weeks after the scheduled date. Witnesses testified that the only words sung by Constantino were "Tra-la-la-wa-wa." His lawyer claimed that the tenor temporarily lost his voice.

Five weeks of opera at popular prices are proposed for Pittsburgh. The season began with "Carmen." Among the advertised singers are Maggie Teyte, Florence Easton, Dora de Phillipee, Mlle. Darve, Ruth Miller, Elizabeth Campbell, Ricardo Martin, Francis McLennan, Henri Barron, Octave Dua, Augustus Bouilliez, Jean Defrere, Enrico Arenzen, Carl Formes, Henri Scott and Henry Weldon. Josiah Zuro and Romaldo Sappio are the conductors. The highest prices are $1.50 for evening performances, $1 for matinees.

In the last number of the Courier Musical, Gabriel Groviez, leaving for the moment his conductor's baton and his composer's pen to take up the pencil of the critic, publishes an excellent article on Music in general, in which he complains not without justification of the difficulty there is in persuading the patrons of art to support any musical ventures whilst even now, during the war, collectors and others are making important gifts to museums and philanthropic organizations. It is impossible not to agree with Groviez, but why does he place amongst the enemies of music writers of bygone days who are no longer here to defend themselves, and who still are under a cloud amongst the music-mad, just because Edmond de Goncourt one day had a fancy to run them down in his journal? This is the reason why everyone in France is under the delusion that Theophile Gautier hated music, whereas there appeared a short time ago under this very title of "Music" a collection of his musical critiques written about 50 years ago, which still retain much of their freshness and truth. In the same manner the great Balzac has been made to throw in his lot with the enemies of music, though he, in his "Lettres a l'Etrangere," and in several passages in his other works, has set forth very interesting views on the musicians of his own day or of the past. Is it not high time to make an authentic list of writers who are not fond of music. Perhaps this is due in England also; but it must be done with a knowledge of the case. Why do composers cherish a secret desire to prove that writers know nothing at all about music? And does this danger exist in England also? —Musical Times, April 1.

M. Jean-Aubry in the Musical Times brings the clear judgment of the Frenchman to bear on the musical situation in England. He points out that the friends of English music need to exercise the wise patience that was given to French composers during their work for artistic liberation. He says: "When Saint-Saens began to adopt the theories of Liszt, d'Indy those of Wagner, Debussy those of the Russian school, we never found fault with them. We patiently waited for the time when they would have assimilated these influences and have absorbed them into their own personalities. There are in England a certain number of people who are always complaining of the 'Debussyism,' 'Ravelism' or 'Stravinskyism' of young English composers, where we of the continent accustomed to the work of these masters, hardly find a trace of resemblance." After speaking of various works by British composers as interesting not only for his country, but for abroad, M. Jean-Aubry makes the pithy remark that "perhaps it is not so certain that the English public is the best judge of what are or are not personal and original English characteristics." With best thanks to M. Jean-Aubry for this penetrating comment, we venture to tell him that although he doubtless had in mind the situation in the British Isles, he has used the words England or English 65 times in the course of his article, and British only once!—The Music Student.

Intolerant Little Phyllis and Musical "Old China"

Phyllis, aged 9, born and bred in London, of musical parents, prefers Thumpenstrumpff to every living pianist, though she can talk knowingly about his Schumann as compared with his Chopin. Lately, she attended a concert, at which "some old-fashioned old thing" took the piano part, "and quite spoiled it—if only Thumper had been there!" Vainly did Grandpapa Graveairs explain that the "old thing" was a pianist of superlative merit, who represented, as some think, a finer school than that in fashion today. Well, our young ones like the young, and do not revere age. Even Joan, who lives near the border, and has never been to Queen's Hall, though she is 10, can also give her opinion. "We motor to Edinburgh or Newcastle when anything good is going; we always try to hear Tovey if he is playing Bach, but I don't so much care about his Debussy." She will not hear with any patience of the two or three concerts a year which were all her forbears on the border were able to enjoy. Nevertheless, those were wonderful concerts, and meant more to them than Joan's do to her. What delirious delight, when the local paper at last announced that Mme. Arabella Goddard was coming, or Charles Halle, to the neighboring town! Then could we listen, breathless, to the annual discussion among the experienced as to whether these artists were as fine as the Mrs. Anderson and the Mme. Dulcken of their youth. After that you passed to the consideration that "if Goddard were the more brilliant, Halle had more soul." Then were we maddened by the odious superiority of Aunt Fanny and her brood of London cousins, who could talk of Mme. Schumann. "It can't be true, Mamma, what Aunt Fanny says, that there are ever so many pianists better than Halle! Do say it isn't true." But Mamma, unwilling to be arbiter, would generally evade the difficulty by beginning some story of Chopin or Liszt, whom she had known in Paris.

What would he the contempt of Phyllis and Joan could they see one of those old programs once found so ravishing? The 'Harmonious Blacksmith," an early Sonata of Beethoven, probably the "Moonlight" or the "Grand" (with the Funeral March), a few "Songs without Words," a Nocturne or two of Chopin, something of Mozart and Schubert, or Weber, and always a splendid Fantasia of Thalberg, to finish up with and make us gasp, upon "Sich a gettin' up stairs," or some other favorite melody.

Phyllis and Joan have many advantages. They do not "do" Mrs. Markham and Mangnall's Questions on weekdays, nor have the "Fairchild Family" read to them on Sundays. They can hear all the Thumpenstrumpffs and their kind and they practice Schumann and "The Children's Corner" instead of Czerny and Mendelssohn. But they can have no musical treats comparable with those which their elders enjoyed 50 years ago. Those were treats indeed, like the strawberries and green peas, the memory of which was so much more to dear Charles and Mary Lamb than the present enjoyment of their old blue china or their comfortable seats at the play. Those two or three concerts were worth more than all that Phyllis will ever hear. Her hero is magnificent in Brahms, but he can never give her sophisticated little soul half the thrill that once was set vibrating by Arabella Goddard's crisp fingers in the "Invitation a la Valse," or Halle's smooth touch in the "Moonlight."

What, then, are you to do, Phyllis? Joan, for the time being, is blest, for no motor will carry her to Mr. Tovey, and papa frowns upon her "We could go by the train." But Phyllis, the Londoner? Drastic remedies may do something. Let your parents limit you to not more than four concerts in the year, Oh, how desperately you will enjoy them! To begin with, you will know

the delight of choosing which they shall be—delight akin to that of the holiday-maker, who cannot go to Spain and Italy and Greece at the same time, but must go through the delicious agony of choice.

Now you are often languid or impatient if the music is something different from that which your circle pretends to find "great." In the future you will be all attention; the new piece will seem like the new story-book, to be read breathlessly, even if condemnation awaits its end. Now, you get but a general impression of the diverse uses to which artists apply their technique. Then, nothing will escape you, and you shall remember all your life that staccato in the Handel, that crescendo in the Beethoven, that lifted pedal in the Brahms, that rhythmic moving of an inner part in the Schubert.

At home, let Miss Wirt keep Debussy and those transcriptions from Wagner as Mamma keeps trifle and meringues, for the rarer occasions of felicity. Musical health is more surely built upon the wholesomer food of good old Handel and Bach, Haydn and Beethoven, than on the made dishes of Scriabine. But let there be also a lighter diet of practice in reading fine folksongs and such things as the lovely tunes from Mozart's operas, and Verdi's, and Sullivan's. Thus grounded, you may emerge from the whipper-snapper stage a young person of taste, fresh and eager for old and new, not the prey of mere novelty and "sensation."

Catholic and discerning, you will be capable of enjoying all that is good of its kind, even though the barrel-organs have captured it, and ready to prefer it, though no longer modish, to the musical plush and Japanese fans of poor, passing fashion.—London Times, March 2.

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A teacher in one of our public schools asked the pupils why the United States was at war. This answer was promptly given by a "bright-eyed, etc.," child: "To make fewer and better Germans."

A Roxbury Book

"Roxbury, Past and Present" is the title of a little book written by "Dudley School Boys"; boys who will soon be graduated from the grammar school. The book is edited by Mr. H. J. McElaney, sub-master. It is the second published by the Dudley boys of the graduating classes: the first was "Along the Waterfront," which appeared in 1914. There are about 75 contributors. By the side of good English and Irish names we find those of other nations: Sega, Meltzer, Capelloni, Toupence, Labovitch, Levine, Kleinberg, Doucet, Herskind. These names and others remind one that the Dudley school, as many of our other schools, is a melting-pot, from which should come true Americans with the better qualities of foreigners. The articles, short and to-the-point, treat of the natural features of Roxbury, the settlement, early houses, customs and dress, laws, old streets and old localities, leading events, distinguished residents, etc., etc. Short as the articles are, they contain much of interest even to those outside Roxbury. It is pleasant to be reminded that at the old meeting-house, the First Church of Roxbury—the present structure is the fifth on the site—parishioners were called to service by the beat of a drum; that the earliest dwelling houses, usually of one story, were built of clay, or mud, or hewn logs covered with poles and thatch; that about 1750 the moral condition was rather low—the men did not attend church, drinking punch was the common practice, and drunkenness was prevalent, although it was punishable by excommunication, whipping, or by a "D" of red cloth set on white and worn on the toss-pot's outer dress. "There are no evidences that the Indians occupied Roxbury at any time." The well-to-do whites before the revolution had few slaves. No one was executed in Roxbury for witchcraft. "The first company of Minute Men raised in America was raised in Roxbury and that company distinguished itself in the battle of Lexington." Where the standpipe now stands, a fort commanded the Neck. Punch Bowl Village is now Brookline Village. Walnut avenue was Barberry lane and Back street. In the good old days the fire engines, tubs, as elsewhere, had names: Enterprise, Warren, America, Torrent, Tremont. The frame of oak and the bricks of the Shirley House were brought from England at great expense. Gilbert Stuart, in a house still standing on Roxbury street, lived during the war of 1812 and painted full length portraits of Hull and Bainbridge. How many know why Grove Hall is so called? The Home for Aged Couples is on the estate "once owned by a wealthy Boston merchant by the name of Bartlett, who imported and cultivated the famous Bartlett pear trees." Admiral Winslow lived in Roxbury for nearly 30 years. His home was on Mt. Vernon place, now Kearsarge avenue. There are short sketches of Warren, Heath, Greaton, Increase Sumner, Shirley, Eustis, Dearborn, Garrison, Edward Everett Hale. The book is creditable to the young authors by the industry and research shown and by the simple manner in which the articles are written.

The Muted Mule

As the World Wags:

Apropos of "F. L. B.'s" query as to how a surgical operation on the tail can render an army mule brayless there is an old Chinese story of a learned professor who had a donkey whose braying disturbed his neighbors so greatly that they complained to him of the annoyance.

The braying ceased and some of the more tender-hearted neighbors regretted that he had destroyed his valuable donkey. The professor smiled blandly, led them to his compound and showed them a very dejected donkey with a heavy stone tied to his tail. He detached the weight and stood back, the donkey made a few tentative movements of his tail and, holding it rigidly on a line with his spine, emitted the grandfather of all brays.

The learned professor drew attention to the fact that the pumping action of the tail during the act of braying was an essential detail and if this action could be prevented, braying was impossible. "No can pump, no can bray." It seems, therefore, that it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a surgical operation which will paralyze the elevator muscles of the tail will do away with the bray. XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

Webster and Gray

As the World Wags:

Shortly before Daniel Webster's death, in the night of Oct. 23-24, 1852, he incoherently said something in which the word "poetry" was recognizable, and immediately his son Fletcher repeated to him one of the stanzas of Thomas Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," a poem which Webster always much admired. Shortly after Webster's death, Moses A. Dow, publisher and proprietor of the Waverley Mazazine, published a luxurious edition of the "Elegy," which was inscribed, or dedicated, as follows: "To the memory of Daniel Webster this edition of his favorite poem is respectfully inscribed." That edition of the poem is profusely illustrated, having an illustration at the head of each stanza, a picture of Stoke Pogis church and the adjacent churchyard on its title page, and a portrait of Webster as its frontispiece. Not long ago one of your contributors related how, shortly before Gen. James Wolfe's death, he repeated portions of the "Elegy" to some of his officers.

SPECTATOR.

Brookline.

John McCormack attracted an audience to Mechanics Hall last night, for the benefit of the Knights of Columbus war camp fund, which filled every available seat in the big hall and in addition left hundreds standing. As a result of the concert sale and the proceeds from an auction of original McCormack autographed records, the drive for a new fund obtained a substantial impetus and there seems no question but that Massachusetts will raise her $50,000 quota.

Among others who were present and who also purchased one of the records at the auction was M. Justin Godart, who purchased the record "Snowy Breasted Pearl" for $100 and immediately presented it to the Rev. Fr. McGinn, post chaplain at Camp Devens.

Thrilled the Audience

Mr. McCormack sang in a manner which thrilled every one in the big hall. Miss Lilly Meagher, who has studied under the tenor, sang eight numbers in a manner which indicates a brilliant future for her. As usual Edwin Schneider presided at the piano.

Mechanics Hall wasn't exactly the most comfortable spot in the world last night. Fans, programs and hats were swung in unison with the music. Here and there among the gathering was a man who dared conventionalities by removing his coat. M. Godart, with his military aides, arrived just as the intermission started and as he walked down the centre aisle to his seat the entire audience rose.

A minute or two later J. Mitchell Galvin addressed the gathering in glowing terms regarding Mr. McCormack, his art and his willingness to aid the campaign for funds to provide enjoyment for the soldiers in camp and at the front. He then offered the first record of "The Star Spangled Banner" which Mr. McCormack sang. Bidding started at $10 and increased by that amount until finally Fr. McGinn, post chaplain at Devens, bid $70. A second later it increased and eventually at $120 it was sold to David Posner, a School street business man.

Eddie McHugh then auctioned off "God Be with Our Boys Tonight," also autographed, to Mrs. R. C. Palmer for $85. "Snowy Breasted Pearl" went to M. Godart for $100, and Miss Logan, a sister of Col. Logan of the 101st Infantry, took "Mother Machree" away from M. Godart for $105. Miss Minnie E. Walsh of Decatur street, Charlestown, paid $100 for "I Hear You Calling Me." Dr. John W. Bottomly paid $100 for a lullaby from Jacoby and a like sum for "The Long, Long Trail." The latter record is Mr. McCormack's own personal property and will be sent to Dr. Bottomly just as soon as the tenor returns to his home. Miss M. S. Ladd of 728 Commonwealth avenue paid $80 for "The Irish Immigrant."

Mr. McCormack was called on for frequent encores and always responded.

June 4 1918

A religious service in London "in memory of our brave soldiers" included an organ recital. Handel's Dead March in "Saul" was played "for our soldiers"; Lux's Fantasia on the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn "for our sailors," and Mendelssohn's "O for the Wings of a Dove," "for our airmen."

Solaria

A real estate dealer recently advertised for sale a desirable house not far from Boston. One of the inducements offered was the fact that the house had a solarium. Now "solarium" means, first of all, a sun dial, or the spot on which persons gather to observe the sun dial. It also means a clock, especially a water clock. Lastly it means a room in which a person can sun himself. M. Terentius Varro, a learned man, who wrote "De Lingua Latina," and dedicated it to Cicero, defines "solarium" as a sun dial and derives it from "sol," sun, and "hora," hour. In English, the first meaning is "sun dial"; the second, "a terrace, balcony, or room exposed to the rays of the sun, now spec. one used for the purpose of treating illness by means of sun-baths." The first illustrative quotation under the second definition is dated 1891, and is from Edward Eggleston's "Faith Doctor": "My brother kept a health-lift a few years ago . . . and there he had a blue-glass solarium." Has this advertised house a sun-dial, exposed balcony, or sun-room?

The older form of "solarium" in English was "sollar" or "solar," an upper room or apartment open to the sun or receiving much sunlight. In later use the word meant a loft, attic, garret; an elevated chamber or loft in a church, in a steeple or belfry. It also meant a story of a house, a place exposed to the sun, and in mining a platform, especially one supporting a ladder.

Certain Latin lexicons under "solarium," meaning a "sun room," refer to a passage in the life of Nero by Suetonius. But Philemon Holland, an accurate scholar, translated the passage as follows: "He (Nero) devised a new forme of the City buildings: and namely, that before the Aedifices standing by themselves, and other houses, likewise there should be Porches. From the Solars whereof, all Skarefires might be put by and repelled." Surely solar is not here a sun room. Does it mean a balcony on top of the porch? Holland explains "porch" as a foregate or gatehouse. Elsewhere in his translation Holland defines "solar": "He slily crept forth and conveied himselfe up into a Solar (a garret) next adioyning"; in his translation of Pliny we find: "If they be kept in borded sollers or garners the oile will be less in quantitie"; in his translation of Livy: "Plinie calleth it Septisolium, or seven lofts or solars." Rolfe in his translation of Suetonius's life of Nero (1914) translates "solaria," flat roofs.

"Skarefire" is a good old word, going back to the 16th century, meaning a sudden conflagration. It is probably a corruption of "scathefire," a "destructive fire." See Herrick's "Bellman":

From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murders benedicitie;
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night.

Nature vs. Grease Paint

As the World Wags:

William Shakespeare, or Mark Twain, or George Creel, or some other imaginative twister of truth, once said something about Nature being most adorned when unadorned.

Can you, therefore, disclose why experienced actresses should forget this bit of wisdom, when preparing their naturally lovely faces for the stage, by piling on artificial defacements?

Example: A few days ago, seated in D-centre, I was moved to much thrill and admiration by two beautiful women of the play—until they looked dreamily toward their toes. This lovely act threw their eyelids into view under the glare of electric footlights, when I discovered that the eyelids were in an advanced state of putrifaction. At any rate, that was the effect produced by heavy layers of lead-color grease paint. "Beauty unadorned" would have been loveliness itself; but the slathers of grease paint, intensified by the electric lights, was little less than deathly.

My saying this will be futile. Even if you should sustain me in my views, there would be no improvement. It seems to be an iron-clad oath of lovely actresses that on the stage they must do these hideous things. From the back rows the effect may be agreeable, but to those who pay top prices to be near the stage favorites the over-painted eyelids are a distress—a serious marring of natural charm.

Now step around to one of the best "movies" with me.

Do not those appealing stars understand that red on the lips is black on the film? Yet in very many instances the actress seems to have a smooch of lampblack on her lower lip. Her smile is less fascinating and her pout miscarries. Yet they will do it—nearly all of them. If an actress has no respect for whatever natural charm her face may hold, let her daub her eyelids and her lips beyond recognition. But if she is endowed with facial attractions by God and nature, then the less she hides those attractions with grease paint, the better for her beauty and her art and her appeal to the audience.

At any rate, this is the opinion of an old-time theatre crank.

FREDERIC A. WHITING.

Framingham Centre.

The Uvira

As the World Wags:

When, in 1895, the great Fife 42-footer Uvira made the most wonderful record ever made by an English yacht in American waters, more than matching the famous historic victory of the America in British waters in 1851, through an unfortunate error the Herald credited the Boston champion Gossoon with having beaten the Uvira badly in their very first race. As a matter-of-fact, both in the first race and in all their other races, Uvira beat Gossoon in a most spectacular manner. The fair-minded yachtsmen of Boston will be glad to render full honor to Uvira, if you will kindly see that the Herald's very regrettable mistake is corrected. I have the official reports and letters from noted yachtsmen who owned and sailed the boats that Uvira disposed of so handsomely. JOSEPH J. PARKER.

South Boston.

All up for Dr. Watts

Some one recently quoted on this page verses about whales. The choir will now sing from Dr. Isaac Watts's Psalm 105 and Hymn 70 in the second book of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs."

PSALM 104, L. M.

Vast are thy works, almighty Lord;
All nature rests upon thy word;
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms;
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

HYMN 70, L. M.

The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission, sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears:
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

ON KEITH BILL

McIntyre and Heath, assisted by Otto T. Johnstone, in "The Man from Montana," are the principal attraction on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a small audience that applauded this act warmly.

The piece is not new to Bostonians, for the comedians have used this act many times. The actors are seen at their best, typifying two "bad" men in a style that is without other interpreters of equal excellence on the stage today. So the audience again laughed uproariously at the tale of the tomato, at the crap game and at the bet on the shirt. Commencing Thursday matinee and continuing for the balance of the week the comedians will appear in another perennial favorite, "On Guard."

Other acts were McIntosh and his Musical Maids, Scotch singers, dancers and instrumentalists; Crawford and Broderick, singers and dancers, in an act that had a certain elegance in its light touch and spontaneity; La Belle Titcomb, in a spectacular dancing and singing act; Ethel MacDonough, minus her wardrobe and drum, in songs; Spence and Williams, in chatter and song; George and Dick Rath, in an athletic act, the real outstanding feature of the bill both as a novelty and for the enchanting ease of the performers in action; Joe Rome and Tillie Cox, dancing comedians, and the Brightons, in a novelty rag-picking act.

June 5 1918

There is a rumor—we cannot trace its origin—that Frothingham Clancy, the inspired bard of South Boston, is not dead; that he is living with high-born and wealthy relatives in an inposing house on the water-side of Beacon street. We do not believe that Prof. Deedledum, whose integrity is as well known as his critical acumen, could be guilty of so gross and outrageous a deception.

The Clancys are an old and honorable family. They were found at first in Galway. Some of them, adventurous souls, made a fortune in Chili and Brazil. Not many years ago a Clancy of South Boston was in the habit of buying old vessels and burning them on the flats for the sake of copper and other metallic furnishings. There are Clanceys, Clanceys with an "e," but they are not of the same family. There was Venie Clancey on the stage. Some remember her as Regina in "The Princess of Trebizonde" at the Howard Athenaeum in 1876. There is a little play, "The Clancey Kids."

We have received some singular letters with reference to Frothingham Clancy. We publish two of them today. Prof. Deedledum will doubtless advise us concerning their authenticity. A still more singular letter from one stating that he knew the gifted poet as a boy in Peabody, his birthplace, must wait its turn.

From His Sister

As the World Wags:

That certainly was a "disturbing rumor" that Frothingham Clancy is still on earth. Alas, he left us years ago, but not before he had made the name of Clancy a household word wherever real literature is read and appreciated. I knew Frothy, as we used to call him, better than anyone else; he confided to me his dreams and ambitions.

My first distinct memory of him is of his sitting by the window, gazing into the alley below and running his hands through his hair with an agonized expression on his face. I was afraid my dear Frothy was ill, but I dared not question him. At last he wheeled about and read me a beautiful bit of poetry. Upon my expressing admiration he handed it to me, saying, "Keep it always, Nancy. Some day, when you are proud to be the sister of Frothingham Clancy, it will be your most cherished possession."

Now he is dead and I offer this short poem to the public, written in the period of his truest poetic inspiration, before he took to free verse.

It's a dirty little alley
And it gets worse every day.
Bottles, boxes, cans and refuse,
Screaming children at their play,
Scolding women, bawling hucksters
Fill the street from morn till night;
Every spot of filth is branded
With the sun's bright, piercing light.

When the glare is off the pavement
And the shadows flit about,
Hiding all the dirt and squalor,
And there is no strife, no shout,
Comes the peace of evening quiet
To our humble strip of loam,
And our hearts with joy are brimming—
For the alley is our home.

I want to thank dear old Prof. Deedledum for his loyal defence of my lamented brother. If he would like to see the few of Frothingham's poems in my possession I should be very glad to show them to him. They are artistic gems. NANCY CLANCY.

South Boston.

Buckingham Exposed

As the World Wags:

I read the other day with indignation in this column the claim of Buckingham Clancy to be a brother of the late Frothingham Clancy. I knew Frothingham's excellent mother very well in her time, and never heard her speak of any other son but Frothingham. She was a woman of good family living, when I knew her, in somewhat reduced circumstances, but her life, past and present, was open as the day. I once heard Frothingham speak of "one Buck," but it was in connection, as I remember, with an "uncle" and not a brother. But this is unimportant. I never understood more than half of what the young man used to say, his language was so peculiar. I am sure he was never called "Frothy," even at home, though this would have been an excellent name for him.

I happen to know of one thing that he wrote the credit for which has never been given to him. That was a poem that had a very large circulation in its time under the title of "The Lay of the Lonesome Lung." It was one of those poems of a helpful and uplifting sort, such as brings comfort to the afflicted, and should have been included long ago in some collection of such verses. I forget now just what sort of balm it offered to the bruised in spirit, but I remember it as being very comforting. Well, this poem was Frothingham Clancy's. I have heard it said that it was written by a man who at that time was a writer but who, having learned the secrets of this calling, afterwards abandoned it and became a publisher, using the information he had thus obtained in swindling other authors. Such a man is capable of almost any conduct, however base, so I was not surprised to hear that he had claimed to be the author of this poem, but I am glad indeed to have this opportunity of revealing him in his true character. It is all very well to make such a claim, but a man with gifts like this does not use them once and never again, and where, may I ask, are other efforts of a similar sort to his credit? While Frothingham Clancy—well, look at his record.

The elder Mr. Clancy was an Irish gentleman, I undersand, but I never knew him personolly. I do not know his wife's maiden name, but she was connected with one of our best families and her son took his name, Frothingham Clancy, from a kinsman. Speaking of this, I have heard Frothingham say something about an Aunty Climax, and this may have been the family name.

Boston. SARAH HEPATICA.

Superfluous Article

An ex-yachtsman ventured to dot the "i's" and cross the "t's" of Fleet street. He pulled us up with a jerk for writing "the" Vindictive, averring that the article was superfluous. It was not used nowadays. Old tars sent us consolatory messages telling us not to worry. There is no rule in the navy or the mercantile marine for omitting the "the" in referring to ships. On the contrary, it is invariably used. What, then, are the grounds for the ex-yachtsman's criticism?

These. The practice of leaving out the article before the names of ships came in with the races for the America cup, and was due to cable brevity uncorrected by sub-editors. It was first applied to yachts and only very recently to ships. In earlier yachting days it was never done; everyone wrote and spoke of the Arrow, the America, the Britannia, and so on. All English literature is against it. How does "Loss of Royal George" or "The Loss of Birkenhead" or "The Wreck of Hesperus" or "His ship, Victory named" sound? Neither Marryat nor any other of the classic sea writers ever uses this journalistic trick.

And there is another objection to it besides literary tradition. Many ships bear the names of persons and places, and the confusion between them for lack of a distinctive mark may easily give rise to false reports and alarm in current news and to historical errors hereafter. You may have, for instance, "Emden attacked" or "Birkenhead blown up" or "mishap to Queen Mary" or "loss of King Albert."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 6 1918

"A. C. B." said in the Boston Herald and Journal of June 3: "'Buddy' is undoubtedly of Welsh origin—used there and imported here by coal miners. In the type of coal mining known as 'room mining' two work in a room together and are called "buddies'. Cognate uses of the word have naturally sprung up, and now we have the term quite generally applied to those (particularly when the number is two) working together or associated as comrades."

The common form of the word is "butty," not "buddy." It is a dictionary word, but lexicographers are not sure that "butty," meaning a confederate, companion, mate, is identical with the word "butty" meaning "a middleman between proprietors of mines and workmen who engages to work the mine and raise coal or ore at so much per ton." Disraeli in his novel "Sybil," used the word in the latter sense: "A Buddy in the mining districts is a middleman; a Doggy is his manager."

In English dialect a "butty" is a fellow workman, partner, mate, intimate friend, chum. The word is also used as a term of address. In some trades in Herefordshire the butty is an inferior man as with sawyers. "Some very good workmen prefer working in pairs, the butty being the younger man. Here are other meanings in dialect: Among boys, a drudge or cats-paw; a fellow, one of a pair of shoes or gloves. Then there is the verb to butty; to work together, to keep company with, to live together as man and wife, to act in concert with intent to defraud, to play unfairly; and with the last meaning we have to do butty, to go butty and to play butty.

Butty-brew is a social gathering at which each person pays for his own share of drinks—a sensible arrangement that should rule at clubs, even at the Porphyry. A butty-piece is a field belonging to two owners but undivided by a fence. A butty-shop is one where goods were formerly given on account of wages. A butty-gang is a gang of men who share equally.

There are writers who say that "butty" comes from "booty," a word in the Gypsy dialect meaning "work," thus "booty-pal," literally a work brother, is a fellow workman.

In some English provinces, "butty" means a slice of bread and butter, or bread spread with sugar or treacle. Butty-cake is bread and butter.

Pratt Triumphans

As the World Wags:

The other day, when the temperature dropped to the shiverling point and the dull heavens spread gloom indoors and out, I dived into my archives and located that package containing songs of the silly season and data on the philosophical teachings of Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler. It is dangerous to make such holiday excursions into the past, because we mortals are so fond of feasting on our little successes that we forget most of life's defeats until some such investigation rudely wakes us from the reverie.

It seems that the temerity and inexperience of youth once tempted me into an argument with Daniel. That I was worsted is apparent from these words in his summing up: "Young man, you cannot differentiate between the parallax of the moon, a parabolic curve and a parallelopipedon.

"Retreat, retract and take off your hat.
Make room, I say, for the great Daniel Pratt."

As I contemplated the record I shuddered at the recollection of that incisive invective and stinging defeat and was about to seek joy elsewhere when my weather eye rested on a slip of paper that brought balm to my soul and flashed a smile o'er my troubled face. Daniel could be led by poetic influence when his mental back shed cold facts as a duck's back sheds water. His next visit to the campus gave me an opportunity to feed him molasses instead of vinegar. The old fellow was much interested in our newly equipped lavatory, called "Fifty," in student parlance, because it occupied a room bearing that number. "How," exclaimed Daniel one day, "How did Dr. Pynchon, your learned president and professor of chemistry, happen to approve of such a lavish expenditure of money. He is simple in his tastes and economical in his administratiton." "Well, Daniel," I replied, "it came about in this fashion, and it is a remarkable illustration of your own doctrine about the influence of poetry. The boys had become so disgusted with the dilapidated condition of the old equipment that the poet of the senior class composed and posted on the bulletin board the following eloquent appeal:

"Attinshin, Tom Pynchin, plaze do be more thrifty,
Kum, stir up your acids and fix the old fifty."

This so penetrated the cavity where Daniel kept his mind that he smilingly locked arms with me, led me to the gymnasium and insisted on my mounting a soap box while he introduced me to the assembled mob as the logical successor to the G. A. T. Thereafter Daniel and I were great friends. R. L. W.

Boston.

Culture and Kultur

So much confusion seems still to prevail about the difference between culture and the German war cry, kultur, that it might be useful to dispel it by an explanation. We are prone to answer the enemy boast about kultur by quoting Nietzsche's hackneyed charge that Germany has destroyed it wherever she has extended her rule. But Nieztsche's culture was not the Prussian war substitute, kultur. The philosopher used the word and its meaning with which Matthew Arnold familiarized this country—the "cultus" of the Romans. Kultur merely signifies technical education—the anti-classical curriculum serviceable in the ungentle art of "getting on in the world."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 7 1918

Those who wonder at the popularity of Mr. Charlie Chaplin, the celebrated Spanish film comedian, will find an explanation in Mr. Boris Sidis's "Psychology of Laughter." Mr. Sidis finds that pleasure in such performances comes from the "general principle of lack of energy when an abundance of it is expected, of difficulties, awkwardness and clumsiness when there should be ease, grace and manifestation of energy in response to the external and internal stimuli and situations."

If Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson wish to inquire further into the reason why men and women laugh at the antics of Senor Chaplin, they should consult the treatises on laughter by Bergson and Sully. Then let them read the diatribe of Baudelaire against laughter.

Telephonese

As the World Wags:

What I want to know is where in blazes the telephone girls learn the extraordinary language they talk. It is not English nor Choctaw nor Urdu nor Volapuk. There are some English words in it, and there are others; for instance, "niun," which is pronounced like the first two syllables of the scriptural phrase, "nigh unto death." I gather by the context that what the girl means is simply the numeral nine, but do you supose she keeps it up out of office hours? Does she say miun and thiun? Does she say, "It is a flun day?" Does she tell her young man that she's got a liun on him? Does he get his clothes from Briun, the clothier? Does he ever ask her out to dlun? And does she like the sunshiun? And if not, why not? Does she liught a lamp? Does an automobile at a crossing give her a slightt friught? When she was a schoolgirl, did she eat pickled liums at recess?

I don't mind her saying thr-r-r-ree, like a rolling drum. We are living in war times, and drum-fire is, or will be soon, as much a matter of daily experience as auto-horns (and not much worse). Doubtless this, too, the really conscientious tele-girl carries into private life, and tr-r-r-rius to br-r-r-riughten the corner where she is.

All of which is a matter of taste up to a certain point, after which, it is positively immoral; neither of which I mind; but what I want to know is where the devil she gets it. To come back to the original problem, why do all tele-girls say niun? There is absolutely no authority in any language for such ghastly distortion and deformity of harmless, innocent letters. Long i in English is of course a diphthong, but it is made up of a and e—a as in far, and e as in seen. There is no short u on the end of it; and I respectfully rise in clarion tones and clamor for reform. Nine is nah-een, not ni-un.

LINDLEY MURRAY'S GHOST.

Boston.

Triumphant Love

As the World Wags:

Recently, in looking over some letters my father wrote to his sister during the civil war, I came across the paragraph: "My old chum's name was Matthew Anderson. He was killed at Chickamauga. I was very sorry for him, but that was all I could do. We could not pick up any one; we had to obey orders." It is the simple tribute of one soldier to another, with more feeling than appears on the surface. Matthew Anderson's grave, wherever it is, was remembered on Memorial day. Yet there is a pang of bitterness in the thought that he is no longer an individual, one whose loss still brings a very definite sorrow to some other individual. The private grief was swallowed in the greater sorrow of the nation, which in turn has become a never-fading glory. The same thing will happen in the present war; the sense of loss that is so poignant for a moment will become softened by time until forgetfulness settles down upon the dead soldier's contemporaries.

Just now, however, it is easy to realize that each death on the battle field brings pain and loneliness to some home, and this helps us to a more sympathetic attitude towards the past. In all ages it has been the same. When the black-sailed, trireme brought back to Pylos the list of the dead about Troy, the lonely sweetheart, the stricken mother, the care-worn father wept upon their bed at night. Thousands of years before, when a Cretan bark perished in a sea fight with the Egyptians, the family of the common sailor could not for days see any beauty in the light of the sun. Hector may be celebrated in deathless threnody; but the grief that inspired the song for him found a counterpart at the death of the humblest man who perished in the tents of Sennacherib and finds it still on the plains of Picardy. Our great struggle makes us vividly aware of the indissoluble ties binding us to every member of the human family that has lived and fought since the creation.

But if we are one in the grief, we are also one in the love that is crying out behind the grief. And with that we come to the deepest truth of our time; love is the one abiding thing. That cry going up from the waste places of No Man's Land is echoed in the cry wafted down the air of the spiritual world for 200 centuries. In spite of the fall of princes and the decay of empires, in spite of pestilence and destruction, love never faileth. The life of the humblest creature in the world, surrounded as it is by someone's love, becomes an infinitely precious thing. Thus at last we are able to interpret the inarticulate yearning of the human soul through countless ages. ACADEME.

Cambridge.

June 8 1918

Last Thursday we discussed the origin of the word "buddy." A Scot wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette that the word is "merely the doric pronunciation of body—the affix of somebody—and north of the Tweed is used as an abstract term for a person clearly indicated, just as the term 'one' is used in place of the first personal pronoun. This use is apparent in the Scots song, 'Gin a body (pronounced 'buddy') meet a body.' Often it is prefaced by the adjective 'haverin'.' In the plural form it is used in an affectionate sense. A Scots mother will speak of her children as 'buddies.' "

In another issue of the Pall Mall Gazette we read: "'Buddy' is a word well known in western America. It means pal or comrade, and came originally from the plains."

We stand by our first statement: buddy is a corruption of "butty," and, a dictionary and English dialect word, means, as used today, pal or comrade.

McDowell, Palfrey and Prentiss

As the World Wags:

In connection with your quotation of "Reply to Mr. McDowell—J. G. Palfrey" from the program of the Boston

[illegible] Who was the [illegible] [illegible] Virginia[illegible] of [illegible] Va. [illegible] Palfrey of Cambridge [illegible] in the National [illegible] in the 29th [illegible] On Feb. 23, 1849, McDowell made a speech in the House [illegible] and three days [illegible] 1849 Palfrey made [illegible] on the same question. In the latter part of Palfrey's [illegible] replied to certain [illegible] McDowell's speech, and [illegible] "Reply to McDowell," [illegible] from the above-mentioned [illegible] the Boston Latin [illegible] was that part, or a [illegible] that part of Palfrey's speech [illegible] 1849 which was a reply to [illegible] which McDowell [illegible] It is thus seen [illegible] first question— [illegible] was McDowell [illegible] "James [illegible] that the [illegible] question "Why [illegible] is that Palfrey [illegible] doctrines enunciated [illegible] speech to be [illegible] was his duty [illegible] Those [illegible] McDowell and Palfrey, [illegible] I have said, were on the slavery [illegible] published in [illegible] the nominal subject of McDowell's speech as given on the title [illegible] the pamphlet containing the speech being the "Formation of Governments for New Mexico and California," [illegible] the nominal subject of Palfrey's [illegible] as given on the title page of the pamphlet containing the speech, [illegible] the "Bill Creating a Territorial Government for Upper California." McDowell was Governor of Virgina from [illegible] to 1844, but, strange to say, no mention of that fact is made in the sketch of him given in "A Biographical Congressional Directory." That Congressional Directory says that he was born on Oct. 13, 1796, but the sketch of him in Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography gives Oct. 12, 1796, as the date of his birth.

According to the summary which you give of the program of exercises at that exhibition of the Boston Public Latin school, one of the pieces spoken was a piece by S. S. Prentiss. How does it happen that the first of Prentiss's two forenames is so often given incorrectly? His full name was Seargent Smith Prentiss, but his first forename is often given otherwise than as Seargent. Webster's Dictionary (that part of it styled "A Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary,") gives Searzeant and Sargent as alternative of interchangeable forms of that forename. I don't believe, however, that that forename had more than one form, but, even if it had two, I don't believe that one of them was Seargeant—a spelling which I have never met with except in the dictionary just mentioned.

According to your summary of the exercises at that school exhibition, T. P. Smith was one of the speakers, or declaimers, and one of the pieces declaimed was by Mrs. T. P. Smith. Who was Mrs. T. P. Smith? Was she the wife of the T. P. Smith just mentioned as being one of the declaimers at the exhibition? Does the program state what the piece of hers which was declaimed was from or about?

Brookline INQUIRER.

The piece spoken by Mr. Smith was entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte."—Ed.

To a "T. D."

With T. D. 'twixt me teeth, begorrah,
[illegible] brothers of dim tomorrow,
I banish care and sombre sorrow
[illegible] pipe [illegible] full.
[illegible] about me is serene;
T[illegible] bloom bright, the pastures green
[illegible] ever, when my dudeen
[illegible] burning full.

T[illegible] of me meerschaum, cob, or brier,
[illegible] T. D. fills my desire
A[illegible] black bowl burns the fire
That warms my heart.
[illegible] pathway has been trod
[illegible] have laid me 'neath the sod
[illegible] to lay with the last clod
[illegible] done its part.

Boston. F. C.

History and the Stage

Benjamin C. Chapin, who died a few days ago, won fame and fortune because he bore a remarkable resemblance to Abraham Lincoln. At first a lecturer and entertainer, he became known in vaudeville theatres sixteen years ago by a dramatic monologue, "Lincoln." Four years later he produced a play with the same title. Still later he wrote his 'Lincoln Cycle" for motion pictures.

When Chapin first appeared as Lincoln there were many protests. The impersonation was thought by some to be a desecration, almost sacrilegious. Others contented themselves with saying that it was not in good taste to turn the great President into a theatrical figure. If Nature granted the resemblance, art should not take advantage of it. But Chapin was reverential in his treatment, and he did not distort history.

Many have played Napoleon on the stage. Still more in private life have prided themselves on their likeness to him. They have arranged their hair to further the resemblance; sat with bowed head, walked with hands behind the back, or playfully pinched the ear of a companion. Thus did they endeavor to gain a fictitious importance. Of late years Mr. George Arliss has mimicked Disraeli, Paganini, Hamilton. In the last named play nearly all, if not all, the characters are historical—that is, they lived; but in the play historical accuracy in certain scenes is not regarded. Thus audiences are misinformed. Whether Mr. Arliss bears a facial resemblance to Hamilton or not is, then, a minor question.

Historical characters have been seen on the stage of theatre and opera house for hundreds of years. Characters and events have been changed to make the play or libretto more effective. Shakespeare was no more merciful in this respect to Joan of Arc and Richard III. than Mrs. Fiske was this season to George Sand. Louis XI. is judged by playgoers in a manner that historians might not approve. The Chopin of Orefice's opera is hardly the Chopin of his biographers. Thackeray was censured for his characterization of Washington in "The Virginians." Let it be admitted that Gen. Washington is today almost a legendary character; who would like to see him portrayed in a drama? In one of W. S. Gilbert's comedies living English statesmen were introduced. There was an outcry, and the identification was abandoned. Mr. Arliss himself said that he would not dare to produce "Disraeli" in London. When an excellent English actor had the courage, the play failed dismally. The adventures, emotions, passions of men and women imagined by a dramatist are surely sufficient material for a drama. Yet Lloyd George, Ambassador Gerard, the Emperor William, Viviani and others even now figure in film plays.

The standard encyclopaedias of music have little to say about the rank and file of contemporary singers, fiddlers, pianists and other earnest laborers in the musical vineyard. One, wishing to know about their lives must rely for the most part on the sketches prepared by passionate press agents, sketches without dates and other substantial facts, or records of interviews in which the "artist" chatters about politics, religion, dress, diet, amusements, and incidentally, about music i. e. his or her's personal achievements.

"International Who's Who in Music and Musical Gazetteer: A Contemporary Biographical Dictionary and a Record of the World's Musical Activity," edited by Cesar Saerchinger, published by the Current Literature Publishing Company, New York, is a stout volume of about 850 pages, double columns. It will be of great help to all those who write about music and to those otherwise interested in music. That there are erors, misstatements, omissions was to be expected in a work of this character. It would be easy to point them out. When Arthur Pougin wrote the preface for his supplement to Fetis's monumental "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" he included in it a letter from Fetis to Weckerlin in which there is this paragraph: "Without doubt the 'Biographie Universelle des Musiciens' is imperfect in the matter of a certain number of facts and dates; I said so in my preface. This is necessarily the case with all works of this nature. If ten men were to set themselves at work to correct these imperfections and should spend ten years in research, imperfections would still be found."

Mr. Saerchinger's book contains a vast amount of information that cannot readily be found elsewhere. The reader will at times be disappointed. For instance, there has been some talk here about M. Rhene-Baton as a conductor for the Boston Symphony orchestra. There is nothing about him in this book, but the searcher will seldom be disappointed. He will infer from this book that Mmes. Materna and Sophie Menter are still living; yet the news of their death came in time for a statement to that effect.

In this book, as in other biographical dictionaries, there is in some cases a singular disproportion in the allotment of space. Men and women of mediocre ability or without musical ability sometimes receive more attention than composers, and musicians of international reputation. Some third-rate Americans, for example, have more attention paid to them than Gabriel Faure—to whom 27 lines are allotted. Fortunately there is little or no attempt to put a critical value on the work of those whose names are included. When there is an attempt, it is not always happy: thus Duparc is "especially noted for the pure lyric quality of his songs."

Some may wonder at the mention of musicians in America who have only a parochial reputation. It should be remembered that they are undoubtedly the pride of their respective villages, probably counties. They have their followers, admirers, who would condemn the book at once if they did not find therein the names that to them are illustrious. Even to an outsider, it is not disagreeable to learn that a certain young woman, having studied in Boston, has been teaching in a western town for 11 years, and has "appeared in concert in 18 different states." Let us hope that the number may be raised to 25, or at least to 20 before her arms stiffen and her eyes grow dim.

There is a Geographical Index. Thus one turning to Dub, Moravia, under the general head Austria-Hungary, learns that Adalbert Rihovsky teaches there. Boston has nearly four columns of names. There are also lists of the principal music schools, opera houses, orchestras in the world, lists of choral societies, professional associations, of musicians, concert managers in the United States and Canada, with a list of the principal music publishers in the world. These lists are imperfect. For example, under Boston there is no menion of the Boston Festival Orchestra; Mr. Malkin is not included in the scanty roll of violoncellists—in fact, the lists are too often made apparently at random. But these omissions do not invalidate the general worth of the book.

Mr. E. Markham Lee, Muc. Doc. of Cambridge (Eng.), organist and composer, is the author of a book (159 pages crown 8vo.) entitled "On Listening to Music," published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London; a volume in the series "The Musician's Bookshelf." The author's plan is to devote "one chapter to each of the particular kinds of concert which may come in the way of the average music lover, and to say a little about the kind of music which he may expect to hear."

Mr. Lee believes that the "ordinary average" concertgoer is the more bored, the better the music. We do not agree with him. He believes that these happy persons listen unintelligently; "their enjoyment is purely sensual, and has in it nothing of the intellectual; it is not enjoyment of the best kind." This statement might be disputed. "One must 'listen' (i.e. take trouble) and not merely 'hear' (i.e. take no trouble)."

The hearer should be acquainted with the composer's intention and the idiom in which he expresses himself. The idiom is "circumstances by such considerations as (1) his own individuality, (2) the period in which he lived, (3) his nationality and environment, each of which must be taken into account before we can properly assimilate his ideas or judge his work."

The chapters that follow, simply and clearly written, will probably lead the layman to a better "understanding" of what is performed. Whether his enjoyment will thereby be enlarged is another question. It should be remembered that some are to be saved in the Last Great Day through invincible ignorance. Will Brown, Jones and Mrs. Robinson find more delight in hearing the last movement of Cesar Franck's violin sonata because they at last know that it contains remarkably conceived canonic measures?

There are many quotable passages in this little book: "Your chamber-music enthusiast, when he is found, is a more infatuated devotee than exists in any other branch of musical art."

"It is not intended to underrate either the charm of the archaeological value of the folk song, but it does not, to many minds, deserve the fetish worship which is nowadays accorded to it, nor does it compare in interest or beauty with the great songs of the many great song composers.

"For some mystic reason any songs that are sung in English are usually placed at the very end of the program, when every one is tired, both performer and audience.

"The oratorio is a form that has seen its best days, and that for various reasons. . . . Since people have entered more fully into the thrilling joys of orchestral music they have been less ready to listen to the heavy lumberings of an unwieldy chorus. In the second place there is a tendency toward impatience and a demand for shorter works. . . . People require something in which the interest is more continuous. . . . Masses of people who stand in serried ranks in white frocks and black evening suits singing from books can only with difficulty give the impression of being necessary to the situation." Yet we find Mr. Lee speaking of Spohr's "Last Judgment" as a "household word." Is it still one in England?

"It is a lamentable fact that, of all forms of public music, the music of the church is less well rendered than any other. No one would pay to hear music performed as badly as it often is in our churches. . . . For really adequate presentations of the music of the church, in small forms as well as great, we have to look to the concert hall and the box-office.

"That the attendance at most organ recitals is sparse, and that their value is ignored, are painful facts due to several causes. Some complain of what they call dulness, others think little of what costs them nothing; the mere fact that many organ recitals take place in churches, where there is nothing to pay, accounts for the lukewarm feelings of many people in this matter; it is much more interesting to such folk to purchase tickets for the most wearisome concert than to attend a performance where there is no applause and no box-office. The absence of sensationalism at most organ recitals is a bar to a crowded audience.

"No form of music ages so rapidly as opera; perhaps it would be more correct to say that opera is an art-form which ages rapidly and that the music associated with it is apt to be lost sight of when advancing taste decrees that certain operas are no longer endurable. . . . Opera does not depend upon the quality of the music alone, but upon other things, such as the dramatic fitness of the story, the continuous and cumulative interest, and the methods adopted for clothing the words with music.

"The ways of the concert giver are hard—ho must either please his audience or lose his money: the great desideratum is that the ordinary person, the man in the street, may so cultivate his taste for music that the fifth-rate composition may make no appeal to him.

"In the majority of homes the music performed is of a somewhat unexalted type. Pianoforte teaching has so much improved of late years that the class of music played, even by the poorest amateur, is generally better than that which was wont to assail the ears. The popularity of the short pieces of Grieg and MacDowell runs down to even a very poor grade of pianoforte student, and although, of course, a great deal of rubbish is still practised and taught, there is usually more artistry in the present-day pieces than in those of bygone years. The standard of songs has perhaps not risen quite so much, and a great deal of suffering is still inflicted by young ladies who warble sentimental ditties rather badly.

"There is much to be said in favor of the gramophone and pianola. The gramophone, if a good one, will give a very passable reproduction of the singer, and a fair one of certain other kinds of music. There is, it is true, often a tendency to modify the quality and intensity of the original sounds, but the listener may gain from it some idea of orchestral color. And with regard to the pianola, a piano may sing with almost as good tone and as artistic a touch when its hammers are controlled by pneumatic devices, as when directed by the actual muscles and fingers of the pianist."

The book has many illustrations in musical notation, and a short list of books for study and reference. It is strange to find the "History of Music" by Stanford and Forsyth omitted. Was Mr. Lee's book written before 1916?

"The Earlier French Musicians," by Mary Hargrave, published by the same firm, and "Music Composition; a New Method of Harmony," by Carl E. Gardner, published by Carl Fischer, New York, will be noticed here next Sunday.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Apropos of your article on the performance of "Faust" with Christine Nilsson, Capoul and Jamet in the leading parts, let me say that the violin obbligato to "Salve dimora" was a feature. It was played by Mr. John C. Mullaly. In recognition Capoul wrote a very neat compliment in the album of celebrities which Mr. Mullaly still treasures.

During the performance of "Traviata," by the same company, after the climax in the finale to the third act, when Alfredo hurls the purse of gold at Violetta, Germont forgot his cue, and there was silence supreme until Nilsson sang the correct note. Germont, who had evidently forgotten his pitch, began to sing and the performance proceeded. Only those who were fortunate in having a front seat noticed such little lapses.

E. H.

Boston.

Notes About Theatrical Matters, Music and Musicians

"Violette," the new comic opera produced last night at the Lyric, is a light-hearted and tuneful addition to the musical plays of the season. If Mr. Norman Slee, the author, had any idea of making the book pretentious, Mr. Bernard Hishin's company cheerfully knock the notion on the head. According to the program, which may be presumed to be official, the action take[s] place in the kingdom of Celaria 10[illegible] years ago, but Mr. George Barrett, Miss Violet Essex and other jolly people d[o] not let this pretence interfere with thei[r] own good work. A sentry guarding a prisoner prince is bribed with four mea[t] coupons, a comic chancellor laments th[e] eight months which separate him from the age of 51, and the Vindictive's exploit at Ostend has a place in a topical song. Where Mr. Slee and the compan[y] fall out is that the story requires datin[g] back to get in some picturesque supe[illegible]

titions about the fate of th[illegible] king of a royal house, and amusing references to thumb-screws and prickly boots, while the players, in spite of gorgeous uniforms or comic opera court coats, want to score with the jests of London in 1918. Cross-purposes in this case fortunately add to the merriment of the audience. There would have been something funny in offering meat coupons to a policeman; coupons offered to a soldier in a cream and crimson uniform, with a cockade in his cap, provoke a shout of laughter. Mr. John Ansell has provided a score of muical numbers, all of them melodious, and one or two of more than average charm. The company, working well together, make the most of what the author and composer have produced, and add something of their own which adds to the success of the play.—London Times, May 14.

The Era (London) Annual for 1918, illustrated with photographs, has been published; price 1s. 6d. net. This, the 50th issue, contains the leading productions of 1917, with dates of openings and often the full casts, lists of theatres and music halls with addresses of proprietors and managers, also special articles contributed by men and women of the theatrical world.

Vesta Tilley is remembered in this country. At Bradford (Eng.) she received a bouquet with this inscription: "Bradford, May 2, 1918.—To Miss Vesta Tilley, the greatest artist in vaudeville. Good luck, happiness, and prosperity always!—From a very ardent admirer who witnesses your performance tonight for the hundredth time."

"General Post," that amusing play which was not appreciated in Boston, having past its 530th performance in London, was transferred on May 6 from the Haymarket to the Queen's.

"The Profiteer," by C. Vernon Proctor, brought out at Bargoed, Wales, early in April, and brought to London the first week of May, must be "hot stuff." It deals with "the only two things that matter, Love and Bread," according to the profiteer, who hoards food in vaults and, through a secret passage, supplies German submarines with food and oil. There is a German spy, Wilhelmina Kay, who poses at times as a wheezy old man.

The daughter of an interned alien, "She derives the name of Kay from the letter 'K' branded on her fair shoulders, much as was the 'fleur-re-lys' in the case of the Miladi of Dumas pere." There are secret signals, a wireless installation in the chimney of the profiteer's house, a rocket hidden in a flower pot, a poisoned needle "used against the heroine, rather after the manner of the magic spindle in 'The Sleeping Beauty.'" There are brave speeches, as the one spoken by the profiteer's nephew, lamed in the war: "Workers are not soulless machinery, but human beings, and the British soldier is the British working man." The spy takes poison at the end. There is the traditional comic couple, this time a wounded soldier and his sweetheart Rosie, a motor-van girl in heliotrope costume. We should like to see this play. Cannot Mr. Jewett secure it and bring it out at the Copley?

Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert took in over $102,359.89 in their theatres in subscriptions for the second Red Cross war fund last month. The total in the New York theatres amounted to $54,211.77; in out-of-town theatres, $48,148.12. No collections were taken in Cleveland, Cincinnati or Philadelphia, where the war chest plan is in operation. In New York the Winter Garden led with $17,768. At the Shubert theatres in Boston the total was $11,700, while the Shubert Majestic in Providence, R. I., took in $19,000.

"The Hidden Hand," not the play based on Mrs. Southworth's novel, but a play by Laurence Cowen, was produced at Liverpool on May 27. The old play was first seen in the late fifties. F. S. Chanfrau used to take the part of Wool.

Richard Northcott has compiled a book, "Beethoven's 'Fidelio' in London," published by the Press Printers (London). "It contains more matter than is suggested by the title, for there are details about the inception of 'Fidelio' and early performances in Germany, Italy and America, as well as in Paris, and also a paragraph about the four Overtures (three 'Leonore' and one 'Fidelio'), besides full details with regard to the representation in London of a noble opera. Under the latter head Mr. Northcott makes frequent mention of the illustrious names, for instance, of Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient, Marie Malibran, Therese Tietjens, Marie Roze, Malten, Klafsky, Ternina, and Lilli Lehmann, and he brings down the record to performances, in English, at Covent Garden and at Oxford, in 1910, since which year unhappily 'Fidelio' has not been staged here, 'despite the fact,' as the author remarks ruefully, 'that there are numerous sopranos of British birth with beautiful voices and dramatic talent.'"

Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was again performed as an opera at the Old Vic, London, on May 12 and 26.

Any collectors of musical and horticultural curiosities in literature may like to add these specimens to their museum which I have culled recently from two novels by the same very popular author: "The whole house seemed full of music. It was the strangest, wildest air, with deep, long undertones in a minor key—like an organ, I thought at first, but afterwards it was like a multitude of people singing together very slowly—very softly. . . . I could hear my watch ticking and the policeman in the street below." The horticultural specimen is equally "rare": "—a field of buttercups. . . . there were flowers everywhere, beds of hyacinths, and borders of purple and yellow crocuses. A lilac tree was bursting into blossom." Who murmured something of the flowers that bloom in the spring? Knowest thou that land? Truly, everything in that garden was lovely, including the climate!—London Daily Telegraph.

At a recent voting for orchestral works to be played in the Albert Hall, London, the only English symphonies wished were Elgar's two and they come last on the list. Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" came first. There was no English overture on the list, and Elgar, German and Wallace were 18, 19 and 20 in a list of 20 suites. Londoners do not seem to be impressed by their native composers. Yet some in Boston looked forward to the coming of Sir Henry Wood because he would acquaint us with many English compositions.

George Fergusson, singer, and Arthur Williams, violoncellist, gave a concert in London on May 10, having returned from imprisonment for 3½ years at Ruhleben. "Fortunately their experiences in a German prison camp have in no way impaired their powers." The Times thought that Mr. Fergusson "forced tone in forte passages." Perhaps, to show that imprisonment had not dampened his ardor.

Miss Rosowsky in London May 7, sang an unfamiliar song, a "vocalise," "Un Matin dans le foret de Pan," by the Russian, Krein, "not a very remarkable composition."

We have quoted an opinion on Miss Archibald's Carmen. For a sour notice of the whole performance commend us to that published in the London Times:

"As a body the actors know what they have to do, and speak their words well, which is no doubt the result of honest toil, and the stage is filled with an atmosphere of placid conventionality which we take to be British. If one single human emotion had forced its way in at any point the spell would have been broken. The essence of such an opera is that it should be done as it has always been done, or else we feel as disappointed as a child when he is told a fairy tale in different words from those he is accustomed to."

A Greek singer, Thomos Amourgis, a bass, gave a recital in London on May 11, displaying "a fine voice and dramatic methods." His program included songs in his native language by his countryman, Napoleon Lambelet.

When Elsie Hamilton's new Trio for oboe, viola, and piano was played in London, May 11, the program published "this extraordinary statement (misprints included): This trio has been written in the Natural Tutonation of the Ancient Greek Hypodorian mode (the 22 Tropes on the C string), which has been approximated to that of the pianoforte." Nevertheless the Trio was described as "a very charming and graceful little work of real fancy." The Times saying that the Trio is free from plagiarism and diffuseness, referring to the statement added: "It is the privilege of composers to find their inspiration where they please, and of audiences to enjoy their music as they find it."

Accompaniments to Scottish songs have seldom been really well written.—London Times.

The London Times has heard Stravinsky's "Pribaoutki" three times. "The words consisting of two pieces of prose and two of doggerel and handling sly incidents in a tart manner, the cue of the music is to negate all rhythm and produce a sense of malaise by perpetual discord. There is not much to say about it, except that it does this quite successfully, and that it did not at all interfere with the beauty of Miss Haley's singing."

Before the war certain critics, even in France, looked rather contemptuously on the later developments of French music; referred to the compositions as works of small compass; and coined the phrase "the dust of impressionism." Paul Lendonmy of La Victoire in Paris recently alluded to this: "'Poussiere d' impression' they said of their works. It seems to me less and less true; every day the wonderful art of their composition becomes clearer to me. Their regard for order, for development, for architectural structure, though it is less apparent than in other works, gives homogeneity of atmosphere and unity of feeling to their compositions."

There is one, and one only, striking theatrical portrait at the Royal Academy this year. Mr. Charles Shannon, A. R. A., has painted Miss Lillah McCarthy in the character of "The Dumb Wife." She looks a gorgeous mediaeval lady, with a high gold cap, gauzy smoke-blue veil, a great blue stone at the low neck of her velvet gown, butterflies hovering round her, and her thin fingers employed in embroidering peacock feathers. Her face is very wistful and sad. A miniature of Miss Ruth Vincent, by Miss Naomi Chiswell, shows that delightful singer decked with pearls, but fails to convey much of her beamy beauty and charm. There is a strong characteristic marble bust of Mr. Charles Cruikshanks, by Mr. Albert Toft. "Macbeth" illustrates the lines:

"Thou canst not say I did it, never shake Thy gory locks at me! . . ." the painter, Mr. Stephen Reid, having left the ghost of Banquo to the onlooker's imagination. Miss Margaret Lindsay Williams' allegory, "The Triumph," will probably be much discussed. It represents a beautiful girl in a ballet dress lying at the feet of our Saviour. There are many pictures of dancers and dancing, of more or less accuont and one very charming little canvas "Autolycus in the Kitchen," by Mr. Harry Mileham, is reminiscent of the pre-Raphaelites in some respects.—The Stage, May 9.

Katharine Goodson, who had not been heard in London for some time, gave a Chopin recital there May 12.

Maud Allan, dancing at the London Pavillion last month, "interpreted" the chase of Peer Gynt by the imps in the Hall of the Mountain King.

Hamish McCunn's opera "Jeanie Deans" was revived in London on May 10 at the Shaftsbury after 22 years. It was produced at Edinburgh in 1894. The Times: "The music, which states its own age very plainly, has a character of its own, too, and several very agreeable movements, especially in the concerted parts." The Daily Telegraph: "All things considered, 'Jeanie Deans' stands very well the searchlight of any criticism that keeps in view the striking changes in musical fashions which the past two decades have brought in their train."

Phyllis Archibald's Carmen in London, May 6, was described as "a jolly, good-humored, hoydenish Carmen (with occasional tantrums) of an English brand."

The London Daily Telegraph had this to say (May 5) of McEwen's "truly wonderful 'Biscay' quartet": "And how transcendentally lovely the music is: No modern composer has surpassed (and precious few equalled) 'Les Dunes' in sheer beauty of atmosphere—the music reeks of the sea as the whole reeks of the fresh air."

The performance of Grock, a French musical clown, at the Coliseum, London, led the Times of May 7 to say: "Foreknowledge of Grock's tricks and capers adds to the enjoyment of them. Laughter begins with the thought of what is going to happen, explodes when the expected comes along, or finds a new delight in a variation of the expected."

Yet another film dealing with the Kaiser and the events leading up to the present world catastrophe was produced yesterday afternoon. This time it was at the Scala Theatre, and it bore the title, "The Kaiser—the Beast of Berlin." It differs from those which have preceded it inasmuch as it is not a picture of battlefields, but an avowedly dramatic presentation of the mad, ruthless ambition which is responsible for the horrors of the past four years. The peaceful life of Louvain in the far-off days before the war and the pomp and circumstance of the Kaiser's entourage at Berlin are portrayed with the skill which has become almost a characteristic of modern kinema productions. These were followed by illustrations of the coarse brutalities practised by the German hordes during the early days of the Belgian invasion. Nor were the audience spared the cruelties of the Lusitania crimes, but all was tempered by the prophetic story which followed—the fall of the Hohenzollern and the return of glad days for the sorely stricken people of Belgium.—London Daily Telegraph, May 11.

A new play of "English life" by Dr. Pieter Geyl, "De Verlaten Post," was produced by the Society of Dutch Players in London on May 12 at the Royal Court Theatre. "The characters can hardly claim to be typically English, especially as portrayed by Dutch players in their own language. Marion Bodley (Mme. Kourshed de Ravalieu) marries a pompous, self-conscious politician after the young soldier to whom she is engaged disappears as a deserter. She never pretends to love her husband, and when the soldier-lover returns some years later, having sought to atone for his temporary madness by service in the Foreign Legion, she readily forgives him and tells her husband bluntly that she intends leaving him for her first and only love. It is hardly convincing, even in these days of woman's claim to complete independence of thought and action."

Mr. W. L. Courtney, speaking at the Royal Institution on "Dramatic Realism," said that the dramatist who wanted to prove himself a realist would only deal with real persons and real situations. The hero and heroine must be banished from the realist's stage. Romance must be ignored, for it was a creation of a warm-hearted, sympathetic but false imagination. Happy endings, which most spectators craved for in the theatres, were in ninety cases out of a hundred false and artificial. In fact, according to the realist, there was no real necessity why dramas should end in a formal manner. Every life did not end or arrange itself into situations, or provide effective curtains. Average theatregoers wanted the happy ending. They wanted their heroes and heroines to be obviously good people and their villains to be obviously bad people. They thought that tragedy only applied to great persons, such as kings and princes. If the plot demanded a melancholy conclusion the conclusion must be melancholy. Consequently, the realists were abused until they succeeded in training their own audiences, as Euripides did in ancient times and Ibsen in modern.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Stage of May 9 had this to say of Maud Allan when she danced at the London Coliseum last month: "She has the supreme quality, or gift—call it what you will—of artistic individuality, by virtue of which her work is quite distinct from that of any other practitioner of the poetry of motion. Miss Allan's art has developed and mellowed to a notable degree during the passage of the years since her first performance at the Palace." When she danced in Boston she did not make a marked impression.

Apropos of the death of Georges Ohnet, the Stage recalls the fact that Pinero's translation of "Lo Maitre de Forges," generally understood to be "quite a Mr. and Mrs. Kendal piece," produced at the St. James, London, April 17, 1884, ran for 200 nights, a long run at that time. They produced it in New York on Oct. 17, 1889, at Tompkins' Fifth Avenue Theatre. Adolph von Sonnenthal had produced the play in German at he Irving Place Theare in April of that year, but it had been played in German at the Bowery Theatre in October, 1884. Jane Hading played in the French original at Palmer's Theatre in October, 1888; Sarah Bernhardt at the Star in March, 1887.

Song and Symbolism: Apropos of Settings of Verlaine

It was a happy thought of Mr. Edwin Evans to include in his series of recital-lectures at the Aeolian Hall a program entirely devoted to settings of Verlaine by modern French composers. The chances for English music-lovers to become acquainted with the work of the best French song-writers are only too rare, and it is rarer still to hear this music as intelligently and sympathetically interpreted as it was last week by Miss Olga Haley, who sang with both charm and understanding.

The plan adopted at this concert of presenting two or more musical settings of the same poem by different composers has much to commend it. For this method enables the hearer both to appreciate more fully the meaning of the poem and also to form a juster estimate of the merits of the music. It is always illuminating to have, on all subjects, access to as many points of view as possible; the ultimate selection of one rather than another will then only depend upon individual taste.

Verlaine is a poet whose poems are peculiarly adapted for musical illustration, and this fact probably accounts for the large number of composers who have essayed to set them to music. None has succeeded so completely as Claude Debussy. This is probably due to the fact that an accident of nature endowed both men with very similar gifts, in such a way that the one was destined to become the complement or corollary of the other. One is confirmed in this view after a comparison of Debussy's way of treating a Verlaine poem with that of another composer. Take, for example, the well-known "Il pleure dans mon cocur." It was extraordinarily interesting last week to be able to compare Debussy's setting of this poem with that of Florent Schmitt. One was struck at once by the apparent "inevitableness" of the former, as well as by its spontaneousness. The poem seems in this setting to have found its natural and unchangeable "tone-dress," which fits it like a glove. Of the other version, one feels that it might, after all, have easily been otherwise.

A good example of the way in which one composer will concentrate upon one aspect of a poem, while another, in his treatment of the same text, will present it in quite a different light, is afforded by the widely different settings of "La lune blanche," by Ernest Chausson and Reynaldo Hahn. Chausson's concern here is with the inner beauty, the concealed significance of the poem; Hahn's with its surface beauty and external charm. Both settings are admirable in their way, and each reflects a different side of Verlaine's inspiration.

Success in song-writing, as the French, above all, have proved, is only achieved by a minute study of the hidden subtleties in the text to be set and an extreme sensitiveness to "atmosphere." If you are to render Verlaine into music then you must possess these qualities in double quantity; and it is perhaps on account of the difficulties he presents that Verlaine has been more frequently "set" than almost any other poet.

Undoubtedly his "symbolism" attracts composers; for "symbolist" poetry, being of the "stuff that dreams are made on," therein resembles music. The aim of both is suggestion; a word, like a chord, is chosen for its power to evoke an idea that shall illuminate the subject-matter, no matter how intangible, rather than for its power to state a fact. In music, not consciously "symbolist," this process goes on accidentally, as it were; and so it is broadly true of all

[illegible] . . . where it [illegible] . . .

[illegible] however, [illegible] con- [illegible] "symbolism" [illegible] is quite [illegible] to sing music [illegible] the composer [illegible] of [illegible] to interpret the [illegible] has to interpret [illegible] and in songs such as "Les [illegible]" [illegible] Sentimental" [illegible] his or her task is well-nigh an impossible one. Perhaps it was because he realized that there are limits to the capacities of singers that [illegible] in giving a musical setting to Mallarmé's "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," dispensed with the words altogether, and scored the music for orchestra alone. By this means the personal element is eliminated, and the instruments of the orchestra unite in the harmonious building of the "tone-picture." Song has been left behind, supplanted by pure tone. It is on these lines that music seems likely to evolve. While the influence of the executive artist's personality must always be a strong one (it is indeed the raison d'etre of singing as an art), yet there are signs that music is tending to become more and more instrumental and orchestral. Just as in the theatre there is a movement towards masks and miming in order to eliminate the actor's personality, so in music there is a tendency to stress its purely tonal and dynamic character. The latest works of Stravinsky are proof of this. Who knows, then, but that, in musical circles, a century hence the tom-tom shall not have come into its own again, and "symbolism" be looked upon as something as antiquated as the Dorian mode?—London Times.

German Books Here

It has been suggested that the burning of all the books in the German language now in public and private libraries of Boston would be a patriotic and pious ceremony. The Common would be the appropriate place. There might be music by a brass band; there surely would be orations. There should be no discrimination. Goethe and Heine, who loathed the Prussians; Schiller, who loved liberty; they and others would suffer with the late military authors. The philosophers and men of science, the exponents of German Kultur. Would translations from the German feed the flames? This is a nice question.

Over 100 years ago Gabriel Peignot, the industrious, learned and fecund bibliographer of Dijon, wrote a dictionary of books that had been condemned to the fire. The long catalogue contained books thought to be irreligious, atheistical; immoral or purposely obscene; books concerned with politics; books of a defamatory, libellous nature. There is no mention of any book thus condemned because it was written in the language of a foreign nation, at war or at peace. Many books were condemned at Oxford. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" was burned there in March, 1849, by the authorities. In February, 1906, the Oxford Union Society decided that the works of a popular novelist should be rejected from the Library and "publicly burned." There is no record of a book being thus condemned even at Oxford during the wars with Spain, France, Holland, simply because it was written in the language of any one of those countries.

Are not these protests against all German literature rather hysterical? Should Luther's Bible be pitched into the fire? There is good reason for objecting strenuously to all German books that covertly glorify German institutions and political history in the eyes of American school children. It is not pleasant in these times to hear the German language in opera house, theatre, or concert hall. German newspapers that openly side with Germany in this war should be suppressed. Let us be reasonable in the matter. The proposed bonfire on the Common would be spectacular, but would it serve our country if "Faust" and "William Tell" the poems of Heine, Uhland and Rueckert, the weird tales of Hoffmann and the rhapsodies of Jean Paul Richter, were kindled with kerosene? The next step would be to burn the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann to the "Rogue's March" played by a drum and fife corps.

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We now quote from the Boston Evening Post of Sept. 23, 1751:

"As a number of gentlemen were going out upon a water campaign, a few days ago, they found the following lines at the bottom of the basket which contained their stores:

Directions for Making a CHOUDER

First lay fome Onions to keep the Pork from
  burning,
Becaufe in Chouder there can be no turning;
Then lay fome Pork in Slices very thin,
Thus you in Chouder always muft begin.
Next lay fome Fifh cut crofways very nice,
Then feafon well with Pepper Salt and Spice;
Then Bifcuit next, which muft be foak'd fome
  Time,
Thus your Foundation laid, you will be able
To raife a Chouder, high as Tower of Babel;
For by repeating o're the fame again,
You may make Chouder for a thoufand Men.
Laft Bottle of Claret, with Water eno' to
  fmother 'em,
You'l have a Mefs which fome call, Omnium
  gather 'em.

A House of Call

As a result, it is stated, of the effects of the war, the Cairndow Hotel, the only house of call between Arrochar and Inverary, is to be closed. Famous men have "put up" at this hostelry, among them Wordsworth, Keats, Burns, Dr. Johnson and many of the circuit court judges.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Looking through the "Tour to the Hebrides" we see no mention of the Cairndow Hotel. Dr. Johnson and Boswell stopped at an inn when they reached Inverary and found it excellent. It was here that Johnson called for a gill of whiskey. "Come, let me know what it is that makes a Scotchman happy." At another time he said of this whiskey, "It was strong but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatick taste or smell. What was the process I had no opportunity of inquiring, nor do I wish to improve the art of making poison pleasant." He left this inn to dine with the Duke of Argyle, whose castle pleased him. "What I admire here is the total defiance of expense." Boswell, too, enjoyed the visit, although the Duchess of Hamilton was cold to him. "I never shall forget the impression made upon my fancy by some of the ladies' maids tripping about in neat morning dresses." Their "lively manner and gay, inviting appearance" pleased him greatly. Hazlitt, who once made an extraordinary confession, should have been with him. It was at the duke's castle that Johnson defended luxury. "We have now a splendid dinner before us; which of all those dishes is unwholesome?" Alas, Boswell did not record the bill of fare. There was a singular occurrence after the dinner. The duke asked a gentleman to go to another room for a specimen of curious marble. "He brought a wrong piece, upon which the duke sent him back again. He could not refuse; but, to avoid any appearance of servility, he whistled as he went out of the room to show his independency. On my mentioning this afterwards to Dr. Johnson, he said it was a nice trait of character." Was it? Here is a question for writers on etiquette, arbiters of table manners and drawing room deportment.

We may be sure that finnan-haddie was not on the duke's table, for if it had been served Johnson would have snorted. Breakfasting at Cullen, he was disgusted by the sight of finnan-haddie, so they were removed. Sir Walter Scott, commenting on this incident, protested against the doctor's taste. "A finnan haddock dried over the smoke of the seaweed, and sprinkled with salt water during the process, acquires a relish of a very peculiar and delicate flavor, inimitable on any other coast than that of Aberdeenshire. Some of our Edinburgh philosophers tried to produce their equal in vain." In "the Antiquary" the form "Findhorn" is found; but the village in the county of Kincardine is Findon.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who called on us Saturday, was lamenting that he could not obtain finnan-haddie to eat with his morning dish of tea. They told him at the shops that it was too late in the season. Mr. Johnson, by the way, will not open his cottage at Clamport until the U-boat menace is removed. His cottage, he tells us, is close to the bay, and sociologists in Berlin are well aware of his uncompromising attitude towards the Emperor William.

Scientific Planting

We fear that cabbages have not been planted scientifically by our amateur farmers, male and female. The Esthonian woman when she sows them bakes big pancakes so that the cabbages may have great broad leaves. If she wears a white hood the cabbages will have fine white heads. As soon as the cabbages are transplanted, a small round stone should be wrapt tightly in a white linen rag and set at the end of the bed; then the heads will grow white and firm. The women of the Huzuls wind many cloths about their heads to obtain thick cabbages. A Huzul woman as soon as she has grown parsley grasps the calf of her leg with both hands, saying "May it be as thick as that." When Macedonian farmers have done digging their fields, they toss their spades in the air, catch them again and say: "May the crop grow as high as the spade has gone!" Our amateur farmers should at once procure a copy of Frazer's "Magic Art" and read the section entitled "Homoeopathic Magic Applied to Make Plants Grow." Does anyone today tie a cabbage leaf around his throat for soreness there, or take the juice of cabbage with honey for hoarseness or loss of voice?

To go back to the Cairndow Hotel. Perhaps Johnson spoke of it in his "Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland"; but this book is not now at hand. Alexander Smith says nothing about the inn or about Arrochar in his delightful "A Summer in Skye."

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Alexander Smith, rain-bound in a Skye bothy, found on a shelf two volumes of the old Monthly Review. The advertisements were to him more amusing reading than the critical articles. "Depend upon it," wrote Smith over 50 years ago, "to the reader of the next century the advertising sheets (of a magazine) will be more interesting than the poetry, or the essays, or the stories." Mr. Kipling, it is said, when he was unhappy in the United States, would buy magazines, tear out the pages of advertisements and throw the rest away.

Looking over some old newspapers published in towns of Vermont, New Hampshire and at Baltimore, Md., we found the advertisements at the beginning of the 19th century pleasant reading. There were patent medicines in those days, some of them manufactured in Connecticut: The "Arcanum Tinctore," Dr. Jonathan Moore's "Essence of Life"; Dr. Lee's "Patent New London Billous Pills"; "Cordial Balm of Gilcad"; "Anti-Impetigenies or Solomon's Drops."

Our glorious forefathers did not fear the Demon Rum. A storekeeper advertised in the Dartmouth Gazette of Aug. 14, 1802, the arrival of 10 hogsheads of "good-flavored West India Rum; also port, sherry, malaga for sale." In Hartport, Vt., customers could obtain "St. Croix and Demara Rum," brandy, wine and Holland Geneva. At Windsor, Vt., in 1810, St. Croix and New England Rum, also "Lisbon wine," were purchasable. Nine years before Mr. Abner Forbes advertised in the Windsor (Vt.) Gazette, its motto was "Liberty Without Licentiousness," "St. Croix rum, brandy, N. Rum."

At Brattleboro, Vt., cephalic snuff, maccaboy snuff, Brazil, junk and smoking tobacco, Spanish and American cigars were on sale. "Cephalic snuff"—the abbreviation "cephalic" was common—was supposed to benefit disorders of the head. Exactly what was "junk tobacco"? Was it a lump of tobacco, to be cut; or was it tobacco twisted like a rope? Would women today inquire at a dry-goods store for "pulicat"?

By Way of Encouragement

A contributor to the Boston Herald and Journal quoted Wellington's traditional speech at Waterloo: "Up, Guards, and at 'em." Did Wellington speak these words? He said afterwards that his speech was: "Guards, stand up"; that these words were the prelude to a general instruction. And so Cambronne did not say: "The Guard dies but never surrenders." There has been controversy over the energetic and Rabelaisian monosyllable which was put into his mouth, the reply that inspired Victor Hugo to write a famous chapter in "Cosette." Did Admiral Sir Charles Napier shout to his sailors at Acre: "Forward you damned rascals and fulfil the prophecies"? Togo in the great naval battle with Russia ran up the signal for all his ships in sight: "The fate of the empire depends upon this event: every man is expected to do his utmost."

A Sentimentalist

Mr. Charles Davis of New Malden, Surrey, a metal broker, dying at the age of 85, left an estate valued at £16,8?6 and a will in which he expressed his desire "To be buried at Brompton with his sainted wife Fanny; that three bundles of letters, being the correspondence he had had with his three wives, and sundry locks of hair which would be found in his safe should be placed in his coffin and buried with him, and that no flowers or such trumpery should be used at his funeral."

"Ni-Un"

As the World Wags:

In view of the expressions of Lindley Murray's ghost in last Thursday's Herald and Journal under the heading "Telephonese," I take it he has not made much use of the lines of the Stygian Telephone Company, or he would have deduced the reason for the peculiar pronunciation of which he discourses. The fact is that when Noah Webster named the numerals he did not consult a telephone authority (would that he had!) and consequently 2 and 3, and, again, 5 and 9, were given names which sound very much alike indeed over the wire. The operators try to remedy this, of course under instructions from their company, by pronouncing them, respectively, "tew" and "thr-r-ree," "five" (no change, I believe, from the orthodox pronunciation) and "ni-en," when they repeat your order. In times past I have heard "five" also modified, as "fah-eve" and even as "fi-va"; and a travelled friend of mine says that in London the telephone company tried "fave," but soon dropped it "because it sounded affected."

I must own that these pronunciations sometimes grate upon a fine Italian ear, but if they will obviate the possibility of trying to get Brookstree 749 in a great hurry and, after what seems a young hour, being answered by Brookstree 745, I am reconciled to their use, for my part.

CHUTE A. NICHOL.

"Bud" for "Brother"

As the World Wags:

As long ago as 1875 in Brooklyn I knew a boy whose family had recently migrated from Kentucky. The boy was always called "Bud" by his sister, perhaps by his parents, and it followed that among the fellows in the Monroe street gang he was always known as "Bud" Sackett. I don't remember what his Christian name was. I don't remember that we ever heard it. My own notion is that "Bud" is simply a diminutive for "brother" as the word would be pronounced by a three-year-old. "Bud" or "Buddy" is a far more natural corruption of "brother" than "Boz" is of "Moses."

W. E. K.

Boston.

ROCK AND WHITE

By PHILIP HALE

William Rock and Frances White appeared last night at the Plymouth Theatre in a "revue of song, dance, pantomime, comedy and dialogue with interruptions by Jack Gardner and the New York Clef Club of Musicians and Singers."

Miss White was seen here in various character sketches and various costumes: as a tough girl of the East Side; as a little girl telling about fishing, spelling "Mississippi," and wishing she were a monkey at the Zoo; as a Chinese maiden sulking because she was not allowed to go to a moving picture show with her sweetheart; as a dancer now joyous with her partner, now disgusted with him when as an old rake he suddenly had a stitch in his side. Women have been in the habit of describing Miss Maude Adams as "cute." This adjective of approbation is more appropriate to Miss White. For "cute" she is. She is physically able to take plausibly the part of a little girl, but a sophisticated little girl. She is more entertaining as an East Side belle with her slang, her impudence, her angularity, her "What do you say?" walk, than as the schoolgirl with baby talk. A little of the latter is perhaps amusing; a good deal of it is boresome. She has a voice for recitation rather than for singing. Last night she excused herself for her hoarseness by saying that it was caused by the emotion of appearing for the first time in Boston. Her reception by the large audience should have reassured her.

Mr. Rock showed a wider and more striking range in the portrayal of character. As the tough East Sider, the old rounder, the blase man to whom Broadway is the world and all that therein is, the old Chinaman, he did much more than dress the parts and speak and sing the words; he concealed his individuality. The features of the "revue" portions of the program were the attempt of vaudeville performers to sing a sentimental ballad, the love scene in the classical dancing manner, and the scene between the old Chinaman and the little girl. In this last, Mr. Rock's Chinaman might have stepped out of that grisly opera "The Oracle." And here the music for the scene was singularly effective, much more so than the insignificant music of Leoni in the opera.

The Clef Club, led by Mr. William H. Tyers, gave a spirited, exhilarating, at times delirious accompaniment for songs and dances. It aroused enthusiasm by the orchestral and vocal selections. The instrumental pieces were strongly rhythmed, exotic in character, and played with infinite gusto. There was a trombone solo that pleased so much it was repeated. There was a saxophone solo, "Old Folks at Home," played by a dashing young lady who in the dance music showed southern fire and physical enjoyment. There was delightful singing, solo and ensemble numbers, from uncommonly rich voices that blended admirably.

The performance of this club, composed of colored musicians, was the leading feature of the entertainment. Mr. Ransom played a piano solo, and Mr. Jack Gardner told stories and sang songs. One of these songs was either

ment over John Barl[illegible]'s ghost or an approval of prohibition it was not easy to determine which. There was no doubt, however, about the sentiments of the old bachelor sport as voiced by Mr. Rock.

Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars," a comedy of English social life, was revived at the Copley Theatre last night to an appreciative audience with the following cast:

Freddie Tatton, Lady Rosamund's husband.....B. N. Lewin
Archibald Coke, Dolly's husband.....Cameron Matthews
Mrs. Crespin.....Florence Leclercq
Col. Sir Christopher Deering.....H. Conway Wingfield
George Nepean, Gilbert's brother.....Leonard Craske
Lady Rosamund Tatton, Lady Jessica's sister.....Jessamine Newcombe
Dolly Coke, Lady Jessica's cousin.....Beatrice Miller
Lady Jessica Nepean.....Gwladys Morris
Edward Falkner.....Lionel Glenister
Beatrice Ebernoe.....Viola Roach
Gilbert Nepean, Lady Jessica's husband.....Fred W. Permain
Gadsby.....Irving Jackson
Ferris, Lady Jessica's maid.....Ann Gilmer
Waiter at "The Star and Garter".....Nicholas Joy
Taplin, Sir Christopher's servant.....William C. Moson

The play has for its foundation the frivolities of a flirtatious woman in good society, and the plot consists mainly of the absurd situations created by her efforts to extricate herself from the entanglements she has caused. Miss Gwladys Morris, who has been absent from the city for a year, resumed the part of Lady Jessica last night and frivoled to the great satisfaction of the audience.

The author of the comedy must have had in mind the old couplet:

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive,

for one situation leads to another in a manner perfectly logical and very troublesome for the people involved. It has always been a popular play, and deservedly so, for it is full of genuine wit and brilliant dialogue, so it is not surprising that some of the best known actors in England and America have appeared in it in the last 20 years.

The company was well selected for an English play, or a play of English society. Fred Permain as Gilbert Nepean, Lionel Glenister as Edward Falkner and H. Conway Wingfield as Col. Sir Christopher Deering were excellent, though not quite as funny as B. N. Lewis, who had the part of Freddie Tatton; but the real honors of the evening must be given to the ladies in the cast, because the play was written to give them an opportunity and because they could take advantage of the opportunity it affords.

As "The Liars" was played at the Copley last season, it and the company are familiar to Boston theatregoers, and its first performance in this year's revival gives promise of a successful run.

"The Master's Power," a religious drama written by the Rev. John J. McMahon, curate at St. John's Church, Roxbury, and formerly attached to the Catholic parish in Medford, was presented last evening in the Park Square Theatre before an audience that taxed the seating capacity of the house. A cast of about 300 persons participated.

Its first presentation was a decided success. A second performance is scheduled for this evening, and the proceeds from both performances will be devoted to the war work fund of the Knights of Columbus.

All Boston Represented

The complete cast was made up of amateur talent representing every section of Greater Boston.

The scene of the play is laid in Macedonia, in the time of Augustus. It portrays Marcus, the son of a wealthy Roman ruler, blind from birth, a part taken and well carried out by Gerard Collier. By virtue of his father's position, he has been promised a generalship in Cæsar's army, but because of his blindness the office has been promised to Ajax (Arthur Travers) by the father of Marcus. Whispers of a new god have come to Thessalonia from Jerusalem and many wonderful tales have been told of the power of this strange man.

Marcus hearing these stories conceives the idea of going to Jerusalem, and the journey is made in the companionship of Simon (J. Arthur Bellhouse), who has the confidence of Gracchus (A. R. Tisdale), father of Marcus.

Polonius (Dr. Charles P. Kelly), fearing that his son Ajax will lose the generalship if Marcus receives his sight, promises to recompense Simon in good measure if the blind boy does not gain his sight. Despite the duplicity of Simon, Marcus reaches the Christ through the efforts of Octavia (Miriam Davenport Gow), a girl who has been cured of lameness, and receives his sight, after which he declines the commission in Cæsar's army to devote his life to spreading the teachings of the crucified man of Nazareth, and Athena (Mae Donovan), sister of Ajax and sweetheart of Marcus, joins him in that task.

Other leading members of the cast include B. T. Riley, Attilus; Edward Finnegan, Servius; John G. Fortune, Marcellus; M. J. Kelly, Soothsayer; William J. Joyce, St. Peter; Earl A. Edwards, Pilate; William J. Sullivan, Caiaphas; Edward McGrath, First Jew; Jeremiah J. Murphy, attendant to Calaphas; J. William Robinson, Roman soldier; Harriett Elizabeth Bailey, Theodora; Bessie Grant Murphy, maid servant to Pilate; Mary A. Newman and Florence Brenner, friends of Marcus and Ajax; Florence Bellhouse, attendant to Theodora; Earl A. Edwards and A. Ogden Edwards, disciples; George F. Carr, Roman officer.

The tense moments of the play are relieved by scenes of Ajax's birthday celebration in which dancers, athletes and acrobats are introduced.

The play is produced by Justin Adams, assisted by J. Arthur Bellhouse, while the costumes and scenery were designed by Stanley R. H. Rogers and Louise C. Powell. Katherine Griffin Donovan is the director of dancing.

HEADS KEITH BILL

Herman Timberg, composer, musician, comedian and dancer, assisted by his five violin girls, in the playlet with music, "The Vioi-Inn," is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Mr. Timberg, who is the author of the piece, provides something new for vaudeville lovers. The introduction of the five violin girls is novel, and besides possessing youth and beauty, they are none the less musicians. There is a pleasing burlesque of the training of the chorus girl attractively rhythmed in jazz measure. The final number visualizes the different periods of war in America.

Mr. Timberg has been generous with his associates and there is no monopolization of the stage by the principal. There was always wonder at the many-sided artistry of this youth who only a few years ago was in the ranks of the juveniles. His dancing, always a pleasing recollection, has now taken on added charm with many attractive innovations.

Other acts were Kramer and Morton, blackface comedians; the Four Ankers, gymnasts; Frank Crumit, the soft-pedal singer and story teller; Bert Baker and company, back again in the uproariously funny farce "The Prevaricator"; Emma Stephens, soprano; McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow, in a singing and dancing act; Harris and Morey, singers and instrumentalists, and Richards, in a picturesque dancing act.

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From whom did Frothingham Clancy derive the poetic gift that now commands the attention and excites the curiosity of the literary world? In the great National Biographical Dictionary we find no Clancy. There is no Clancy in the octavo volumes relating the lives of illustrious Irishmen. What was the maiden name of Frothingham's highly respectable mother?

The Youth of Clancy

As the World Wags:

Discussions in the Herald and Journal regarding Frothingham Clancy cause grief to the real friends who knew and loved him in his youth, and have sorrowed at his untimely end.

There need be no Homeric obscurences regarding Clancy's birthplace. The humble dwelling, wherein he was born of poor but respectable parents, still stands in a certain street in that part of the cosmopolitan city of Peabody, formerly known as "Dublin," but now occupied by strange alien races. This humble cot is now the abode of beetle-browed Turks—"black and tans" Clancy called them in his wrath, on his latest visit to the hallowed spot, which he swore in his grief should be his last.

Clancy's baptismal name was Michael Dennis, and from early boyhood he rejoiced in the nickname "Buck." He early assumed his natural place as a leader in neighborhood scraps. He had an inborn taste for strong plug tobacco, but his favorite chew was the burned end of a cigar butt. He was not noticeably bright at school, but was fond of poetry and excelled as a declaimer thereof. His parents hoped that he would study for a professional career, and prayed that he might choose the clerical calling; but after pursuing the studies of the classical course in the high school for two years, he left to learn the moroceo trade and worked contentedly thereat for years. He showed no eccentricities of character, unless a love of poetry and cock-fighting might be so classed. He belonged to no fraternal or social organizations except one, the Cider Club, a neighborhood association of congenial spirits, who gravitated together early in spring and held week-end outings until late fall on the near-by river shores now controlled by the Salem and Kernwood Golf clubs. Clancy's genius here displayed itself by his scheme for assessing the costs of these weekly outings. A Billy goat, having been acquired, was raffled each week at 50 cents a "chance." The winner cared for the goat until the next outing. Clancy was the poet laureate of the club.

A dark day dawned for Clancy and his friends when a maiden aunt, who had "lived with" some Back Bay family named Frothingham, and had invested her savings in copper tips in the '95 boom, adopted Clancy, removed him from what she considered debasing surroundings and pernicious influences, and bestowed on him the name of Frothingham! We saw little of him thereafterwards.

I met Clancy a few years ago in Billy Earle's place. He was somewhat "lit up" and had changed. He wore a silk hat, which he swore he sported only when drinking. He talked strangely to me about poetry he had learned to write in some school called after a woman named Lowell. He complained that he was not allowed by "his publishers" to write in his natural vein, and swore roundly when he spoke of the evil influences exerted on his career by highbrows of the Deedledum and Babblington Brooks "caste." "'Tis the likes of such as these that drives me to drink," he cried; and wept copious tears when he recalled former days with the old gang.

Poor Clancy! I prefer to think of him as he was in early years, light-hearted, gay and free. On his last visit to his native heath he read a poem at a reunion of the Cider Club. The following is an extract:

THE GANG

The boys would often gather in a shady little lot,
Where a barrel would be waiting to be emptied on the spot:
On the stump of a departed tree it quickly would be slapped,
And every one would stand around to see the barrel tapped.

It was always big Mike Ryan who would act as overseer.
He would take the mallet from the hand of some one standing near,
Then with bated breath we'd watch him till we heard the hissing foam,
And we'd give a cheer for Ryan when he drove the faucet home.

He would toss the mallet to the ground and give his hands a rub,
Then underneath the faucet he would place a little tub,
And while the boys stood ready to present him with a cup,
He'd turn the spigot just a bit and draw a little sup.

"How is it, Mike?" we'd ask him when he had a little sip,
And his scorn at interruption curled a bristling upper lip,
And then he'd face us proudly, as a man that understood:
"It could be a little better, boys, but still, 'tis pretty good."

We would start a little game of cards, and soon the fun would fly;
With stories, songs and repartee, the boy would hurry by;
We'd drink the beer and play the cards, and when the sun went down
We'd kick the barrel from the stump and all stroll back to town.

Peabody. W. N. M.

T. P. Smith

As the World Wags:

Thomas Parker Smith was of the class which entered the Public Latin School in 1850, and was often a declaimer at public exhibitions of the school. The Mrs. T. P. Smith of whom "Inquirer" asks in the letter published in this column on the 8th inst., was T. P. Smith's mother. She was a literary lady, and according to my recollection was connected with a school for young ladies in one of Boston's suburbs. Among Smith's classmates at the school were Francis Custis Hopkinson, Ellis Loring Motte, Nathaniel Bradstreet Shurtleff and General Thomas Greeley Stevenson.

Salem. S. D. G.

June 13 1918

Man is a lump, where all beasts kneaded be;
Wisdom makes him an ark, where all agree.
The fool, in whom these beasts do live at jar,
Is sport to others, and a theatre.
Nor 'scapes he so, but is himself their prey;
All which was man in him is eat away.

Linsey Cullen, Poet

As the World Wags:

I was on the point of sending you some intimate details of the life of the late Frothingham Clancy, as he was personally known to me, when I encountered two letters from ladies—one a kinswoman of the departed—regarding this unfortunate man. What I had to say would be in the worst possible taste so long as near friends or relatives survive and so it must remain unsaid; but the circumstances under which I met him may be tactfully related. Some 40 years ago I was living in the South end of Boston under a temporary financial cloud, and as an incident of this exile used to take many of my meals at a small restaurant kept by one Herschenroder on Washington street, near the old graveyard where the "big organ," once installed in the old Music Hall, passed many years in the limbo of storage. It is pleasant to recall in these days of costly living that I could obtain then and there dropped eggs on toast at 5 cents per egg, and a cod roe—insipid but filling—for a nickel. Incidentally the beer was good—that is, well drawn.

Many interesting people frequented the place for reasons similar to my own—among others, one Linsey Cullen. This eccentric was a proclaimed author to the extent of one thin volume of verse at least, perhaps of others, but of these I am not aware. I know of but one existing copy of Cullen's poems, and this is on the shelves of a well-known literary man of this city. Incidentally, I should be glad to hear, through this column, of the existence of any other copies or—even better—of any other works of this author. Cullen was a poet if ever one existed, even if his record is scanty and unattainable. His most ordinary talk was gracefully fanciful and, in the enthusiasm of his infrequent cups, his conversation was affluent in rich and spontaneous imagery and marked by cadences of rhythmic beauty. It was in his delightful company that I first met Frothingham Clancy. I cannot now recall the circumstances of this meeting. Indeed any effort to give my recollections of Clancy a definite form instantly involves me in confusion with the oriental fable of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. For Clancy was not so much a real person to my conceptions at that time as he was a kind of apparition summoned by Cullen's call for the waiter. It was the custom there to ring a small bell for this purpose, and this signal, when given by my friend, miraculously produced not only the waiter, whom he humorously called Shouvaloff, because of some resemblance or other, but almost invariably Clancy as well.

We would be sitting three in company, perhaps, engaged in good and inspiring talk, when, at first Cullen, but later it mattered not whom, having summoned the waiter, would employ the hospitable formula: "What are you going to have?" Almost instantly our party would be increased to four and the miraculous Clancy be in our midst. At first it was almost uncanny, but in time we got used to it, and to this day I cannot recall having met our friend in any more normal way; he lives in my memory as an exhalation from lost moods that I would be glad indeed to recall, and so far I recall him pleasantly. As a matter of mere economics, it must be confessed that Clancy was a bit costly, and not worth what he cost in his contributions to the gaycty of the occasions that he inevitably graced. But Cullen was worth while, and as it was necessary to forego Cullen if we were to be rid of his familiar, we accepted the inevitable.

I do not recall a single remark of Clancy that was worth remembering. On one occasion, after he had slumbered for some time with his chin upon his shirt bosom and his unemployed cigar burning a hole in his pantaloons as it drooped in idleness, he roused himself and said something amusing and apposite that I have now forgotten. It was deemed at the time to be a deliberate and calculated jest, but it was later discovered to have been a mere accident.

Boston. GAYLORD QUEX.

"Telephonese" Again

As the World Wags:

Our compliments to Lindley Murray's ghost which so felicitously and appropriately queries, with "where in blazes" and "where the devil." They savor of environment.

We continue to cling to the impression that there is authority in any language for that which is sanctioned by usage, in fact, that usage is the final determinant. Be that as it may, Dear Lindley, we are not disposed to debate so trifling a question. Telephonically, our distorted nines and our drumfire threes are not only sanctioned but sanctified, because they serve a useful purpose, which is the reason for their existance. The temptation is strong to tell you more, but we resist because we realize that you are not really seeking information and your flippancy only accentuates the desperate straits to which you were driven to find a vehicle to carry you into print.

"Vanitas vanitatum; omnia vanitas." Indeed "we are living in war times" and it will be a distinct relief to a war-weary world to learn, or be reminded, as the case may be, that "long I in English is of course a dipthong." It is so vital. Hail O Priscian! We salute thee!

In matters of taste and English we seem to detect an occasional lapse; a trace of grandiloquence here, a touch of redundancy there, but they are trifles—only trifles—Lindley, and we should have avoided the reference had you not pointed the way. By the way, we're just lovely outside the office and if you only knew us you wouldn't care whether we spoke Choctaw or Siamese. It has never been our good fortune to see any one—even a ghost—"rise in clarion tones," but it must be thrilling. Can you not give us a demonstration—we ask you—and not to be outdone in "taste" and courtesy, we are indifferent as to "where the devil" you give it or "where in blazes" you are, we will come if you bid us. We like "spooks" and "spoooky" things and we just dote on pickled "flums."

Boston. TELEGIRLS.

An Old Hymn of Hate

It is strange that no one has thought of publishing in these times Heine's poem "The Weavers."

With tearless eyes, in despair and gloom,
Gnashing their teeth, they sit at the loom:
"Thy shroud we are weaving, O Germany of old,
We are weaving into it the curse threefold,
We are weaving, weoving, weaving!

[illegible] we prayed to in vain.
[illegible] was cold and hunger caused
[illegible]
[illegible] waiting, all were for naught.
[illegible] and mocked us—a terrible
[illegible]
We [illegible] weaving, weaving!

[illegible] the king of the rich,
[illegible] that leaves us to die in the
[illegible] treats us as though we
[illegible] to shoot us like dogs—
We are weaving, weaving, weaving!

[illegible] a curse on our false fatherland!
[illegible] and disgrace flount luxuriant
[illegible]
[illegible] and flowers are slain by the
[illegible]
[illegible] and decay give new life to the
[illegible]
We are weaving, weaving, weaving!

[illegible] there is no delay—
[illegible] weaving, both night and day—
[illegible] we are weaving, O fatherland old,
[illegible] it the curse threefold—
We are weaving, weaving, weaving, weaving!"

'Die Weber,' one of Heine's "Zeitgedichte," was written some time between 1839 and 1846. Frederick William IV became King of Prussia in 1840.

June 14 1918

But the greatest shame of all other is this: that we take pleasure to hear the organs and instruments of music sound pleasantly; we delight to hear birds singing sweetly; we behold with right goodwill beasts playing, sporting, dancing and skipping featly; and contrariwise, we are offended when they howl, roar, snarl, and gnash their teeth, as also when they shew a fierce, stern, and hideous look; and all this while seeing our lives heavy, sad, travailed and oppressed with most unpleasant passions, most intricate and inexplicable affairs, and overwhelmed with infinite and endless cares; yet we will not afford ourselves some rest and breathing time.

Messrs. Quex and Cullen

As the World Wags:

I read Mr. Quex's communication about Herschenroder's restaurant with a good deal of interest. I knew Quex well, and I used to visit that restaurant. I lived just around the corner in those days at the St. James Hotel, now the Franklin Square House, and used to drop in of an evening now and then for a night cap. I don't remember this man Clancy, but I do recall Cullen, and I disagree wholly with Quex about him. Quex was and is a rounder of the polite sort and the atmosphere with which his letter surrounds Cullen is perfectly characteristic of Quex but unjust to Cullen. Cullen was rather an abstemious man of a retiring disposition; I thought he was in the newspaper business. He used to smoke a queer kind of cigarette—sometimes a pipe—filled with some stuff or other that was not tobacco, and drank very sparingly. He had invented and manufactured for his own use, I was told, a kind of "mead," as he called it, made out of familiar herbs, and made a great secret of the recipe. It was a sort of soft drink like tonic, but I have seen him pretty well lighted up on it more than once. He talked a good deal at such times in a kind of crazy way, but Herschenroder never got rich on what he bought there. I played dominoes with him once or twice; he played a pretty good game of dominoes. I never got on with Quex. He was a gabby sort of man and his letter sounds exactly like what I knew of him.

COL. MARSHALL TREDD.

Boston.

The Hazlitts

As the World Wags:

As a Cape Codder by adoption I was interested in the references to the elder Hazlitt's "call" to our historic region. I think you are right in saying that this invitation must have come from around "Plymouth way." It is improbable that it came from Provincetown, which at that period was intensely devoted to Congregationalism and intolerant of other creeds. The coming of the Methodists in 1795 was violently resented. The lumber which had arrived for the building of the Methodist meeting house was seized by the dominant faction and burnt. The feud lasted through the first quarter of the last century. What chance would a poor Unitarian have in the midst of this turmoil? It was not until 1830, when the warring factions wearied of the fight, that the Unitarians ventured into the Provincetown field.

The Cape is Barnstable county alone, though I once heard a Socialist orator on Boston Common tell his audience that he came from Brockton, "down on the Cape." This forcible annexation of Cape Cod by foreign powers is fiercely objected to by our sturdy democracy, which has "self-determined" its geographical lines.

So Miss Hazlitt called the garden-spot of New England a "desolate" place! This is a gross libel. Is it not here that the eminent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, finds rest and recreation from his arduous labor on his colossal book? I understand that Mr. Johnson will soon honor us with his presence. He will undoubtedly call Cap'n Nickerson's attention to Miss Hazlitt's slanderous statement. Something doing in the Nickerson store that night! The worthy [illegible] proprietor will be trusted to handle the situation as it deserves. Knowing him intimately, I feel that he will immediately organize a vigilance committee, have the Hazlitt woman arrested for pro-Germanism, under the espionage act and interned in the local pound. The fair fame of our beloved Cape must be sustained regardless of expense.

In his autobiography, edited by Tom Taylor, Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter, reflects caustically on the domestic "slackness" of the essayist, William Hazlitt. If the elder Hazlitt had the same alleged faults he would surely be persona non grata with the good housekeepers of the Cape, who have always been noted for neatness in household management. Haydon, though a great painter, was a man soured by adversity. The review of his book in the Examiner (1853) severely condemned his attacks on his contemporaries. The following account of a christening party at Hazlitt's was characterized as "execrable bad taste":

"I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd, clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth and put down the knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy and yellow. Then came a bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work serving each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squalling to put his fingers in the gravy."

Haydon also called Hazlitt a compound of "malice, candor, cowardice, genius, purity, vice, democracy and conceit." A comprehensive indictment, indeed! Save us from our friends!

MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, Cape Cod, June 10.

He Left Early

He (Viscount Bryce) combines the qualities which Lord Morley demands of one who plays the dual role of statesman and man of affairs. He has, moreover, the sovereign grace of humor. At the Union League Club dinner, a few years ago, he had to leave early and apologized. Of two Scotsmen who had had a merry evening, one, he said, rose to leave. "Why, mon Sandy, are ye goin' awa' at 10 o'clock?" asked the other. "I maun go," replied Sandy, "I hae changed my lodgings, and I'm nae weel acquaint wi' the staircase." "And I'm nae so verra weel acquaint with the staircase yet mysel'," explained the orator, as he bowed himself out.—London Daily Chronicle.

June 15 1918

The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blur with the manuscript.

Was Clancy a Printer?

As the World Wags:

I have been more than a little interested in your memories of the late Frothingham Clancy and the contributions they have called forth from your readers. The more so by reason of the fact that I associate the departed with a rare acquaintance I made when a cub printer in one of the big shops of the city in the late seventies. From what I have read in your columns I have more than a suspicion that the late Frothingham Clancy and my printer-friend were one and the same. My friend, F. Clancy, was a man of unusual personality, his rare attributes of uniqueness constantly betraying themselves in the most commonplace and every-day incidents of his living. He always signed the numerous I. O. U. slips that he insisted on presenting to his companions on the latter days of the week ere the ghost had performed his usual peregrinations, "I. O. U., F. Clancy." Could I but get a glimpse of his later verses I might readily tell whether my suspicions are justified or not. Our F. Clancy had a dread abhorrence of angularity in chirography, as indeed did he in all of the niceties of life, including the gentler sex. How well do I recall the rounding pen flourish with which he would begin the "F" and the majestic sweep of the tail of the "y" in Clancy, as he paid the gentleman's tribute to the one whom he honored with the presentation of these valued evidences of confidence bestowed by him with an air of courtliness and bonhomie that made the recipient feel that it was indeed a favor that was being accorded him to be allowed to contribute to the exchequer of one so remote from anything that savored of sordidness or commercialism. "My young friend," said Clancy to me one noon after he had completed his signature and nonchalantly dropped my quarter into his apron pocket, "always remember that the curved line is Nature's line of beauty. You will observe in my writing that I invariably adhere to that principle and simulate in my chirography the undulating motion of the ocean." As the majesty of the simile rolled from his eloquent lips I was made to feel that I stood in the presence of a master of thought, one who could ever illumine and beautify even so sordid a transaction as that involved in the vulgar process of making a touch. I am not sure but I may yet have numerous relics of those forgotten days stored away among my effects. Not for their intrinsic value alone, for none of us over expected Clancy to redeem those artistic tokens that always seemed too insignificant for his great intellect with which to trifle, but rather with the hope that by them I might be assured that the friend I was once so wont to admire from afar on pay day and more intimately as the weeks grew older, was none other than the genius whose poetic muse you have done so well to recall to the memory of a generation that is far too prone to neglect the beauty of his periods and the real blankness of his verse.

L. W. S.

Melrose Highlands.

The Lake

If any of the U. S. A. soldiers hail from Webster, Mass., they will doubtless have memories of many happy hours spent on Lake Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaugg, a pleasant holiday resort near that town, and called locally Lake Chunkamaugg for short. The name does not present such difficulties of pronunciation to an Englishman as does the name of the Anglesey village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwll-llantysiliogogogoch, the standing joke among visitors to the Menai straits, which is commonly shortened to Llanfair-peg.—London Daily Chronicle.

Is not the correct spelling of this lake Chaugogagogmanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug? We have been told that this Indian name being interpreted means: "You fish on your side, I fish on my side, nobody shall fish in the middle."—Ed.

Crowds and Crowders

As the World Wags:

I read in the Sunday Herald an account of the mediaeval musical instrument, the crouth, or crowth. I recall hearing my father speak of an Irish fiddler as the "crowder." Is the word Irish, or only a slang term? I do not remember hearing the word ever used elsewhere, but may have seen it in some Irish ballads.

S. HARROCKS.

Westminster.

A crowder, crouder or crowder is a person that plays the crowd; a fiddler. The word is historically English. It is also dialect. Lord Bermers and Thomas Fuller used it in their centuries, and Mr. Harrocks will find it in Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae." Crowd, the ancient Celtic musical instrument of the viol class, comes from the Welsh, "crwth." The crwth was originally a plucked, not a bowed, instrument. The principle of the bow was introduced from Asia at an early date, and applied to the crwth. The instrument was played in this manner in England and Ireland from remote times. It was heard at Carnavon as late as 1801, but is now wholly out of use. "Crowd" is in English dialect a fiddle. Butler has it in "Hudibras":

That kept their consciences in cases,
As fiddlers do their crowds and bases.

In dialect the verb "crowd" means to play the fiddle. There was, perhaps there now is, a yearly crowder feast at Towednack, near St. Ives, on the nearest Sunday to April 28, a Cuckoo-feast. It was called crowder feast because "the fiddler formed a procession at the church door and led the people through the village to some tune on his crowd."—Ed.

June 16 1918

Arrigo Boito, who died suddenly at Milan June 10 in his 76th year, is known in Boston as a composer and a librettist—as a composer by his opera "Mefistofele." The first performance in Boston, also in the United States, was in English at the Globe Theatre, Nov. 18, 1880. The chief singers were Mmes. Marie Roze and Annandale; Messrs. Perugini, Conly and Tilla. This performance, according to contemporaneous report, was a poor one.

The first performance in Italian in Boston was at the Boston Theatre on Dec. 29, 1880. There was this strong cast: Mmes. Valleria and Cary; Messrs. Campanini and Novara. A still stronger cast, perhaps, was that at the same theatre on March 4, 1884: Mmes. Nilsson and Trebelli; Messrs. Campanini, Mirabella and Grozzi.

A performance with Mme. Calve and Pol Plancon as Marguerite and Mephistopheles, respectively, at the Mechanics building was announced by Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau for Feb. 27, 1896. Mme. Calve was indisposed. "Il Trovatore" was substituted.

There were many performances at the Boston Opera House beginning with that of Feb. 18, 1910 when the singers were Mmes. Alda (Marguerite), Leveroni (Marta), Boninsegna (Helen), Claessens (Pantalis) and Messrs. Constantino and Mardones. Miss Nelisen was heard later at Marguerite; Miss Dereyne, Mme. Carmen Melis, as Helen; Robert Lassalle as Faust; Leon Sibirlakoff, a Russian bass whose sojourn in Boston was short as Mephistopheles.

"Mefistofele," when it was first produced at La Scala, Milan, failed dismally. The opera in its original form lasted nearly six hours. It was said by critics friendly to Boito, as Mazzucato, that it was incongruous, amorphous, feebly orchestrated, without dramatic interest. There were 52 rehearsals. At the performance the Prologue was tumultuously applauded. The first act was coolly received. The Garden Scene displeased the audience. The "Sabba Romantico" was considered irreverent. At the crowning of Mephistopheles, while the kneeling witches sang the plain song of the "Tantum Ergo," the audience hissed and howled. Dissatisfaction grew louder and louder with the following scenes. There were open rows; challenges to duels. At the end the orchestra stood up and cheered the composer. The audience rushed forward, but the house was cleared and the quarrels were in the street until the morning. Portions of the opera were performed during the week, but as the conflict over the music still raged, the police interfered and the opera was withdrawn.

Boito revised his libretto, made important changes, and brought out the new version at Bologna, Oct. 4, 1875, when Campanini took the part of Faust and Nannetti, a superb young bass, who twice visited this country, was the Mephistopheles. The opera was successful. There was a complete reversal of former opinion at La Scala in May, 1881.

Boito worked on two other operas "Ero e Leandro" and "Nerone." The former did not please him. He gave the libretto to Bottesini, the great double-bass, also a composer. Mancinelli set music to the same libretto. His version was heard at the Boston Theatre in 1899 with Mme. Emma Eames, a beautiful apparition; Saleza, Plancon and Pringle. The composer conducted. A bacchanale was a feature of the opera.

"Nerone" was announced more than once for performance. Was it completed? What did Mazzucato mean by saying: "For a long time the work has been so advanced that if the author chooses it may be got ready in a few weeks, but there are excellent reasons for not giving the finishing touches to it; these reasons, of course, are not made public, but it is not difficult to give a guess at them in the right direction." There has been talk of another opera, "Orestiade."

Boito wrote these librettos, some of them under the anagram "Tobia Gorrio": "Mefistofele," "Nerone," "Orestiade," with his own music; "Ero e Leandro" (Bottesini and Mancinelli); "Amleto" (Faccio); "Gioconda" (Ponchielli); "Alessandro Farnese" (Palumbo); "Tramonte" (Coronaro); "Otello" (Verdi); "Falstaff" (Verdi). He translated Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," "Rienzi" and "Supper of the Apostles," the text of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and some texts for which Schumann and Rubinstein had written the music.

It was as a writer that Boito first attracted attention. His mother was a Pole, a Countess Radolinska. His older brother Camillo, a professor of architecture at Milan and a writer about art, had a strong influence over Arrigo, and because Arrigo was thought to have musical talent, the family moved from Padua, where he had been born, to Milan. He studied music at the Milan Conservatory. Although his teacher saw promise in the young man, the authorities were dissatisfied and thought of dismissing him. Verdi, by the way, had been rejected by the same conservatory.

Boito contributed articles to Italian magazines, also to French magazines, and thus won the favor of Victor Hugo. The libretto and some music for a cantata, "La Sorella d'Italia" (1862), were not published, with the exception of two short ducts for female voices. This cantata, for which Faccio wrote the rest of the music, was performed with such success that the Italian government gave the two money besides a gold medal, so that they could travel and study the works of foreign musicians. Boito spent the greater part of the two years in Paris, and some time in Germany. He heard operas by Wagner for the first time, but was not influenced by them. When he returned to Italy his idols were as before he left Milan—Marcello, Beethoven, Verdi, Meyerbeer. Yet he was not satisfied with the form of Italian opera then in fashion. "He was too modest to preach a new faith, too honest to demolish before knowing how and what to build, and too noble to write with the sole end of amusing his fellow creatures." Boito devoted himself for a while to literature. He wrote lyrics (1861-67), which were published with the anagram "Tobia Gorrio" as the author's name at Turin in 1877. He wrote a novel, "L' Alfier Nero"; he started with friends a brilliant but short-lived newspaper, Figaro; he contributed to magazines and wrote much for the Giornale della Societa del Quartetto di Milano, a musical paper, with the aim of encouraging a taste for instrumental music. An article eulogizing Mendelssohn in a way that was considered disrespectful to Italian composers led to a duel in which Boito was wounded in the right arm.

In 1866 the war with Austria put an end to musical business. Boito, Faccio and others joined the volunteer corps under Garibaldi, and fought bravely. When the campaign was over Boito thought of a literary career in Paris. Victor Hugo urged him to come and gave him a warm letter of introduction to Emile de Girardin. Boito arrived at Paris in the spring of 1867, determined to be a journalist; but Girardin was then the hero of a political cause celebre and, as the introduction led to nothing, Boito visited a sister in Poland. He sketched there the music for an arrangement of Goethe's whole poem and completed some of the chief scenes, but without thought of a performance, for

[illegible] return to Paris in the [illegible] managers of La Scala heard [illegible] and obtained it.

In 18[illegible] Boito was appointed inspector-general of technical instruction in the conservatories of Italy. The titles of "cavaliere," "ufficiale" and "commendatore" have been conferred on him by the Italian government, and in 1890 he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor. In 1893 he received with Bruch, Grieg, Saint-Saens and Tschaikowsky the doctor's degree, honoris causa, from Cambridge University, England. At the concert in Cambridge, June 12, when a work by each recipient was performed, the prologue to "Mefistofele" was on the program. Tschaikowsky wrote to his brother Modest: "Next to Saint-Saens, Boito appeals most to me. Bruch is an unsympathetic, inflated sort of personage." Grieg was prevented by sickness from being present.

In his later years Boito became a warm admirer of Wagner's works, especially "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger"; but about the time "Mefistofele" triumphed at Bologna he began to devote himself to the works of Bach.

It is hardly necessary to point out the effective pages or the weak pages of "Mefistofele." First of all, the libretto is nearer than that of Gounod's "Faust" to Goethe. For this reason Boito's opera is too episodic. His Marguerite is finely conceived and his music for her in the garden and in the prison far outstrips in purity, passion and at last in maniacal frenzy the music invented by Gounod. The Prologue is grandly imagined; the garden scene with the final quartet is charming in its freshness and singular originality. The duet in prison haunts the memory, as does the wild song of Marguerite with its poignant intensity, its wandering up and down the scale as her mind reverts to her innocence and happiness; its tragic outburst, "Ah, di me pieta." The "Witches' Sabbath" leaves one cold. The music is labored. There are beautiful pages in the "Classical Sabbath," ultra-modern at the time it was written. No wonder they excited the adverse criticism of the harmonically conservative. Nor should the final soliloquy of Faust be forgotten. Truly a remarkable opera then and now.

Boito's influence has been strong in Italy. It is observed especially in the chief work of Ponchielli and in those of his followers. No doubt he was close to Verdi for whom he prepared those admirable librettos "Otello" and "Falstaff," holding Shakespeare in reverence. Perhaps Boito did not produce his "Nerone" because his own standard was too high. He was as critical of himself as he was modest. Remy de Gourmont summed up his notes on Poe and Baudelaire by saying that the former had first of all a supreme critical spirit. Perhaps this characterization would serve for all the truly great writers, Chateaubriand as Goethe, Dante as Flaubert. Nothing is more absurd than the opposition of the creative mind to the critical. Without the critical faculty no creation is possible." Too rigorous self-criticism may have made Boito distrustful of his talent.

"The earlier French musicians (1632-1790)" by Mary Hargrave, is published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London, in the "Library of Music and Musicians." Miss Hargrave writes agreeably of Lully, Rameau, the Clavecin composers, Gretry, Mehul, Lesueur, Cherubini, Boieldieu. The volume of 258 pages shows considerable research; in spite of it the biographical and anecdotical pages are pleasant reading. One might in some instances wish for more definite information. Thus Gretry's Memoirs, or Essays, in three volumes, are mentioned, and there are quotations from them, but nothnig is said about Legrand, who put Gretry's facts, opinions and ideas, merely sketches on paper, into the form they now have. Rameau's opera "Zoroastre" is mentioned. The fact that much of this music was written for an opera, "Samson"—the libretto was Voltaire's—which was not allowed to be produced on account of the scriptural subject, is not stated. Miss Hargrave says that Rameau's "Platee" "was not a success, even the court did not care for it." This statement is misleading. The opera was not successful at Versailles, but at the Paris Opera there were 16 performances in 1749, six in 1750, nine in 1754; and the prologue was performed there as late as 1773. Rameau himself spoke of 13 performances bringing in about 32,000 livres. The author might have drawn freely on Wyzewa's and Saint-Foix's "Mozart" for her sketch of Schobert, "the last great French harpsichordist," but their monumental work is not even mentioned in the bibliography at the end of this chapter. These lists of books to be consulted may lead a reader to become still better acquainted with the lives and the works of the illustrious composers. Miss Hargrave's book, if not invariably accurate, is an agreeable introduction, and it pictures now and then the times in which those composers lived and worked.

"Music Composition: A New Method of Harmony," by Carl E. Gardner, author of "Essentials of Music Theory," "Principles of Rhythmic and Tonal Notation," a volume of 161 pages, is published by Carl Fischer of New York. Mr. Gardner, who lives in Cambridge, believes in allowing and encouraging a student to compose. In this textbook he has avoided as far as possible "rules and don'ts." He thinks that grammar has its place; but its place is not necessarily "the initial presentation, nor the most important." The desired goals are spontaneity, interest and appreciation. "Now and then a genius escapes, but geniuses are in a startling minority." Although Mr. Gardner does not deem it advisable for a student to use at first chords of the eleventh and thirteenth because of their immature formation, he is by no means a hide-bound conservative. "Adverse criticism of modernists is, by far, the more common, but this is simply history repeating itself. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner, each in his time, suffered similarly but not, however, to the glorification of their critics. The science of physics as well as the growing freedom in the use of dissonant chords proves that it is our ears, not Nature, which dictate our approval or disapproval of many acoustical phenomena."

The publisher states that the salient features which differentiate Mr. Gardner's system from prevailing methods are: "(1) Music composition follows the natural laws of educative processes; (2) The student's sustained interest and persistent attention are ensured; (3) The text equips the student to compose from the very start—as early as the fourth chapter, the student is prepared to harmonize any diatonic melody; (4) The method comprehends modern composition, music forms, and instrumental composition, subjects which have not heretofore been treated in textbooks on harmony; and (5) The exercises consist of tuneful melodies chosen from the masters instead of the usual uninteresting technical assignments."

To Editor of the Herald:

A reference in the columns "As the World Wags" to Venie Clancy (perhaps it would be hard to explain the connection) reminded me of a query addressed to me by a respectable-looking old Scotchman at a meeting of the Bricklayers' Club (I am not a member, but attend occasionally by invitation; we met, I remember, at the Bell in Hand): "Whatever became of Louise Eissing and Irene Murphy?" I could not answer. What memories of the past this question evoked. Our opera house had not long been built when this delightful pair appeared as co-stars in the B. and M. opera company for a week's stay. In "Erminie," "The Mascot" and other operas they shone resplendent. Every night staid farmers from the adjoining towns hitched their horses to neighboring fences and every afternoon dry goods clerks and older business men enriched the livery stable keepers that the fair visitors might be shown the many beauties of the surrounding countryside.

Before those days we had P—— Hall, which John Kendrick Bangs, in one of his books, has described as the most ill-arranged and dangerous public hall in America, or words to that effect. But in this historic hall Abraham Lincoln delivered one of his infrequent New England speeches. Here the writer listened to John B. Gough, Henry Wilson, George William Curtis, Frederick Douglass, Henry M. Stanley, William J. Bryan and Samuel Gompers. Here, long before his appearance as a light opera star, Henry Clay Barnabee sang "The Cork Leg," and gave comic recitations. Edwin Booth played "Hamlet," and Charlie Wilkinson and George W. Wilson, two inimitable comedians, did their best to hold up Dollie Bidwell in "Jack Shepard" and similar dramas. Tom Burns, another comic genius, performed a similar service with Locke and Leslie. Hero Delehanty and Hengler danced, and Fannie Herring flashed upon us as The French Spy.

From an architectual standpoint the new opera house, built about the centennial year, was little better than the old hall, and many visiting thespians roundly cursed its winding stairways and diminutive dressing rooms. But the townspeople viewed it complacently and congratulated themselves upon having at last a real "op'ry house." Among the first attractions to appear were Adelaide Phillipps and Signor Brignoli, the famous tenor. Then followed Mary Anderson, Joseph Jefferson, Thomas Keene, Lawrence Barrett, Mme. Janauschek, Dion Boucicault, Buffalo Bill and John L. Sullivan, and at frequent intervals William Warren and the old Boston Museum company in its entirety. "Evangeline" came with Golden and Dixey as the heifer and Nat Goodwin in a more conspicuous role, and the charming Eliza Weathersby—never to be forgotten. Here George Rignold, mounted on his famous white charger, played Henry V., and Charles H. Hoyt, then a reporter on the Boston Post—whose birthplace was the next door to the stage—brought out his first play, "Silver Plume," with Sir Randall Roberts, a British nobleman, as his leading man. Here Will Cressy, Frank Daniels and Dan Daly played their first parts. Across the square lived she who was to become the future Mrs. Alexander Salvini, a pet of the printers, at whose entertainments she sang and danced; while around the corner a little girl was growing up, little dreaming of her future fame as a member of "the original Florodora sextet." "Those were the happy days." Should any captious critic consider this too extended an appreciation of these sterling artists—Louise and Irene—I can only say, you should have seen them.

Cambridge. EARLE E. RISER.

Alfred E. T. Watson's "Sporting and Dramtic Career," recently published by Macmillan contains anecdotes about men and women of the threatre. Here is a story of Henry Irving:

One evening, when the curtain had fallen, he came up to his dressing room and handed me a piece of paper in which something was wrapped, a thin gold chain. "Isn't that charming?" he said. "It has really touched me." I opened the paper and read the words written on it. . . . The little parcel. I should have said had been thrown on to the stage from the gallery, and the words were:

"Take this from me, one out of suits
with fortune,
Who would give more, but that her
hand lacks means."

We do not remember this story of W. S. Gilbert. Members of the Beefsteak Club had written a pantomime and acted it at the Gaiety Theatre. Brighton wished to see it. "The club naturally, could not produce a Columbine, and the want was supplied by the engagement of a Mlle. Rosa, who was at that time dancing at the Alhambra. Apparently, some members of the company, or friends who considered that they had an excuse for penetrating behind the scenes, evinced a disposition to flirt with this young lady. Gilbert was Harlequin, and Columbine informed him that she was 'going to take her mother down to Brighton with her.' Gilbert looked grave. "Couldn't you trust the old lady in town one evening by herself?' he inquired."

And here is an anecdote of Henry J. Byron, the author of many atrocious puns in burlesques: "It was at the Arundel Club one evening that Byron found himself seated at a supper table opposite an entertainer named Woodin. Woodin wa saccustomed to represent a number of characters, one after another, standing behind a desk, the lid of which he raised, rapidly changing his make-up and reappearing in a new impersonation. He was excellent at his own business, but curiously dull and depressing in private life. Byron looked at him for a few minutes, and then observed, 'I say, Woodin, couldn't you get under the table and come up as somebody else—and keep so?' Woodin gloomily proceeded to eat his supper."

News About Plays, Old and New and Stage Folks

Robert Hichens's new play "Press the Button" was produced at the Globe, London, on May 23. The Pall Mall Gazette says of it "Shorn of the sparkling dialogue, which marks the play a masterpiece, the plot is commonplace and farcical enough. A Park Lane couple, tired of the tyranny of servants, determine to free themselves by having a luxurious outfit of labor-saving devices installed. The idea is that every kind of household task, from making a bed or laying a table to a complete spring clean, can be accomplished by merely pressing a button. However, the inventor holds a secret whereby the pressing of buttons will produce an effect exactly opposite from tho one wished. The secret is overheard by the deposed butler, who loses no time to put it into practice, and consequently at the crucial moment, everything goes wrong. There follows a delightful romp, in which a genial ex-queen of comfortable morals, who is a visitor at the house, takes a leading part. Order is not restored until a doctor has dosed three of the leading characters with sleeping tablets, which have the effect of producing a kind ot supernatural optimism. Before this change takes place the audience enjoys the spectacle of a very much tousled lady of title, a disheveled queen, and a butler all sleeping together in one bed. The situation is so delicately handled that even the most prudish would not find any offence in it; yet it must be admitted that the second and third acts, with all their vigor and movement, grew a trifle monotonous and hardly sustained the promise of the first." The critic also said that the impression made by the play is that of a mischievous imp pointing a finger at man-made devices and splitting its side with laughter. "There are times when its humor is almost Shavian in its whimsical intensity, but a thousand times more delicate, more caressing when about to sting. The feast in the end, with its unseemly scuffle for a meat portion, is a fine piece of irony." Lottie Venn took the part of ex-Queen of the Paradise islands; Marie Loehr, that of the hostess; Allan Aynsworth, that of the pompous butler, and Pollie Emery, that of an engaging charwoman.

In April, 1917, the Stage Society of London revived Congreve's "Love for Love." On May 14 the same society revived his magnificent comedy "The Way of the World." The Times published this article: "Though it would be rash to assert that the grande coquette — your Celimene, your Millamant — has altogether vanished from real life, she has certainly left the stage. The tradition of the part has been lost and every actress is her own Millamant—which means, of course, a modern Millamant that would have made Congreve stare. Miss Ethel Irving some years ago delighted the town with a Millamant of her own invention, a roguey-poguey Millamant. And now Miss Edyth Goodall gives us another modernization of the classic theme, a Millimant brimming over with fun, a 'chaffing' minx of a Millamant, and she too delights, as any pretty, clever woman must, with Congreve's words to speak, but does not delight as Congreve's Millamant should. Millamant must at any rate have been haughty, stately, in the grand style, 'full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out.' But creatures so magnificent have no room for expansion in our modern workaday world, and our actresses, bless them, have not the historic imagination to recreate the old type for themselves. They do what they can, they present a woman of today talking Congreve, and the combination, though impossible, is piquant and, as we have said, in Miss Goodall delightful enough. Somehow, the vain, silly old women seem to last better for stage purposes than the young ones: Lady Wishfort seems no more absurd today than two centuries ago, and Miss Maire O'Neill gets immense fun out of her, giving her a touch of Irish brogue for a garnish. Quite modern, too, and known to us all is the rather deadly Mrs. Marwood, who was played on this occasion with quiet force and a real sense of style by Mrs. Rhoda Symons. Add Miss Sybil Thorndike's spirited performance of Mrs. Foible and you have all that was really considerable in the cast, the men (with the exception of Mr. Miles Malleson, an amusing Witwoud) being obviously ill at ease and, some of them, apparently under the impression that Congreve's text requires to be delivered as solemnly as the funeral service."

The Daily Telegraph said of this performance of Congreve's comedy: "As a whole nothing could have been more tedious or more uninteresting. A play in which action is almost wholly subordinated to dialogue and characterization has obviously little chance of success, unless it receives, at the very least, adequate interpretation. Admittedly, it is not an easy thing to catch the spirit and the significance of late 17th century comedy. From the Incorporated Stage Society, however, we certainly expected something better than was given to us yesterday." The Mermaid Society revived the comedy in London 14 years ago. Miss Ethel Irving played Millamant. Eleanor Calhoun had taken the part in a single scene at a matinee a year or two before. When was the play performed in Boston? It would be interesting to know the history of Congreve in Boston. Perhaps Mr. J. B. Clapp has a record at hand.

"Fair and Warmer" made a very palpable hit in London, May 14. Miss Fay Compton was highly praised: "Who, for instance, could see, without disgust, in real life, a young and pretty woman stupefied with drink? Yet Miss Compton presents you with that spectacle, and you cannot choose but laugh. It is all a matter of tact and selection." Another critic wrote: "She plays one of the most difficult scenes possible to an actress of her quality with an art that redeems much if not all. The play makes no pretense at being anything else but a regulation drink-and-bedroom farce. The public like it, and we may leave it at that. Through it all Miss Compton's triumphant passage through scenes which a hint of bad taste on her part would have made atrocious was the event of the evening."

George M. Cohan has written a play, an adaptation of Gelett Burgess's story "Mrs. Hope's Husband."

With the passing of James Gordon Bennett Broadway is expecting a change in the editorial policy of the Herald in respect to the dramatic department. Bennett was opposed to dramatic criticism, believing that the readers of his newspaper were interested only in a report of the story of the play and its production and the prominent people in attendance. Though Bennett's death took place over a month ago no change has been announced as yet in the treatment of play reviews. Newspaper men have the impression that the Herald will continue to follow the Bennett editorial traditions.—Dramatic Mirror.

Otto Kruger has enlisted in the navy.

Mlle. Doll, a sister of Sir Thomas Beechman, is the first dancer of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

That excellent play "Hindle Wakes" will begin this summer its seventh year of continuous touring in England. It has not yet been seen in Boston.

The Pall Mall Gazette says of the new operetta "Violette": "It is the old story: Sullivan can be replaced sometimes; Gilbert, it seems, never."

The Carl Rosa opera company revived the "Bohemian Girl" at the Shaftesbury, London, June 8. It was produced at Drury Lane in 1843. What Beatty-Kingston wrote of it long ago is true today: "The homely melodies of this unsophisticated work rarely fail to draw a crowded house, despite the literary absurdities and abominations of its libretto."

The London Times said of "Very Good Eddie," produced at the Palace on May 18, that a fair comment on it is that, at any rate, it "isn't bad." "The play suffers little from the kind of handicap that rests on much-talked-about things. High expectations, based on reports of a New York success, are not quite realized. Mr. Butt's new entertainment is just an ordinary cheerful, easy-going musical comedy, with a lavish peppering of American slang and a few bright and tuneful songs." The Pall Mall Gazette was pleased because there is a definite plot. "It was a relief, too, to have a musical comedy in which there was nothing romantic or sentimental,

just how I honor based on the mixing up of two newly married couples."

The first display in London of a series of film plays illustrative of Ambassador Gerard's book, "My Four Years in Germany," was given at the London Coliseum on May 20.

There is talk of a production of the farce, "When Knights Were Bold," in Paris next fall.

I was interested to hear from a well-known actor, a grievance about our West End Theatre bars. He tells me he was charged 1s for a thimbleful of whiskey the other night, and out of curiosity asked the barmaid how many "nips" she got out of a bottle. "Well," she answered, thoughtfully, "with this measure' —holding up a very small silver cup—"I have to make 34 nips, or I'd get into trouble with the boss." Thirty-four shillings seems a stiff price for a bottle of whiskey, especially now the price is supposed to be regulated. It brought to my mind a story of an impecunious manager raising the wind. He had an option on a certain theatre, and called on a firm of caterers who were anxious to secure theatre-bars. He struck a bargain with them to let the bars for £2000 per annum, the first year's rent to be paid in advance. This he placed in his bank and then took up his lease, giving his bank as a reference, and thus began operations. When caterers can get 34s. a bottle for whiskey, it's not surprising to find them eager to pay high rentals —even in advance—to secure such prizes. —The Stage.

The musical comedy "Going Up," by James Montgomery and Otto Harbak, music by Louis Hirsch, was produced for the first time in England at Manchester, May 13. So England sees it before Boston.

The Herald spoke of a new comic opera "Violette," produced in London. It turns out to be a revised version, with names of many characters changed, of "The King's Birde," produced at the Kennington seven years ago this month.

A play with the cheerful title "The Unwanted Child," by Stuart Lomath was performed in London last month.

Martin Harvey of London has secured the rights of representation to a new play by Maurice Maeterlinck, "The Burgomaster of Stilemond," which, The Stage says has never been acted. "It deals with an episode which is supposed to occur in a small Belgian town at the time of the German invasion of 1914. As the play is somewhat in the nature of propaganda, Mr. Harvey will give it an early production, probably at Glasgow in September. It is said that the handling of the German—his absolute inability to understand what is foreign to his nature—is masterly."

"A Little Bit of Fluff" celebrated its 1200th consecutive performance at the Criterion, London, on May 16.

A catalogue of unusual interest has been compiled by Mr. Percy J. Dobell. Consisting of 100 closely printed pages, covering 1287 items, it describes a collection of the poetical and dramatic literature of the restoration period. The works of John Dryden alone occupy 167 entries, and include fine copies of all his plays. "The Conquest of Granada," "Marriage a la Mode," "Aurungzebe," "All for Love" and the rest. The works of Congreve, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Nat Lee, Otway and many others are cited. As Mr. Dobell himself says, "the plays could have been much more profusely annotated, as an abundance of material lies ready to hand in the columns of the Biographia Dramatica and the Dictionary of National Biography," but the editor has "thought it unnecessary to cull notes from sources which are accessible to all in every public library." A much handier reference to the plays, it may be noted, is the Stage Cyclopaedia, which has complete references as to date to some 50,000 plays, as against the few thousand which are to be found in the Biographia Dramatica. Mr. Dobell's catalogue—which may be had for a shilling at 74 Charing Cross road—should be in the hands of every collector of English dramatic literature.—The Stage.

A comedy by H. F. Rubinstein with the singular title "The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane," was produced by the Pioneer Players in London on June 2.

When you hear "The Master Builder" again you find it very full of quotations. It is not so much a matter of phrases, though some of them have stuck to the lips of men, as of ideas which yesterday or the day before made all the younger generation see visions. They are not now so fresh as once they were; they do not thrill us as they thrilled Mr. Solness and Miss Wangel. We "have seen four and twenty leaders of revolts," and it is no longer quite so wonderful to forsake building churches in order to build houses for human beings; we no longer are earnest about the supreme joy of building castles in the air. But the play has not lost its power over the imagination. The odd people have their old suggestion of being big, tragic figures "dimly seen and half divined," and they haunt us still. They are not quite real, of course. Ibsen tried to put too much into them and into the play, and in the crowd of symbols and the diverse articles of the true Ibsenic faith, human nature is pressed thin. The performance at the Court is meritorious. Mr. Leigh Love and Miss Octavia Kenmare play Solness and Hilda in a sincere, earnest fashion, letting the text speak for itself. Miss Ida Phillips put some pathos which rang true into her Mrs. Solness. Mr. Sydney Paxton gave us a sound piece of work as the doctor.—London Daily Telegraph, May 15.

On May 17 "Chu Chin Chow" had been acted in London nearly 800 times. New scenes were introduced at His Majesty's Theatre that week, and the play was redressed.

French Music Neglected in England; and Other Musical Notes

Sir Frederick Wedmore contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette of May 20 an article about the neglect of French music in England. He began by an extravagant eulogy of Gounod: "The average Englishman, one fears, has long been victim of a considerable delusion as regards the place of France in music. Especially, perhaps, is that the case in regard to the music that is modern, though, indeed, the average concert-goer gives even to Rameau himself no emphatically honored station. The one of the Moderns who may be said, perhaps, to be the exception that but illustrates the rule, is that original, elegant, and most various composer whose centenary, this year, is, if certain plans mature, to be the subject of 'divers manifestations.' This, of course, is Charles Gounod, some of the happiest of whose recollections were of his sojourn among us. We have been faithful to our appreciation of him, and even in times like the present it is unlikely, and almost impossible that Gounod's centenary should pass unobserved by those of us who remain grateful. We wish the possible or probable representations in his honor a high and a deserved success. In the course of a career varied and lengthy, he scaled so many eminences. At the Opera alone, the success of 'Faust' and of 'Romeo and Juliet'—perhaps even of his great idyll of Provence, 'Mireille,' with its yet subtler, but less instant charm—tended to throw a little into the background and the shadow the cleverness of Meyerbeer, the facile fascinations of Verdi and Rossini; whilst, in religious music, there was a prompt appreciation of what is lasting in the 'Masses' and of what in the 'Redemption' is an enchanting and a most meaning melody. But, putting for the moment out of our reckoning Charles Gounod and his uncontested virtues — remembering only for the present that he was the greatest composer given to us between Berlioz and Saint-Saens—it is fitting that the English public should be in a measure upbraided for the scantiness of its recognition of all the brilliant and charming talent which the composers of France have disclosed in the generation that followed that of the earlier efforts of Saint-Saens."

Sir Frederick then says: "If Debussy is wont to be represented by but an insignificant proportion of his labors—his 'labors,' shall we say, or his inspired and enchanting dreams—and if Cesar Franck is revealed and set before us in no abundant measure, what is for the most part thus far the fate amongst us, of Gabriel Faure with his accomplishment more orthodox than that of certain of his juniors? It has been admirably said of him 'Nul n'est plus pres des maitres les plus emouvants.' What again, is the fate, thus far, in English concert rooms, of Dukas, with all the vigor and impulse of his 'L'Apprenti Sorcier'? What about Vincent d'Indy? What about Maurice Ravel, whose music in the 'Heure Espagnole' blends comedy with beauty, wit with charm?"

A number of interesting printed books and MSS. relating to music, the property of the Earl of Aylesford and the late Mr. A. H. Littleton, were sold at Sotheby's during the last two days. Mr. Littleton's collection was unusually extensive, and included W. Byrd's "Psalmes, Sonets and Songs," 1588—£51; and "Songs of Sundrie Natures," 1589—£49; H. and W. Lawes, "Choice Psalmes put into Musick," 1648—£47; F. Gaforius, "Theorica Musice," 1492—£58, all bought by Mr. Terry; T. Watson's "Italian Madrigails Englished," 1590—£46 (Quaritch); and H. Yonge's "Musica Transalpina," 1588-97—£45 (Maggs). Another property included a copy of the extremely rare Paris 1625 edition of the romance of "Guy Earl of Warwick," from the press of Antoine Couteau—£70 (Quaritch).—London Times, May 15.

"For sale or partnership—the Moody-Manners Opera Company, Ltd." The announcement will have been read with surprise, not untinged with regret, by many supporters of opera in English, who may well have come to regard so long-established a musical enterprise almost in the light of a national institution. The appearances of the Moody-Manners organization in London have been few and far between; but for a great number of years its visits to the various provincial centres, large and small, were looked forward to as regular features in the theatrical calendar. There have been no more strenuous workers among those who have helped to popularize opera in the vernacular than Mr. Charles Manners and his accomplished wife, Madame Fanny Moody, and the very large public they had created for themselves throughout the country must have sincerely regretted the decision which led them, a few years ago, to relinquish their public appearances. But even then they kept at least one company on the road, and it was, we believe, only the difficulties experienced in maintaining the forces at their full strength after the war broke out which induced Mr. Manners to abandon the tours. In the advertisement quoted it is stated that "there is the full equipment necessary to start an A, B and C company," and the information is added that "there has never been a loss in the 21 years of the company's existence." This argues a healthy enthusiasm for opera among the public of our provincial cities and towns. And apparently Mr. Manners himself has not lost his enthusiasm in the cause to which he has devoted himself for so long, for he is still willing to "carry on" in partnership with anyone who cares to profit from his long experience. —London Daily Telegraph, May 18.

Hooray! I have now medical authority for my oft-repeated statement that our concerts are far too long. Dr. Hyslop, a first-class billiard player, who kept wicket for Surrey in Tom Richardson's time, was chief medical officer to Bedlam Hospital at one time, has composed much good music and painted many admirable pictures, laid it down the other day before the Medical Society that "neither the special senses nor the discriminative faculties are able to maintain their alertness through any performance of more than an hour. Our concerts are too long." For this support much thanks!—London Daily Telegraph.

Cleofonte Campanini has given out a statement that the Chicago Opera Association will begin a season of four weeks in New York at the Lexington Theatre on Jan. 27. The company will then give performances in Boston for two weeks. There will be new singers besides the old ones, and among them will be three tenors, one French and two Italians; a bass and a French mezzo-soprano. Journet, the bass, will join the company. Louis Hasselman will be one of the conductors. Mme. Galli-Curci will add to her repertoire "Linda di Chamonoux" and "Crispino e la Comare." Rosa Raisa will be heard in "Norma"; perhaps Muratore in "Otello" and Rimini in "Falstaff." Carolina Lazzari will probably take the part of Delilah in Saint-Saens's opera.

Apropos of Miss Evelyn Arden, the London Times remarked: "When aspens quiver they do but fulfil their destiny. But nature did not create mezzo-soprano voices in order that their tone should tremble. Did Miss Arden realize this truth, she would show off the beauty of her voice to much greater advantage. Certain exaggerations traditionally dear to ladies who can produce rich and powerful lower notes should also be avoided by Miss Arden." Songs by Cyril Scott, Arnold Bax, John Ireland and Eugene Goossens were praised, especially Ireland's setting of Rosetti's "Youth's Spring Tribute."

Mozart's G-minor symphony and Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi" do not present any great problem now (to a conductor), except that which is not always achieved, of letting them alone.—London Times.

Archie P. MacDonald, well known in Boston for many years as tenor and organist, now organist and musical director at St. Joseph's Church, Newport, R. I., where he is also a dealer in pianos and talking machines, has three sons in the service; the eldest, a machinist's mate in the U. S. N. R. F., is on board a submarine chaser; the second, choosing aviation, is now at the M. I. T., for training; the third is a yeoman in the U. S. N. R. F., and is now stationed at New London, Ct.

In the trial of an action in a London court a witness testified that the printer had a standing order for 250,000 copies of every song that Carrie Jacobs Bond writes.

Florence Valerie, a mezzo-soprano, singing for the first time on May 20 in London, was warmly praised. Born in Australia, she was educated musically in Brussels and Paris. The war prevented her from appearing in grand opera.

June 17 1918

As Prof. Deedledum has stated in the Herald and Journal, the complete edition of Frothingham Clancy's poems is out of print. It is largely sought by collectors and genuine lovers of exalted verse. Perhaps Mr. Clancy's literary executor can tell when "Oozings" was published. Will not "Academe" quote other poems from the exceedingly rare volume that had made its way to a Florentine bookshop?

Clancy's "Oozings"

As the World Wags:

At last I am able to break silence! While the Clancinians and the more Glance-in-ians have quarreled in your columns, I have been bursting with my secret. But now I proudly announce that the latest steamer from Italy has brought to me, and the Custom House has officially passed, a priceless volume. It is the one book published by the late Frothingham Clancy (requiescat in pace!) during his lifetime. Premature announcement of the impending event would doubtless have caused the dispatch of a special U-boat to attempt the destruction of this stirring collection of democratic poems.

The story of how I came across the book is one of those tales that delight the heart of your true bibliophile. About a year ago I received a catalogue of "Livres Rares Mis en Vente a la Librairie Ancienne T. de Marinis & Cie Firenze, 5 Via Vecchietti. Items priced at 25,000 lire made me wish for Aladdin's lamp; but I read on with as much interest as though I could make a deliberate selection from the treasures. Near the end prices began to diminish. And there my keen eye alighted on this entry: "7892. Clancy, Frothingham, Oozings. South Boston, U. S. A., n.d. Lire 30. ——." The descriptive note went on to say in French which I translate for the compositor's sake, "Free verse poems by a curious American poet, who is sure to become a classic. The above volume is, so far as we know, a unique copy of his best work." If you saw such a book advertised, you would do just what I did: I sent an immediate order, and have strained my eyes for the book ever since.

Perhaps a collector of fine bindings would not appreciate it. It is in paper covers and printed on wood-pulp paper, already beginning to be foxed. The imprint bears the name of a man once well known to local literatteurs, who long ago succumbed to the "punch" he put into his business and himself. His taste for harder liquids was probably what brought him into relations with Mr. Clancy; at any rate Clancy could never have appreciated one famous punch which required nine months for its brewing and the memory of which still brings water to the mouths of its fortunate imbibers. The text is divided into three sections: Poliitcal (containing, among other pieces, the ode on Fitzgerald, published a few years ago in the Herald; Bibulous; Satirical. From the last section I quote the following, which, to the real student of Clancy, is filled with a subtle irony.

I bought a Chinese Puzzle
One night on Oxford Street,
At Hop Sing Chong's,
As I was going home from a full dinner of
sauer kraut
And Munchener
At Charley Wirth's.

It lay in a box
Of rice straw,
And it twisted its nematoid folds,
Pavonine,
Iridescent.

I fribbled with it on the beach
When the tide was out and the flats lay
Strewn with broken clam-forks,
I palpated it on the hill
While the zaffre waves in the bay
Jubilated.
I have it still,
Unsolved.

Some day, when my courage is up, I shall buy a gas mask and penetrate the cloud of cigar-smoke surrounding the head of our high-priestess of free verse ("loose numbers" is the quaintly accurate phrase used by old Thomas Gray) to get her approval of the volume. Thereupon it shall be deposited in the Athenaeum. ACADEME.

Cambridge.

Lineal Descendants

As the World Wags:

We are credibly informed by holy writ that "the horse leech hath two daughters, crying 'Give, give.'" Is there, may I inquire, any authentic information as to whether these ladies ever married and whether they have any descendants? It has occurred to me that in case the family talent, advertised in the above announcement, had been perpetuated by offspring, it might be well to seek out its possessors and enlist their services in the cause of the Red Cross. My only information as to their father is that he was a veterinary surgeon, as above; of their mother I know nothing. Do any of your readers know anything further of this interesting and energetic family? There has been much evidence of late that the family is not extinct. I have been approached of late with unpleasant frequency by persons whose traits seem to indicate consanguinity, but I found them uniformly unaware of any direct relationship. Possibly the former head of one of our great universities might be able to help.

We have abundant evidence in other cases that these old Scriptural families still survive. I do not at the moment recall the family name of the Foolish Virgins nor the names of any of the Hebrew gentlemen of their time who may have married them. That they did marry may be regarded, in the interests of strict propriety, as a certainty, since their descendants are innumerable and nearly all manifest a striking similarity of taste since they are all automobilists. And the old family saying is still on their lips: "Give us of your oil (or gasoline, as the case may be); for we are out." And we wise ones are still responding: "Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you." Any information as to this family will be gratefully received. It is a favorite theory of my own, remembering their peculiar tastes and tendencies, that this family originated in Tyre.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.

Milton.

June 18 1918

An accomplished anthropologist, not Mr. Herkimer Johnson, informed us yesterday that there was a tribe of Arabs in the Soudan, the Kabbabisch, with singularly pleasing, if unconventional, customs. Thus when a man is betrothed, his future mother-in-law is not allowed to have anything to do with him, not even to address him, hardly to look at

[illegible] is carried so far that should the [illegible]e in peril and she could save [illegible] m, [illegible] she must not stretch out a helping hand.

As there are no newspaper paragraphers in this tribe or in the neighborhood, there is no need of bewailing this denial of material for jesting.

When did the mother-in-law first sharpen wit at her expense? Joking about step-mothers was probably known to the ancient Egyptians. There is a merry jest of this nature in Plutarch's essay "On the Tranquility of the Mind." Let us see how old Philemon Holland translated the passage: "Like as that fellow, when he flung a stone at a first bitch, missed her, and chanced to hit his step-mother, saying withal: It makes no matter; for it hath not lighted amiss."

Mr. Morgan of St. John's College in Oxford did not improve on this: "As he, who throwing a stone at a dog, struck his step-mother, and then declared that he was not out of his cast, for even his mistake hit right."

We prefer the translation of Prof. Goodwin: "Like the man who threw a stone at a bitch, but hit his stepmother, on which he exclaimed, Not so bad." Holland started out bravely, but in the end was diffuse. Goodwin's "Not so bad" was a happy stroke.

Mr Morgan was one of "several hands" who translated Plutarch's Morals. Why did they so roundly abuse the learned and delightful Holland? We quote from the preface to the third edition (1694). The passage is well worth reading: "As for our countryman, Dr Holland, it must be allowed him that he understood Greek, but whoever reads his translation, and is impartial must say that he was by no means a master of the English tongue; for besides that, he wants a copia of expression, there's no politeness in it; so that his instructions might be wholesom, but being convey'd in such an unpleasant vehicle, are disgustful to the reader; for having skill in the criticisms of accent, without a tolerable insight into anything else, he deserves no more applause for it than a dull judge ought to be commended for being a good conveyancer, since in both cases 'tis only a refuge for those who have no other endowments to give them a name; his Pagasus (sic) was of the true northern strain, it serv'd to carry him out of the dirt, and bring him to his journey's end with an heavy trot, but there was no shape in the beast, nor comeliness of sitting him in the rider; indeed, he was so trite a scribbler, that Philemon at last became a translator to a proverb, and his papers ought to have been condemn'd only to wrap up his own medicines; there is nothing survives remarkable of him, but the famous story of the same pen with which they say he transcrib'd all his loads of writing; and if this is true, 'tis pity the Insect-Cahal was not oblig'd with such an immortal relique, that it might be preserv'd amongst Ashmoles rarities."

Clancy and Form

As the World Wags:

Any fool can write a sonnet,
Or free verse, indeed—dog-gone it!—
Or a triolet, ballade, or madrigal;
But Mister Enoch Molliver
Had better oil his Oliver;
His recent blank verse will not do at all.

It's a cinch to get ten syllables,
But his excite our risibles;
Still let the novice shun the mighty line:
Let him flirt with Amaryllis,
Do an ode to Jane or Phyllis,
But no more of cosmic "butts" incarnadine.

For the plan that pious Milton
And the Swan of Avon built on
Was not meant for Thomas, Richard, or for Henri;
If you lack the turn sonorous,
Your blank verse will only bore us;
If you mouth, or if you chatter, then—ennui!

Let these lines be my text. Blank verse is often too fluent. It is often superficial—clattering. Few, indeed, are the masters of verbal assemblies who have won creditable spurs with this most difficult of forms. Certainly, Mr. Enoch Molliver—or the persona upon whose shoulders he would lay the guilt of the vulgar lines entited "Butts"—has not mastered blank verse.

When the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston descended to verse libre, he cast to the four winds of heaven every feather of restraint. I cautioned him, once, against the use of a certain word, quoting lines from Shakespeare, Browning and Chaucer. He was unimpressed.

"To hell with Shakespeare," he said deliberately, with feeling, but earnestly, "and to hell with Browning, and to hell with Chaucer and to hell with you, too, Thersites K. Deedledum, God bless you! I am writing free verse, and I don't give a damn for skeletons. Why should our forefathers regulate our speech?

Gr[illegible] God! I'd rather be
A Chink, adoring my great-grandam's shade!
Ancestor worship, rigid verse forms, political constitutions, property rights—what are they but immemorial shackles that would crumble to dust if once humanity dared shake its manacled hands?"

Well, that is the way he would talk when free verse, most tyrannical of fashions, held him in thrall. I don't think he really meant half what he said. For when he employed the regular forms no one was more regular than he. Like the little girl with the famous curl: when he was sober he was very, very sober; and when he was drunk he was enthusiastically so. Likewise, when he was free he was transcendentally liberated; but when he was regular he manifested no desire to deviate one hair's breadth from the scanty plot. He vehemently proclaimed that free verse is the refuge of those who are unable to compose poetry and too lazy to hammer out an honest prose style. Indeed Clancy prided himself, professionally, on his proficiency in the most intricate verse forms.

I intended to criticize the verses entitled "Butts," which Mr. Molliver intimates may have been written by Clancy. But zeal has again outrun discretion. In my next letter, I shall prove that the verses in question could not have been written by the South Boston bard.

Boston. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

MOVIES AT KEITH'S

Entertains with Song and Mimicry

Mollie King, who won distinction before the camera, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a crowded house and a very appreciative audience. A pleasant feature of the evening was the arrival of the French military band, Gabriel Pares, conductor, which occupied boxes as the guests of the management. The organization, which includes musicians of international reputation, is touring the country for the benefit of the Foyer du Soldat. An appeal was made for the public to attend their concert at Mechanics' building next Wednesday evening.

Miss King appeared in a varied program of songs and entertained with her impressions of favorites of the legitimate stage. She has a pleasing personality and is first of all a comedienne. Her pleasing voice might be described as "pretty," a voice for the parlor rather than the large auditorium. She has a facial play that adds to the convincingness of her songs. She is especially at ease in her mimicry, which is conspicuous for fidelity of speech and for the mannerisms associated with the various personages of the stage. Miss King was assisted at the piano by Sidney Franklin.

Other acts were: The Four Holloways, comedy acrobats; George MacFarlane, baritone; Arnaut brothers, musical clowns; Paul Decker and company, in a farce; Chris Richards, eccentric English comedian; Six Kirksmith sisters, musicians and vocalists, Tilyou and Ward, in a dancing specialty; and the La Vars, whirlwind dancers.

'A NIGHT OFF'

It was worth taking a night off to see "A Night Off" played again at the Copley Theatre. This comedy of Augustin Daly's is not new, but does not easily grow old. The sub title is "A Page from Balzac," and the situations and dialogue are funnier to the modern theatre goer than those in any part of the Comedie Humaine. The Jewett Players took the parts after this fashion:

Susan.......................Beatrice Miller
Prowl...................J. V. Barrett-Lenoard
Justinian Babbitt........H. Conway Wingfield
Harry Damask......................B. N. Lewin
Angelica Damask..................Viola Roach
Marcus Brutus Snap..........Fred W. Permain
Lord Mulberry......................E. E. Clive
Mrs. Xantippe Babbitt....Jessamine Newcombe
Nisbe............................Gwladys Morris
Maria...........................Catherine Lexow
Jack Mulberry...................Lionel Glenister

The story of the play is that Prof. Babbitt of Cambridge University has written a play. He is a professor of ancient history and the scene of the tragedy is laid in old Rome. His wife is greatly opposed to the stage and he tries to keep the play a secret from her. She arrives unexpectedly just as preparations for the production are in progress and complications ensue.

As a "side issue" the son-in-law becomes involved in troubles of his own, as his wife much resembles her mother, Xantippe, the wife of the professor. But the younger daughter, Nisbe, discovers and shares the secret and aids the conspirators, the professor and the son-in-law.

The play is a failure, the curtain is rung down in the second act, the professor's wife learns all and becomes exasperated, while the younger daughter prepares to marry one of the actors, who proves to be the son of Lord Mulberry. The actor manager who produces the professor's tragedy is strongly reminiscent of another one with whom Dickens makes us familiar in the story of Nicholas Nickleby, though he does not bring in the pump and two tubs.

"Asylum" or "Home"

At Caxton Hall the Royal Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows was established and known by this name; but the Queen of England recently wrote a letter in which she suggested that the name of the institution should be changed to "Home" as being open to misconception; for, as she said, the word "asylum" is now almost wholly associated with insane persons. Thus has the meaning of a word been changed through the centuries.

"Asylum" meant at first a sanctuary or any inviolable place of refuge and protection for criminals or debtors, from which they could not be forcibly removed without sacrilege. It then came to mean a benevolent institution affording shelter and support. Early in the nineteenth century the word was applied to a hospital for lunatics.

What is now known as a lunatic asylum was first called in English Bedlam. The first Bedlam was the Hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem in London, founded as a priory, and in 1402 converted into a hospital for lunatics. About the middle of the seventeenth century any lunatic asylum was called a Bedlam. The term "madhouse" came into use toward the end of the seventeenth century. Its present use is chiefly rhetorical or derisive. "Lunatic asylum" began to be in use about 1830.

In this country the terms "lunatic asylum" and "madhouse" were, and in some regions are, terrible in the ears of villagers and dwellers on lonely farms. A singular sort of pride leads some to guard insane members of a family at home. Their sensibilities would be shocked if it were said in the neighborhood that a father, brother, sister, aunt, had been sent to an "asylum." Sometimes the unfortunate one was chained in a garret or in the barn. Often he was callously neglected. Through this foolish, criminal pride there were dire tragedies.

With this pride was mingeld in some cases the fear that at an asylum the insane one might be roughly treated. This fear came from the sight of old prints showing horrid doings in the old fashioned Bedlam; from novels, as from Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash," which did much in the reformation of English asylums; or from instances of actual cruelties reported in newspapers. And so those who did not shrink from the thought of the "poorhouse" could not endure the removal of a relative to even a beneficent asylum.

"Home" has a soothing sound. It suggests rest and comfort. "Old Ladies' Home," "Old Men's Home" are as salves to pride and an assurance of tender care, however poorly the inmates may be treated. Now that so many young members are in war service, there are clubs in Boston that may justly be called Old Men's Homes.

A correspondent sends a clipping from a Boston newspaper, an advertisement of a meeting at Christadelphian Hall. The heading runs: "As it was in the Days of Noah." Our correspondent has written above the clipping: "Speaking of New England antiquities." Does he refer to Noah, or to the hall? Let us not burst in ignorance.

Were there Christadelphians or Thomasites—the sect so named after John Thomas, who founded it in this country about 1832—in Boston before the civil war? John Hayward, whose "Book of Religions" was published by the author at 21 School street in 1842, does not mention the sect under either name.

A Good Old Seminary

"S. D. G." of Salem, speaking of Mrs. T. P. Smith, "a literary lady," said she was connected with a school for young ladies in one of Boston's suburbs. We are indebted to Mr. Frederic A. Flint of Woburn for a prospectus of Mystic Hall Seminary, West Medford, "5 miles from Boston." Mrs. Thomas B. Smith was the principal. The prospectus would have won the approbation of Thackeray's Miss Pinkerton. Note the opening sentence: "Instruction will be given in all the branches of a polite education, while proficiency will be secured by inducing a love for science and art, and by instilling the higher motive of being useful thereby—also, by presenting that pleasant inducement to every youthful mind, the expectation of a memento from the teacher, prizes will be given in each department."

A few young ladies were received "into the residence" of the principal. They had the use of "a superior piano, organ, guitar and harp." The French language was spoken in this "residence" by "a native Parisian." Conversation between the pupils in school hours was exclusively in French.

"As mental power is greatly dependent upon physical energy, the pupils will be required to take daily exercise, either by walking, gymnastic recreation, bowling (strictly private), swimming in Mystic river (salt), horseback riding, etc., according to the season and the wishes of the parents, under the watchcare of responsible persons. Six well trained saddle horses belong to the seminary."

The teachers were Prof. J. P. Marshall, Prof. Viau, Prof. Gaetano Lanza, Prof. J. C. Johnson, Prof. J. D Anguera, Mr. Leighton, Mlle. Morin (from Paris), Mrs. J. Hovey, Sig. L. Papanti.

And what did Mrs. Thomas P. Smith teach? Only penmanship, geography, ancient and modern; astronomy, history, botany, chemistry, physiology, bookkeeping, drawing, composition, rhetoric, logic, criticism, natural philosophy, moral and intellectual philosophy—that was all. It is true that the prospectus says she was assisted by competent teachers.

Boarding pupils paid for everything $200 a year. If a day scholar took lessons in monochromatic, Grecian, oriental, potichio mania (sic), painting in water colors, dancing, wax fruit and flowers, she paid $10 a term. "Potichio mania" (sic), floored us. Consulting the Dictonary, one of the many books that help in time of trouble, we learned that potichomania is the gentle art of imitating Japanese or other porcelain by covering the inner surface of glass vessels, etc., with designs on paper or sheet gelatine. The mania, for the word also means this, was apparently at its height about 1855. The proper spelling is "potichomania." Mrs. J. Hovey, who taught spelling at the Mystic Hall Seminary, should have read the proofs of this prospectus, from which we learn that parents were referred to Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop and Hon. Edward Everett of Boston, Rev. Charles Brooks and Rev. John Pierpont of West Medford, F. Gardner, A. M., the Boston Latin school; Hon. Abbott Lawrence and Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D., of Boston; Rev. Hubbard Winslow of New York; Rev. Wm. Hague, D. D., of Albany, and Hon. Sam Houston of Texas.

There is a picture of the Seminary. A boy with checked trousers is rolling a hoop. One girl has a skipping rope, another some instrument of outdoor recreation. Two women with plug hats from which a veil streams are on sorry looking horses. A two-horse carriage with huge hind wheels stands in front of a little park, while near by a man with a stovepipe hat and a cane is conversing affably with a bonneted lady. The buildings are ornamented in what is known as the gingerbread fashion. When was this Seminary at the zenith of its glory?

Little Interrogation Points

There is a human touch in the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the position of natural science in our educational system which is rare in official documents. "Too few parents of this generation can satisfy their children's curiosity about the wonders of the heavens, the movements of the planets, the growth of plants, the history of rocks, the dawn of animal life, the causes of tide and tempest." That is doubtless true. But it would tax the resources of the chairman of the committee, Sir J. J. Thomson, P. R. S., himself to satisfy an imaginative child's curiosity. Why is water wet? Why is an orange round? Why has a horse four legs? Why is grass green? Where does the wind go? These and a dozen other posers with which most fathers are familiar would form a good examination paper in natural science.—London Daily Chronicle.

Band of 60 Is Led by the Former Director of the Garde Republicaine

Those who went to the "Pops" last night and heard the French Military band had a memorable experience. The visitors played the second part of the program, and at the close there was nobody who doubted the statement made by Ambulance Driver William H. Kenney, a comrade of these bandsmen, in introducing them, that the French government, in selecting the personnel of this band of 60 players, had chosen those whom it deemed the best performers in France on their particular instruments. Neither was it hard to credit his further statement that 28 of these

[illegible] were first-prize men of the Paris Conservatory of which they are graduates.

Their leader, Capt. Gabriel Pares, formerly conducted the Garde Republicaine Band of Paris, with which he has twice visited this country, once to play at St. Louis and the other time at San Francisco.

Clarinetist Is Favorite

Lalo's "Le Roi d'ys" was No. 5, with which the French musicians took up the program, and the clarinet of Leon Leroy, reputed the world's greatest performer on this instrument, could be plainly heard through the whole volume of melody. M. Leroy was a member of the New York Symphony Orchestra at the beginning of the war, and went home to enlist. This number was deemed worthy of an encore and "Marche Gasconne," by Lacombe, was the response.

In [illegible] the program arranged for the [illegible] bandsmen amounted practically to a Symphony program, Lalo and Bizet being among those whose compositions are frequently chosen for the Symphony concerts.

Last night Lalo's "Rapsodie Norvegienne" and Bizet's "L'Arlesienne No. 2" were selected. The oboe was clearly heard in the "Rapsodie," and after the final number by the Frenchmen, before the honors to the national airs, Louis Speyer, in response to the mighty encore call, stepped to the front and gave an oboe solo, ably supported by his comrades, and it was only when they struck up "La Marseillaise" that the audience let him go. The first flute was the characteristic of part (a) of "L'Arlesienne," the French horns of part (b) the farandole (c) was a favorite number that the Symphony Orchestra often plays at the "Pops."

Tonight the visitors will give a concert at Mechanics Hall for the benefit of the Foyer du Soldat, which Driver Kenney explained was a Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. in one for the benefit of French soldiers.

CONCERT BY FRENCH BAND

Superb Organization Enjoyed at Mechanics' Building

1918

The French Military Band, Captain Gabriel Pares conductor, played for the second time in Boston at the benefit concert, last night, in Mechanics Hall. The scenes of enthusiasm which had been witnessed the previous evening when the same organization played in Symphony Hall were repeated on this occasion. All available sitting and standing room was accupied, and there were memorable demonstrations when the national airs were interrupted with the most exceptional spirit and degree of technical finish.

In this organization are many members who carry wounds from the war, and are decorated for bravery. The occasion savored more of an affectionate reception of honored visitors than a formal concert.

The band is a superb one, in point of tone, quality, excellenee of execution, and musical authority and feeling on the part of Captain Pares. Both on musical and patriotic grounds the occasion was memorable.

An Abiding Problem

June 20 —— 1918

The servant problem is more vexing than ever. Inefficient young women are demanding absuredly high wages, knowing that their sisters in munition and other factories are now extremely well paid, knowing also that there has been little or no immigration for two or three years. This girl demands a private bath; that one in a flat with a small family refuses to do any laundry work. Many housekeepers find the only solution in the apartment hotel and its tumultuous privacy. Others bravely resolve to do their own housework, even if they are physically unfit.

The same problem exists in England, where the Woman's Industrial Council suggests remedies for the evil. First of all, the dignity and importance of domestic work is to be emphasized. A "household orderly corps of skilled daily uniformed workers" is to be instituted. These workers are to live either in hotels or in their own homes, for in London-

It [illegible] there is great [illegible] to the "live-in" system. There is to be a standard wage of thirty shillings a week of forty-eight hours. The terms "slavey," "Mary Jane" are to disappear from the daily vocabulary.

This scheme presupposes the existence of "hostels," also native intelligence and ability in training and being trained. "The women should wear uniforms." In Boston many revel at a cap. Here are no "hostels." How many housekeepers, especially young brides, are competent to instruct? The system outlined above [illegible] London, Utopia, or Plato's republic. Is it feasible in Boston?

As shark meat is now sold in Boston, cooks, professional and amateur, should know how to prepare it for the table. Herman Melville in "Moby Dick" tells us that Stubb, the second mate of the whaler Pequod, Stubb the Capo Cod man, was a high liver: "he was somewhat intemperately fond of the whale as a flavorish thing to his palate." There were Nantucketers who had a genuine relish for the tapering extremity of the whale. And so Mr. Stubb asked the cook to cut him a steak from the whale's "small." Stubb ate the steak cut from the whale alongside; ate it at midnight lighted by two lanterns of sperm oil; but he complained that it was overdone. "You've been beating the steak too much, cook; it's too tender. Don't I always say that to be good, a whale steak must be tough? * * * Hold the steak in one hand, and show a live coal to it with the other; that done, dish it; d'ye hear? And now tomorrow, cook, when we are cutting in the fish, be sure you stand by to get the tips of his fins; have them put in pickle. As for the ends of the flukes, have them soused, cook."

Chapter LXV. of "Moby Dick" is entitled "The whale as a dish." We are told that in France, of the 15th century, the tongue of the Right whale was esteemed a great delicaey; that in Henry VIIIths time, a court cook was rewarded for inventing an admirable sauce to be eaten with barbecued porpoises. "Only the most unprejudiced of men, like Stubb, nowadays partake of cooked whale, but the Esquimaux are not so fastidious." They also have "rare old vintages of prime old train oil." Strips of blubber were recommended for infants by the justly celebrated physician Zogranda. Englishmen left in Greenland by a whaling vessel lived for several months on mouldy scraps of whales which had been left on shore after trying out the blubber. "Among the Dutch whalemen these scraps are called 'fritters'; which, indeed, they greatly resemble, being brown and crisp, and smelling something like old Amsterdam housewives' doughnuts or oly-cooks when fresh." The whale's hump would be fine eating were it not a solid pyramid of fat. Melville used to dip ship-biscuit in the huge oil pots and let them fry there awhile. The brains of a small sperm whale were accounted a fine dish. The two whitish lobes, like unto large puddings, mixed with flour, cooked into a delectable mess, resembled somewhat calf's head in flavor.

And then Melville runs into one of his delightfully fantastical digressions. Starting with the idea that perhaps landsmen in his day shrank from the idea of eating a newly murdered thing of the sea, and by its own light, he calls attention to a meat market on a Saturday night with the crowds of live bipeds staring up at long rows of dead quadrupeds. "Does not that sight take a tooth out of the cannibal's jaw? Cannibals? Who is not a cannibal? I tell you it will be more tolerable for the Fejee that salted down a lean missionary in his cellar against a coming famine; it will be more tolerable for that provident Fejee, I say, in the day of judgment, than for thee, civilized and enlightened gourmand, who nailest geese to the ground and feasteth on their bloated livers in thy pate-de-foie-gras."

Who Was Linsey Cullen?

As the World Wags:

I was on the point of sending to the wagging world a word in regard to the letter of Thursday signed Gaylord Quex when the Friday issue came with the retort of Col. Tredd. I confess that its frank characterization of Mr. Quex seemed to me perilously near to the libelous, but that is after all not my business. I am interested in regard to the question of the identity and nationality—or rather the dwelling-place—of Linsey Cullen. I had always supposed him an Irishman living in England, and I never had heard of his being in this country. Certainly when "Nettle-buds" was published, and this must have been in the 1890's, he was the fashion in super-aesthetically advanced Brompton drawing-rooms. This would be later than the time spoken of by Mr. Quex, and it is possible that he graduated from the South end of Boston to artistic London. He would not be the first to go that way, since a hyper-art-critic found his way thither from the North end.

In 1902 I wrote to the Transcript Notes and Queries asking about Cullen, and a correspondent who signed "C. S." replied with particulars in regard to "Nettle-buds," "printed in red on livid green, hand-made paper, and bound in shark-skin, which, it is said, was imported from Japan for the purpose." He mentioned also an incident of which I had not heard, and which I vaguely meant to verify, though I have not done so. He wrote: "Some of the readers of the Transcript will remember the indignation felt by pious people in England when in the House of Commons was quoted the bit of satire on Gladstone that characterized his religion:

> "He used God as a poster on the wall
> To advertise himself."

He spoke also of a rumor that Mr. Cullen thought of visiting this country. I should be interested to know the facts. "C. S." also asserted that the poet himself regarded "Ghost-hearts" as containing his best work, and that of this tragedy, which I fear a skeptical modern would be more likely to laugh at than to weep with, "the symbolic lyric, 'Mauve,' is generally looked upon as Mr. Cullen's most exquisite note." It may be, but I have never risen to the height of appreciating it; any more than I am able to thrill at those imagist "lutanists"—ye gods, what an exquisitely appropriate name for the present-day faddists!—who write for an audience not so dissimilar to that addressed by Mr. Cullen.

As for Frothingham Clancy, I never knew him, perhaps because I lived in a Philistine environment. I may be pardoned, however, if I question whether the friends or relatives of that gentleman yet surviving will be particularly pleased by the intimation given by Mr. Quex that reminiscences are too disreputable to appear!

I remember dimly to have heard that somewhere in New England—Providence, I should think, or Hartford—a volume of commonplace verse was printed and that to it was attached the name of Linsey Cullen, doubtless with the intent to make capital out of the poet's reputation. It is doubtful whether Cullen ever had vogue enough in America to make such a fraud successful, financially, but if this is true, it is to be added to the list of literary forgeries.

Boston. W. R.

June 21 1918

Fantastic or Scriptural

The Living Church, looking over the catalogue of a girls' college, was shocked by some of the names, "given names"; the writer hesitated to call them "Christian." He complained of the fantastic labels—Golde, Mae, Arthetta, Vanja, Zurelle, Eura, Corenna, Melba, Mabelle, Jonnie, Narmie, etc. For names should have "significance," he said, "a historic setting, a personal and family relationship, that dignifies them."

In England, the vicar of a South Straffordshire parish is proud of the fact that biblical Christian names are more common than those of "the more modern kind." An old lady with the Christian name of Kerenhappuch died recently, but Issachar, Shelah, Zebulun, Ephraim, Gabriel, Misael, Nehemiah, Phineas are still at work in the parish. What possessed Christian parents to burden a girl with the name of Job's third daughter? It is true that she and her sisters, Jemima and Keziah, were the fairest women in the land, and Job gave them inheritance among their brethren. A boy baby might well squirm at the baptismal font, hearing the word "Issachar," for Jacob on his death bed insisted that Issachar was a strong ass. Zebulun was condemned to dwell at a seaport. Ephraim was joined to idols; he fed on wind; his drink was sour. What did not the prophet Hosea say against him? Without going back to Holy Writ, one might hesitate, considering the name Phineas, remembering P. T. Barnum and Barnumism. There are beautiful names for women in the Old Testament, names that are "as blessing to speak," but there are also harsh, discordant, jaw-breaking names with which our pious grandmothers were cursed. Better Corenna, perhaps a corruption of Herrick's Cornina; Narmie, Mabelle, or even Arthetta, although it reminds one unpleasantly of arthritis.

After all, names should not be given to girls until it can be known whether a certain one will be suitable. Elizabeth is for the tall and stately; Rose is not for the anaemic; Blanche is not for the brunette. Mention was lately made in a New York newspaper of Ulysses Fitzmaurice: the names hardly go together. To the ancient Romans names had solemn importance; they were of good or evil omen. Learned men, as Pierre Beyle and Robert Southey, gravely considered this subject of naming helpless children. Laurence Sterne also made improving remarks.

Waitresses in Clubs

June 23 1918

The Union Club of New York, which prides itself on being the oldest club in the country, now employs young women waitresses for its dining room, like the Union Club of our own city. This departure from custom is due to the draft and the recent order of Provost Marshal-General Crowder that men in certain industries must find useful employment. It is said that other clubs in New York—the Knickerbocker, Racquet and Tennis, Union League and University—are considering the advisability of this substitution.

In every club of this city, as elsewhere, even in the far-famed Porphyry, there are chronic and aggressive grumblers; hostile toward the house committee, not always without cause; bullying toward waiters and other servants. Abjectly submissive and acquiescent at home, they are petty tyrants in their clubs. Thackeray drew a portrait of the type in his letters of Mr. Brown to his nephew. Would they dare to be so overbearing and insolent toward women ministers to their comfort? Would they not lower the voice, be more careful in their choice of words? They might even be led in a short period of training to say, "Thank you."

Others would be more guarded in conversation. "Smoking room" stories and anecdotes would be chastened for a time at least. It would be considered "bad form" to invoke the name of the Deity on trifling occasions. Denunciatory oaths would be discouraged, except, of course, with reference to the Emperor William. There might come a lessening in alcoholic indulgence. A comely young woman, looking steadily and reprovingly with mild eyes at young Golightly when he orders his fourth cocktail, might shame him into comparative sobriety. The members would be more particular in the matter of dress. The older ones that have reached the slobbering age, would see to it that food reached the mouth and did not fall on waistcoat, coat-lapel, or trousers. The whole tone of a club would thus be raised. No doubt there are some in every club, who, like Mr. Cheggs, Dick Swiveller's rival, are bashful before ladies; overcome by the thought of sex. They, at first, would stammer and blush in giving an order; but a little patience, a little encouragement on the part of the waitresses, would work wonders in the development of these unfortunates.

The waitresses should be chosen by the Art Committee of each club; not by the House Committee; not by the steward.

Post June 21/19

A correspondent, describing the life of Frothingham Clancy at Peabody before he came to Boston and was corrupted by vers libre, spoke of a goat put up at raffle. A friend in the composing room of the Herald and Journal tells us of a goat owned by "Bidjo" Martin that thus was a source of profit. The raffle was held every Saturday night at the shed of the owner opposite Green's alley in South Boston. We like to think of Clancy taking part, but even he, from what we hear, could not out-wit "Bidjo."

We Thought So

As the World Wags:

Frothingham Clancy was born on South street in the old South Cove and later lived on Orchard Park in Roxbury. He was a great friend of "Horse-bites" Sullivan, a well known local character in old ward 17. It is recorded of a dream he told one night: "In his sleep he was crossing the river Styx and asked the boatman to let him 'have just one more' before he retired for the long nap. After much persuasion the boatman took him back to the shore. Instantly Frothingham saw a great blaze of light in the heavens. Then letters began to appear and he deciphered the following:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"This is my own, my native land,
And this is the way to the Bell-in-Hand."

Roxbury. H. A. K.

A Master of Blank Verse

As the World Wags:

In my last letter I took the occasion afforded by your publication of some vulgar lines entitled "Butts" to make some general observations concerning the composition of blank verse. I also alluded to the sharp distinction made by the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston between poetry and free verse. I stated that when Clancy employed the regular forms he adhered to them with strictness.

"Butts" is crude. Why the feminine endings? Why the two so painfully halting lines—minus several of their proper quota of feet? The simile which gave birth to the lines is clever; but after all it is not in the least poetic—it is a conceit, merely. If Clancy had been writing "Butts" in blank verse he would have stuck to iambic pentameter, and surely he would have achieved at least one sonorous line. The author of "Butts" should learn that merely to sprinkle a passage of unrimed iambic pentameter with "cosmic" 's and "aureole" 's does not necessarily make it sublime.

I am not a poet, but I can do much better with the idea myself, though I shall require more space than the original.

BUTTS.

And every star shall see my torches flame,
Far flung and madly through the whelming dark
Of wheeling worlds; this little, little heart
Them lighted, and it follows and flares on;
Beyond the moon and sun that fire shall burn,
And planets yet unborn shall feel its heat.
For when, at Murphy's, near to closing time,
Above the shining bar the ominous hands
Point to eleven, and every patron goes,
Or is assisted, to the cheerless curb;—
They leave a smooch of sawdust all the way—
Within, the sawdust like a wet beach lies,
Dreary and cold, mutterably dank,
Scuffed toward the door in Lilliputian dunes,
But toward the rail stamped like the harder sand,
By day-long waves of waste humanity.
As, round the lonely cuspidor, that broods
In stolid squatness, range the expiring butts
Of various smokes. Within its charred cell,
A few retain some glow of former fire;
Some hiss and quench beneath the brownish juice;
Some hang upon the edge and teeter there;
But mostly they are dead; and, cold as death,
They throng the base of that derided urn—
So do I fling these torches through the world;
My fire they bear, this burning soul of me.
When I was young I dreamed they flamed beyond
The moon and sun, among the outer stars;
But closing time draws near, the clock runs down—
How few, like these poor butts, shall find the goal!
How many shall bestrew the desert sand,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Now if the original "Butts" had been written by Frothingham Clancy, do you think there is any man alive who could have improved it?

If the mysterious correspondent of Mr. Enoch Molliver really wishes an opportunity for a gentlemanly adjustment of our differences, he will send you his address, which I will thank you to forward me, and he will cease offering indefinite appointments in Dover street bar-rooms. Though I am an old man, and have seen, a thousand times, the righteous belly unfilled and the upright man begging bread or a nickel for car fare, nevertheless, I fear you, correspondent of Molliver, neither in a literary nor in a pugilistic sort. Lay on, correspondent of Molliver, and defamer of the dead. Are you familiar with the real point of that challenge, as explained by Mr. Shaw? It referred to Macduff's embarrassing unacquaintance with the science of poultry; but I employ it for another reason. Lay on, correspondent of Molliver, for you never lay anything but a goose-egg, and though you cackle so strenuously, never a golden one.

T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Boston, June 9.

Ancedote for the Day

As the World Wags:

Notwithstanding Benjamin Franklin's devotion to business and to philosophical research, he is represented to have been at this time a jovial man, very fond of convivial gatherings. He could not only write a song, but he could sing it to the acceptance of his companions. One of these songs, entitled "The Old Man's Wish," he says, he sang over 1000 times. I give the concluding stanza, illustrative of its general character:

With a courage undaunted may I face the last day,
And when I am gone may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He has gone and not left behind him his fellow,
For he governed his passions with absolute sway.

South Boston. J. D. K.

This version is not wholly accurate. "The Old Man's Wish" was written by Walter Pope early in the 18th century. The last stanza is as follows:

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say—
"In the morning when sober; in the evening when mellow,
He is gone and has not left behind him his fellow,
For he governed his passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

Some time ago the newspapers of Boston and other cities published a cable dispatch from London stating that Sir Henry J. Wood had accepted the invitation to be the conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. A few days afterward they published a statement that he had declined the offer. The first statement was made by the Daily Telegraph of London. The journals of that city are late in arrival here. We now quote the article that was published on the editorial page o the Daily Telegraph of May 21. The article was headed: "Sir Henry J. Wood. An American Conductorship."

"Thousands of music lovers in London will receive with mingled feelings the announcement which we are authorized to make today that Sir Henry J. Wood, so long and so closely associated with Queen's Hall, has accepted the important appointment of conductor of the Boston (Mass.) Symphony orchestra. The offer, which came from Maj. Higginson, the founder of the Boston orchestra, is a high honor to fall to a British artist and one of cosmopolitan interest. For over 40 years this famous combination of instrumentalists has been endowed by its founder, and during its annual season of seven months 115 concerts are given. Sir Henry Wood may be relied on to introduce to his new American public many of the works by British composers which he has brought to a hearing at Queen's Hall during the last quarter of a century.

"It is interesting to recall that his predecessors in the post he is now to fill have been George Henschel, Wilhelm Gerike (sic), Arthur Nikisch, Emil Pauer (sic) and Karl Muck."

"Gerike" for Gericke, "Pauer" for Paur; no mention of our old friend, the conductor, Max Fiedler; and the Boston Symphony orchestra is not 40 years old. Nor is it necessary to ask whether the offer came directly from Maj. Higginson. It is said that Dr. Muck advised Maj. Higginson to secure Sir Henry; but Dr. Muck in his most Mephistophelian mood, when he left Boston for the first time, earnestly recommended Mr. Fiedler as his successor.

The Daily Telegraph added to its statement a few words about Sir Henry Wood's career, beginning: "It is not easy to imagine what musical London would do without Sir Henry Wood, who has made for himself a place peculiarly his own. To his Welsh mother his precocious talent owed its early guidance." The Daily Telegraph also said: "An appreciation by Mr. Robin Legge of Sir Henry Wood's work for music will appear in our Music Page tomorrow."

Mr. Legge's "appreciation" is as follows:

"So, at last, we are threatened with the loss of Sir Henry Wood—'H. J. W.,' 'called' to Boston. The Fates have tried before, I know, and the present issue is, I understand, still in doubt. If my memory serves he was once 'called' to Pittsburgh. But he would have none of it. If he should now decide to go, God bless him, for he has done much for us, and had he been quite independent would, I know, have done vastly more.

"If we are to lose him I am glad that Boston is to gain him. I have a kind of personal interest in this matter, not only because I have had the privilege of personal friendship with Sir Henry Wood for almost more years than either he or I would care for any outsider to remind us of (though he is yet but a boy by comparison!), but also because I happen to have known personally all the conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which Col. Higginson founded in 1881. Also I was in Boston not very long before the concerts were started. Therefore it is not difficult, not impossible at least, to understand that I take a kind of grand-paternal interest in the new appointment of 'H. J. W.' to the orchestra of the 'hub.'

"It is not a little curious that all the conductors have hailed from this side, but none before was English by birth; I fancy (Sir) George Henschel was naturalized here before he went to Boston. I recall Henschel's appointment clearly, as also that of Gericke, who imported the Viennese element, which included Kneisel; I saw Nikisch off from Europe for Boston, and both Paur and Muck I knew in those far-off days. So I plead forgiveness for any grand-paternal interest in 'H. J. W.'s' appointment. And grand-paternally I offer him (and Boston), my sincerest and warmest congratulations on the offer made to him, even if I have grievously to deplore our own loss.

"Though no musician could have been busier than he, it is not quantitatively that one measures Wood, but qualitatively. Our musical life is, as it were, sedentary; our programs, once made, remain, as to about 85 per cent. of their ingredients, constant. How 'H. J. W.' must have hated some of them, and, consequently, how he will love the free hand that can be left to the conductor only when the financial question and he have no common denominator, when the 85 per cent. boot is on the other leg! A commercial affair must become, artistically, something of a hack affair from its very nature; and our more important concert institutions are still seeking their Col. Higginson, the fine founder of Boston's orchestra. Obviously, it was no fault of 'H. J. W.' that we could not in the immediate past escape from 'Peer Gynt' or snippets of Tschaikowsky, and so on. Our concerts are not philanthropic. Those of Boston are.

"Yet for five and twenty years Sir Henry Wood has striven to keep us au fait of the leading continental productions. He was facile princeps among the pioneers of Russian music, even though he did not give us our first hearing of the Pathetic, which, in a sense, was the climax of the earlier pioneering. So far as I can recall he alone ever played Schonberg and one or two others, whom, however deeply you may hate them, yet you had to hear it only to follow the trend of modern development. So, too, with Skryabin, Mahler, etc. But for the majority of the audience which he himself created 'H. J. W.' ran too fast. In Boston he would have a free rein, unless matters have recently changed.

"And if we lose Sir Henry Wood, who shall be his successor, unless Aleck Maclean, conductor of the Light Queen's Hall orchestra, I cannot say. At 49 he is in the very prime of his activity. His knowledge of contemporary music is enormous, and his musical accomplishment, as accompanist, for example, is great. Let us leave it there. Sir Henry Wood has done his best for us, in very trying circumstances, but our system is wrong; that he could not alter. If he goes, he goes where his talent will have fullest play."

On May 29 the Daily Telegraph publiahed this paragraph: "While deeply appreciating the compliment paid by America to British music in the offer made to him of the conductorship of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Sir Henry Wood has decided to remain in London. He has signed a new contract with Messrs. Chappell & Co., and will continue the musical direction of the New Queen's Hall orchestra."

Apropos of the production of "The Hidden Hand," a play in three acts by Lawrence Cowen, at Liverpool, May 27, the Stage remarks: "If German spy plays continue to increase and multiply at the rate at which they are doing, each spy will be able to select his own play and judge how far its methods are conformable to his own—assuming that such spies as the Stage is at the moment depicting exist."

"The Hidden Hand!" We well remember how excitedly we read Mrs. Southworth's novel in the New York Ledger. How often was it reprinted in that entrancing but highly moral weekly? Surely as many times as the number of her initials—were they E. D. E. N.?—we would not swear to it—here is an example in permutation and combination. Her novel was as great a favorite with Ledger readers as was "The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Then there was a play, "The Hidden Hand," based on the novel.

Mr. Cowen's "Hidden Hand" is probably not so exciting, although there are sliding panels in the play. The spy is Sir Charles Rosenbaum, born in Germany, a naturalized Englishman, having acquired great wealth in Scotland, freely received in English society; but he is a bosom friend of Kaiser Wilhelm; he is the "Hidden Hand." Rosenbaum will flash lights from the "dome of the studio in his Scotch castle," to guide a German air raid over a great British naval base. This destruction of the fleet is to be accompanied by the "subtle diffusion of a deadly poison spread over the country to secret German agents already resident among us." Scottish workmen are to be secretly bribed to disturb labor. All this is the work of "The Hidden Hand"—a good title, a companion for that engrossing him play, "The Iron Claw." But sweet little Mary Marshall, hidden behind a suit of armor in Sir Charles's studio, hears him plotting with German agents and comrades, on the night of the intended air raid; so she put out the electric light in the studio and thus baffles the villain. A military padre dogs Sir Charles, unmasks him, and then "offers him as the alternative of a living shame the opportunity of an 'accidental' suicide by shooting himself, which the Hun scoundrel accepts."

Yes, the spy-play's the thing. It is the ordinary detective play raised to the nth power.

Some time ago Mr. Jewett announced "The Man Who Went" for production at the Copley Theatre. This play, described as a melodramatic comedy, written by W. A. Tremayne, was originally called "The Black Feather." It was produced at Toronto, Sept. 11, 1916, when Albert Brown took the part of Dick Kent of the English secret service, appearing, however, to the passer-by as a sort of a silly ass, like Christopher in "The Man Who Stayed at Home." Mr. Tremayne's play is not to be confounded with a drama of the same title, a continuation of "The Man Who Stayed at Home," which, produced in London, failed. A play entitled "The Man from Toronto" was recently announced in London for production.

In May a friend of Toole, the English comedian, Edward Yeats Lowne, died at Brighton, Eng., in his 89th year. We do not mention this because he was a friend of John L. Toole, but on account of a note in Macready's diary—Nov. 29, 1850: "A Mr. Lowne, a young man, called just as I was going out to dinner, to thank me for having saved him from going on the stage. I felt grateful to God that I had been instrumental in so much service to a fellow creature." Three months afterward Macready farewelled the stage at Drury Lane.

But here is an ironical fact. Lowne used his influence with Toole to put his son, Charles Macready Lowne, on the stage. The son played with Toole from 1884 to 1896. If Lowne, the elder, thanked Macready for having kept him off the stage, why did he persuade Toole to take his son?

Years ago "serio-comic" singers were common in variety shows. Many of these singers were painfully serious when they attempted to be funny, and uproariously funny when they were serious. The songs of the graver sort were supposed to depict character or point a moral. A "classic" of those days was "Shabby-Genteel."

Mr. William Rock at the Plymouth Theatre revived memories of these old variety days by his admirable delivery of the song about Broadway and his scene of the old sport that defies time and physical infirmities. Neither of the characters represented was a model for ingenuous youth; but Mr. Rock did not argue for or against the life described; he simply assumed a character and obliterated his own identity. The impersonation in each case was appropriately callous, cynical. The realism was not marred by the slightest touch of exaggeration.

Cinema and Other Theatrical News from Paris

M. Simyan in a report to the Ministry of Fine Arts asked that a special course for cinema acting be added to the National Conservatory. Andre Antoine has already been named to direct and teach the new class. After he was obliged to retire from the management of the Odeon on account of financial difficulties, Antoine has given all his time and energy to moving pictures. He recently showed a version of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." The Paris correspondent says that there are no eminent cinema actors in France, "as in America, where it is a special field." A prominent actor once told us when he was in Boston that those who shone on the legitimate stage were ineffective as a rule in film plays.

A new operetta, "Le Mariage de Pepeta," at the Concert Mayol, has a slight and too familiar plot: A young man of means passes himself off as his valet to inquire into the character of the young woman whom his parents have chosen for his wife. There is plenty of dancing, there are brilliant costumes, and there is music full of "the zest of the South." A translation of Alfred Sutro's "The Triangle" is announced for the Grand Guignol.

"Owing to repeated incidents that have arisen to the detriment of actors, MM. Pierre Laval and Adrien Veber, deputies of the Seine, have proposed an amendment of the civil law to the effect that the salaries of actors and singers should receive precedence over all debts contracted by bankrupt managers. They have continually asked for this amendment, and it now seems that they are about to be rewarded. Indeed, serious efforts are being made on all sides for the welfare of actors."

"La Grande Marcelle," a short play at the Theatre Imperial, is directed against drug-fiends and the abuse of opium and morphine. A girl stabs the German agent who had circulated drugs and thus caused the death of her lover.

The chief interest at a matinee at the Comedie Francaise for the refugees of

the Somme was Mme. Pierat, who took the part of Lorenzaccio in the third act of Alfred de Musset's play. "It is a terrible character, this female youth, who lures his enemy by treacherous protestations of friendship in order to murder him. Mme. Pierat is, perhaps, the most interesting of the younger actresses in Paris, at the height of her career and of her talent, but here, for once, she seemed too slight, a pale, feverish child, and one recalled the tragic horror and beauty of Sarah Bernhardt standing in the moonlight over the body of her victim. Of course it is impossible to judge an artist from a few scenes, and we may only hope that this is but a forerunner of the play's revival. Silvain, Ravet, and Dorival appear to advantage, and here let me speak a word in praise of the former. It is 40 years since Silvain first appeared at the Comedie Francaise on May 7, 1878, as Thesee in 'Phedre.' Since then he has played more than 100 parts, principally from the classical repertory. He is a powerful tragedian and a remarkable diseur, and is, since the death of Mounet-Sully, the oldest member of the society. I have never seen him in better form than this year."

"Monsieur Bourdin, Profiteur," is a satirical play about war-time commercialism, which was produced at the Theatre Antoine. "The wife of a grocer becomes a veritable Lady Macbeth in order to lead her husband to prosperity. But the luxurious chateau that they acquire is looted by thieves, and the police suspect first one and then another, until Bourdin ends by confessing that he robs himself in order to restore his ill-gotten gains. It is sufficiently well played, although no star appears, for it is the kind of comedy that is taken kindly."

Prize Plays Should Be Judged by Their Final Actability

Literary pessimists who are prone to scoff at the lack of literature in the successful modern play and who deprecate the fact that the American public usually refuses to accept the dictum of literary closet-critics as to the merits of a prize play, should be able to readjust their ideas to conform with the opinions of the expert jury which awarded the Pulitzer prize to a play which, beside being good literature in the manuscript, also proved both feasible and successful on the acting stage.

The experienced and practical theatrical producer knows that the greater the rhetorical excellence of the play the lower its dramatic or actable value is likely to be. And he usually regrets this inequality as much as does the literary dramatist on the monitors of the Drama League. It follows, as a rule, that if a fine example of dramatic literature is to be produced with any hope of popular approval and support, the producer and director who address the task must go rearrange, reconstruct and energize the manuscript that the enacted and staged result, as the audience will see it, amounts to quite a different play from that which left the inspired hand of the rhetorical author.

That "plays are not written, but are re-written," is not a conceit of the managerial phrase-maker. The two reasons why we do not get more successful plays of prize-winning calibre are, first, because most scholarly playwrights ignore or sacrifice the physical and practical requirements of actable drama in favor of the artistic requirements of "fine writing"; and, second, "because the average producer is unwilling, unable or incapable of galvanizing a merely literary manuscript into a feasible and convincing drama of action. In the sense that a play is not a play until it is played, it would seem to be a fair and prudent plan to award competitive prizes for "the best play" only upon final consideration of its demonstrated practicality and value as a complete production. Even then the measure of credit should not go wholly to the writer unless his manuscript has required a minimum of correction, alteration and addition at the hands of the producers and practitioners who galvanized it into life and "made it go." Even then, and with the fullest deference to the opinions of the expert judges of prize plays that are also popular, it is by no means sure that rival productions of less intrinsic merit will not prove to be far more popular and, therefore, financially more profitable.—Morning Telegraph.

Notes About Plays, Actors, Music and Musicians

A comedy-drama, "The Just Impediment," by Charles Harrie Abbott, was produced at the Kennington Theatre, London, May 27. "This proved a very dull and amateurish effort, revealing the dilemma of a dissipated marquis who married the natural daughter of a gaming-house proprietor by mistake for the niece of a titled widow." The Daily Telegraph was not much more courteous in condemnation than the Daily Chronicle. The writer first said that the idea of producing a new play at a suburban theatre should be encouraged because it enabled young and aspiring dramatists to obtain a hearing denied them in the West End—there was Louis N. Parker's case. As for Mr. Abbott's play, it has obvious shortcomings. "The action is sluggish, the dialogue extraordinarily ornate and verbose, while the interest of the audience is claimed for persons who are very freely talked about but never seen. It is difficult, too, to accept a plot that seldom touches even the fringes of reality. When Mr. Abbott has learned to curb his love for fine writing and to put upon the stage people whose motives and actions inspire belief, he may yet give us a play capable of arresting and gripping the attention."

Charles Sullivan, the Irish comedian, was at the height of his success in the '80's, playing Shaun the Post at the Adelphi. He was a lovable sort of man, but careless in business. He had hosts of friends in Ireland, where he devoted most of his time, but was not a good correspondent, which may account for the following letter, which reached him, remember, when he was a popular star at a London theatre. I give it as it was read to me: "Dear Char-less. It's a long toime since annyone has heard from ye. How are ye, me boy? Are ye doin' well and have ye a dacent bed to lie upon in ye thravels? I am afraid ye must have been running a bit wild, or we should have heard from ye. When are ye goin' to give up this vagabond life? Sure, it will never lade to annything at all, at all. Toime is going by, and we're all getting older than we were. Now that ye poor mother's gone, sure I've no wan to think about but yeself. Why not come home? Sure there's always the little shop, and with my bit o' money and ye Uncle Mooncy's influence, who knows, we might one day get yez into the polls."—The Stage.

Eugene Walter's play, "The Knife," was transferred on May 27 from the Comedy Theatre in London to the Queen's. The Stage describes it as "a pro-vivisection and the unwritten law and anti-fortune telling piece, a these which has lost nothing of its harrowing sensationalism and perversely ad captantum logic." It appears that the element of comic relief has now been worked up and emphasized to a certain extent. "Mr. Walter's skilful management of his plot cannot be gainsaid, whether one accepts his very doubtful postulates or no." The Daily Telegraph, noting the transference, says that the drama comes under Shaw's "unpleasant" plays. "Provided he has some useful object to attain, one may admit a dramatist's right to rack the nerves of his audience by presenting a series of horrors of a kind to make their flesh creep. But it is just here that 'The Knife' fails, for the only logical moral to be gathered from its performance is that the less you frequent fortune tellers the better it will be for yourself; and, of that, few require to be assured. * * * The acting is as strenuous and as forcible as could possibly be desired."

On June 7 Miss Viola Tree arranged a matinee at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of the movement inaugurated by Mme. Clara Novello Davies for the supply of musical instruments to our soldiers and sailors, especially to men in the trenches. The program consisted entirely of Shakesperean excerpts, each with a specially written prologue by Louis N. Parker.

Dan Godfrey and his men celebrated the 25th anniversary of the Municipal Orchestra at Bournemouth, (Eng.) on May 22. Mr. Godfrey received £400 in War Bonds, "and a fund is still open for presenting him with a still further proof of his deserved popularity."

The centenary of Charles Gounod, born on June 17, 1818, was celebrated in London on June 16 by two concerts in aid of the British and French Red Cross Societies.

Fritzi Scheff is back in New York making her first two-a-day appearance in vaudeville there for nearly three years.

Ethel Barrymore has begun work on the screen version of "Our Mrs. McChesney." Huntley Gordon is the leading man.

"Ann Gray, a personable young woman, plays several selections on the harp, most of them of a semi-classical nature." According to the definitions invented by writers on aesthetics, these "selections" were originally romantic. They are now at the half-way house.

A program of old-fashioned "variety" at B. F. Keith's Palace Theatre in New York, was welcomed. The Morning Telegraph remarked: "The wave of merriment created by James Watts, reveals how clear was the prophetic vision of B. F. Keith in realizing that old-time variety, this time in the sense of ancient, needed only to be cleaned up to make a profitable form of amusement for women and children in addition to the pleasure-seeking men folk. Also that it was only necessary to sweep out the sawdust, substitute therefor plush carpets, discharge the bouncer by replacing him with courteous attaches and to paint and decorate inside and outside the theatre."

The critic was pleased by the dancing of Nina Payne, because she was "joyous." "Instead of looking as if pained by the startling gyrations of her arms and legs and the suppleness of her body, Miss Payne smilingly radiates happiness."

The "Classical French Theatre Association" has as its primary object the promotion of a better understanding between England and France. Its future schemes include the production of classical French plays with the aid of the French National Theatres, the Comedy Francaise and the Odeon; but for the present its efforts are, I understand, confined to the practical plan of raising a fund for the creation of traveling scholarships in France, by which English teachers and students will benefit. For this purpose a series of lectures and concerts has been organized, the subject chosen being a sort of introduction to the association's aims and objects: "The Spirit of France in Her Beautiful Folk Songs." Last night the season opened appropriately at the Aeolian Hall with a causerie on "Chansons et Legendes," half in English, half in French, by Mr. Edwin Evans.—Pall Mall Gazette, May 30.

Laurette Taylor has written her dairy of the "Out There" expedition. The proceeds from the publication will be given to the Red Cross.

A new play in verse, "Asthara," by Dorothy M. C. MacArdle, author of "Moonshine," was produced at the Little Theatre, Dublin, May 24. Asthara, a half-divine woman of pre-Christian Ireland, is ignorant of man's great "pain and travail" because she has never known the passion, love. She can heal the sick; she casts spells in her high tower, where she keeps alight the flame called Death. One day Thorgyn, a fine specimen of the male, comes along. Falling in love with him she loses her divinity. But he has long been in love with Una, her disciple. Asthara has turned the flame of death on her, but "by an overmastering effort of this new love, she again is divine; she restores Una to Thorgyn and accepts annihilation herself." Reminiscent often of 'Israel's Incense,' a fine verse play by Daniel Corkery, put on here (Dublin) some years ago, and a little of 'The Virgin Goddess,' seen in London for a short season, Asthara has much beauty of phrasing; and occasionally, as when the heroine struggles and is overcome by the charm of the man, Thorgyn, there is compelling drama."

Arthur Collins on May 28 completed 21 years as manager of Drury Lane. He thus beat Sir Augustus Harris's record of 17 years, and far outdistanced the rule of any previous manager since 1812, when the present theatre was opened.

Pinero is at work on a play for Irene Vanbrugh.

John Glendinning, who died a few months ago, left an estate valued at £7822. He left his interest in the play "The Rosary" and his war loan bond to his wife, Miss Jessie Millard, and the residue of his estate he left upon trusts for his wife and two children.

St. John Greer Ervine, author of the plays "Mixed Marriage," "The Magnanimous Lover," "The Critics," "Jane Clegg," "The Orangeman," second lieutenant in the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, was wounded on the front on May 9 so that his right leg was amputated on May 25.

A writer for The Stage (London) of May 30 said of "Bill" Abington: "He was a real bohemian, full of life and high spirits at all times, hence I am the more shocked to hear that he took his own life in New York in a fit of melancholia. I saw a lot of him in the early '90's—a man who had many stanch friends and few acquaintances. I particularly remember his calling on me, full of enthusiasm over a new part he was to play, his first sympathetic part, as he put it, Lord Nelson in the late Robert Buchanan's play, 'The Mariners of England,' at the Olympic. He had been playing 'heavies' so long that he was afraid he would never get out of them. I met him again years after in the States, where he had settled down. He was very fond of all-night sittings at cards, and never seemed to feel the loss of sleep."

The sight of hanging gas jets in Albert Hall brought back to the memory of a journalist the old stage direction, "down to the blue." "When the gas is turned down low enough it gives a bluish light, which was formerly used for moonlight scenes, aided by the old limelight. When electricity came into general use the theatre was quick enough to seize its possibilities for stage effect, and the bulbs were dipped in various mediums as wanted."

Jessie Beecham, a daughter of the late Sir Joseph Beecham, made her debut in London with the Carl Rosa Company, May 23, as Antonia in "Tales of Hoffmann." The Daily Telegraph said of her: "She revealed possession of a soprano voice of obvious possibilities and no little volume; but she was not immune from the nervousness inseparable from a first appearance, and to this cause may be attributed the unsteadiness of tone which often marred the effect of her singing."

"The Valkyrie" was announced for the second week of the two months' season of the Beecham company at Drury Lane, which began June 3. This was the first performance of Wagner's opera in London since the war began.

"The Singer," by W. J. Eccott is not the story of the sad, gay, adventurous life of a soprano or tenor on the stage. The heroine is a young English singer of good family, who marries an influential German secret agent. With the assistance of a young Frenchman and a novelist she serves her country by restoring a stolen document to its rightful owners.

In London, May 28, a violin by Petrus Guarnerius of Mantua, and dated 1703, realized £35 at Puttrick and Simpson's. Another, by Paolo Antonio Testore, Milan, 1711, £140; and a three-quarter size violin by A. and H. Amati of Cremona, 1601, formerly the property of Prince Charles of Lorraine, and upon which Vieuxtemps learned to play, £40.

Joseph Jongen's "Tableaux Pittoresques" was produced at London, May 27. The Daily Telegraph, cheerfully admitting that the suite contained much charming and imaginative music, said that the composer had found so much to say about themes "as well worn as a morning in the country or a mountain landscape" that he was unable to keep his inspiration within due bounds. "Each movement is full of good ideas and clever reflective writings, but would be greatly improved by compression."

How many Londoners have noticed the sudden disappearance of the piano organ? There may be an odd one here and there whose music is ground out by a British hand, but for the most part they have vanished. The explanation is air raids. When Italy came into the war her myriad swarthy sons who had turned an honest handle for a living sought the fatherland to fight against Austrian aggression, leaving their stock in trade to their women folks.—London Daily Chronicle.

A festival of ancient and modern Italian symphonic music has been arranged for Queen's Hall, London. The concerts were announced for June 6, 20, 29. Isadore de Lara organized the scheme. The music is to cover three centuries. One object is to benefit the Italian Red Cross. Another object in view is to demonstrate that "the birthplace of modern music (vocal and instrumental) was not Germany, but Italy, a fact which many in their devotion to Wagner have been apt to overlook."

Harry Lauder, having returned to his home in Dunoon, states that in America he addressed 2,000,000, visited 98 cities and traveled 34,000 miles. "For the Harry Lauder Million Pounds Fund on behalf of disabled Scottish soldiers and sailors I have brought home in hard cash £25,000. My travels took me from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Gulf to British Columbia, Victoria, Edmonton, Alberta, Winnipeg, etc."

An "American" musical play, "Shanghai," will be produced at Drury Lane in August. "The action is entirely in the Celestial land, though many of the principal characters will be British." "This colossal affair will excel any previous musical production in London."

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Mr. Henry de Vere Stacpoole is the author of a recent war poem which ends as follows:

Without a word she answered him.
"My son!" said she.

We infer from this that Mr. Stacpoole is a native of Ireland.

Americans in London

Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson's "Sporting and Dramatic Career" contains pleasing anecdotes. One is about an American, Mrs. Philip Beresford Hope, who married an Englishman: "A gauche neighbor at a dinner-party had taken the liberty of commenting on her account, or rather on the fact that it was so slight, if it existed at all, as to be well-nigh imperceptible. 'Yes,' the lady replied, 'the missionary who converted our tribe was very particular about our accent.'"

This reminds us of a story, told about Eugene Field at a London dinner. A neighbor asked him about his origin in a rather supercilious manner. "Well, madam," said Field, "when they caught me, I was far up in a tree."

The Superior Sex

From a little girl's Essay on Men: "Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear. They don't go to church like women do. Both men and women sprang from monkeys, but women sprang farther."—London Daily Chronicle.

Ocular Eating

Is there any anthology of famous gastronomic descriptions? It would include passages from Scott's novels, from the romances of Dumas the Elder, from Thackeray's essays—there would be a thick volume. The supper in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" would have an honored place. We are not forgetting Rabelais, Petronius, Huysmans, Zola, Smollett. There is brave eating and drinking in the novels of Dickens. Let us make room here for a passage from "The Dubliners," by James Joyce:

"A fat brown goose lay at one end of the table and at the other end, on a bed of creased paper strewn with sprigs of parsley, lay a great ham, stripped of its outer skin and peppered over with crust crumbs, a neat paper frill around its shin, and beside this was a round of spiced beef. Between these rival ends ran parallel lines of side dishes: two

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little [illegible]rs of jelly, red and yellow; a shallow dish full of blocks of blanc-mange and red jam, a large green leaf-shaped dish with a stalk-shaped handle, on which lay bunches of purple raisins and peeled almonds, a companion dish on which lay a solid rectangle of Smyrna figs, a dish of custard topped with grated nutmeg, a small bowl full of chocolates and sweets wrapped in gold and silver papers, and a glass vase in which stood some tall celery stalks. In the centre of the table there stood as sentries to a fruit stand which upheld a pyramid of oranges and American apples, two squat old-fashioned decanters of cut glass, one containing port and the other dark sherry. On the closed square piano a pudding in an huge [illegible]w dish lay in waiting, and behind were three squads of bottles of stout and ale and minerals, drawn up according to the colors of their uniforms, the first two black, with brown and red [illegible]ls, the third and smallest squad [illegible] with transverse green sashes."

The description is elaborate, but the [illegible]nt of the stew prepared by the [illegible]rd of the Jolly Sandboys in "The Old Curiosity Shop" is to us more exciting. As Mr. Codlin sat in front of the fire the landlord held in his hand the cover of an iron pot and allowed the steam to tickle the nostrils of his [illegible]t.

"Mr. Codlin drew his sleeve across his [illegible] and said in a murmuring voice: What is it?'

"'It's a stew of tripe,' said the landlord, smacking his lips, 'and cow-heel,' [illegible]king them again, 'and bacon,' [illegible]cking them once more, 'and steak,' smacking them for the fourth time, 'and [illegible] cauliflowers, new potatoes and [illegible]row-grass, all working up together [illegible] one delicious gravy.'

"'At what time will it be ready?' asked Mr. Codlin faintly.

"'It'll be done to a turn . . . at 22 [illegible]tes before 11.'

'Then,' said Mr. Codlin, 'fetch me a [illegible]t of warm ale. And don't let any-[illegible] bring into the room even so much [illegible]uit till the time arrives.'"

[illegible] probably have printed Leigh Hunt's idea of a breakfast, but it is [illegible] reading again: "Imprimis, tea and [illegible] secondly, dry toast; thirdly, butter; fourthly, eggs; fifthly, ham; sixthly, something potted." "Something potted." How that fires the fancy! We have [illegible]r eaten jugged hare; probably we [illegible] never eat it. Yet the very sound [illegible] the words waters the mouth and [illegible]s the palate. The vulgar act of [illegible]ting the jugged hare would no doubt [illegible] forever an illusion. The vagueness of "something potted" is an enticement.

Fortiter in Re

As the World Wags:

I wonder if it is disloyalty to criticise the manner of speech used by some of the speakers in the interest of the various war measures of the government. It is with unadulterated pleasure that I have had the opportunity of seeing the several parades of our boys who have gone, and are going to face death in the war over there. The sight of the Scots gave [illegible] a fulness of heart that moistened my [illegible]. The swagger-stick boys gave me a thrill! The Blue Devils were the ne plus ultra for admiration. I had heard the [illegible] of welcome at the old Cradle of Liberty, had with a heart-whole grip shaken hands with many of the black-[illegible] mountain lads of France, and found [illegible] to the Common and the stand [illegible] the stamp sellers.

There were many things done there that to me seemed not just the most correct and certainly not the most pleasant way in which to solicit help for the U. S. A. A soldier wearing the [illegible] of Canada on his shoulder was browbeating and insulting a modest, unassuming young man, who, I suppose felt he would make himself very unpopular should he resent the manner of address given by the soldier whose [illegible] of talk seemed to be about half insults to the young man and half boasts [illegible] his own doings. This same soldier [illegible] on the stand speaking to a mixed audience of old and young, female and male; to all appearances, a respectable Boston gathering. This bold soldier was certainly a gifted speaker, if—a big "if"—one was not particular as to quality. His gestures were energetic and pointed and his words were equally so. With [illegible] in his eye, he pointed a finger at [illegible] and with many an oath he [illegible] them what he had done to the [illegible]. "And what have you guys done? [illegible]" Over and over [illegible] and the people [illegible] listening were never called [illegible], gentlemen or ladies, or fellow citizens, only guys.

Boston. DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

We are glad to see the United States government endorsing the good old-fashioned Seymour coat.

Whale Meat Again

Let us add to the discussion of whale meat published in this column last week. Early last May a whale was stranded at Battersea. The authorities of the Natural History Museum sent a portion of the flesh to the Lord Mayor, but the greater part of the body, it is said, would be converted into glycerine for shells. (Now by ancient law, a stranded whale was treasure trove: the head went to the King; the tail to the Queen.) The Lord Mayor remarked: "The whale steak we had for luncheon on Saturday"—May 11, a historic date—"was delicious. We all enjoyed it very much. I sat down with a good deal of hesitation and much prejudice, because one had heard al sorts of tales that whale flesh was coarse, and tough, and oily, but on the contrary it was quite delicious. In appearance and taste to me it was like a bit of tender beefsteak."

The cook at the Mansion House said that the portion weighed about eight pounds. He soaked it in cold salt and water for about three hours and added a little soap. Broiled, it made its own liquor, and came out very tender. It was served with a sauce of fine herbs. A reporter who saw a piece of the meat said that it looked like well done rump steak. The flavor and texture when cold resembled exactly a piece of tender calf's liver.

Our own preference for an accompaniment would be fried onions. Those fussy about proteins and calories will be pleased to learn that the protein value of whale flesh when canned is about 34 per cent.; that of ordinary beef is 13.

Herman Melville mentioned the appreciation of the whale's tongue in France as a dish about four centuries ago. An English scientist's assistant was sent down to the Isle of Dogs to examine a whale. He went into its mouth to examine the throat. The Daily Chronicle of London tells the story: "The tongue was soft and spongy, and as he tried to walk across it he sank, head-high, in the mass, and was saved only in the nick of time by men who hauled him out with boathooks." Melville, describing the inside of a right whale's mouth, wrote: "Seeing all these colonnades of bone so methodically ranged about, would you not think you were inside of the great Haarlem organ and gazing upon its thousand pipes? For a carpet to the organ we have a rug of the softest Turkey—the tongue, which is glued, as it were, to the floor of the mouth. It is very fat and tender, and apt to tear in pieces in hoisting it on deck."

Caution

Do not confound "periscope" with "pericope." The latter is a short passage, a paragraph; a portion of scripture read in public worship. Can a paragrapher be correctly called a "pericoper"?

Clancy's Portrait

As the World Wags:

A parishioner of mine, Miss Sarah Hepatica, tells me that she has received back from the postoffice a letter recently sent to you by her incorrectly addressed. Much of the matter of this communication has been made superfluous by other subsequent correspondence, but there was enclosed a copy of verse written by the late Frothingham Clancy that may be worth your while. It seems to be indicated by this and other circumstances that our friend had formed an attachment for Miss Venie Clancy, a stage beauty of that period, obviously not akin to him though hearing the same name. The following tribute addressed to her was printed in some newspaper now unidentifiable from the clipping in Miss Hepatica's possession:

> Venie scorns my humble plea:
> Vainly for her I sigh.
> Still I bend a suppliant knee
> As her beauty says to me:
> "Venie, vidi, vici."

Mr. Clancy's pronunciation of the Latin tongue was obviously the one favored in my own college days, and not the one employed at present.

It is quite true, as Miss Hepatica stated in her letter, that Frothingham Clancy never permitted himself to be photographed. There exists no photographic portrait of him whatever. Thus it happens that a pencil sketch, made by someone upon the back of one of Miss Clancy's portraits, whether for sentimental or merely ironical reasons does not now appear, is of great and unique value. I enclose this sketch for reproduction if that is desired or possible. Even if it fails to do our friend justice, it still provides ample explanation for Miss Clancy's coldness. A brother of the Herschenroder who kept the restaurant of which your correspondent, Mr. Quex, gives us news, was the leading hair-cutter of that time in Boston. Frothingham might easily have known of the address of this real artist, but it is probable that it was from deliberate choice that he permitted his locks to grow with traditional poetic affluence. A hat is, of course, the mere accident of one's time, circumstances and locality. One may not cavil seemingly at such details.

Miss Hepatica, I may say, comes from the well-known and active family originating in Epsom, Eng. Her male relatives have mostly followed the sea, and many famous "old salts" are numbered among her forbears.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKS.
Milton.

We regret to say that at present we are unable to reproduce the portrait of South Boston's bard. We are inclined to think that this portrait, the ideal one of a hobo poet, is a malicious caricature. As for his hat, Senator Evarts was known, identified, by a "shocking bad" tile. It is not the hat but that which is directly under it that makes the man.—Ed.

Sartorial Government

It is pleasant to note that the Custom Tailors' Association will support the government in its regulation of men's dress that cloth may be conserved. An ingenious tailor in New York has already introduced a backless vest and a liningless sleeve. It is also a pleasure to learn that double-breasted overcoats, coats, waistcoats will disappear. "Fashion moulders" had announced the reappearance of the hideous padded shoulders, which turned feeble men into brawny athletes, as coat, wig and trappings gave awful dignity to Louis XIV in the two cruel pictures drawn by Thackeray for his "Paris Sketch Book." There are to be no side and back straps and flaps on trouser pockets. Coats are to be short, without regard to the build of the wearer, whether his architecture be that of the pointed gothic or of the Byzantine dome. Pockets themselves are to be small in size and few in number. This will be sad news to some, who are still boys, care not for snug fitting, and do not glory in their figure.

In other words, the government proposes to be a sumptuary lawgiver; to be the arbiter of fashion. New England in time past has known laws of this nature, without just purpose, ridiculously tyrannical; laws affecting women and men. And what country through the centuries has not known them? Features of women's dress, or undress, thundered against by learned divines as grossly immodest, are today considered conventional and to be expected. Man has become a more sober animal in dress. The brocade waistcoats of our grandfathers would now be considered a vainglorious exhibition, a shrieking example of bad taste, if we were not at war. Despite the sporadic efforts of certain gilded youths, the formal, ceremonial dress for men is still of black.

In Prussia, it is said, no man shall have more than two suits of clothes, even if these suits are already shabby. The German of the last forty years has not been conspicuous for good taste in dress, however "practisch" his coat and trousers; but he may well rebel against a limitation in quantity. Our government has not yet decreed that an American shall not possess a business suit, afternoon suit, evening dress, dinner coat with appropriate accompanying garments, clothes for tennis, golf, etc. The wardrobe of certain swells in England has been a constant source of wonderment from the days of George IV and Beau Brummell. In later years one read of a nobleman who had a long gallery of trousers. But many of these swells have given up their lives for England. The catalogue of D'Annunzio's wardrobe almost equalled in the number of items any catalogue of garden seeds. The poet now wears bravely the dress of an aviator. To come back to our government and the reason for its sumptuary laws, there is one suit, the only one necessary, that is now becoming to all Americans, the young and those not too old: The suit of khaki, whether it be spick and span but ready for service; whether it be stained and grimed by valiant service at the front.

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Looking over some old family letters, we came across one containing a description of Boston in August, 1846. The writer, a law student in Troy, N. Y., spent his vacation in visiting Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Burlington, Vt.

"I should like to live at the South a year to see and know what kind of people they are there. Just as I should love to live in New York a year or in Boston. But I don't know but I should love to live in Boston longer, for, altogether, I like that place although the streets are narrow and crooked, and notwithstanding, too, all the evil things that New Yorkers say of them. It's a clean place, and such stores—great granite blocks—as their big folks are putting up—and such benevolent things as their great men—and such honest people as they are generally reputed to be—are not to be found often in this wicked world. And such a market as they have! and such a Common, and such a breeze on their Common. I've almost a mind to live there. But how apt a boy is to glorify what he cannot enjoy. If I am not in the best place in the world, whose fault is it?"

Of Italian Descent?

As the World Wsgs:

Your inquiry as to the source of Frothingham Clancy's poetic gift, and your search for information among the Lives of Illustrious Irishmen indicate that you are unaware of Mr. Clancy's Italian ancestry, which I had supposed to be known to all earnest students of his "Remains."

In any respectably extensive collection of Universal Biography you will find Mr. Clancy's most celebrated ancestor (his great-great-grandfather, I believe) described in some such form as this:

Cianci (pron. Chanchee) Ignazio, a Neapolitan poet and theologian, flourished circa 1720-60.

It was from this ancestor that Frothingham Clancy derived both his name and his poetic genius. A slight change in spelling and in pronunciation was all that was required.

I once asked Clancy, as we were lying on the sand in the sun at L street, South Boston, why he made the change, and I gathered that it was in the beginning accidental. Owing to a misunderstanding on the part of a policeman one Monday morning—due possibly to a temporary indistinctness in Cianci's own utterance—he was booked as Clancy. He found that he derived so much advantage from the slight alteration of name that he ever after used the amended form. H. B. H.

Boston.

But what is to be said of the following letter? We repeat; the Clancy family came from Galway.—Ed.

From a Relative

As the World Wags:

I shall be brief for I am mad.

Prof. Deedledum, whose name I notice rhymes with rum, audaciously says that dear Mr. Clancy's "antecedents are none too certain." The idea! Mr. Clancy's progenitors were among the first families in Erin—the Clancys of Clancyvale and the O'Haras of Ballyohara, County Sligo. The late Bishop Clancy was his uncle. Theodore O'Hara, the American poet, was his mother's cousin.

Frothingham Clancy was born in Monument square, Charlestown, No. 20, I think. The Frothinghams were near neighbors and friends of his father's—whence the name. While yet a boy his parents moved to South Boston, where they died, young in years, but old in honors.

He had no brothers, no sisters to share his sorrow. He was lone and lonely and wrapped around him the mantle of mystery until one nearer and dearer came. But the breath of Mors seared the bud of Love ere Hymen's dews its petals kissed.

Five years ago he passed away, making night of brightest day. I closed his eyes and silent wept, and lone and lonely vigil kept. I followed to his grave, where friends were few (and they were somewhat groggy, too). I knelt and bid his dust adieu.

His last poem Prof. Deedledum says cannot be Clancy's because it is "too respectable." Fee fa fum, Deedledum! None of Clancy's race ever lived or died, in bed, on the bounding billows, or where the billows of war roll their crimson tide, unmarked by respectability. Mr. Clancy did not dislike the word "burgeon." Once when Prof. Deedledum went staggering homeward after reading his essay, "Why Bees Buzz," Mr. Clancy laughingly remarked: "The old chap is burgeoning beautifully."

CELIA WELLINGTON O'HARA.
Boston.

MISS FRANKLIN

[illegible] Franklin, assisted by Burton [illegible] the chief feature of an amusing [illegible] B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. [illegible] there was a large audience [illegible] unmistakably pleased.

[illegible] Franklin has an entirely new act [illegible] pleasingly varied program. She [illegible] her wonderful simulation of un[illegible]cated childhood, but this feature [illegible] not is introduced with a new [illegible] new "usiress" and new dress.

[illegible] song has its pertinent growth [illegible] certain reveiancy in the general [illegible] of things. Miss Franklin was particularly good in her affectation of [illegible] Winter Garden girl and the spirit of the hour was nicely pictured as the little Parisienne, singing her greeting [illegible] France. Mr. Green was a pleasure at the piano whether in solo parts or as accompanist.

Other acts were Jimmy Lucas, assisted by Billy Frisch and George Willems, in "Wild Ravings of 1918"; [illegible] and company in an acrobatic act; Homer Dickinson and Gracie Deacon, in chatter and song; Harry B. Watson, Jere Delaney and a big company in "Rubeville," one of the really big laugh provokers of vaudeville; John Dunsmure vocalist; Billie Burke's "Motor Boating," a nautical sketch employing four; Patten and Marks, in a singing and dancing act, and Bertie Ford, the tangolst of the wire.

"Martin's"

The death of a famous landlord causes more than local regret. He may have retired from business; he may have become, still alive, a quasi-legendary character, haunting like a benevolent ghost the inn that gave him reputation and fortune; nevertheless his actual passing, while it revives pleasant memories, saddens those remembering the days that are no more; when appetites were lively, digestions unimpaired.

The inn kept by Jean Baptiste Martin was not only an institution in which New York took pride; it was known the world over. It was not only an inn to be visited for its cookery and its wines; it was a meeting place for artists of all sorts and conditions, for professional men, for entertaining idlers, for strangers in the town, eager to see something different; who, not relishing especially the onion soup, snails or other peculiarly French dishes, went to Martin's as to a zoo. It pleased these strangers to see Pol Plancon, the superbly dignified bass, eating and drinking like two or three ordinary mortals; to observe Mr. Oliver Herford in a corner meditating an illustrated jest; to see men and women whose faces were known to them through newspapers and magazines at ease in their inn.

Inns, restaurants, eating houses, cafes, gloriously individualized by the talent, sometimes the genius, of a landlord, are disappearing in all cities. The name may be preserved in hope to maintain the traditions, but the place is not the same. The old frequenter misses the personal attention, the passing friendly word, the feeling of intimacy, the assurance that he is a man with Christian name and surname, not merely guest No. 1 or 2 at table 8; not merely No. 23 or 32, according to his room. It is so in London, Paris—in almost every large city. Here in Boston what changes during the last 30 years! Gone is the house once celebrated throughout the United States for its broiled live lobster, Welsh rabbits and musty ale. The oyster house with its curtained boxes, its Dickensian atmosphere, is no longer in Essex street. And so one might go farther back, back to the days when George Young himself spoke to each guest in his dining room and inquired, not anxiously, but confidently, concerning his satisfaction, enjoyment.

Did Jean Baptiste Martin give his name to a particular dish, a monument as enduring as brass? Will he thus share in honor with the magnificent rhetorician and philanderer Chateau briand of the steak; with the diplomatist Nesselrode of the pudding; with the Gladstone of the traveling bag? Years ago the Delmonico of New York had his pudding.

There are many contributors waiting to be heard. Among them are Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the Earnest Student of Sociology, who writes about the war as discussed by Cape Cod men at Capt. Nickerson's store; Prof. Deediedum, who has much to say about the friends and acquaintances of Frothingham Clancy, "H. P. C.," who has made an elaborate study of the rabbit cat. There are others striving to enlighten the community and raise its moral tone. They must all wait their turn.

Cullen's "Mauve"

As the World Wags:

I feel sometimes that I must be really old, so different are things from what they were when I was a girl. Nobody today seems to have true appreciation of poetry. When I was of the age of my nieces I had a deep respect for art, but they care nothing for anything in life except to get excitement or fun out of it. They seem to think the letters you have been printing about Frothingham Clancy and Linsey Cullen are amusing, but I am sure I cannot see why. Even if a youthful poet does not succeed in his efforts there is something infinitely pathetic in his hopeless struggles to pour out his soul in song. Dear Mrs. Browning—the modern girl never, I am convinced, reads a line of Mrs. Browning's wonderful poetry—speaks of the sadness of hearing the nations praising her far off, but to think of how much worse it is not to be praised at all makes me almost weep.

I did not mean, however, to discourse on the present condition of things except to say that I do not see how it is possible for any one with a sensitive spirit to resist the appeal of "Mauve," the poem by Linsey Cullen which was mentioned the other day. A copy of it was sent to me from England about 25 years ago by a school friend who married there. I have never seen it in print, but I keep it in a volume of especial poems to which I can turn for refreshment when life is too arid. Of course my nieces call my selections old-fashioned and sentimental, but then I cannot find out that they care for anything in verse but things that seem to me vulgar doggerel.

MAUVE.

The sky is hued like some supernal field,
All gardens phantom lavender which yield,
Where angels foot-splashed with the dew's clear globes
Pluck the faint blossoms to perfume their robes.
Under it sea—
Or is it dream of what might be?—
Infinite iridescence of tumultuously tremulous waves,—
Call it not blue!—where light of dying day
Dies slowly. In dim, dulse-draped caves
Weeps the sea-maiden, where the sun's last ray
Downward in glorious ecstasy streameth,
In golden euthanasia beameth.
Mauve! Color of hopes senescent;
Mauve! Hue of the joy that dies!
Ah, anguish, with drops liquescent,
Loathing life's burden putrescent,
Yearns up toward the pale mauve skies!

The transition from the lovely picture of the heavenly fields where angels with feet dew-splashed cull the phantom lavender down to the heartbroken sea-maiden, and the closing cry at the anguish of life's burden always moves me to tears. I cannot see how people can go on insensible to such aspiration and beauty. E. G. W.

Salem.

Commencement Speeches

As the World Wags:

At a Harvard law school celebration held at this time of the year 1895 dear "Joe" Choate entertained us with his gay badinage. And at the outset he took us into his confidence to the extent of telling us that, when a moment before he had told Prof. Thayer that he had absolutely nothing to say, Thayer had replied, with the unbridled license of a classmate: "Why, Joe, that has always been your most felicitous condition!"

In a spirit not less amiable an alumnus is disposed to seek the significance of a "withered and sickening hypocrisy," in the phrasing of the president of the Alumni Association, as an attribute of the Germans.

When it came to the quality of the speaking, the feeling was general that "Prexy" Eliot, in a few sentences, bore away the palm. "I think I know what you want me to say," he began, with simple, unaffected directness. And at once he made his points: the welcoming of all other democracies into a union of English-speaking peoples, and the realization of a firm defensive and offensive alliance between the United States and England.

RALPH WARDLAW GLOAG, '93.

Boston.

An Old Newspaper

As the World Wags:

Your reference to old newspapers reminds me of a paper of my own: The Ulster County Gazette, Kingston, Jan. 4, 1800. One article, "Washington Entombed," begins: "On Wednesday last the mortal part of Washington the Great, the father of his country and the friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honors and funeral pomp." Of the latest war news from Europe it says in the heading: "By the arrival of the Factor from Falmouth we are put in possession of London papers to Oct. 20." One of the advertisements offers: "For Sale—A saw-mill and a Negro Wench."

BEVERLY.

Mystic Hall Seminary

As the World Wags:

In reference to Mystic Hall Seminary another line may be of interest to someone. The building marked Mystic Hall stands and is occupied as a store, the other buildings removed. The one with the tower was T. P.'s residence and now stands on the east side railroad track about an eighth of a mile southeast of the original site, which was on the west side. Old T. P. was usually late to the train, jumping on after starting. One day he missed his footing on the car step and was dragged a distance before the train stopped. We boys were usually on the outlook for him.

Woburn. FREDERIC A. FLINT.

Father and Son

Yesterday a veteran Sub. of 20, returning to the front, had a heart-to-heart talk with his father. "You go up for your medical exam. next Wednesday, dad. I don't think you will get through—I hope you won't. But if you do, and they take you for active service, keep right with the drill sergeant. Don't think you will improve matters by 'putting it across him.' Just carry on a bit, and when I get my next leave I'll see if I can't get you as my batman, then I can look after you." "Right you are, my boy, but if I do come to you, remember that you also must refrain from 'putting it across' your father."—London Daily Chronicle.

June 27 1918

We have received from a prominent member of the Porphyry Club the following human document, apropos of "lady waitresses," as the English put it:

"Personally I like them. I am daily served by a tall Swede with a Vie Parisienne figure, one of those blondes suggesting well-pulled molasses candy. She is an admirable waiter, clean to the eye, sweet to the nose and with no disconcerting obtrusion of sex. I regard myself as greatly advantaged by the change from the masculine sloppy waiter that preceded her coming. I interviewed her the other day as to her end of the matter and found that 'the girls liked it and hope the steward will let them stay.' Many of them come from private service and find a desirable freedom in this employment."

To Coquette KT

As the World Wags:

The following is an example of the latest development of "spelling reform"—"alphabetic phonetics." I confess that to me it looks much like an illustrated rebus; but I am assured that the economy in type-setting is prodigious.

Dear KT, for that cup of T
I O U thanks indeed;
I drank it in an XTC,
So did it wine Xceed.

When it was MT. to my queen
I looked with a smile to C;
Your II were cold as I had been
A lifeless FIG.

O KT, you all maids XL;
But Y R U so coy?
So IC cold to lover's spell,
The NME of joy?

Was it XPdINC made
Such CD treatment mine?
I could XQQ, were U afraid
NV to hurt would pine.

But, KT, though your NTT
Be Loquent of joy,
Yet still all its FIKC
Fate CC as but a toy.

The XLNC of your face
At last must know DK;
The years its LEG will trace,
Its LEganC betray.

Then smile while B and butterfly
Among the IV flit;
I am I yours, then why Dny
The smile rewarding it?

Boston. R. T.

The "Oritorical" King

As the World Wags:

Then cometh the Hon. Joseph Buffington, judge of the Unied States circuit court of Pittsburgh, who deposeth and saith that in the days of his youth he, too, was well acquainted with Daniel Pratt, the great American traveler, and that on "two several occasions" he drew from said Daniel the following poetic effusions:

Breathes there a man so lean, so fat
Who has not heard of Daniel Pratt!

Sound the Hogag! Let the kettle-drums ring
The praises of Pratt, "oritorical" king!

Does not this go to show that, while your astute contributors are crowning Clancy with the ivy and piling Pelion on Ossa to add to his memory, there are other candidates for the halls of fame?

Boston. R. L. W.

Service Knew Him

As the World Wags:

Robert W. Service, the poet of the Yukon, seems to have met Clancy and to have deemed his traits worth celebrating in some excellent verse. He describes him as red-haired and lean and eager of eye, and of a reckless and boastful character.

"He could cinch like a broncho the Northland
And cling to the prongs of the pole."

Despite this defect and a related insolence of speech, he is manifested in this narrative as a man of intrepid courage, indomitable energy and an almost feminine tenderness. No definite effort is made to illustrate Clancy's intellectual powers, but as an incident of Service's account of him the following lines are expressly stated to be Clancy's own:

"When I go back to the old love that's true
to the finger tips,
I'll say: 'Here's bushels of gold, love,' and
I'll kiss my girl on the lips;
'It's yours to have and to hold, love.' It's
the proud, proud boy I'll be,
When I go back to the old love that's waited
so long for me."

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

One View of Cullen

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent is all off in regard to Linsey Cullen's Irish descent. I happen to know that in 1889 he was in Wales in search of data for a genealogical tree, for which he then had a mad but brief desire. He was always having these sporadic bursts of enthusiasm which were sure to die shortly—really, I have thought, as soon as he got tired of running his fad to earth. There's no doubt that he was lazy as they make 'em. His grandmother, an old lady with a peppery tongue, used to say that when he went up to bed he'd sit on the edge of the bed till he tumbled back, dead asleep, on the chance that his shoes would drop off without his having to unlace 'em. For that I can't vouch. But I do know the old lady said her people came from Tretower, in Wales. R. HOPKINS.

Boston.

Caruso of the Films

Mr. Caruso has finally yielded to temptation. For the sum of $300,000—or is it $500,000?—he has consented to "appear on the screen." In other words, he will be seen in dumb show as Canio, the unfortunate Canio who has to amuse the populace while his heart is wrung by jealousy and his head is distracted by murderous thoughts. While the tenor gesticulates and changes his face, an orchestra will play Leoncavallo's music.

No doubt Mr. Caruso will thus have a strong "box office draught" at moving picture theatres. Thousands who have not had the opportunity in small cities of hearing him in opera, and those in large cities who could not afford the price of admission to the opera house, will rush to see him at least, to observe him going through the motions in one of his famous roles. Thus Mr. Caruso will be brought within the reach of the pecuniarily humblest.

The question now arises whether any famous singer can be effective as an actor in a film play or opera. This question brings up another: Has any famous singer ever succeeded as an actor in the spoken drama? One of the greatest actors in opera was Victor Maurel. His Iago, Falstaff, Lescaut, Rigoletto, were more remarkable for their dramatic force and subtlety than for the concomitant exhibition of sensuous voice and pure singing. Yet when Mr. Maurel in Paris took part in a spoken play, his failure was so complete that he himself wrote to the journals, commenting on it and promising a pamphlet, if not a book, about the difference between acting in opera and acting in the spoken drama. Mme. Bellincioni was famous throughout Europe as an intensely dramatic singer; her Violetta in "La Traviata" was especially emotional; but when she attempted to play the heroine in Dumas's drama on which the opera was based, she, too, was curiously ineffective, disappointing, according to report.

Now Mr. Caruso, like many tenors endowed with a remarkable voice, has never shone brightly as an actor. His Canio is dramatically far inferior to the Canio of De Lucia, who thrilled a great audience here in the huge Mechanics building, where there was no possibility of any intimate relationship between singer and public. Perhaps for this reason the film acting of Mr. Caruso may be an agreeable surprise. It has been said by prominent actors that the most distinguished in the profession have been seen to great disadvantage in the kinematographic theatres; that acting for film dramas as a special art in which the otherwise obscure may be stars of the first magnitude

Caruso is evidently not daunted by the fate of Mme. Farrar, whose limitations were painfully exposed by her Carmen of the film. Who knows? He may yet rival Senor Charley Chaplin in popularity among the frequenters of moving picture theatres.

Jan. 28, 1918

It has been said over and over again that money wins wars. Let us consider the opinion of three wise men. We quote from Bacon's "Of the Advancement of Learning." "As for the true marshalling of men's pursuits towards their fortune, as they are more or less material, I hold them to stand thus. First the amendment of their own minds. * * * In the second place I set down wealth and means; which I know most men would have placed first, because of the general use which it beareth towards all variety of occasions. But that opinion I may condemn with like reason as Machiavel doth that other that moneys were the sinews of the war, whereas (saith he) the true sinews of the wars are the sinews of men-at-arms, that is a valiant, populous, and military nation; and he voucheth aptly the authority of Solon, who, when Crœsus showed him his treasury of gold, said to him, that if another came that had better iron, he would be master of his gold."

But war is a far different art in the civilized 20th century. In Bacon's "New Atlantis" there are curious hints at the future. The father of Salomon's House told the visitors of many wonderful things:

"We have also engine-houses, where are prepared engines and instruments for all sorts of motions. There we imitate and practise to make swifter motions than any you have, either out of your muskets or any engine that you have; and to make them and multiply them more easily and with small force by wheels and other means, and to make them stronger and more violent than yours are, exceeding your greatest cannon and basilisks. We represent also ordnance and instruments of war and engines of all kinds; and likewise new mixtures and compositions of gunpowder, wildfires burning in water and unquenchable. * * * We imitate also flights of birds; we have some degrees of flying in the air. We have ships and boats for going under water and brooking of seas."

Did Bacon foresee the telephone? "We have also means to convey sounds in tubes and pipes, in strange lines and distances."

Eloquent Silence

As the World Wags:

I am glad to see in your column a reference to Frothingham Clancy. I have in my scrap-book the concluding stanza of what seems to be a longer poem, as follows

"And when posterity shall sit
In judgment on my claims
To figure as a noted wit
Amongst the world's great names,
I hope they'll base their verdict on
The merits that pervade
That literary paragon—
The speech I never made."

This is credited to Frothingham Clancy, but I have never been able to trace this author or to find any other examples of his work. It seems to have been of an occasional character and may possibly have been preserved by some person interested in the event as a memento of the occasion, whatever it was.

GEORGE POOLE OF BETHESDA.

Lightning for a Plaything

As the World Wags:

On a steamer sailing from New York a few years ago three foreigners who had seen a good deal of this country were discussing the land they were leaving. A listener was impressed with the fact that while each in his own way expressed much admiration for the people of the United States, they were, like most foreigners, unanimous in disbelieving in the treatment of the young. The conclusion of the talk may perhaps, when taken without the context, sound as if the speakers were endeavoring to be epigrammatic, but it undoubtedly represented their real sentiments. "The training of American children," the English historian said, "is like a dinner where they are so stuffed with dessert that their appetite for wholesome food is completely spoiled." "Yes," assented the Frenchman, himself a writer of distinction, "they are not taught to use life, but to amuse life." "The American child," the Japanese, a diplomat, added picturesquely, "is given the lightning for a plaything." It is easy to say in the face of the practically unanimous verdict of foreigners of all nations that American ideas are not understood and appreciated by them, but so general an opinion is not wisely or sanely to be ignored.

Froebel's famous precept, "Come, let us live for our children," is full of sweet wisdom, but it is dangerously easy of abuse. We live for our children to their harm if we are pampering them and unfitting them for the struggle of life by overindulgence. The first great law of life is obedience, and the child who is allowed to grow up without a practical experience of the necessity of the habit of obedience as a rule of living starts into the struggle of adult life seriously if not fatally handicapped. The danger of following the line of least resistance has been often insisted upon, but the whole tendency of the training of American children still holds to it, and the result is really, as the Japanese diplomat expressed it, that they are "given the lightning as a plaything." GEORGE P. BOLIVAR.

Beverly.

"Tedesco"

As the World Wags:

One of my friends told me, recently, that he once contemplated joining the Tedesco Club, but that the war had turned his thoughts in other directions. He wears his beard in German fashion and, with his gold spectacles, might easily be taken for a German pedagogue; but—bless my soul!—his hatred of the Prussian is so intense that it cannot be described in fitting terms. A few days ago, as he was having his shoes blacked at the North station, he caught the word "tedesco" in the spasmodic conversation between the two Italian operators. Believing that they were discussing the club he had thought of joining, he questioned his man and discovered, to his horror, that "tedesco" was the common, everyday Italian word for a German! He now swears that he'll never join the club in which he had been interested, and wonders how the organization ever came to adopt the name, "Tedesco." I suppose that when our American soldiers shall have returned from the Italian battlefronts—provided they will be there—they will have something to say about the "tedeschi maledetti." AMERICANO.

Boston.

Clumsy Birds

"How clumsily birds fly," said a Boy Scout, eyeing the rooks flapping their way home. The audacity of this criticism from a youngster staggered me (writes a correspondent); but, by Jove, he was right. High overhead, higher than one ever saw a bird, an airplane droned musically in its effortless, imperial way against the sunset, through the fleece of clouds and looping in sheer ecstasy of perfect command of power, swept down to earth in great, glorious curves. That was the 12-year-old boy's criterion of flying. Hence his almost pitying contempt for birds with their flurry and visible output of energy. This lad and his contemporaries know nothing of the wonder with which men for untold generations have watched and envied the bird, flying in the air. School children envy the flight of a swallow, for they have grown up with airplanes, which are as little marvellous to them as a railway engine.—London Daily Chronicle.

Passing Butlers

That butlers are in many summer cottages and town houses of Americans to be replaced by women will be joyful news to not a few masters of the establishments and to more of their guests. All will bless the name of the provost marshal-general. It is true that a male butler, who knows the traditions of his office, lends dignity to the palace of a newly rich person, especially if he had served as "second inside man" to some English duke or earl before he was imported. It is also true that some American novelists, as Mrs. Edith Wharton in her earlier stories, are not happy in the delineation of high life unless they introduce a butler ushering a bishop of the Episcopal church into the drawing room, unmindful of the fact that a butler is primarily the head servant in charge of the wine cellar and plate and has no business at the front door. There is, therefore, a delightful irony in the presence of a butler in the house of a prohibitionist.

On the stage the butler is a comic or cynical character. If comic, the spectator wonders how he keeps his position. Cynical, he holds his master and mistress and their children in contempt; he thinks lightly of their friends and acquaintances. The butler in "Our Mutual Friend," who serves the wine as though he were an analytical chemist, is not a caricature; nor is the father of Ethelberta in Hardy's fantastical novel, although he is of a more human type, proud of his daughter's literary attainments when he hears them discussed at table. An ideal butler is an admirable creature, but unless a family has been accustomed to his kind for three or four generations he is disconcerting.

An American, suddenly rich, orders a library and other furniture, paintings, interior decoration, also a butler, of whom he is secretly afraid. It takes time for the master to "live up" to him; to refrain from calling him "sir." The master's guests are ill at ease, although the dinner be sumptuous; although they be clothed in fine linen. They fear lest they may commit some table solecism that will not escape that awful eye. They suspect the whispered talk in the pantry, the chuckling. The "first inside man"—or the two "inside men"—are, without doubt, ridiculing the dress and deportment of them that they serve. No sane person likes to have a man behind his chair. He wishes to eat and drink unobserved. And he shudders when on arrival for a week end visit the valet insists on opening his valise and examining critically his clothes, exterior and intimate.

Women are to take the place of these male tyrants. Newport has led the way. Newport is a summer dictator. Let the butlers and valets now at leisure, write their memoirs. Maupassant's valet wrote his; the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette wrote an engrossing volume. Did not the bitter Octave Mirbeau immortalize a lady's maid by imagining her journal? Any butler that has served in a large American city could be as entertaining.

Jan. 29, 1918

The Bishop was addressing the Sunday school. In his most expressive tones he was saying: "And now, children let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money and do?" And the class as one voice replied in ecstatic union "Go to Africa!" — London Daily Chronicle.

Manners in the Middle Ages

I have just been unpacking a box of books which I brought from England half a dozen years ago, but which had not before been opened. One of the volumes is worth its weight in gold, I suppose, although I gave less than that to obtain it from a dingy old book-shop in a provincial town. It is a 16th century book of etiquette, written in rhyme. It is by no means the earliest book of its tribe to appear in England. The continent had books of behavior as early as the 11th century, but England did not advance to that refinement until 1430, when some nobleman produced a "Booke of Courtesie." The fashion once set, it has been followed pretty continuously from that day to this, but I confess that, to my taste, the volumes get less and less amusing as they grow more and more modern

The maxims in my own book are marked rather by excellence of teaching than by literary merit

"Be as pure as flour taken from the bran
In all thy clothing and all thine array,"
commends itself rather as precept than as poetry.

"Believe not all men that speak thee fair,
Whether it be common, burgess, or mayor,"
is sound advice, but could hardly pass muster as poetry, even in these days of loose standards. The book, which has the attractive and alliterative title "Manners and Meals," insists that every man shall keep to his own rank in society; that with folk of greater state he must not expect to live in easy fellowship; yet it is added that he must not make a parade of over-meekness, "for else a fool thou wilt be told." Proverbs are scattered through the manual, and "Take not every rope's end with every man that hauls" might today be considered with profit by many who rush into every enterprise that offers.

The significant thing about the early appearance of these books of behavior is that they mark the social awakening of the middle classes in the 11th and 12th centuries. They were not for the nobility, who had well established traditions and rules handed down from generation to generation. Youth of rank were instructed in etiquette then quite as carefully as is the case today, perhaps more carefully even than now. The growth of political and economic freedom, slow though it was, the increase of wealth of the middle classes which inevitably followed the decline of feudalism, brought the desire for personal culture. The traders and the craftsmen in the 15th and 16th centuries labored to gain social polish to match their improved fortunes, and the books of etiquette, like the baseball reports of today, were in response to a popular demand.

Perhaps this sounds dull but as I sat this afternoon with the old volume so dulled with the dust of well on toward 300 years, I found myself intensely interested in all it meant and stood for; and so this evening it has got itself on to paper in this clumsy shape. P. X.

Philadelphia.

We read recently of a Persian cat, that, wishing to enter its home, jumped to a small ledge beside the door, stretched out its paw and rattled the knocker. There was no response, so the cat knocked again, until the housewife opened, cuffed the cat and let her in. This reminded us of a letter from a contributor written some time ago, when enemies of cats went about breathing out threatenings and slaughter.

The Rabbit Cat

As the World Wags:

The great Oxford Dictionary, which as you say, knows not the rabbit-cat, refers to the Manx cat as a tailless variety of the domestic cat, indigenous of the Isle of Man. The Encyclopedia Britannica describes the same species as possessing a tail of only a tuft of hair without any bone, and says that the same strain is to be found in Russia. It originally came from Japan or from eastern countries. In Japan, China, Siam and Malay long-haired cats are seldom seen. They often have abbreviated tails, with a kink near the tip. The kink-tailed, or tailless, cats are, moreover, smaller in size than ordinary short-tailed breeds, with longer hair. Their texture approaches that of rabbit fur. There is some similarity between the cry of these cats and that of the jungle-cat. Unless the jungle-cat can claim the position, the ancestry of the Manx-Malay cat is still unknown.

According to Mr. Weir's book on cats, the Manx cat differs chiefly in being tailless or nearly so. The best breeds have no tail. The hind legs will be found longer and thicker, particularly in the thighs. The head is smaller, yet thick, and well set on a long neck. The eyes are large and round. A Manx cat is invariably colored; usually tortoise shell, never white and rarely black, though the best type of Manx ever brought before Mr. Weir's notice was black. These cats run more like a hare than a cat, some have forelegs so much shorter than their hindlegs that they resemble a kangaroo in leaping. They even sit upright as does the latter.

Mr. St. George Mivart, in his book on cats, speaks of one whose tail was amputated after an injury. Among her later litters of kittens some had tails, others did not.

Tailless cats are found in Cornwall. Darwin, in his book, "The Variations of Animals and Plants in Domestication," states that cats are found in the Archipelago, Siam, Pequan, Burmah and Malaya with truncated tails about one-half the proper length; often with a twist or knob on the end. Some Manx cats are found with similar tails. There is a belief that they originated in Malay. Manx cats cross bred with other varieties often have young that are tailless, and the following generation is known to possess the same characteristics.

HORACE P. CHANDLER.

Jamaica Plain.

Communal Kitchens

Mrs. Pankhurst, talking in New York about the condition of women in England after the war, deplored the fact that so many are harassed by the care of children and by kitchen work. She proposed as a relief from the latter the communal kitchen, where wholesome dishes would be cooked and sent out at a moderate price. The idea is not a new one for London. Forty or fifty years ago few houses for working people contained an oven or range. There was the baker's oven, where anyone could have his or her dinner cooked at a charge of twopence a dish. The Daily Chronicle some weeks ago described the Sunday scene: Thousands of fathers in their best clothes and stovepipe hats—the Englishman's hat is his crown—conveying the weekly joint, "which was as a rule in a pie-dish," with potatoes all round the joint, to and from the bakehouse, "mindful on the return journey of the housewife's injunction 'not to spill the gravy.'" And so New Englanders have been seen bearing pots of beans from a bakeshop.

Long before this there was a proposal for national kitchens and communal dining halls in England. It was made by no less a person than Sir Thomas More. The stewards of every hall were to go at a certain

hour into the meat markets, where they should receive meat according to the number of their halls. Anyone could eat his meals at home, but in Utopia no one did so willingly.

It would be a folly to take the pains to dress a bad dinner at home when they may be welcome to good and fine fare so nigh at hand in the hall." In this ideal commonwealth the supper was served without music.

Lord Rhondda in his scheme of national restaurants for England, with electric conveyances distributing hot food throughout the kingdom, proposes flowers and hanging baskets, perhaps good music, for the communal dining halls. These would be superlatives. His plan has not been put in operation. About a decade ago there was talk of the "ministry of food's model national kitchen and restaurants" in London, serving food at minimum prices, an undertaking of the government. The proposition included the delivery of food at offices in the neighborhood for a few pennies additional. Recently a somewhat similar plan was proposed for Cambridge, in this commonwealth.

There was an attempt at communal marketing in Boston two years or more ago. This marketing was soon deemed impracticable. Many housewives would welcome the relief from kitchen responsibility, now that the matter of domestic service is so trying. Those who have been in the habit of doing their own work should be still more responsive to a proposition for communal cooking. To carry out the plan successfully would, however, demand rare governmental, culinary and diplomatic ability. Sure and punctual distribution would not be easy. As for the communal dining hall, one might as well go to a restaurant, especially if one's ear is to be stabbed and one's digestion jolted by music.

[illegible] 1918

Many have seen Theda Bara as Cleopatra and marvelled at the sight. It is now announced that she will take the part of Salome in a screen play. "Massiveness of effect will not smother dramatic interest." Does "massiveness" here refer to the production or to Miss Bara? Her Cleopatra was certainly massive—"massive and concrete," as Pip, prompted by Herbert, described Mr. Waldengarver's reading of Hamlet.

In the reproduction of historical scenes, Mr. Fox, it is reported, has spent vast sums of money "in places at the rate of $100 a foot." Eight hundred artisans built a new Jerusalem; 16,000 costumes were required to clothe the army of performers; 200 loads of sand were hauled from the beaches to the streets of Jerusalem; 25 tons of plaster and as many loads of cobblestones were used; there were 100 sculptors and mural decorators; special boilers were installed that there might be steam to produce hazy effects. "Ten airplane propellers on stationary pillars helped to produce the storm effects which are employed when Salome's wish is granted—that she might kiss the dead lips that spurned her in life. Fourteen camels, 500 horses, donkeys, elephants, goats, sheep, lambs, bullocks and oxen, dogs, cats, parrots, cockatoos, doves, pigeons and peacocks there are wherever they add realism to the scene."

What we are especially longing to see is the exact reproduction of the Gate of Jaffa. For Jaffa, or Joppa—the very name, has had a strange fascination since we read in boyhood days of Jonah skulking about the wharves of that seaport and seeking a ship bound for Tarshish. How skilfully Father Mapple used this incident in the sermon preached at New Bedford, heard by Ishmael, and recorded in "Moby Dick." Why did Jonah look for a vessel sailing to Tarshish? Because Tarshish was Cadiz, and so that was as far as Jonah could flee world-wide from God. "How plainly he's a fugitive! no baggage, not a hat-box, valise or carpet bag—no friends accompany him to the wharf with their adieux." The border before Joppa was the inheritance of the children of Dan. Did not Hiram, the King of Tyre, white to Solomon: "And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need; and we will bring it to thee in floats by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem"? A certain disciple named Tabitha, which, by interpretation, is called Dorcas, a woman full of good works and almsdeeds which she did, lived and died at Joppa, and it was at Joppa that Peter bade her rise from the dead. It was at Joppa that Peter tarried many days with Simon, a tanner, whose house was by the seaside. It was at Joppa and on the housetop of Simon that Peter saw the vision of the descending sheet "wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

It was at Jaffa, or Joppa, spoken of by De Quincy as "a weak place but of some military interest, from the accident of being the very first fortified town to those entering Palestine from the side of Egypt," that in the latter years of Nero, about 4000 Syrian pirates were massacred. (Under Julius Caesar, the seaport had enjoyed special privileges and immunities.) It was at Joppa that in 1799 about 4200 soldiers, chiefly Albanians, prisoners of war, were put to death by the order of Napoleon; "every man of this little army was basely, brutally, in the very spirit of abject poltroonery, murdered—murdered as foully as the infants of Bethlehem; resistance being quite hopeless, not only because they had surrendered their arms, but also because, in reliance on Christian honor, they had quietly submitted to have their hands confined with ropes behind their backs." We quote from the essay on "Casuisty" by de Quincy, who did not like Napoleon, and in this essay reviewed savagely the "casuistical apologies put forward."

We are interested in Joppa because, according to Calmet's "Great Distionary of the Holy Bible," it derived its name from Joppa, the daughter of Aeolus and wife of Cepheus, who founded it. Profane writers swear to this. In St. Jerome's time the marks of the chain by which Andromeda was fastened when she was exposed to the sea-monster were shown. "It is probable that the fable of Andromeda was forged from Jonah's adventure, who, having embarked at Joppa, was cast into the sea and swallowed by a sea monster." Good old Dr. Calmet, also wrote most entertainingly about vampires in his "Phantom World."

For these reasons we are impatient to see the gate at Jerusalem, the gate called Jaffa. There were other gates of the holy city; the gates of Ephraim, Damascus, Sion, the golden gate, St. Stephen's gate. Why was the gate of Jaffa chosen for the film? It matters not; we prefer it even to Salome's boudoir, which will also be shown. This boudoir is "modeled after an old print; a fountain banked with wonderful lilies, ferns and exotic plants is in the centre."

"As to the story of Salome used in filming the new production, it is not really a version that is employed, as the picturization is based on the history of that period as related by Josephus." Does Josephus say anything about Salome's wish to kiss "the dead lips that spurned her in life"? Unfortunately the works of that learned Jew are not at hand as we write.

Let us turn to the Dictionary of the justly esteemed Calmet—the third volume printed and sold by Samuel Etheridge, Jr., at Charlestown in 1813. The frontispiece, representing Innocence, with little clothing above the waist, was engraved from a painting by Smirke, in this instance appropriately named. Calmet, speaking of the eastern custom of public dancers in great houses to ask for rewards, tells of a Persian monarch, one Shah Abbas: "Who, being one day drunk (in his palace), he gave a woman that danced much to his satisfaction, the fairest Hhan in all Ispahan; which was not finished, but wanted little. This Hhan yielded a great revenue to the king, to whom it belonged, in chamber rents. The Nazer having put him in mind of it, next morning, took the freedom to tell him that it was unjustifiable prodigality; so the king ordered him to give her 100 tomans (£2000)." Calmet adds: "We see, now, the reason for the hurry of Herodias to secure the execution of John the Baptist; for, had she waited till the next morning for the fulfilment of the king's oath, the king might have been by that time cooler; and some of the servants wiser, they might have remonstrated with him on the violence and injustice of his order; and Salome, who now insists, 'Give me here instantly the head of John in a charger,' might have been forced to have accepted in full payment for her activity the vacant charger only, without accomplishing that death which was so vehemently desired by Herodias; or perhaps the value of a few tomans, instead of the half of the promised kingdom."

Where did Calumet find the word "instantly" that he put into the mouth of Salome? From the Vulgate? In the King James's version (Mark VI. 25), she says: "I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist." In the account given by Matthew there is no word about the time of delivery.

After Miss Bara has added Salome to her Cleopatra, what will there be left for her? Richard Strauss's ballet "Joseph" might be arranged for the screen with Miss Bara as Potiphar's wife. Or she might appear as Margaret of Burgundy in a screening of the "Tower of Nesle."

This reminds us that the London Daily Telegraph of June 6 commented editorially on the disgraceful Pemberton Billing trial. The editorial article headed "A Deplorable Scandal" contained an attack on "Salome," an attack that is belated and Philistine. "The jury was asked to say whether by acting a certain play—Mr. Oscar Wilde's 'Salome'—the actress (Miss Maud Allan) sinned against public morals. If we interpret aright the verdict of the jury in deciding that Mr. Pemberton Billing was not guilty, the conclusion seems inevitably to be that Miss Allan was gravely ill-advised in having anything whatsoever to do with a play of this suspect character. Here is an issue extremely difficult to define, for nothing is obviously so perplexing as to settle whether in a given case a dramatic work is or is not harmful in its general tendency. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that Oscar Wilde's 'Salomo' is a piece which, whatever may be its artistic merits, is of a degrading tendency. Although here and there we find passages which may deserve to be called literature, the general atmosphere of the play is one that it is difficult for a healthy and sane man to breathe. So the jury seem to have thought; otherwise their verdict can have no meaning. In the judgment of the court, the defendant was justified in making his protest. The mere notion that 'Salome' was to be acted abroad as an adequate or worthy specimen of English dramatic literature naturally provoked a very reasonable resentment among those who care for the good fame of our country."

Those who protest most violently against Wilde's tragedy and Strauss's opera find in them what it pleases them to find. They might as reasonably demand that the "Song of Solomon," which inspired many passages in Wilde's tragedy, be omitted from the Old Testament. As for the final scene, its effect depends largely on the characterization by the actress or singer. We have seen Shakespeare's Viola so played that she was little better than a light-skirt.

Mr. Campanini's list of revivals for the Chicago Opera Association is interesting, for when the company visits Boston some of these operas may be performed.

Will Bellini's "Norma" impress us as it did our fathers and grandfathers? If we are not mistaken, Lilli Lehmann was the last Druid priestess heard here. Mr. Campanini thinks that the role is the "greatest and most difficult" of those for a dramatic soprano; but he has full confidence in Miss Rosa Raisa.

He is confident that Mr. Muratore will achieve a greater success than Tamagno in "Otello." Tut-tut, pish, likewise go-to, Mr. Campanini. Let your press agent say this. You have heard Tamagno, and you know that Verdi wrote with that phenomenal voice in mind. It is true that Tamagno seldom sang the love music of the first act in tune, but Mr. Muratore is not fortunate in music that demands tenderness of expression. Witness his rough treatment of the "Dream" in Massenet's "Manon."

Halevy's "La Juive" is a sombre opera that has not been heard here for a long time. There are fine pages in it.

Mme. Galli-Curci will be heard in Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix." But who will take the part that Ronconi made heartrending by his acting? "Crispino e la Comare" was once a favorite opera. Clara Louise Kellogg sang in it often. "William Tell" has not been performed here, we believe, since Tamagno sang in Mechanics building. What a pity that the libretto is so dull! A "new French tenor" will be heard in Rossini's opera and a "new Italian tenor" in the revival of "L'Africaine."

To the Editor of the Herald:

A short time ago there was a reference in As the World Wags to the old Welsh musical instrument, the crwth, and I have looked, hoping for something further on the subject, though so far unavailingly. The statement was made that the instrument is known to have been played in public as late as 1801. I saw a strolling player with an instrument that was called a crwth at a very much later date than that. I also had previously heard another itinerant musician perform on an instrument that seemed identical with this one that was called a crwth, though I don't hear the first one described by name.

When a boy in London, in the middle fifties, I often heard a wandering Irish street ballad singer. Boys always think grown-up folks old, but this singer was probably well along in middle age. He had a glorious voice, and could always secure an audience. In singing he accompanied himself with what I supposed was a home-made fiddle. A peculiarity of his playing was that the instrument was turned upside down, the top of the fiddle being held between the knees and played something after the manner of a violoncello. The singer carried with him, besides his instrument, a three-legged stool, on which he sat while singing and playing. He was very popular, and one of his best songs, often requested, was "Savourneen Deelish." His stamping ground seemed to be from the Angel at Islington, along to Euston and Marylebone roads.

Some years later at a fair in Carmarthenshire, West Wales, I encountered a strolling minstrel of the same type, only that this one was Welsh. He had a similar musical instrument to that of my old Irish acquaintance, and my friends told me it was a crwth. As in the first case, it was used only as an accompaniment to the singer. Being older, I took more notice and observed that there was a projection from each side of the top of the fiddle, and these were pressed against the inside of the knees by the performer in playing. Both men played their instruments in identically the same manner. I saw this Welsh minstrel several times. Like Wandering Willie, his wife accompanied him on his rambles, and industriously gathered in the coppers as he sang of the transcendent graces and virtues of "Lilli Lou" and "Lisa Lou."

I have never seen any reference as to how the "vile crowders" of old played their instruments, and have often wondered if it was after the manner of these two Irish and Welsh ballad singers.

B. B. ESAU.

Malden.

Notes About the Drama, Actors, Music and Musicians

A new comedy, "The Man from Toronto," by Douglas Murray, was produced at the Royalty, London, May 30. The Times had this to say of it:

"Mistresses who masquerade as their maids in order that they may be sure of being loved for themselves alone are among the classic figures of comedy, and for complete orthodoxy should be billed as 'with song.' Miss Iris Hoey is without song to speak of, but proves so dainty a parlor maid as to win all hearts, and more particularly the heart she is bent on winning, senza musica. It is always a pleasure to see this actress, not merely because of her provocative charm, but because of her perfect command of her artistic means. This is akin to the pleasure that Hazlitt found in watching the Indian jugglers; their feats of dexterity were absolute certainties. Miss Hoey (within her range) is like some fine instrument of precision; what she can do she does exactly, with perfect accuracy of touch. In other words, she is mistress of her art, though the art be strictly limited. And there is another artist with her of whom much the same thing may be said—Mr. Eric Lewis. His compass, too, is well defined, but within it he is always sure of himself, always sound, suave, brightly polished. Here he is merely an episodic 'family-friend,' but the episodes, like those in Ariosto, are more entertaining than the main story. For contrast with these two there is the more natural, easy-going method of Mr. George Tully, who plays a true-hearted backwoodsman fascinated, as the simple plot demands, by the supposed parlor maid. Good acting all round and a simple, old-fashioned plot—there might be a worse combination for warm summer weather, and the audience last night was manifestly entertained to its complete satisfaction."

The London Times said of Robert Parker's Sharpless in "Madam Butterfly" (June 5) that he managed "the difficult transition from speaking to singing" in the letter scene, "and the still greater difficulty for a man of knowing how to handle a baby in the presence of its mother with skill." The Times demanded a little more "wholeheartedness" on the part of the orchestra in the end of the first act—"that picee of Italianized 'Tristan' where a climax it gradually and inevitably reached without anything approaching to strain."

Robert Hichens's "Press the Button" ran only for a week at the Globe, London, and was called "the biggest disappointment of the season."

There is talk of a new play by Pinero for Dion Boucicault, manager.

Hichens has had some success on the stage, the greatest in London with "Bella Donna." Other plays by him are "The Daughters of Babylon," with Wilson Barrett, 1897; "The Medicine Man," with H. D. Truill, 1898; "Becky Sharp," with Cosmo Stuart, 1903; "A Real Woman," 1909, and "The Garden of Allah."

Why is it that the Gilbert-Sullivan operas are virtually banished from Central London? Whenever the D'Oyly Carte Repertory Company appears in an outlying district the public flock to the theatre to hear again the old favorites, and their enthusiasm knows no bounds. On the worst pro-rationing days there were no queues to equal those to be seen this week at the King's, Hammersmith, where the Savoy operas are being listened to with as keen delight as ever. A three months' season of these perennially popular works at the West-end would surely prove a very happy speculation for any manager, even in war time. Why does no one try it? Apropos Sullivan, it may have astonished some of his admirers to have seen a reference a few days ago in some reminiscences to the production of his "operette"—"The Tempest"—at the Crystal Palace.—London Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph, by the way, calling Felice Lyne a "dainty singer" said of her (June 1): "While it is not to be denied that Miss Lyne is a singer with certain well-defined limitations, in the branch of her art that she has made peculiarly her own she is admirable. Where she fell a little short was in her interpretation of songs that demand a strong sense of tragedy."

Robert Downing, who left the stage about 10 years ago and has been a clergyman at Portsmouth, R. I., will return to theatre with a vaudeville sketch, "Somewhere in France." He has tried to enter the army as a chaplain, but his age was an objection. The last time we saw Mr. Downing, the tragedian, he was playing with Mary Anderson in

adne. Would there be an audience for Shiel's tragedy today, even with Mary Anderson?

Before "the time of the singing of birds" is over—and the nightingale is beginning already to "jug-jug" rather than to launch Tennyson's "liquid note"—some musician ought to do fuller justice to the blackbird. He is the most intelligible of all birds—that is, he has intervals like those of our human music; his phrases may be, and have been, put down on our five-lined music-paper. There is a West Sussex blackbird who sang all last May the first five notes of "The Campbells Are Coming," and he is at it again, in the same garden, this year. Other blackbirds have composed prettier phrases, but all sound equally jolly and sweet in their trolling.—London Daily Chronicle.

Sir Georg Henschel, living at Aviemore in the Highlands, is making splints for wounded soldiers.

There is an end to all things—even to the run of "A Little Bit of Fluff." On Saturday week that long-lived piece registers its 1241st performance at the Criterion; that over, it terminates its long and prosperous existence. Its sponsors, Messrs. Anthony Ellis and Herbert Jay, have, however, no reason to complain, seeing that, in point of longevity, their bantling has only been outstripped by "Our Boys" (1362) and "Charley's Aunt" (1466), revivals, of course, not included. Of the original cast, four still remain, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Stanley Lathbury, Mr. Alfred Drayton and Miss Violet Gould. Unlike certain other popular plays, "A Little Bit of Fluff," it must be remembered, has never strayed from its first home. Although negotiations regarding the immediate future of the theatre are in progress, nothing has yet been settled on the point.—London Daily Telegraph, June 6.

Sir J. G. Nutting, a merchant of Dublin, bequeathed £10,000 to his daughter Mary on condition that she should not go on the stage or marry without consent within the next 10 years.

Roby Helder, the soloist of Sousa's Band, is said to have an extraordinary tenor voice.

Mrs. Mary Davis, an actress, 72 years old, died on June 24 at Hornell, N. Y. Two weeks ago she had signed a contract. Born at East Cambridge, she played with Forrest in Boston when she was 14. In New York she first played at the Old Bowery Theatre in 1860. She took ingenue parts, and later character parts. She was the original Granny in "Old Lady 31."

"The Chinese Puzzle," a new play in four acts, by Marion Bower and Leon M. Lion, was produced at Washington, D. C., June 24. The chief character, a Chinese diplomat was played by Edward Lyons. The play is a story of diplomatic life in England with the question of the far East.

"Patsy on the Wing," a new comedy, by Edward Pepia, was produced at Long Branch, N. J., June 24. The play tells the adventures of an "aristocratic waif" from Ireland, "whose American experiences begin in the back yard of a Harlem tenement where she meets her comical but inevitable fate in the person of a most extraordinary young hero of the Chimmie Fadden type." The chief parts were played by Peggie O'Neil and Victor Moore.

"Misticus" in the London Daily Telegraph of June 1 asks: "Who started the story of Sir Henry Wood's going to Boston, I wonder? As a fact, the American papers have been discussing for some weeks the appointment of a successor to Dr. Muck, interned in America as a dangerous alien, and among other names mentioned were those of Sergei Rachmaninov and Sir Henry Wood. But I can learn nothing positive as to the appointment having been made. Anyhow Sir Henry Wood remains here, and so far as we are practically concerned that is all that matters to us!" Well, the London Daily Telegraph started the story on its editorial page.

It must have been amusing to hear judge and counsel at the Old Bailey yesterday chasing those two hackneyed lines from Congreve's "Mourning Bride." "Hell holds no fury worse than a woman's scorn," was Mr. Hume William's lamentable effort which prompted the Judge's intervention with "Hell holds no fury like a woman's scorn." A laudable attempt at rescue, but still a long way from the original words and meaning of the dramatist's:

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
—London Daily Chronicle.

Arnold Bennett's story, "Helen with the High Hand," made into a comedy, will be produced at Washington, D. C., Aug. 5. Estelle Winwood will play the heroine.

"Marriages Are Made—," by Bess Lipschultz, produced at the Actors and Authors' Theatre, New York, June 24, found no favor with the Times. "Marriages are Made—" is an exaggerated and generally silly piece dealing with the shadtchen, or Jewish marriage broker—a play of the sort which it is not unusual to see amateurs perform, but which has no place at all on the professional stage. The absurdities of the play were accented by Ida Mulle, Olga Lee and Ada Jaffre, all of whom "acted."

"Hawk's Well," a Japanese drama, will be produced publicly for the first time in America at the Greenwich Theatre, New York, on July 10. Michio Ito, with three mimes, three Japanese musicians, and a chorus will perform it.

Burr McIntosh will deliver a "picture talk" in France to American soldiers at the training camps in France.

Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey has sued Mrs. Neira Riegger for $2175.46, which she says Mrs. Riegger owes her for preparing her to appear as a singer on the concert stage.

It has come to light that Ada Mae Weeks, new dancer in "Fancy Free," received her first encouragement from no less an acknowledged terpsichorean expert than Col. Roosevelt. Miss Weeks spent most of her younger life at Oyster Bay, and appeared frequently in the orgies, such as strawberry festivals and ice-cream sociables, given by the local Methodist Church. On several of these occasions Col. Roosevelt witnessed her performance, and, instead of walloping her with his big stick, he patted her tenderly on the back, and told her to go to it. This fired her ambition, and she took dancing lessons.—Morning Telegraph.

Margaret Illington will take the leading part in "Eyes of Youth" when that play, with which Marjorie Rambeau has been identified, will begin at Chicago a tour in next August. Miss Rembeau will be in a new play, "Under Orders," based by Rol Cooper Megrue on "A Night at the Front," by Kistermackers.

Roshanara, the oriental dancer, has enlisted in the Over There Theatre League and will dance for the soldiers in France.

For an afternoon performance at Wyndham's Theatre, London, the 24th, three little pieces by Barrie were announced: "La Politesse," based on an incident in Henri Barbusie's "Le Feu," in which Forbes Robertson was to appear; "The Origin of Harlequin," acted by children, and "A Well Remembered Voice."

Poulbot's "Les Gosses" dans les Ruines" has been turned into "The Kiddies in the Ruins" for the Oxford, London, as an "inspiring vision, revealed to Bill, Bert and Alf, of what the allies are fighting for in France."

Arthur Somervell wrote the music for a play in four acts, "The Loving Heart," adapted from a story by Boccaccio. The first performance in London was announced for June 12.

The old line between sacred and secular is wearing very thin. At a London Sunday school choral festival a Welsh girl was announced to sing "God shall wipe away all tears." After much whispering and signalling between chair, voice and piano, came the startling announcement: "Miss Liwddwy (or words to that effect), wishes to sing 'Cuckoo' instead." And "Cuckoo" it was, very beautifully rendered. But imagine such a volte face 20 years ago!—London Daily Chronicle.

A London journalist writing about acoustics says that in order to be heard well in the huge Albert Hall, one must not shout. "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman avoided the echo of the Albert Hall by the comparative weakness of his voice." The acoustics of the Worcester Cathedral are perfect." The writer has tested the pianissimo passages of 'The Messiah' and other oratorios in the most distant portions of the cathedral, and found they were to be heard perfectly."

The Worcester cathedral celebrated its 700th anniversary early this month.

Sir William A. Tilden in his biography of Sir William Ramsay, the "builder of science," says that Ramsay loved music: "He also became an accomplished 'whistler' and could accompany himself on the piano. This accomplishment, it may be added, often gave pleasure to his friends in later life. It was delightful to hear a florid air like Bishop's 'Should He Upbraid,' with all the runs and thrills given with perfect clearness and accuracy.

Clara Novello-Davies ni a letter to the London Times writes about singing as a social force, a means of binding people together. "In Wales, of course, music is easily the greatest force of all, and it is to the habit of singing in harmony that the Welsh owe that wonderful comradeship that the war has brought into such prominence. Believing as I do, that every one has a 'voice,' and only needs to be taught how to release it, I am hoping that after the war there will be a tremendous impulse toward song by the multitude, with a resultant improvement in both the moral and the physical life of the community. Anything that any of us can do towards bringing that to pass is, I think, a real duty and not to be ignored."

The Players-Lasky Corporation has bought the screen rights of that good old meledrama, "The Silver King." There will be an "all-star cast." The Metro Pictures Corporation has acquired the right to "Faith," a magazine story by Richard W. Child. Bert Lytell will be the star. J. S. Blackton now has the screen rights of "Getting Together." Anthony P Kelly will collaborate with him in elaboration of the plot and in the writing of the scenario. The production will be under the auspices and with the co-operation of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

Cruelty of That "Criticism" Which Kills with Kindness

The complaint of a member of the now disbanded Washington Square Players to the effect that the organization was overfed with praise and died of acute self-satisfaction, throws an illuminating side-light upon the effect and value of that form of published appreciation which the appointed critics of the arts are supposed to furnish to the lay public. There was a time when players and play producers clung to the mistaken belief that the critics could make or break a play; praise being the implement of construction, and blame the weapon of destruction. The producer, the player, the public and the critics themselves now are better informed, and there have been countless instances in which the adverse opinions of the critics have been set at naught by the favorable popular verdict and, on the other hand, many memorable occasions in which the fulsome adulation of the professional pundits of the press have been worse than wasted upon fore-ordained "flivvers."

The present complaint that praise may be even more deadly than condemnation is, however, only a new phase of an old fact. Informed observers are keen to recognize the destructive influence of inflated vanity as the unmistakable sympton of egomania aggravater by constant exposure to flattery. But it should be remembered that the accredited (or is it discredited) critic is not alone responsible for the fictitious and, usually, untenable eminence of many mushroom artists and even arts. The brightness of many a play consists only of the reflection of a brilliant management and press agency, and the radiance of many a star originates in and emanates from the dynamos which furnish the juice for the electric signs of Broadway. These, too, are insidious forms of flattery, subtle, but no less deadly, emanations of the kind of fulsome and unmerited celebration which adds nothing to the real merit and hides nothing of the real deficiency of either a counterfeit show or a kilowatt "star."—Morning Telegrajh (N. Y.)

Notes About Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Performances in London

In proportion to the thousands of operas that have been given to the stage since opera was invented the number surviving to this day, in the sense of belonging to the established repertory, is surely extraordinarily small. To which, of course, the obvious retort is that only a select few ever deserved more than ephemeral success. Well and good. On the other hand, how explain the comparative rareness with which some acknowledged masterpieces of lyric drama are performed? Our thoughts have been turned in this direction by scanning the pages of a very interesting little brochure wherein, under the title of "Beethoven's 'Fidelio' in London" (the Press Printers), Mr. Richard A. Northcott recalls the history of that singularly unfortunate opera. For is not "Fidelio" among the world's acknowledged masterpieces? Yet, from the very first, misfortune dogged its steps. Produced in Vienna when Napoleon and his army were at its gates, the work, ill rehearsed and inadequately sung, failed at the initial hearing. On its revival in the following year (1806) the opera obtained only two performances, after which it was allowed to remain on the shelf for eight years. Greater success attended the then revised version. But in "Fidelio" we are presented with the curious anomaly of a work which, though it has held the boards—on and off—for more than a century, has never really succeeded in establishing itself firmly in the public's affections.

It says something for London's enterprise in musical affairs in those far-off days that a "selection" from "Fidelio" should have been sung at Covent Garden (in English) within about a week of the composer's death, news of which reached this country five days after that performance. The first stage hearing in London, as Mr. Northcott reminds us, was at the King's Theatre, in May, 1832. Contrast this with Italy's complete ignorance of the work—an astounding instance of procrastination — until February, 1886, when it was staged in Rome. Incidentally Mr. Northcott recalls a criticism that appeared in the "Star" of the Covent Garden "selection" in 1827, acording to which the score "contained some very exquisite passages," the writer adding, however, that it "has scarcely sufficient sweetness to suit an English taste." Did we always like our music well-sugared?

Mr. Northcott further recalls the appearance of Lilli Lehmann as Leonora in the Covent Garden season of 1899. For that performance—which was conducted by Carl Muck, now interned in America as an enemy alien—she received £125. Mottl directed a few hearings of "Fidelio" in the following season, for each of which the gifted Ternia was paid £150, while the conductor, besides a "retainer" of £100 a week, received £100 for every performance of which he took charge. Small wonder that these revivals proved an "expensive" enterprise.—London Daily Telegraph, June 1.

How the Marquis of Queensberry Did Not "Boo" a Play

I hope the amiable idiot who shouted "air raid" to the audience on the first night of "Cheating Cheaters" is not likely to have any imitators, or set a fashion in this direction. These incidents unfortunately run in cycles as a rule, so our authorities should be on guard against fresh outbreaks. At various periods interruptions occur in theatrical performances. They vary in style very much. Sometimes in the form of the Strand Theatre's unwelcome guest, and at others take the shape of an address from the front. I remember an incident that happened a little over 20 years ago. I was dining with the late Laurence Irving in a North Country town, and could not help noticing a rather "sporty" looking customer caressing a fine spaniel by the fireside. During a lull in our conversation the man approached our table, and, addressing Irving, said: "You are Mr. Irving, I believe. I am an old friend of your father; my name is Queensberry." Although we had neither of us met him before, we were both familiar with the portraits of the Marquis of Queensberry from the weekly papers, and we asked him to join us with coffee and cigars. In the course of conversation it came out that he had an estate in the district, and had been suddenly called there owing to the severity of the weather which had blown down a lot of his trees and outbuildings. We accepted an invitation to lunch with him the following day and view the devastation. He proved to be a man of great charm of manner and absolutely unlike the picture we had drawn of the sporting marquis.

His was a cultured mind, and his ease and eloquence of words impressed us very much. The conversation drifted on to the subject of interruptions from the audience and he mentioned his own interruption of the Tennyson play at the old Lyceum during the late Sir Henry Irving's management. As he explained, a certain incident in the play, wherein a daughter—when given the choice of separation from father or mother—decides for the latter. This incident, he told me, had already arisen in his own family, and he said "it was not true to nature," nor "was it good art." It had such an effect upon him that he decided to make his protest to relieve his feelings. By a most remarkable coincidence the play that Laurence Irving was playing at that time had just such a scene as the marquis had described. Irving and I exchanged glances. Here was an opportunity, I thought, of booming the week's business with the aid of the marquis. I said, "Are your views the same today on this subject?" He answered, "Yes, and whenever I find a similar occasion I will rise and make my protest." He had promised to witness Irving's performance that night, so I prepared him for the scene in the play, and assured him that if he really would like to make his protest, here was the grand opportunity. He thanked me, and expressed his pleasure at the chance I was giving him, and asked me to reserve a seat in the front row of the dress circle. When we separated I went to my hotel and wrote a column account of the scene to take place, and had it all ready to telegraph to the papers that night. Irving and I were both very nervous when the great scene came, and unobserved I watched the marquis as the psychological moment arrived. He rose in his seat, cleared his throat, paused a moment, and then sat down again. When I met him afterwards he explained his nerve had failed him, and for the first time in his life he had stage fright.—The Stage.

July 8 1918

Ave Italia!

As the World Wags:

With the invader flushed with victory, pouring down the valley of the Piave, with Venice with its priceless treasures of art in the immediate foreground, the gallant sons of Italy in one supreme effort, have turned the tide of war, and sent the foe flying from the field, in a rout unparalleled in the modern annals of war.

All hail to the sons of Italy, gallant heirs of a noble heritage. It is the vogue, begotten of ignorance, to belittle the deeds of peoples and races who do not speak the tongue that passes muster in these United States, as the English language. The feats of engineering which conquered the Alps, and manned the fastnesses of the snow-clad mountains with the finest of modern cannon, can never be fully appreciated by a people far removed from the scene of the conflict. The resource and daring and physical endurance of the Bersaglieri, we read about, as we would read some romance of the middle ages, "when knighthood was in flower." Today it is brought home to our inner consciousness, that not only was the dash of superior numbers stopped in full terrific onslaught, but leaving their dead to swell the waters of the swollen river, the soldiers of the Dual Monarchy are in full flight from the field. To the war-worn soldiers of immortal France, fighting every hour since the fateful day in 1914, when the Hun came through Belgium with fire and sword, the news will come as a splendid tonic, and from the lips of the gallant poilus who have stood in the forefront of the fray, will come the fighting cry of the Italian troops, "Avanti Savoia." To the soldiers of Britain who with the bulldog courage of their race, have gone through

[illegible]dless perils with a song on their lips. This victory is the needed incentive to further deeds of valor. To the gallant sons of Belgium who are all that is left of the army who stemmed the first mad rush of the Germans, this news comes as the vengeance for their ruined homes, their plundered shrines, their women's party cry.

To the youth of America massing on the battle lines in their hundreds of thousands this great victory will come as an inspiration, and in the days that are not far distant they will be able to help the allies duplicate this glorious feat of valor and rout the armies of the Hun and end his power forever. If the souls of the immortal dead participate in the doings of their descendants, how must the long line of warriors of ancient Rome rejoice in this hour, which shows the world that the Spartan mother spoke not in vain when she said to her son going forth to war: "Bring back your shield or come back on it."

Boston. JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Why "Parlor"?

As the World Wags:

Can any of the numerous sycophantic apologists of the established disorder who I doubt not it will be possible to reach through your well trimmed column explain the peculiarity which causes the adherents of that political party known as Socialist to be alone described as denizens of "parlors," while Republicans, Democrats, etc., presumably are as wild as heretofore? Can it be that the inept Roosevelt, by his adoption of the phrase, is responsible? Querulously yrs,

Manchester, N. H. G. P.

His Autograph

As the World Wags:

Here is a copy of Daniel Pratt's customary autograph. He usually charged a quarter or more for it, and strove to give good money's worth:

THE PRESIDENT OF FOUR KINGDOMS.

Vegetable, Animal, Mineral and Invisible. Human Life is the Capital of the Properties of four kingdoms. Harmony is Sanity and Value of all Subjects and Objects, and harmony of all saving Attributes is the secret of success.

The above is the title of my work.

DANIEL PRATT

The Great American Traveler of Prattville, City of Chelsea, Mass.

Boston. C. E. F.

Clancy Exsultans

As the World Wags:

It was my privilege to see Frothingham Clancy at his best. We had returned together to Meirigan's Atheneum at Adams from commencement, where he had taken the degree of Litt. D. With a fine voice and a fine scorn he raised his glass and sang:

"Peary, the Polar Star, and Kane the Pioneer,
Clouded by Clancy, manikins appear,
Who but F. Clancy would have dared to plough a way
Amid the frozen fields of our Back Bay."

Boston. RONALD RAFFERTY.

Catalogues and Indexes

July 6 1918

The maker of indexes and catalogues is a drudge whose labor is too often the subject of jesting. Not long ago a librarian catalogued Wilde's brilliant comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," among theological works. George Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and Mr. Belloc's delightful record of his pedestrian journey to Rome have also been catalogued as theological. Years ago "The Mill on the Floss" was classed by a bookseller with books on sports. An English librarian entered that amusing novel, "The Golden Butterfly," in which the charming heroine was not allowed to learn the arts of reading and writing, in which the resourceful American, Mr. Gilead P. Beck, figured prominently, as an entomological work. With greater reason, the same librarian classed a treatise on American drinks as educational.

Indexes are sometimes amusing reading. The exhaustive index published in the early editions of "Sir Charles Grandison," is more engrossing than are the adventures of the pompous prig and the ladies on whom he condescendingly looked, as imagined by Mr. Samuel Richardson. It is said that the index of the Encyclopaedia Britannica formerly contained this paragraph: "Art: Art Squares, Art Teaching, 'Art Thou Weary.'" The index reference to "Bent, Chief Justice; his great mind," is an old and mouldy joke. In the Boston Public Library there is some queer cataloguing. The titles of musical compositions by Russians are often given in the original Russian without an accompanying translation. Perhaps this is a deliberate compliment to the linguistic knowledge of Bostonians.

The value of a book is too often lessened by the lack of an index, through the laziness of the author or the stinginess of a publisher. The French were flagrant offenders in this respect for many years, especially with books of a scientific character. Perhaps it is unreasonable to expect so copious an index as that supplied by Birbeck Hill for his Boswell's Johnson, or the one by Frazer for his "Golden Bough." There are works of fiction that one would gladly see indexed: The novels of Scott, Fielding, Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac. Editions of the Spectator and the Tatler without an index are a snare and a delusion. Is there any edition of Rousseau's "Confessions" with an index? Benvenuto Cellini has fared well in this respect, better than that entertaining blackguard, Casanova.

The minds of English journalists are not wholly centred on the war. One boldly declared that dogs are not tea drinkers. Colleagues and correspondents rushed to contradict him. A colleague wrote: "He is an ancient and knowing dog. Whenever the tea urn is about he is all eagerness and attention, and he enjoys his quantum as much as any Christian." A correspondent pointed out that the rationing of sugar had made a difference; dogs do not like unsweetened tea. "I have a terrier who, out of sheer friendliness, still asks occasionally for his drop in a saucer, but he makes only a poor pretence at enjoying it. I once had a fox terrier with a still more remarkable taste; she had a passion for oranges and lemons, and the sourer they were the more she seemed to like them. She had the neatest way of opening the fruit with her teeth and claws, and never left a scrap of pulp." A well known lady novelist was heard: "On behalf of my canine dependant, who has taken to reading your paper during the Great Biscuit Scare, which means more to him than the overthrow of many governments, I should like to point out that Pekingese are addicted to the gentle stimulant. I know several cases in which dogs of this breed, and of the sterner sex, await the tea hour with a hopeful air, and show as much pleasure in the dish as any, shall we say, retired Christian colonel at his club."

For "canine dependant," read "dog"; for "gentle stimulant," "tea"; for "sterner sex," "male," O "lady novelist."

See now how The Questiener has brought upon himself the scorn of dog owners. Others will no doubt write to him, saying that Fido prefers buttered toast with jam to marmalade; that Dash has a passion for muffins with his tea. And so in years gone by, doting parents sent to the "Editor's Drawer" of Harper's Magazine the "bright sayings" of their horrid children, who probably looked like the boys and girls that are now seen in advertisements shrieking their enjoyment of this or that health or breakfast food, soup, or "temperance drink."

A Question of Phiz

As the World Wags:

Has the science of mug-ology gone blooey? In other words, have the revelations of physiognomy ceased to impinge upon the popular perceptibilities with sufficient force to produce the reaction of recognition? The reason I ask is that I keep seeing men get along with their schemes despite faces which are as plain a warning as would be a placard with "Caveat emptor," or "Cave canem," or something like that on it, in letters a foot high. They could be indicted as the German Clown Prince was the other day in New York, "for wearing his face in public"; but nobody seems to recognize and impound them.

Here were half a dozen cracked religionists that drew 20 years apiece in the penitentiary, in Brooklyn; the head of the cult, who is now probably trying to sell "miracle wheat" to the Styx Valley farmers, used to print newspaper "ads," and with the "ads" went a portrait from which humbug and hypocrisy shone like the candle in a barn lantern; yet the owner of it had confiding dupes by the hundred.

Then there was that official to whom Mr. Taft stuck so closely, despite popular disapproval; I am not a character expert, and do not attempt to say what was in that face; but it was the most unconvincing mug that ever got into print. People would take a good look at it—then lay the paper down and wonder what ailed Taft. I fully believe his devotion to that chap, as closely as Wilson clings to Baker and George Creel, made a difference in 1912; he might have carried Wyoming as well as Vermont and Utah but for his standing by that mug.

Many faces, in fact most faces, are largely blank masks, or are undecipherable. But why do the faces which blare out warnings attract no attention? Why, for instance, was Kaiser Bill able to take any one by surprise? That's what wonders me. W. C. T.

Brookline.

"W. C. T." should read Walt Whitman's poem about faces. But there are heads that do not warn or betray, like Mr. Casby's, whose true character was not revealed until Mr. Pancks snipped off short the sacred, patriarchal, flowing locks. Some years ago in Boston there was a venerable man whose white beard and hair and benign expression proclaimed him a philanthropist. Even his spectacles were benevolent. He was a Peter Funk in an auction room.—Ed.

"Tight Coopers"

As the World Wags:

I read the advertisement of a chemical company wanting "Tight Coopers" published in the Boston Herald and Journal with something of a shock. I knew that the beloved city of my nativity had not yielded to the pressure of the Prohibitionists, but I never expected to see its staid business concerns openly advertising their preference for the inebriate. Can it be that one of the products of this "Chemical Co." is some concoction designed to assist nature in the sobering-up process, and that they wish a few subjects on whom to "try it out" before placing it on the market? But why pick out coopers? Do they get tighter than other men? Perhaps Mr. Herkimer Johnson could throw some light on this interesting sociological question. G. F. D.

Washington, D. C.

BELLE BAKER HAS MANY NEW SONGS

July 2 1918

Keith's Headliner Also Includes Old Successes

Belle Baker, singer and comedienne, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was unmistakably pleased.

Miss Baker returns with a new program, although she still includes old successes in her act. Miss Baker has exceptional skill as a dialectician. Whether in the Negro, Rube, Italian or Hebrew dialect she excels in the subtlety of her interpretation and becoming facial play.

The big laughing act of the bill is Charles Withers and company in the rural burlesque, "For Pity's Sake." The character of Cy Splivens, the manager of the opera house, has all the underlying characteristics of the bucolic factotum. To see him climb the ladder to the loft and "cut up" in his perilous descent is a real treat.

Another act that excelled was the turn of Santly and Norton. They are excellent comedians, and then there is the added advantage of good voices and as good songs. Their act was rewarded with one of the most sincere encores heard at this theatre for a long time.

Other acts were Hanlon and Hanlon, acrobats; Walker Clinton and Julia Rooney, in a singing and dancing act; Elsie Williams and company in a farce; an admirable quartet, in both speech and song, in a sketch on the trenches; Frank Dobson, comedian; Dupree and Dupree in a novelty cycling act.

Revised Edition of "Inside the Lines" Pleases

On its first production in Boston, at the Copley Theatre last January, "Inside the Lines" had a favorable reception. In its revised form, as presented there Monday night, it was accorded still greater favor. The revision has not materially changed the plot and motive of the play, though the plot has been strengthened and the character of the hero improved. The Jewett Players, whose members seem specially fitted for the various characters, assumed them in this manner:

Sergt. Crosby	Irving Jackson
Mr. Almer	Leonard Craske
Mrs. Henry J. Sherman	Florence Le Clercq
Kitty Sherman	Ruth Allen
Henry J. Sherman	James A. Bliss
Bell Boy	Catherine Lexow
Willie Kimball	Owen T. Hewitt
Maria	Viola Roach
Mr. Capper	E. E. Clive
Maj. Bishop	Lionel Glenister
Lady Crandall	Jessamine Newcombe
Jane Gerson	Betty Barncoat
Porter	William Mason
Mr. Reynolds	Nicholas Joy
Capt. Woodhouse	B. N. Lewin
Jaimihr Khan	Fred W. Permain
Maj.-Gen. George Crandall	H. Conway Wingfield
Orderly	Irving Jackson
Maid	Marion Winship

"Inside the Lines" is a comedy melodrama, full of thrilling incident, but lacking any of the horrors of war-time. The scene is laid on the Rock of Gibraltar, which one of the characters refers to an insurance advertisement. It involves an American family from Kewatex, Ill., and a young woman buyer for Hildebrand's department store in New York, who find themselves stranded, as many Americans did at the outbreak of the war, unable to realize on letters of credit, and obliged to rely on the consul and such friends as they could make. There is also a story of German plot and intrigue, a bit of a love story and a revelation of American feeling, as well as a display of courage and loyalty. The thrills come more from the sentiment of the play, as interpreted by the company, than from any of the situations that might be expected in such a plot.

Earl Derr Biggers, the author, whose first success was "Seven Keys to Baldpate," has scored again in this, and the Jewett Players have helped to make it the success it ought to be.

Stationery

July 3 1918

The Bishop of Manchester, considering the new stamp tax in England, has graciously let it be understood that he will not be offended if correspondents use postcards in writing to him. This is a great condescension on his part, for few public men in England, it is said, have followed the example of Mr. Gladstone, whose use of postcards was an abuse. Whether he praised some novel of little worth, discussed a Homeric question, or wrote on a purely social matter, the postcard was his delight. Mr. W. T. Stead urged his correspondents inclined to be long-winded to put what mattered on a card.

Many in this country have entertained a prejudice against the inevitable publicity of these cards; refrained from using them, disliking to receive them; and now, since they have gone up to two cents, will not admit any argument in favor of an exposed communication. But it all depends on how postal cards are employed. They are not for detailed accounts of personal health, descriptions of internal bodily complications, expressions of endearment, social acknowledgments, or appeals for speedy payment of a loan. Some writers, forced to use a card, go so far as to omit the conventional forms of epistolary courtesy. No doubt, Mr. Stead was right in thinking that much of importance could be written on a postal card; but who, receiving one, is wholly satisfied?

It is also stated in England that there is laudable economy in the use of letter-paper; that noble dukes and belted earls, to set an example, are using cheap sheets, scraps, in some cases mere wrapping paper. No longer then can it be said that a man or woman is known by the form and quality of notepaper. The receiver of ruled sheets has classed them in the past with those heavily perfumed or strangely colored. What is to be said of one that uses gilt-edged notepaper for a business proposition or, in fact, for any other purpose? Better an honest postal card, even for the acceptance of an invitation. Scarcely any but brown paper was made in England until 1690; so that economical aristocrats today are only going back to the good old days. Yet some, who are bound to be "genteel," though nations fall, may sigh for the paper made from silk rags, which was approved by the Society of Artists in London 150 years ago.

Interesting details have been received from Jerusalem of the recent pilgrimage to the tomb of Moses, which took place on April 26, the first celebration since the allies' occupation.—Pall Mall Gazette, June 1.

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord. And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre until this day—Deuteronomy xxxiv., 5, 6.

General Foch

We are now told that General Foch, whose name is "apparently derived from a Celtic word, 'Foex,' which means 'fire,' or 'furnace,'" is a man of the "widest culture." He knew Gustave Dore and Rossini personally. (Rossini died in 1868.) Especially fond of music, he is a connoisseur of old furniture, and eats and drinks "without any nice discrimination." He is also a good sportsman, a fine fencer and an excellent horseman. He smokes innumerable small-sized cigars, but always lets them go out, so that his moto-car is furnished

... cigar lighter "to which ... is ... stretching out his fine and delicate hand." Truly a many-sided man.

A Joyous Testator

Mr. Joseph Bell of Streatham, England, an export agent, left an estate of only £1164 4s 10d. This did not prevent him, a merry soul, from writing his last will and testament in rhyme.

I will and bequeave
To her I bereave,
Poor Georgina Bell,
About whom ALL speak well.
My CHUM and my WIFE,
My soul and my life,
ALL MY ESTATE.
To make NO mistake,
My worthy solicitor,
... o'nights unadvised I frequently visit yer.
... straw was required in the making of bricks,
...s needful to have an executrix,
... I appoint Miss Jane Fordham, provided she'll act,
And as my executor the work to enact,
My brother Frank Bell, who's acutely exact.

Clancy in Ireland

At the World Wags:

What's this I hear about Clancy? I am ...humed wid a burnin' desire to throw ... light on the subject. I knew a song ... the ould counthry about one Clancy, ...d on the pipes and sung by Jerry ...ney, a great poet wid one eye. His ... was a "Come-all-ye," very di... to the boys of Ballykillbeg. Ullick ...ool, the school master, said: "Writin' they is aisy; 'tis like runnin' an auto...el—that is, if yen know how, and ... to enjoy the music properly ye ...t ... arve the timpo an' the cadince ... take the maning iv the song vurbate-him ... leather-ate-him," but as ... words was Latin, which none but ... Jerry understood, we tuk his word for it.

As I haven't the impidence to ask you ...rint the entire hymn, I respectively ...esist the first verse, which runs thisa...:

... I was thravelin' through Mellina fair
... but Ted an' a beggarman there.
... beggar his name was Clancy,
... wife her name was Nancy;
... was Nancy an' Clancy.
... Dinah
...ggan ... ould Mother Littyerleg,
... ould Mother Ballowax,
...erey an' fling yer fut over me,
... ould Mother Bag-o-shlones,
... whole sine iv beggarmin all in a row.

Now could this be the same Clancy ... all this talk is about? I do not ... to be personal or severe.

Dorchester. SHAMUS.

"H. M. D." writes to the Boston Herald and Journal: "I remember that on the march and around the bivouac fires during the civil war we used to sing an ... 'Come-all-ye" doggerel about Clancy to cheer us up. It was so simple that everyone knew it. The last line of each verse was twice repeated in chorus, and the opening of each successive verse took up the next name on the list, thus: 'This beggar his name was Cox,' or 'This beggar his name was Jones,' etc."

Sua Cuique Voluptas

As the World Wags:

Regarding whale meat, I am obliged to acknowledge never having eaten of the ...al. Is it meat or fish? I am of the opinion that nearly every kind of fish has been used as food by some of the human family. I have had the satisfaction of eating some of all kinds of fish common to the use of the English-speaking race, and some more. I have eaten shark and dolphin, not the dogfish of our coast, but the kind native to the Gulf of Mexico. Both dolphin and shark are much like cod or haddock. When a boy at sea with my father, we cooked and ate all kinds of fish we could catch. It was an ...ing and amusing task to catch a dolphin, and a sight most wonderful to witness the changes in color of its dying ...om ... once witnessed, never forgotten. The shark we used for food was a small one, about three feet long and about the weight of a codfish of that ...th. We had a line chain and hook baited with a few pounds of salt pork trailing astern for a big fellow of about ... feet long, that had been following the ship for a number of days. Not being able to strike him with an iron harpoon, we thought to get him near enough with the hook and line, but the little one took the bait and came on board, and I remember pushing the blade of a broken oar out to him, and he bit and held to it. The fish was fried as you would fry cod, and served in the afterhouse to officers and passengers. One of the passengers was the father of Admiral Snow, retired, now a resident of Brookline, who was on his homeward way from New Orleans to New York.

It seems to me that a whale is a clean eater and the meat should be good food, much better than groundfish, fish that feed from the bottom. Any person who can eat lobster should be able to eat most anything, for of all the filthy feeders lobster takes the cake. Be pleased to remember I like to write only facts and of matters I am well informed on. And I was a salt water boy from seagoing stock.

Boston. Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Some sailors believe that the great white squid is the only food of the sperm whale. Other species of whales ... their food above water and have been seen feeding. "The spermaceti whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the water." See the wonderful chapter LIX, "Squid," in Herman Melville's "Moby Dick."—Ed.

July 4 1918

How can we celebrate the Glorious Fourth better than by considering again the life and achievements of Frothingham Clancy, South Boston's immortal bard? Only yesterday we received this note from one of Boston's most prominent citizens: "I follow the vicissitudes of F. Clancy with pleasure. I observe that the State of Montana has honored this very various celebrity by naming a town after him. The next step in popular promotion is to see one's monicker on a steamboat; the finishing touch is to be commemorated by a two-for-a-quarter collar. The Clancy collar—what?"

Deedledum Expatiates

As the World Wags:

It is with deep feeling that I acknowledge your handsome repudiation of the insolent claims of "Buckingham Clancy." His name is obviously de guerre; I have no respect for the moral cowardice that hides behind the anonymous veil. Your comment on this creature's letter and on the lines "To a Young Artist" relieves me of the task, which is becoming somewhat onerous, of springing to defend the memory of my dear friend, the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston. I quite agree with you: the lines lack the genuine Clancynian touch.

The letter of the Rev. Dr. Babbington Brooke cannot be dismissed so easily. I should be considerably obliged if he would state how he became possessed of the information he records concerning Clancy. I find it very hard to believe that my poet could ever have stooped to employ his God-given talent commercially; certainly the vending machine advertisement quoted by Dr. Brooke has no hint of genius. What the reverend gentleman says about Clancy's alcoholic indulgences is true. How did Dr. Brooke chance to make the poet's acquaintance? How chanced it that I, Achates inseparable, never met Dr. Brooke—or Mr. Quex either, for that matter? Did the former meet the bard professionally; that is, was he endeavoring to wean Clancy from some of his less noble traits and habits? I should like to hear from Dr. Brooke about these matters.

The letter of Nancy Clancy is also very puzzling. I have already placed before you what information I felt I could and ought to concerning the poet's family connections. I stated that, when under the influence of spirits, he sometimes referred with tears of sensibility to several charming sisters. I never heard him speak of a Nancy, however. Tennyson's line,

"O rare, pale Margaret"

was the most definite reference he ever uttered. I have been told, by friends of the family, that Clancy's sisters had some literary ability which they exercised in more or less creditable ways. One of them, I understand, while attending a certain college, fell into the disgusting habit of writing letters to newspapers, hoping by securing publication to appease a somewhat insatiable English professor and to persuade him to pass her with high rank. Whether she succeeded or not I do not know. I agree with your own comment on the letter from the poet's pretended brother, that not even a brother would have addressed Frothingham Clancy as "Frothy." But I can well believe that a sister might; sisters have little respect for a brother—even for a brother of genius and exalted fame.

Miss Clancy is quite right in saying that Clancy's best period was before he took to free verse. The student should never forget that Clancy condemned free verse; his condescension to employ it was his only concession to the multitude. He "wrote them to save his friends from penury." As for the poem about the alley, I must differ from Miss Clancy; I cannot regard it as typical of the poet's best work. Creditable as it undoubtedly is, it appears to me more likely to be a fragmentary specimen of his juvenilia. If Miss Clancy is really the poet's sister, will she not send me her address? She would be doing the world of letters a service of the first importance if she would permit me to call and question her about the poet's early life.

The warm defence of the poet's memory by Miss Sarah Hepatica is charming in its righteous, severe, yet womanly denunciation of the imposter "Buckingham." Will she not send in "The Lay of the Lonesome Lung"? I confess that it is not among the MSS. in my possession; but I am positive that I could determine its authorship from internal evidence.

May I close with a word of general explanation? I should be sorry indeed, if any of our valued contributors, or even the smallest province of the outside world of letters should think me either presumptuous or arrogant. I do claim to be able to determine whether any poem was written by Clancy; even my detractors must admit that my criticisms are always specific. I abhor literary generalities. A poem is built just as definitely as a short story or an advertisement. I Boswelled Clancy for nearly a half-century; every turn of his thought, every trick of his brilliant mind was thoroughly familiar. To me the poet confided his secret aspirations and beliefs; into my hands he committed his most cherished poems.

Unreservedly I have given myself to the task. I began building his fame when he was little known in America, and recognized in Europe only as the originator of free verse. Not one of his lyrics had ever been printed till about three years ago in collaboration with my young friend Mr. Hazelton Spencer I gave several of them to the waiting world. The work has not been easy, nor the burden light. But I shall go on. Need I say that your assistance has been invaluable?

Boston. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

P. S.—"Academe," or any other anonymous writer, can say he has seen a volume of Clancy and can send you poems labeled Clancy's. He and the others are clever letter writers; but they cannot give these bastard verses the genuine Clancynian touch. My reputation is well known; it is so high that the employes of the Boston Public Library sometimes allow me to take out rare volumes forbidden to the ordinary patron. I should like to see this volume of "Oozings." The lines quoted could not have been written by Clancy. The outlandish, exotic words with which it abounds were obviously the fruit of casual adventures in the dictionary. Clancy never found it necessary to be obscure, or to hide his meaning behind unfamiliar expressions—I have pointed out more than once that he sought clearness first, even in his most impassioned moments. "Academe" betrays his unfamiliarity with his subject and a carelessness so gross that it should deter him from attempting further literary criticisms. He refers to the ode published in this column several years ago. It was addressed to one of Boston's ex-mayors, and "Academe" claims to have found it in this absurd volume from Italy. The lines "To Fitzgerald" were in the form of two sonnets.

T. K. D.

Parlor Ornaments

As the World Wags:

Is it credible in these days of anxiety about mineral fuel that in a town not 200 miles from Boston there are to be found upon the mantel-piece of a country parlor a lobster's claw and a piece of coal, locally regarded as mere curiosities? A lobster will be in a very few years little more than a historical fact, so that anticipation of this status is not so very disconcerting, but that the mind of any community should be so completely at rest on the subject of coal as is implied in the above phenomenon is startling.

Boston. ABEL SEAMAN.

Some Guide Books

An English publisher purposes to issue a series of "Blue Guides," which will supersede the red books of Baedeker; for the latter, made and published in Germany, are now obnoxious, it seems, to the allied nations. Mr. Muirhead, who is well known in Boston as editor of Baedeker's America, will edit the new series.

The red books of Baedeker superseded to a large extent the red books of Murray, whose long quotations from travelers and poets were of little practical use to tourists more interested in rapid sightseeing and authoritative information about inns at reasonable prices than in what distinguished men had written about cathedrals and art galleries. A Murray guide book was for years the English traveler's Bible, padded, expensive, snobbish as it was. Thackeray sneered at its adulation of Byron, "our noble lord," and pitied the poor devil that in quest of information for the editor was doomed to spend his nights at third-class hotels; but the Englishman in Italy still read in his guide book from "Childe Harold" and avoided the inns denounced as inferior. He was caricatured all over the continent with a Murray in his hand.

Baedeker drove Murray out, as far as the great majority of those suffering from "dromomanie," the restless wandering in approved paths, were concerned. To the man willing to see things leisurely, things in out of the way places, Baedeker was an unfailing guide. When the book said that an inn was "recommended," that was enough; the tourist found there a clean bed, good food and cheerful service at a moderate cost. Even in France, which had excellent guide books for its Departments, "Baedekerisme," to quote M. Octave Uzanne, was associated with "tourisme" and "Cookisme"; the three created the "vagagond foolishness that characterizes our epoch, irremediably devoted to the 'punishments of pleasure.'" M. Uzanne took this phrase from Gautier, who thus echoed the saying of the English jurist that said, were it not for its pleasures life would be endurable.

This country owes to Baedeker the best guide book to America that has yet been published for the benefit of foreigners and natives. Let us not forget it. Let us also remember that the founder of the house died before Germany invaded Belgium. It was for his interest that all nations should live in peace. His hand held guide books for the invasion of Germany and other countries, that all might prosper, hosts and guests. Even now it is earnestly requested that Americans having Baedekers should send them to our soldiers, who are seeing strange sights, finding villages and towns devastated, farms and chateaux and cathedrals ruined by the mad apostles of "Kultur."

July 5 1918

Foulis in "Plots of Pretended Saints," spoke in the time of Charles the First of "the Rotterdam-ship which would kill the English under water." Was this a submarine, or a vessel of the old-fashioned torpedo kind?

Has anyone read recently "The Prussiad," written by Maj. Alexander Gordon, a volunteer in the Prussian service. He presented his poem to the King of Prussia at the camp of Madlitz in 1759, and afterwards published it in London, with a letter from the King, in which Frederick spoke of paying him 200 crowns, "not as a reward of your merit, but as a mark of benevolence." Robert Southey described "The Prussiad" as a "neat" poem. Here is an extract:

Upon the precipice of danger, see
The King in person, while his blazing sword
Hangs o'er the verge of death, and rules the fight.
Beneath him, in the dark abyss, appear
Carnage, besmeared with gore, and red-faced Rout:
Pursuit upon the back of pauting Flight,
Hacks terrible, and gashes him with wounds.

"Tedesco" and "Americano"

As the World Wags:

Please say this to "Americano" in regard to his speech concerning the name of the Tedesco Country Club. When the club was named, "Tedesco" was not chosen with any idea of reverence to the Germans, although we all knew the club was founded long "befo' de wah." A schooner of that name was sunk within view of the spot where the clubhouse now stands—very near the shore—and the name was chosen in memory of the ill-fated ship.

I felt once much as "Americano" did, but after asking a club member the reason for the name, became reconciled to it. H. V. PATTERSON.

Weston.

As the World Wags:

The name "Tedesco" came about for the Swampscott club from the fact that the barque Tedesco, loaded with oranges, was wrecked, 50 years or more ago, off Galloupe's Point, Swampscott. The barque was wrecked on rocks thereafter known as Tedesco Rocks. When the wreck occurred, people came from miles around to gather up along shore oranges with which the good ship Tedesco was laden.

Now will that man join the Tedesco Club, or will his narrow mind interfere? E. N. I.

Lynn.

Girl and Horse

As the World Wags:

Will the man who makes the world wag explain what seems a remarkable phenomenon? It was at one time an undoubted truth that the white horse and the red-headed girl were absolute concomitants. One was never seen on the street without the other close by. We can all understand the disappearance of the white horse. Modern science has pushed him aside. Indeed, I heard the other day a small boy asking his mother the name of the strange animal which he saw passing. But why, tell me, has the red-headed girl passed also? Is it a mere coincidence? Is it a matter of feminine fashion? Or is there some occult anthropological law which produced the phenomenon at first and which still retains its force? This is a serious matter which needs a thorough ventilation. E. J. C.

Boston.

We saw a [illegible] only yesterday. Far to the eye she was hatless in a motor car. We looked up and down the road; there was no horse of any color in sight.—Ed.

An Old Proverb

As the World Wags

In the epilogue of "As You Like It" Rosalind says, "If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue."

I have an old book printed in London in 1[illegible] which bears the title "Scribbleomania or the Printer's Devil's Policronicon," edited by "Anser Pen-Drag-On." I have an idea the goose considered himself a humorist. The work is in verse or worse, yellow doggerell, and is intended to be a series of satirical criticisms of English poets from good and fair to bad and middling.

He writes a preface, to be eccentric I read it, his prose is worse than his verse, and the book has what reviewers call "a wealth of footnotes," intended to explain his jokes and waggeries.

However, to get to my objective. He ends his preface in this fashion: "I shall though arrogantly conclude by stating that 'Good wine needs no bush.' Which is correct, the "bush" of the Swan of Avon's annotator or the "bouche" of the Goose of Grub Street?

Any wine, good or bad, and any tosspot, wise or unwise, can get along without a bush, but is not a bouche necessary for both?

Perhaps some of your Clancy clansmen can decide this question for me, or one of your brigade of scholars and antiquarians. I know the legend of ancient taverns with a bush above the sign to indicate their business; but as wine comes from grapes and grapes grow on vines, why the bush? Or did elderberry and currant juices take rank as wines in early England? and gooseberry?

Lead kindly light, illuminate my darkness. WORDSWORTH C. KING.

"Good wine needs no bush." The booths in fairs were commonly dressed with ivy leaves to show that wine was sold there, for the ivy was sacred to Bacchus. The tavern bush or frame of wood was once dressed around with ivy. And so in private houses where drink was sold during an English fair a green bush was put at the door. Cypress and evergreen were sometimes thus used. This explanation of the proverb—which seems to us far fetched—has been given: In French departments where the vine was cultivated the peasant sold the vintage. As a sign and as a police regulation a green bush was stuck in the wall over the door. The bush remained there as long as there was wine to sell. "If one made better wine than another, the news was soon spread abroad among the topers; hence the proverb."

Sep 6 1918

Emile Zola, long classed among novelists as a realist or a naturalist, was in fact a romanticist. He was at times, perhaps unconsciously, a prophet.

There is a singular passage at the end of his romance, "Travail." We quote from the volume published in 1901. Suzanne tells of the last and terrible war that put an end to all wars. One-half of Europe was arrayed against the other half. Fleet dashed against fleet on all the oceans for the mastery of land and water. The armies were resolved to crush one another, 'as if on the waste and sterile fields there was one man too many when there were two." The battle lasted a month. There was no time to carry off the dead; the heaps of corpses made walls, behind which fresh regiments came to be killed.

"The combatants had no need of approaching close, or of seeing each other; cannon slew from the other side of the horizon, throwing shells whose explosion destroyed acres of ground, asphyxiated, poisoned. From heaven itself balloons rained bombs, burning villages as they sailed along. Science had invented explosives, engines able to carry death to prodigious distances, to engulf suddenly a whole people as by an earthquake." * * * This was the last battle, terror so froze the heart, at the awakening from this frightful drunkenness, and each one knew for a certainty that war was no longer possible, on account of the omnipotence of science."

Somewhat Personal

As the World Wags:

I write without rancor and calmly, though I believe that this is a critical moment for American literature. The situation is this: One T. K. Deedledum, who has prefixed to his name the title "Professor" (but whether his professorial activities have been tonsorial, educational or terpsichorean, I can only surmise), has from time to time written of the late Frothingham Clancy, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of American poets. He has alleged himself to be Clancy's literary executor; and, presumably to whet the appetite of the cultured public, he has occasionally put forth poems, of varying merit, which he claims were written by the Master. Soon, no doubt, a volume of poems, a Clancycle of Verse, will be offered for sale—by the Professor—and advertised as the Only Authentic Edition of Clancy's Works. Everything seemed to be going well in a preparatory way, when a veritable literary hand-grenade (I, unwittingly, being the grenadier) was tossed into the Deedledum trenches and exploded with a defening report which has not yet ceased to reverberate. I need not say that I refer to the two poems, "Adversity Be Damned" and "Butts."

The latter appeared in your column on May 21, and at once commanded unstinted admiration on all sides, except the "Side" of the Professor. One enthusiastic critic, an instructor in English literature in one of the leading woman's colleges of New England, went so far as to compare it with Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn." These two little masterpieces, anonymous as yet, came to me in a singular way, which I need not now explain. Suffice it to say that they were mailed to me by an eccentric acquaintance whose name and address I have never been able to learn. He has signed himself "Vindex Amici." The verses are so gripping and compelling that it would seem that they could have been written by but one man, Frothingham Clancy himself, and "Vindex" has intimated as much.

Dismayed and panic-stricken lest the sole proprietorship of Clancynianism slip away from him—at least, it would so appear—Prof. Deedledum forthwith sent you a ribald verse, reflecting upon me in uncomplimentary terms, in which "syllables" was made to rhyme with "risibles," and "Thomas, Richard or for Henri" was matched up against "if you chatter, then—ennui"! Immediately conscious that the preposterous rhymster whose services he had commandeered had sadly messed the business and that the Deedledumic plans had thereby been injured, the professor apparently S O S'd another obliging but verbose friend, or ardent though unfulfilled poetic aspiration, and manufactured with the latter's aid an "improvement" of the original "Butts." This diffuse paraphrase was published in your column on June 21. By means of this pall-like substitute, with its bungling mixture of singular and plural numbers and its clause that springs into the air like a flying arch and hangs there unsupported, the professor apparently hopes to obscure that brilliant little gem, the true "Butts," and to discredit any claim that it is a real Clancy.

One pokes in vain among the chilly folds of the professor's wet blanket in search of any such pathetic, haunting line, as that which, in the real "Butts," describes the discarded cigar ends, lying on the sawdusty floor, as "sad souvenirs of semi-sated smokes." No, sir; such unjustifiable tactics will not blind or deceive the discriminating. Frothingham Clancy, if indeed he was the author of the two wonderful poems sent in by me, will yet come to his own.

I only wish that I knew how to reach "Vindex." I hope he will have read this correspondence and that he will emerge from retirement. The professor jauntily defies him to verbal, and even to physical, combat; though I feel confident that he believes that "Vindex" will never appear. Perhaps not. He may not deign so to do. I will add that, though apparently an elderly man, "Vindex" is surprisingly athletic for his years and as spry as a cat. He has a rich Celtic brogue. His complexion is florid and he brooks no opposition. When excited, his powerful voice booms like the storm wave beating against the cliff and his argumentative powers are positively torrential. I really hope, though with some misgivings, that a meeting between him and the professor may be arranged. I am now organizing a Clancy Club for the study and identification of questioned works of the great poet. I look forward to a big Clancy drive. ENOCH MOLLIVER.
Malden.

Baird Leonard suggested in the Morning Telegraph of New York some weeks ago that dramatic criticism as it exists today in the newspapers should be abolished, for this criticism falls short of fulfilling the purpose for which it was instituted. "The purpose of journalistic dramatic criticism is or should be to guide the public toward those entertainments which are worthy of the war tax and to steer it away from those which are not. That it does nothing of the sort may easily be discovered by a perusal of the several accounts which appear in the morning papers after any given premiere. Not only do the critics differ widely on the merits of the piece, but they differ absurdly. There are only a few standards by which dramatic merit can be tested and their correct application could not possibly result in so violent and varied an assortment of conclusions. This means only one of two things. Either that the reviewers are applying false standards, in their judgment of our local theatre, or that they are incapable of applying the true ones."

Unfortunately for those poor wretches, the dramatic critics, this entertaining writer does not define the "few standards" in order that the critics may apply them correctly.

"Moreover, the man who must see all the season's plays must needs see a great many bad ones." True, oh, King. "He becomes so embittered by the sadness of his experience that almost unconsciously he looks through his glasses darkly at plays which have more or less claim to the public's attention. And he is by the same token prone to exaggerate any streak of sunshine which falls across his interpretative path."

And so a review of a play should be straight reporting. "If the public is given definite, uncolored information on the nature of the plot, the identity of the actors, the scenery, the costumes, the music and the impression made upon the audience by the performers and the performance, it is in a fair way to make up its mind for itself as to the merit of the piece. This information could be furnished by any good reporter, who needs no bone-rimmed glasses or ivy-covered background to trick him into odious comparisons with the ancient Greeks. A little learning is a dangerous thing in the case of our local dramatic critics, the only exception being Mr. Heywood Broun, who seems to have a great deal of it and who does not take what he has too seriously. It was Mr. Broun who printed the wish that his colleagues would stop dwelling on tragic katharsis whenever a Greek play was presented and say instead, for instance, that 'Medea' is a better study of a woman's heart than 'Bought and Paid For.'"

It is true that a great many of the plays, entertainments, what-you-will, now in popular favor, do not demand serious attention. The important question is whether this musical comedy or that revue pleases the public. It may also be said that popular success is to be thoughtfully considered in weighing for one's own amusement the value of any work of art. Remy de Gourmont's essay on "Success and the Idea of Beauty" should be read by those that sniff in a superior manner at the crowd's judgment. Gourmont brought up the old story of Racine and Pradon; how in their rivalry, the latter triumphed through the machinations of the Duchesse de Bouillon. She could not change the essential value of each tragedy "Phedre," any more than she could transmute vile lead into pure gold, but she could dull the gold, gild the lead, and force posterity to repeat the name of Pradon her favorite. The duchess rented the boxes of the two theatres. She filled them for Pradon; she left them empty for Racine. This was the little game of the Duchesse de Bouillon, and thus Racine for the time was in the soup.

Remy de Gourmont argued that success exercises a powerful influence over crowds and even the men of letters.

"Surely the theatrical public in 1677 was far superior as far as intelligence, education, and taste go, to the average public of today. Yet, it entertained a passion for decidedly mediocre plays and disdained fine ones. For success, expecially in theatrical matters, can be born spontaneously from a lucky accident, the agreeable pace of an actress, an imposing gesture, applause well placed, the caprice or emotion of a little group in the audience. The mob follows, for all men assembled are a mob, and history has one more name and one more date."

See how this ironical Frenchman paid his respects to this theatre-loving country. "The Americans—those of North America, for in South America they show greater finesse—never hesitate over success. What is the versified drama whose success has surpassed even the enthusiasm awakened by 'The Cid' and 'Hernani'? Is it 'Cyrane de Bergerac'. Therefore this thing is admirable. And it is learned by heart, as 'L'Aiglon' in schools, where they, themselves unlettered, gain culture through learned wives."

Now, any work is beautiful in the eyes of those who are emotionally affected by it. It is amusing to those who are amused by it. There is no "justice" in art or literature. "Formerly one imagined an absolute taste that was worshipped in a temple. Nothing more ridiculous; nothing more tyrannical. Let men freely search their pleasures." To speak of initiating people into an art is absurd. The intellectual masters really believe that taste in painting, music, poetry, can be taught and learned as spelling or geography. Suppose it could be taught, what then? Of what importance is it that people do not like or admire what we like and find excellent? They might as well demand that we should share their enthusiasms. And Remy do Gourmont again insisted that there are no absolute aesthetics. "The beautiful is that which moves us; but we can be moved only according to the degree of our emotional receptivity and the condition of our nervous system."

Yes, the reviewer of a play should give a report of the performance so that the readers of the newspaper may form some idea of the nature of the play and the capabilities of the comedians. If the applause on the first night was tumultuous that is a minor matter; there is always applause on a first night. The story of any play can be told in a way to warn or to attract, and apparently without the expression of the writer's personal opinion; yet this personal opinion shapes the seemingly frank and ingenuous narration.

The value of personal opinion in a review depends on the character of the writer and the character of the newspaper for which he writes. The writer's tastes, prejudices, predilections are known in the community after some years of service. The reader, knowing them, makes due allowance; he admits the personal equation. No reader should be so foolish as to follow blindly any advice given to him by a reviewer—see this play, hear this symphony—don't see it, don't hear it—the latter advice to be read between lines, not openly expressed. The reader, however, has the right to demand that the reviewer should interest and entertain him, as if a friend were seated next him in a street car and telling him about his theatrical adventure of the night before. This adventure of his soul is now unfortunately seldom among theatrical masterpieces. But look over the volumes of Theophile Gautier's dramatic reviews; how delightfully he wrote when the play itself was often the veriest rubbish!

This may be said: the poorer the play, the more should the reviewer gird up his loins for the task of furnishing entertainment not provided by the dramatist or struggling comedians. Least of all should a reviewer be didactic or pontifical.

Notes About the Drama, Actors, Music and Musicians

"The Loving Heart," a Boccaccio period play, by Henrietta Leslie and John Dyomck was produced at the New Theatre, London, on June 8. The Times had this to say: "Exact research into literary sources has never been among the foibles of the theatre, and few playgoers will greatly care whether 'The Loving Heart' which purports to be 'from Boccaccio,' is or is not authentically Boccaccian. Odds and ends of the old stories are recognizable here and there, quecrly jumbled together. The pathetic tale of 'The Falcon' (dramatized years ago and long in the repertory of the Kendals) is tacked on at the very end, by a kind of afterthought. Simona and Pasquino prove to be quite different from Boccaccio's ill-fated pair of lovers. One caught a passing reference to 'Bacca baciata non perde ventura.' Incontestably Boccaccian is the husband who falls in love with his own wife, as a perfect stranger, merely because she has changed her name and whitened her cheek. But just as Homer's Iliad 'is the best,' so the naivete and frolic and romance of Boccaccio are better in the Decameron than out of it. Served up with flagrantly modern and remarkably incoherent additions in the guise of what stage-jargon calls a 'costume play,' they fall hopelessly flat—desipite a spirited performance of the heroine (Simona) by Miss Muriel Pratt and well meant fun from Miss Rosina Filippi (Flaminca) and the resonant voice of Mr. Basil Gill (Arnald). Quite the happiest feature of the production is Mr. Bridges Adams's scenery, designed in the rectangular Noah's Ark style, which was first scene, we fancy, in Mr. Granville Barker's Shakesperian revivals at the Savoy." Arthur Somerville wrote music for this play. We knew him, a student in Berlin, in 1883-4. It was then thought that he would not live long, for he had some trouble with his heart.

"Sinners," a play in three acts by Brandon Fleming, produced at Birmingham, Eng., June 3, was warmly praised as a first play, for it has strong characters, compact and concise action, and direct and telling dialogue. Sir Noel Barchester, proud of his line, has two daughters, who have revolted. Ruth is an actress. Marion, about to be married, hints to her betrothed that Ruth is something worse. He takes the announcement easily. The mother invites Ruth to the wedding. A blackmailing racing man turns up to tell the father that Marion has been the mistress for two years, from mercenary motives, of a bookmaker now dead. As a check is about to be signed for silence Ruth, "to save her mother's heart from being broken, says she was the bookmaker's girl; that she took her sister's name and forged her handwriting out of revenge." Marion, a mean, callous wretch, suggests this. The long lost lover of Ruth comes back from America. Ruth, "though willing to admit that her past may be slightly discolored, believes that it is by no means of the Cimmerian blackness in which the family and herself have painted it."

"Soldier Boy!" produced at Manches-

ter, [illegible], June [illegible], met with a rousing welcome.

"Sincerity," a one-act play by Gerald Macnamara, author of "Thompson in Tir-na-n'Og" and "The Throwbacks," was produced at the Gaiety, Dublin, on May 31. It is described as a dramatic discussion. Hiram Gurdy, a retired merchant, is eager for the success of a missionon the Bamboo Islands. He wishes his son to become a minister that he may take control of it. Martin is, however, an adopted son. His real father was Dan Kelly, the worst man in Johannesberg. Kelly is supposed to have been shot in the Boer war. The Gurdys brought Martin up in their own faith, not as a Catholic. Martin talks much about the beauty of Indian religions and the doctrines of Confucius. Kelly turns up, an American millionaire and a fervent [illegible]. Martin decides to live with [illegible]. Gurdy protests, saying Kelly will bring him up in "the false church." [illegible] answers: "There is no false church." Two years later Martin and [illegible] wife call on the Gurdys. Kelly [illegible] and left all his money to the [illegible], because Martin would not accept his dogmas. Gurdy at once thinks [illegible] Martin conducting the Bamboo mission, but Mrs. Martin reveals the fact that she is a Jewess and the marriage ceremony was performed by the chief [illegible].

[illegible] F. Rubinstein's "The Earlier Works of Sir Roderick Athelstane" (King's Hall, Covent Garden, June 2), by the Pioneer Players is "a romantic biographical fragment." This play "bore [illegible] a term used in the dialogue 'a [illegible] mare,' and its acting seemed as in[illegible]able as the typical Chinese drama. Roderick, in love with a bookshop-keeper's daughter, Silvia Panton, writes a comedy 'True Love.' We are [illegible] as they are 'played in the author's imagination' (which by no means correspond with the actual course of events) not only the last act of 'True Love' [illegible] the coldly scientific and [illegible] Miss Panton calls vulgar, but also the last act of a tragedy styled 'Success' and the epilogue of an unfinished drama, which was to have been called 'Emancipation.' In each of these Roderick, his family, and his friends appear under changed names. The author had [illegible] for the denouement of 'Success' written under the influence of the mortification caused by the girl's first rejection of him, the dramatist's suicide on the stage whilst he was taking his call, but as a matter of fact there was no call at all, the piece being a failure. This is attributed both to the shortcomings of the provincial Repertory Theatre system of production, the nasty digs at which seem very unkind and injudicious * * * and to the unfair slating dealt out to the play by Arnold Deans[illegible] (a cap-fitting place-name), critic of the Middleshore Watchman, who did [illegible] in spite, after having had a tragedy of his just rejected by the Repertory Theatre. The good sense and taste of all these diatribes seem very doubtful. The critic makes the amende honorable in the 'Emancipation' epilogue, after having been, as an officer, rescued by the hero, who had enlisted as a private and won the V. C. Here again reality is very different from imagination, for in the actual epilogue, which takes place at old Panton's bookshop in Chelsea the day following the Declaration of Peace, we find that Roderick had been rejected as unfit, and learn also that both he and the no longer scientific Silvia, who has got quite to like vulgarity, had lately been occupied in different departments of the War Office. Roderick's renewed and more successful love making and the bright prospect of kipper for tea with the Fantons end a queer farrago of incidents and designedly symbolical development of character (with the vanity of human wishes thrown in), upon which Mr. Rubinstein is not to be congratulated."

"Pan Laughs," a pantomime ballet by Arthur Wiegall, was produced at the Court Theatre, London, June 3. The Pall Mall Gazette paid its compliments to Lady Stewart-Richardson, who created no excitement in Boston when she pranced and cavorted and undraped herself. "The more one sees of barefoot dancing the more convinced one becomes of its limitations. It cannot but be confessed that Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's present program at the Court only tends to confirm one's conviction. For simple joyance, as of a child on the sands, there is nothing better; but for anything in tho way of elaborated artistic expression, shoes are all to the good. Attitudinizing to slow music can be done just as well in them, and quick, vigorous dancing is hampered at every point by obvious and necessary fear of broken toes. The performances of M. Alex Goudin and of Leighton Lucas, a quite remarkable boy dancer, were an admirable object lesson in this. Mr. Goudin's dancing was far and away the best in the show, and it was all done in shoes—even a dance presumably expressive of uncivilized emotion in the character of Pan. On the other hand, Leighton Lucas's barefoot dancing—which included entrechats and pirouettes and all sorts of accomplishments—was evidently only hampered and slowed down by the barefoot conditions. As for Lady Constance herself, the gamut of steps, if one might so call it, proved so bounded that the repetition grew merely tedious. As always the best thing was a merely romping butterfly chase with her boy comrade. So far as concerns 'Pan Laughs,' one cannot pretend that its very cynical and not particularly true imagining was calculated either to cheer us up in war time or to beguile us with sympathy. A classic dancer is supposed to forsake a dying soldier (he had poisoned himself for her sake) to pay homage to the god Pan, whose intentions were quite palpably neither honorable nor matrimonial. With all admiration for Mr. Weigall as Egyptologist and scene designer, this is hardly the stuff to give the troops!' The music was selected. The Stage spoke of the entertainment as "very charming, refined and artistic."

To the newly-titled people in today's list of the British Empire Order we commend a little book entitled "Titles: a Guide to the Right Use of British Titles and Honours" (published by Black). Sir Hall Caine, for instance, will find that he should not have announced John Storm of "The Christian," on entering a drawing room, as "The Honourable and Reverend John Storm." It is not done. As the book says: "Such an announcement in real life would fall like a bomb upon a roomful of people, and any acknowledgable servant who made it would be suspected of doing so mischievously." The word "honourable," we are reminded, is not used in the presence of the person so described. In the case of John Storm, according to the parentage given him by Sir Hall Caine, "he would not have had the right to the stylo 'Honourable' at all." The new Knights of the British Empire Order, by the way, should not put K.B.E. on their visiting cards or their door plates. It is never done.—London Daily Chronicle, June 8.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is now the vice-president of the Actors' Church Union.

Fisher Merwin of London has published a drama of Irish history, "The Kingdom Maker," by Leosambe O'Neill, and "Contemporary Irish Drama," a critical study by Ernest A. Boyd.

When Pinero's "Dandy Dick" was revived at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre early last month it was found old-fashioned. Frankly, it is hardly in accord with the Repertory tradition.

Viola Tree has been playing in English variety theatres in a sketch entitled "Emeralds."

A London critic reviewing a performance of Verdi's "Otello" was made by the composing room to say that Mme. Brola was "at her best in the 'Pillow' song."

The wives of two of the newly-created knights are among the finest instrumentalists in amateur circles. Lady Brittain is an accomplished harpist. Lady Spicer, the wife of Sir Howard Spicer, was, before her marriage, a frequent and appreciated artist at concerts in London as a violoncellist who had studied her art with great masters.—London Daily Chronicle. So the harpist is still a fashionable instrument in English society.

C. C. Caine, who died recently at Abergavenny in his 87th year, had been a church organist for 70 years.

Marguerite Sylva, whose Carmen at the Boston Opera House was remarkable, has acquired the rights to a drama dealing with operatic life by Lillian Trimble Bradley. Mme. Sylva will sing and act in it.

Maj. Mackenzie Rogan, bandmaster, has told in London of his tour with the British Guards' band through France and Italy. "The five British bands," he said, "got a very hearty reception in France, but nothing could equal the enthusiasm with which the Italian populace welcomed them. I have seen the great square outside Milan Cathedral blocked with a swaying crowd of excited Italians, and know what a stirring picture it is; but Maj. Rogan assured me tho scenes which took place after his men had finished the Garibaldi hymn defy imagination. About 250,000 people had managed to squeeze themselves into the square and its approaches. Among them were several Garibaldi veterans in their picturesque uniforms. The crowd listened in dead silence until the hymn ended, and then arose an indescribable uproar and a series of general embraces, of which Maj. Rogan received an ample share. Even Dublin folk are not insensible to the charms of music, and Maj. Rogan relates with a touch of humor, not altogether unmixed with pride, how he once succeeded in making a Dublin crowd join in the national anthem after he had worked them into an amiable mood by means of a favorite hymn."

Arthur Collins, attaining his majority as managing director of Drury Lane, has a ring of massive gold set with a turquoise which was worn by Mme. Ristori for many years as her mascot. When she made her farewell appearance at Drury Lane in 1882, she gave the ring to Sir Augustus Harris. He bequeathed it to Mr. Collins.

How interested Henry Seton Merriman would have been to see his famous novel, "The Sowers," on the film, at the cinema today! He wrote the story 22 years ago, and it attracted immediate popularity. There was no one among the Victorian novelists who, in the later years of that era of growing publicity, evaded notoriety more successfully than Merriman. Few people have ever seen a portrait of him, and few ever met him. His death, at the height of his fame, was a real loss to literature. — London Daily Chronicle, June 8.

A singular little comedy, "A Little Bit of Youth," by Christian Callister, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, May 28. Mrs. Harman's boy Mathew, almost 50, unmarried, cherishes delusions about his youthfulness. His mother insists that he shall settle down, propose to the guests in the house. "So mother hides behind a fire-screen and Mathew rings the bell. The first guest is summoned, but the attempt is a failure. Mother, ragging, instructs her son how to try again. So Mathew rings for guest No. 2, and mother ambushes once more. The result is equally indecisive. In a paroxysm Mathew is instructed to 'make love as his father did.' So Norah, the third guest of the family, is ushered in, and in a whirlwind of confusion Mathew proposes, is accepted."

Robert Lorraine, tired of inaction, has been reduced at his own request from Colonel to Major so that he may fight. "The rule is that no one above the rank of Major may participate in actual combat in the British aerial corps."

Rovetta's "Romanticismo," which was played in London both in Italian and in English some weeks ago, was performed again in English at the Ambassador's Theatre, London, June 8. "To understand what is Italy's feeling for her secular enemy, Hapsburg Austria, what the passion was which produced the Risorgimento, the great national movement of the 19th century, and which still burns for the 'unredeemed' provinces and for the freedom and honor of the Italian race, 'Romanticismo' is more help than the reading of many books. . . . What we are shown is the passionate devotion of the Italians, aristocrats and bourgeois alike, to their country's cause and to the faith in a free and united Italy, and how they paid for it in death and suffering. Rovetta is not a crude melodramatist. He does not work with blood and thunder and there is fire and pathos in his work. To say that it goes better in Italian than English is a platitude. Though Miss Ranken's translation is smooth, the Italian hero inevitably expresses himself with an amplitude which comes strangely in our language.

Samuel S. Rothapfel, managing director of the Rivoli and Rialto theatres, is urging his patrons to bring their opera glasses with them when they attend his theatres, no matter in what part of the house they expect to sit.

He says it has just been discovered that a motion picture seen through a pair of ordinary opera glasses takes on enough added depth to give it the third dimensional effect produced by the stereoscope. He also claims that the beauty and realism of any picture taken out of doors is particularly enhanced by an opera glass and with eyes focussed on the screen the spectator gets the impression of being actually at the spot where the action is taking place. Try it. —Morning Telegraph (N. Y.).

Fritzi Scheff is again seen in the Keith theatres.

George Pawlo gave a song recital in London June 6 with a program devoted wholly to songs by Sibelius and Bantock. "The latter included some of the 'Songs from the Chinese poets' (three of them said to be given for the first time), imaginative and often beautiful as to the texts, but here and there rather too obviously self-conscious and deliberately wrought in the settings to be really convincing as music, however clever the 'atmosphere.' What we (the Daily Telegraph) have called self-consciousness presented, oddly enough, a point in common between the songs of the two composers or at any rate some of them, the second group drawn from Sibelius revealed much that was strained in expression and singularly depressing, and in at least two of them the detachment of the voice from the 'accompaniment' produced a disconcerting, and even irritating, effect."

A short romantic opera, "Dante and Beatrice," text by W. J. Miller, music by Stephen Philpot, was produced by the Carl Rosa company at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, June 7. (It is our impression that this opera was performed, possibly in concert form, some years ago.) The Daily Telegraph said that Mr. Philpot was not well served by the librettist. "It is one thing for an author to set his characters in romantic environments, and quite another to clothe them in some semblance of flesh and blood, thereby imbuing the work in which they figure with a human interest. And it is just in this vital element that the opera heard last night falls short of requirements. Mr. Miller's Dante and Beatrice, to say the truth, are a singularly anaemic pair of lovers, and slender as is the story—or rather series of episodes—of which they are the protagonists, the action is set forth none too clearly. But it was a happy thought to reveal the lovers first in a tableau—unfolded during the overture—reproducing Mr. Henry Holiday's well-known picture showing the meeting of Dante and Beatrice on tho bridge over the Arno. * * * In the way of dramatic action hardly anything really happens. There are a couple of love scenes for the poet and his divinity, and incidentally the hurly-burly of a street fight—of which the cause was not apparent—and, for the second scene, some pleasant revels in Beatrice's palace, followed in the next by her death and a quite superfluous angelic vision. All quite pretty and innocuous, but lacking in dramatic substance and grip." And so the music did not reach any dramatic height. "Its salient characteristic is an easy, uninterrupted flow of frank melodiousness, and a reversion to a type of musical phraseology more in favor with unambitious composers of pre-Bayreuth days than of the present highly sophisticated generation. For some tastes Mr. Philpot's phrases may be a trifle too sugary, but it is something nowadays to find a composer who shows complexities of utterance, and is not above expressing himself in terms that are simple, direct (if somewhat crude), and readily understood. His chorus writing, one should add, is particularly effective."

"Phoebus and Pan" was performed again on June 4 at Drury Lane. The Times evidently liked the work. "The ripple that Bach causes to creep down the spinal cord in addition to the mirth on the stage is irresistible."

Dan Godfrey's orchestra at Bournemouth, Eng., which has celebrated its 25th anniversary, has played over 1500 compositions, of which 685 were the work of 140 British composers. The municipality employs 70 musicians permanently, expends annually on band performances over £10,000. No fewer than 600 concerts are given each year in the Winter Gardens, 650 on the pier, 300 free concerts in various other parts of Bournemouth.

I have recently received a very interesting letter from Mr. Henry Nordblom apropos of the origin of the Carl Rosa Company. Mr. Nordblom tells me he was invited by Carl Rosa and Madame Parepa in San Francisco to join the original company in New York as principal tenor, first for a concert tour, then for opera, in 1868 or 1869. Mr. Nordblom shared the tenor roles with William Castle, of whom I wrote recently. Then came the death of Madame Parepa-Rosa and the temporary retirement of Carl Rosa. Meanwhile, says my correspondent, opera in English had been successfully established at the Crystal Palace under August Manns, with Blanche Cole, Franklein, Celli, Aynsley Cook, Ludwig, Fox, and Nordblom. In 1874 the Palace Company was formed by Sydney Naylor and T. Friend for a tour of the provinces. Carl Rosa was appealed to for the loan of his theatrical wardrobe and properties, became keen on the matter, joined the company, and lent it his name. J. W. Turner was added for some tenor roles. Sir Charles Santley joined in the following year, and the first season occurred at the old Princess's Theatre in September, 1875.—London Daily Telegraph.

Hamilton Harty, composer, pianist, conductor, who once visited Boston after two years' active service in the R. N. V. R., has left the navy on account of his health.

Harry Brett, actor and singer, long associated with Albert Chevalier, died at Salisbury about June 1. He accompanied Chevalier to the United States.

"The Profiteers," adapted from Pierre Veber's "Gonzaque" by Walter Hackett, was produced at the London Pavilion June 3. The theme is the necessity for a 14th person at a dinner party. A lean and hungry French piano tuner, the 14th guest, is introduced as a marquis. There is a furiously jealous Spaniard, also a romantic English miss who sees in the tuner her predestined betrothed.

A new string quartet by Arnold Bax was played in London early in June. "Immensely clever it undoubtedly is, but at a first hearing it was the evident cleverness that stood out the more prominently in all but the very fine slow movement—this a veritable 'inspiration.'"

Mr. Moiseivitch, pianist, played on June 8 in London with the Queen's Hall orchestra a Symphonic Fantasia or one-movement concerto by George Dorlay, one of the violins of that orchestra. The Times said: "He is evidently much taken with Mr. Dorlay's Fantasia. He played it with gusto, and it certainly seems to be well written for the instrument; but then Mr. Moiseivitch would make almost anything sound as if it was that. But it is well orchestrated too; it moves well, and with assurance. There its virtues stop. The inner core of the music is made up of entirely commonplace material, of trite sequences and used-up progressions; and this is thinly veiled by a good deal of naive chromaticism which could take no one in. Still, it is delightful stuff to play and quite pleasant to listen to." This fantasy bears the title "La Lutte et l'Espoir."

With reference to the first production of "Fidelio" in Rome, mentioned in this column last week, we have received an interesting letter from Mr. C. J. Phillips of Cheltenham. "I was present," he recalls, "at what I understood then was a 'first' performance in the old Apollo Theatre, but I am under the impression it was in the year 1885. The performance itself left an indelible impression on my memory. The first act was heard with much impatience—the audience showing their lack of appreciation by whispering, jeering, and the usual accompaniment of strange gesticulations, such proceedings being novel to me. The curtain descended at the end of act 1 without the faintest attempt at applause. The 'Leonora, No. 3,' then heard as an entr' acte, was superbly played and vociferously cheered. The second act was allowed to proceed as far as the end of Florestan's scena, and then, to the series of

Brutta Musica! Basta! Basta! the curtain was rung down, and Rome had damned what had always been considered a master work by other countries. During the subsequent years I lived in Italy, I never heard of a repetition of the opera."—London Daily Telegraph, June 9.

Censorship, "Salome," and Dramatic Criticism in London

The finding of the jury in the Pemberton Billing trial should act as a deterrent to certain tendencies on the part of the more advanced of the play-producing societies. Properly conducted, there is nothing to be said against the existence of the play-producing societies, which give opportunities to authors and also to actors that are otherwise impossible under the conditions of the long-run-bound stage, and which also form a sort of court of appeal from the decisions of the absolute form of censorship from which the stage suffers. It was to one of these societies, it will be remembered that we owe the production of "Damaged Goods," a play, the moral and sanatory force of which we drew attention to at the time. If the law is in need of alteration, as Mr. Justice Darling said, in some observations far too sweeping to be justified in any general way, the change should be made in the constitution of the censorship, which takes upon itself a responsibility that should, in various directions, fall upon the producers. The Lord Chamberlain's department sanctions much that, under a revised system, would not be accepted, and thus weakens public taste and also professional criticism. It is true that Salome was not passed by the examiners of plays as a dramatic work—mainly on the ground of its Biblical associations—but there is the anomaly that it was passed as an opera, in which Biblical references are allowed. The case that has just ended rightly or wrongly in the acquittal of Mr. Pemberton Billing illustrates also a slackness on the part of dramatic criticism.

It may be said that the subjects of certain works of art—take Correggio's Io and Jupiter or Rembrandt's Rape of Ganymede, for example—are palliated more or less by greatness of treatment. But no such excuse is possible in the case of Oscar Wilde's Salome. It has no title to any high tragic quality, as we pointed out in our criticism of the performance at the Court on April 12. We described it then as merely a very impure work, charged with a sickly voluptuousness, a harlotry of words, and in the last scene a display of animalism or worse, for as we remarked, animals have their decencies. Yet, as far as we are aware, only one other paper, the Morning Post, frankly condemned the play for what it is, or even condemned it at all. There seems some failure of criticism here, possibly because of the way in which critics are not properly supported by their editors when they raise the question of the propriety or the decency of a play or a piece of acting. The editors, for their part, are restrained by the nature of the libel laws and the tendency of juries to allow the press very little latitude in the discharge of a difficult public duty. No such charge, however, can be brought against the jury in the present case, and one of the consequences of the trial may be to stiffen dramatic criticism in this respect. The verdict may also—to repeat our opening remark—teach the play-producing societies discretion. They have been leaning too much to what is morbid and unwholesome, and upon occasion to flagrant abuse, as in this latest instance. Another instance was that of the revival of William Congreve's Love for Love, by the Incorporated Stage Society. The play was given with the gross text unexpurgated, and thus a wanton appeal to sheer nastiness was made to modern ears.—The Stage, June 6.

The Adventures of Opera in a Democracy

It is sometimes forgotten that opera has a hard time of it in a democracy. When Prince Esterhazy turns a marsh into a garden and a jungle into a grove with temples and grottoes to match, and builds a chapel and a theatre where daily practice and "occasional" performance build up tradition by sheer force of continuity, and where the composer is, in his own words, "forced to be original," things wear a different aspect. Seclusion among the pleasant sights and sounds, leisure among the appropriate stimuli and security from sordid cares, make possible that concentration upon the work in hand which brings about great and lasting results. But the fact of seclusion does more. It allows of experiments being tried, of mistakes being corrected before they can lead to failure, and of success being improved upon before it can be pirated. There is hardly anything that damages art so much as half success. To have one's own idea stolen and worked out by a rival who has not gone through the labor by which it was reached, and so bungles or cheapens it, is exasperating. And it is demoralizing to have one's half achievement acclaimed as a full success. That is putting oil on the turtle under the Willows instead of at the Barges, and losing the bump.

In a democracy these things are not so easy to manage. Those who in old days frequented the performances of "The Ring" at Covent Garden, threading their way through the traffic and the weather to a hurried meal in the interval, and back to breathe the used-up air of the theatre to the sound of cab whistles instead of trombones announcing the theme of the next act, realized what the absence of the Bayreuth seclusion meant. And, realizing that, they can feel how the suitable surroundings must react upon those who want all their wits about them to play and sing, and how difficult metropolitan turmoil makes it to keep the mind fixed upon its ideal. To this is added the confusion of conflicting ideals. Instead of the approval or the silence of a prince and that atmosphere of convention that is breathed in courts, where opera, the most conventional of the arts, is wont to flourish, there is the daily canvassing of its merits by all and sundry which, sometimes ignoring or over-rating what has been done, sometimes praising or blaming what there has been no attempt to do, is seldom judicial.

On the other hand, a democracy brings to the hearing of opera an eager curiosity and an unjaded palate. What it does understand, it feels and enjoys. It is not going to take the symphonies and entr'actes as read, or to talk during the recitatives, or to stroll in for the second act or to leave before the last. It is not going to engage a box for the season by way of dispensing vicarious hospitality, or as a mere symbol of a certain social position, but to go itself with wife or friend and form its own opinions. And if the singers sometimes sigh that the recognition of their labors is long in coming, they may still reflect the better the work is the less likely that that will be recognized at once, and the more certain that it will in the long run; and that opera rooted in the affections of the people will be a grander thing than ever was that which was dependent on the favor of a prince.—London Times, June 8.

High Railway Rates Will Affect Traveling Chorus Girls

Twenty chorus girls dancing against a background of not much of anything promises to be the usual thing in ensembles in those musical shows that venture on the road during the coming winter. For the rise in railroad rates promises to do what the drama uplift could not—make the chorus girl scarce.

With shipping space almost unavailable and with chorus men drafted, the problems of sending a big, spectacular production on the road are many. The shows that divide the season between large cities like Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, where the runs are long, will have a comparatively easy time, but those that are routed for one-week and split-week engagements may meet with difficulties.

"The average size of the chorus in the road productions will probably be about 20 girls," said Chamberlain Brown yesterday, when he was asked about the effect that the new traveling conditions would have on theatrical ventures. "Naturally, the 'intimate' musical comedy will have the advantage of the big spectacular productions. In fact, some managers are giving up the idea of sending the more pretentious shows on the road at all.

The American Burlesque Circuit will take out choruses of only 16 girls during the coming winter. The only bright side to the situation is that, with the choruses smaller, the standards of good looks and ability are apt to be higher. In the meantime, the munitions factories, business offices and even the land army are getting recruits from the stage who are willing to leave art for the duration of the war to accept steady positions at good salaries.—Morning Telegraph.

Avenue Wilson

Paris has broken its rule of not naming a street after a distinguished man until his death has paved the way. The Avenue du Trocadero will henceforth be known as the Avenue President Wilson. These street names in Paris are not always granted in perpetuity. Changes in government, revulsions in popular feeling, or even mere caprice, have torn down the old name that was once honored and substituted a new one that seemed for the time more appropriate or more deserving. Thus the visitor in Paris has for many years searched in vain for the Avenue Josephine. He may well regret, having known Paris before the reign of Baron Haussmann, the old picturesque streets that bore fitting names, names that were fraught with historical associations, that reflected the manners, customs, high and low life, superstitions, of centuries before.

It is strange that Gustave Kahn in his fascinating book, "L'Esthetique de la Rue," did not speak even incidentally of street nomenclature; for surely the name of a street enters into the aesthetic properties. Histories of streets have been written, as that of the Parisian by the Lazare brothers; that of Boston, published by the city government. They are full of entertaining information, but the stranger in Boston may well wonder who named certain streets and why they were named. In one quarter certain composers of music are honored, and even a foreign orchestral conductor sojourning here did not escape. Was this quarter of the city populated chiefly by musicians? Was it a sort of musical Ghetto? The stranger might also wonder why Milk and Water, Summer and Winter were chosen. But why were names of birds selected in Albany, N. Y.—Hawk, Lark, Swan, etc.?

Too often names that have come down almost from the founding of a town or city and have peculiar significance are irreverently changed. Thus in Albany, N. Y., it was a shame to drop the name Patroon street. Many towns in New England had their King street and have retained the name. There are Market streets in these towns, where now no market stands.

The name should bear some resemblance to the physiognomy of the street. Mean and squalid streets are often made ridiculous by being designated as avenues with some high sounding, pompous title. And so when the name of a man or woman is fastened on a street, the one should be worthy of the other. It is to be noted that the Avenue du Trocadero is to be called the Avenue President Wilson; not merely Wilson. Otherwise Parisians and strangers in time to come might think of the French Wilson, the son-in-law of "Pere" Grevy, the Wilson whose deeds gave him notoriety rather than reputation.

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Early last month a Turkish prisoner of war in the east found out to his satisfaction the date when the war would cease. He was a generous soul and communicated his secret. "You should kill sheep, take the firstling of the flock, kill, dress it, hold the shoulder up to the light, and there on the blade bone the desired date will be seen." The Turk thus learned that the war would end on June 9. Unfortunately he did not name the year.

This reminds one of an infallible barometer. Put a candle near a window and light it. When the glow at the tip remains three or four seconds after the flame has been blown out, the weather will be fine. When the glow immediately disappears, there will probably be rain. An English correspondent adds these lines, which may be wholly intelligible to his countrymen:

Red tip to wick,
Take out the stick;
If promptly black,
"Brolly" and "Mack."

Does "brolly" stand for "umbrella," and "Mack" for "mackintosh"?

The Turk's method of divination led a London journalist to quote by way of comment a passage from Giraldus Cambrensis' Itinerary of Wales (1188): "These people (the Flemings of Pembrokeshire) from the inspection of rams which have been stripped of their flesh, and not roasted, but boiled, can discover future events, or those which have passed and remained long unknown." A foot note adds: "This curious superstition is still preserved in a debased form among the descendants of the Flemish population of this district, where the young women practice a sort of divination with the blade bone of a shoulder of mutton to discover who will be their sweetheart. It is still more curious that William de Rubruquis, in the 13th century, found the same superstition existing among the Tartars."

Poor Puss

As the World Wags:

There was a short anecdote in this column of the Boston Herald and Journal of June 29 concerning a Persian cat accustomed, when wishing to enter the house, to jump onto a ledge beside the front door and by stretching out his paw rattle the door knocker. This anecdote was of great interest to the writer of this similar episode, for the truth of which he can bear witness from personal observation.

While living as a boy in the early seventies in one of the old Mt. Vernon street houses, a member of our household was a large Maltese cat yclept Prof. Humaston. Now the professor, although a most estimable feline gentleman, was a rather too frequent, uninvited guest at breakfast. Instead of rudely telling him that the meal could go on without his presence, we conveyed a hint to him by putting him outside the door at the head of the stairs leading up from the cellar, and carefully latching it. There was not a knob on the door, but one of the old-fashioned thumb latches of the time. In spite of this preventive (as we thought) in would walk the professor at breakfast. The mystery was quite baffling, for the maids assured us that they had not opened the door. Finally our curiosity became so strong that the cat was put on the stairs, the door carefully latched, and a sentry posted. In a moment the latch began to rattle and hop up and down, and out walked our friend, who defied prison bars by jumping in the air from the top step, striking the thumb piece with his front paw, and triumphantly walking out a free cat. F. S. S.

Lenox.

Daniel at Bay

As the World Wags:

When a young man, I was a member of a band organized to furnish music for a public reception of The Great Daniel Pratt. I think my instrument was a tin wash boiler with bottom removed to enhance vibration. The reception was held in the largest and most popular hall of the town, and for a wonder the roof remained firmly in place after the ceremonies were ended. The Great Pratt came to our city by steamer. When he landed he was first noticed on the upper crossbar of the frame support in the hoist of the freight slip. Sitting astride the beam with arm extended, he shouted in a cracked tenor voice: "See yonder ship upon her trip." I am uncertain, but I think he always wore a Prince Albert coat or a military cape, and always a tall plug hat which often made a conspicuous target for sundry missiles; a small man and always dressed in black. I don't remember ever having seen him smile. He seemed to be in constant fear of bodily harm, evidently of unsound mind. I last saw him in Providence, R. I., in full flight from a crowd of young men who were anxious to capture him to do him honor in a way they have of demonstrating their appreciation on such occasions. Daniel took refuge in a drug store in the square, where he was finally dug out from under the counter, a picture of abject terror. The more sober-minded of the crowd prevailed, and Daniel was free from further annoyance. After years and the unthinking period of youth has passed, it seems rather sad that any one should be so unfortunate. Dr. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

Nantucket's Fauna

As the World Wags:

Apropos of rabbit cats, I suppose you know the thrice-told tale of Nantucketers that there is actually a type of rabbit cat bred on their island by a crossing of cats and rabbits. The cats are of the domestic variety, they tell me, but have grown wild through living in the woods, and the joint offspring of these animals and the wild hares form a distinct hybrid breed.

I've never seen one of these hybrids, but then, I've spent only a week on the island. L. J. C.

Boston.

Thoughtless, at Least

As the World Wags:

Apropos of Dr. Crockett's letter in which he describes the actions of a Canadian sergeant haranguing a crowd on the Common, who, after recounting his own deeds, kept asking: "What have you guys done?" I should like to call attention to the fact that these guests of ours make it a point never to salute our officers. I have seen them pass a gray-haired officer, who had been under fire with never a quiver long before they were born.

Of course little things like this cannot have the slightest effect upon the entente cordiale which exists between us and our most worthy allies, but like all the little things of life, courtesy is worth cultivating and can never do any harm. NAUTICUS.

Boston

A Vanished City

There is bad news from Bagdad. The city is now described as a "bustling hive of humanity." Streets are paved and lighted; the people are dodging motor cars; there are electric lights, a fire department, training schools for children, sanitary regulations. Mosques have been repaired. The water supply has been improved. Sad news for the sentimental arm-chair and veranda travellers; also for the lovers of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," whether they read the wondrous tales in the old translation of Galland's version, the stilted volumes of Lane, or in the English of Burton or Payne. The romance of Bagdad is gone. Civilization has done its disillusionizing, deadly work.

In vain is the sentimentalist reminded that Bagdad before the occupation of the English was nothing like the city of Harun al Rashid and the Barmecides. When Masrour, the sworder, served the Caliph as secret service man and executioner; when Caliph and Vizier and sworder listened to the strange adventures of the three one-eyed Kalandars; the Bagdad of music and mirth and terror, of amorous and knavish intrigues, of jewels and poetry and girdle-girls, a city not unvisited by jinn and afreet; the city described by Marco Polo as famous for silks wrought in gold, damasks, velvets ornamented with the figures of birds and beasts, of pearls brought from India to be bored; the city where magic, physics, astronomy, geomancy, physiognomy and the Mahommedan law were studied; the city where the pious shoemaker, a Christian, in the reign of the indolent and voluptuous Mostasem Billah, moved by faith a mountain; "the noblest and most extensive city to be found in this part of the world."

For there are cities that, never visited by the sentimentalist, Bagdad, Damascus, Ispahan, Carcassonne, Toledo, are nearer and more familiar to him than Providence or Worcester. He sees in the streets of Bagdad the shops where old women serving jealously guarded beauties bid young merchants to go with them to wild feasting and horrible death; where Harun at night, disguised, sees the false caliph lording it superbly on the Tigris, or hears the sound of lutes and passionate voices. What to the seated traveller are electric lights, pavements, sanitary plumbing? He would not exchange Solomon's carpet for a garage full of motor cars. A uniformed policeman is a sorry replacer of Masrour. To this traveller there is no modern, improved Bagdad. The city that he knew has vanished with Ys, Iram and Atlantis; with the Paris pictured by Gustave Dore in the droll stories of Balzac.

In Five Days

Americans in France have found a naval base that they hope will be the European marine terminus of a route from New York to Paris, taking only five days. This period of time includes the journey by land from the port to Paris; for a new railway will be constructed, probably in nearly as straight a line as that of the famous railway in Russia, laid years ago by the Tsar's putting a ruler between Petrograd and Moscow.

In five days! What pleasure will there be in such a journey except for those suffering lamentably from seasickness? What a change from the good old voyages that were adventurous, when steamships were small, the passage long. The traveler then went to sea: he was not ferried across the Atlantic as across a river or a strait. The prayers of the congregation were requested for one about to embark, or the prayer for those at sea was read. Some made their last will and testament. There was preparation as for an Arctic expedition. Old clothes were in demand; there was no sprucing up till land was in sight. Cabins at night were lighted dimly or not at all. The meals were simple and monotonous. If any man wished a bath, the hose was turned on him in the early morning. Passengers became acquainted; lasting friendships or enmities were formed. There was time for reading; there was time for meditation. A certain amount of discomfort was welcomed. The city man gave himself the airs of an old salt. A voyage to Europe was then an event in one's life; the story of it was told to wondering children and admiring neighbors. The ocean was vast and wonderful. July 9 18

We have changed all that. An ocean steamship is now merely a floating, luxurious hotel. There is no romance; only the mad rush to get across. Men and women dress as on land and are punctilious at the formal and elaborate dinner. Why discuss the exasperating details? Why speak at length of a trip that is of no more importance than a boat ride up the Hudson or on Lake Champlain? How much true pleasure is lost! No longer is there sense of remoteness of isolation. No longer can one be beyond reach of telegrams. Even the tramp steamer may have its wireless apparatus. The romantic traveler now reads Hakluyt, Marryatt or Melville on a veranda near the ocean, or engages passage on the Flying Dutchman.

FRITZI SCHEFF WINS

Fritzi Scheff, the prima donna, is the principal feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that applauded warmly.

The singer appeared in a varied program, and there was a stunning gown to heighten her physical charms. Many of her numbers were successes taken from operettas and musical comedies associated with the singer in the past. The singer is the same spirited, irrepressible personality, and she sings with all her old-time charm. None the less the comedienne than the singer, she found it hard to confine herself to the song in hand, and there was the tendency to act the part. This added to the significance of the text and the enjoyment of her program. The singer was rapturously applauded at the conclusion of "Kiss Me Again," from "Mlle. Modiste," which she sang with all her old-time fervor and delightful play at coquetry.

Other acts were Johnny Dooley, singer and comedian, in his uproariously funny burlesque of the oriental muscle dancer, assisted by George Williams; William Egdirettu and his posing horse and dogs; Charles De Haven and Freddie Nice in a dancing act, introducing their laughable burlesque of Svengali and Trilby; Emmet Devoy and company in the farce, "Too Many Wives"; De Leor and Davies in an act approaching elegance that reminded one of happy days in vaudeville in their specialty of song and dance; the Seven Bracks in one of the speediest acrobatic acts of vaudeville; Shirley sisters in songs and dances and Hazel Moran in lariat manipulation.

July 10 918

Let us begin the day by singing three verses of a hymn contributed to the Morning Telegraph of New York by Baird Leonard. The hymn was inspired by the optimistic advertisements published in magazines and other periodicals.

There is a fountain pen that cannot leak,
There is a dust-cloth that removes all dust,
The Gear-on oilless engine will not squeak
Or rust.

Hyboxide tooth-paste gives the germs a rush
And turns your teeth to gleaming pearls, at that;
Then there's the ribbon kind, which on the brush
Lies flat.

You can get perfect songs in canning cubes,
Caruso in your own front room will scream,
A fine complexion lurks in ten-cent tubes
Of cream.

Reincarnation

Apropos of advertisements, a publisher in London announces a novel by a woman who believes that she is the reincarnation of a person rather prominent in the Stuart times. A friend of the amazing Mme. Blavatsky, also a woman of letters, was once entertained by a publisher. His little daughter came into the room with a small terrier in her arms. The woman of letters was greatly alarmed. "I have always been afraid of dogs," she said, "since they ate me. I was once Jezebel."

A Moving Picture Note

As the World Wags:

In a very entertaining article on Caruso in the motion pictures, published in the Boston Herald and Journal, the writer fell into an error common among the less discriminating persons. He judged Farrar's success as a screen actress by her first picture, "Carmen," a badly mounted, badly photographed production, ineffective in spite of the type of beauty that makes Farrar an excellent subject for the screen. If one has not seen her in "Maria Rosa," one has not really seen her in the "movies." The producers evidently learned something from their "Carmen," for "Maria Rosa" not only ranks among the half-dozen or so best motion pictures ever seen here, but displays the extraordinary gifts of this "singing woman" to the best advantage.

It is a curious fact that pictures made from famous operas or novels are usually ineffective. Novels of Victor Hugo and Dumas which have been produced in this form, although they present spectacular scenes, have proved scrappy and incoherent dramas. Some time, I trust, there will be a propaganda to suppress the production of literary masterpieces in motion-picture form. The effect is very bad. They are witnessed by many young people who, feeling that they are now familiar with the work, will never bother to read the book.

Let the "movies" have their own literature. This is not said in contempt, for I believe heartily in the artistic possibilities of this form of entertainment. But it is not closely allied with either literature or the spoken drama, and until producers learn this, the "movie" will continue to be an industry instead of an art.

J. d'A.

Boston.

Shark Meat

As the World Wags:

Since Bostonians have adapted whale meat as a staple table diet—and those who have eaten it have pronounced it as very good eating—it would be well also to adapt eating shark flesh as well. I know from experience that the flesh of the shark when fried makes an excellent dish, and when fried it is hard to discern it from that of some other white fish. It is different from the whale in that it is not the beef-colored mammal like its huge aquatic neighbor. The flesh of the shark is soaked in salt water, as I have seen it done before it is cooked, or fried, so that the strong fishy smell is removed and that the taste is more delicious. Apart from eating the flesh of the shark as food, the oil of the shark is a splendid remedy for the rheumatism and other "isms," as was told me by a friend who was cured by it. Of course, the rheumatic patient should drink the oil and not rub with it, as is supposed; not only will it serve as a cure for the complaint, but acts as a splendid lubricant for the inner parts. Sharkskin makes excellent shoes and will outlast some of the best of leathers. Unlike the whale, the shark usually is found close to the shore, and is easily captured by a good fisherman who is not afraid of losing a hand or leg in the adventure. I believe others can testify to the good obtained from eating shark flesh and drinking shark oil, especially some of our friends from foreign climes where the rebellious shark is one of the most popular diets. Let us hope that our Bostonians will give it a wider trial on the menu of the popular eating houses in this city.

Boston. L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

July 8 1918

A correspondent recently asked for a description of the region where Camp Devens now stands, the region as it was known to the Indians. We are indebted to Miss Mabel Lillian Warren of Groton for the following note:

"Maj. Simon Willard, born in the county of Kent, England, came to New England in the year 1634. He became active in Massachusetts state affairs towards the middle of the 17th century. In recognition of his services the General Court at its session beginning May 6, 1657, granted 500 acres of unappropriate land, wherever he could find it. A definite grant was given him of land which lay in the southern part of Groton, now included in the town of Ayer at its session beginning May 19, 1658. The neighborhood was called by the Indians Nanajcoyycuss. From a note of Judge Samuel Sewall's 'Nunnacoquis signifies an Indian earthern Pot as Hannah Hahatan's Squaw tells me, March 24, 1698-9.' Maj. Willard moved from Lancaster to Groton in 1671. Here he lived until his house was burnt by the Indians in Philip's war, about 1675. He was married three times: First, to Mary Sharpe of England; secondly, to Elizabeth Dunster of Massachusetts; and lastly, to Mary Dunster. Maj. Willard was the father of 17 children, nine sons and eight daughters. Two of his descendants were presidents of Harvard College. The station at Ayer stands upon land which was part of Nonacoicus Farm. Camp Devens is on land included."

The Gibbet

Quoto the manor's lord to the Hangman's daughter;
"Houses and lands and jewels fine
(Your beauty and worth are so rich a barter)
All shall be yours, if you will be mine."

But "No," she answered, "go back to your wine,
And your toping cronies—and, as for me,
I will not marry you, Earl," said she.

And the farmer's lad, with poll a-curl,
In turn came courting, with "Look, my girl,
Say, dear, that we'll marry a month from now!"
"Nay, yokel," she gibed, "get back to your plough;
I could be a lady of high degree,
For I could marry the Earl," said she.

Then she fell of a sudden to weeping sore,
And sobbing, "My heart swings there on the moor
With the boy my father hanged yesterday."
The Earl and the farm-lad each went his way.

J. C. L. C.

Lancaster.

Another Personal Note

As the World Wags:

Oh, ho! So Prof. T. K. Deedledum, the great American Pome Expert, is wanting to meet me, man to man, and settle the Clancy question, is he? Very good. I'll be thinking it an honor and a privilege to accommodate the gentleman. And this will be how: There's a little passageway that runs from Winter street to Hamilton place. I'll meet the Prof. to the corner of that alley on July 13 at 1 o'clock by the stroke of the bell of the middle-town clock at Brimstone Corner. Very good. After the ceremonies of self-introduction, we will proceed in a gentleman-like manner to the spot abaft the Shaw monument on Boston Common. Very good. Arrived at this arena we will rest at ease while the boys are roping off the ring and Molliver passes the hat around among the assembled relatives and friends. Molliver can be trusted not to let anything in the shape of coin get by or away. He will then divide the receipts on a basis of 50-50, handing one part to any person that the professor may pick out. Very good. You, Wags, will be the referee. The Prof. and I will then strike hands and proceed to discuss, by and large in any way at all that's acceptable to him, the question being "Did Clancy Write 'Butts'; and, if not, Why?" When we have settled that question for good and all, Wags will declare the result, and the Professor and his Professorettes can go down to Mary Elizabeth's for a dish of tea, while me and the rest of the gang will trek down Beacon street, and so on to "The Bell," for refreshment, free to all as long as the contribution holds out. Is it a go, Mr. Professor? I'll be having no hems and haws, no shilly-shallying, no trying to arrange a private interview. This is a public question, and, by the Splendor of Solomon, the Public has got to be in it. Thanking you in advance, I remain, yours for Business and for getting Deedledum's Goat.

Boston. VINDEX.

Russians and the Elegy

As the World Wags:

This is, as might properly be said, arriving on the freight train, but I have just seen a quotation from the Theatre Magazine for September, 1917, in which Louis Sherwin remarks: "And after all the methods of the Russians, when you come to analyze them, are nothing but the methods of Shakespeare, considerably improved." Those who improved on Gray's "Elegy" can learn from the Russians to do still greater things.

DONALD M. LIDDELL.

Elizabeth, N. J.

Fighting and Sleep

For five consecutive days Napoleon fought the Austrian without taking off his boots or once closing his eyes. Then, having beaten his enemy, he slept for 36 hours. Wellington would have beaten his man, but he would have had 40 times 40 winks. "Wake me when they reach such and such a point," he would say. But Tommy is fighting days and nights with perhaps fewer and 39 winks. One of them explains how they recover from the strain. "Two nights' good sleep—and don't think about it!" The simple formula of a true hero.—London Daily Chronicle.

July 2 1918

The Morning Telegraph of New York recently spoke of purl as a name for a "strong" drink, as if the name, if not the drink, were a recent invention of the Demon. Now "purl" was at first ale or beer with an infusion of wormwood or some other bitter herb. This was the purl that Mr. Pepys drank. Much later the term was applied to a mixture of hot beer and gin, which was supposed to be an excellent morning draught. This drink was—perhaps is—also known as dog's nose.

Brooke and Deedledum

As the World Wags:

I am greatly distressed to gather from Prof. Deedledum's long and interesting letter upon his favorite subject in a recent issue of the Herald that he has wholly forgotten that he knows me. I

ave so far the advantage of him that I learl reral when and where I had he pleasure of making his acquaintance. It was in the room of the class of 1887 at a Harvard commencement many years ago. The celebration of that day had then a much more convivial character than it has at present. I am professionally bound to rejoice in the passing of the old ways in this matter. But I take this occasion to say that there is much to be said on the other side. I remember that I used to go out to Cambridge regularly, but I have not been there at all for many years, in spite of the improvements that time has brought about. I had been invited by a member of the class now long dead to partake of their justly celebrated punch, and it was in the professor's company that I first tasted this delectable beverage. He approved of the punch, I recall, speaking of its smoothness to the taste and of its probably innocuous character. I remember that he had a second glass and then a third. Then he commented almost tediously upon the oppressive warmth of the weather, a matter not previously apparent, and went to sit in the coolness of a window seat, where I left him talking excitedly to an admiring audience. I am utterly unable to account for his lapse of memory and can only deplore having so completely failed to stamp myself upon his consciousness.

I am not in the least influenced by pique when I say that I am unable to reveal my sources of information about Clancy. I am, as a clergyman, the recipient of many confidences in regard to many people, and I am bound in honor to respect such confidences. Clancy, like most men of genius, had his vicissitudes and we all know what men will do under the stress of pecuniary need. I have myself written advertisements of church entertainments upon occasion without the least sense of committing an impropriety. I did not employ in this task my highest powers; it would not be easy to utilize any considerable amount of literary skill in the feat of soliciting a public of the average intelligence to patronize a strawberry festival; and it seems probable that Clancy's admitted sense of literary propriety would lead him to refrain from laying pearls before swine.

"The Lay of the Lonesome Lung" was published by a Boston house and attained a circulation of nearly 1,000,000 copies in an illustrated edition. It should not be difficult to obtain a copy under these circumstances. I regret to say that Miss Sarah Hepatica, to whom I have applied, cannot at the moment lay her hand upon one.

REV. BABBLINGTON BROOKE.
Milton.

The Tedesco Club

As the World Wags:

The brig Tedesco, for which the club at Swampscott was named, was, as one of your correspondents says, wrecked off Galloupe's Point. The captain's wife came ashore carrying her pet canary in a cage, and they broke into the lower floor of Edward C. Bates's house, my uncle. I believe the family was asleep upstairs, but am not sure. The windows, being of the long French type of that day, were easily opened. The clubhouse, when the club was first formed, was situated on Phillips Beach, but has never been in sight of the place where the brig went ashore. Having been away and not having seen the papers, I can only judge that some one objects to joining the club because Tedesco is of Italian origin, having to do with Germans. I am as anti-German as they make them, but I was born in Swampscott within full sight of the place where the Tedesco was wrecked, and know the whole story. I also belonged to the club when it originated, and for the enlightenment of the gentlemen who have written you about this matter I will say that I suggested at one time that the club's name be changed to Tabasco, as at the beginning there were some pretty hot discussions as to rules and regulations. Why not, in order to soothe the gentlemen's feelings, call the club, as the dictionaries do when a word has two or more meanings, Tedesco—see Tabasco?

PHILIP LITTLE.
Boston.

White and Red

As the World Wags:

Last Friday I read in your column a communication about "The Girl and the Horse," implying that the red-haired girl and the white horse were no longer companions. Saturday afternoon a red-haired girl met a friend on the sidewalk near my window and stopped for a chat. Almost immediately a white horse attached to a delivery wagon came from the other direction and stopped on the opposite side of the street, apparently thinking, "This is as near as the traffic regulations will allow, but it shows we are still friends."

E. D. F.
Malden.

As the World Wags:

Inasmuch as Henry Ford continues to sell his flivvers without spending a few millions on advertising in the newspapers, let's continue to knock (boost) him.

The answer to the "Girl and Horse" question is: The white horse has been replaced by the Ford.

Much as I despise anonymous letter writers, yet I fear the stiletto-like pen of the Col Conductor too much to sign more than

PHILIP McCAN.
Boston.

Recipe for Vers Libre

As the World Wags:

Take an ordinary scribbling block and a pencil warmed to the scribbling point. Sit down, or preferably stand on your head, as it will produce confusion and unconsciousness, two essentials of really successful achievement. After your head begins to boil and all lucidity of idea is thoroughly cooked, start in to compose your alleged poem, remembering always to hold yourself under control in order that no thought or idea shall leak in and become mixed with the ingredients. Now write down such words as may come into your semi-conscious brain, being most careful to avoid letting any idea get mixed with your words which would utterly spoil the palatableness of the dish. When cooked, chop up into lines of unequal length with an occasional line of only one word, being especially careful to avoid the three Rs, Rhyme, Rhythm and Reason, using just enough of the last, like wheat, to bind the mess (beg pardon) the mass together. When thoroughly cooked serve with a dash of Cubist sauce to the faddists and the freakists.

F. S. S.
Lenox.

We publish this letter, but do not approve. Surely "F. S. S." does not condemn all free verse. Walt Whitman, Jules Loforgue, Gustave Kahn, Miss Amy Lowell are not names to be idly dismissed. There are many others. Even in one of the earliest volumes of free verse, Adah Isaacs Menken's "Infelicia," there are poetic thoughts, flashes of genius.—Ed.

July 13 1918

We are indebted to Mr. Habakkuk Belcher of Ipswich for calling our attention to the following passages from Maccabees, 3, "relating to the Crown Prince":

"Now when Seron, a prince of the army of Syria, heard say that Judas had gathered unto him a multitude and company of the faithful to go out with him to war, he said: 'I will get me a name and honor in the kingdom, for I will go fight with Judas and they that are with him, who despise the King's commandment.' So he made him ready to go up, and there went with him a mighty host of the ungodly to help him and to be avenged of the children of Israel.

"And when he came near to the going up of Bethhoron, Judas went forth to meet him with a small company, who, when they saw the host coming to meet them, said unto Judas: 'How shall we be able, being so few, to fight against so great a multitude and so strong, seeing we are ready to faint with fasting all this day?'"

"Unto whom Judas answered: 'It is no hard matter for many to be shut up in the hands of a few; and with the God of heaven it is all one, to deliver with a great multitude or a small company: For the victory of battle standeth not in the multitude of an host, but strength cometh from heaven.

" 'They come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us, and our wives and children, and to spoil us: But we fight for our lives and our laws. Wherefore the Lord himself will overthrow them before our face: and as for you, be ye not afraid of them.' "

In Full Leaf

As the World Wags:

I take it that they are not Hooverizing in fig-leaves, about the umbrageous and Edenic shores of Jamaica Pond, this summer. My impression to this effect is derived from the following real estate advertisement, from a solemn and irreproachable Boston evening newspaper:

"JAMAICA PLAIN—Modern single house with view Jamaica Pond; electric light, hot water heat; a most beautiful spot to live; all surrounded by people of fastidious tastes and luxuriant foliage, $8500."

By the way, that name "Tedesco" fooled me. Not knowing Italian, I had always taken it to be a made-up name. I did not know what the "Ted" was for, but supposed the "esco" to be some inspired joker's abbreviation for 'ESsex COunty." I have enjoyed the hospitality of members there at various times, but I didn't like to ask about the name.

Keep the name, by all means. What if it does mean "German"? It is not an Italian club, and there will be another name for Germans before this war is over.

W. C. T.
Brookline.

A Real Library

As the World Wags:

Are you aware, sir, that you are, in the phrase of Samuel Johnson, raising the price of literature? Recent demands on Boston booksellers for a copy of "Moby Dick" bring the response: "We've been trying for weeks to get the book; it seems to be out of print." Only in one place—a place as curious as a dugout on the Flanders front, where you descend by devious passages and steep stairways to a cave that burrows under one of Boston's ancient graveyards—only there could I find the book. It was a first edition—and there was a first edition price attached to it. One can find "Moby Dick" in the great libraries, but it deserves a prominent place on one's private shelf. And this is a reminder that I am on, asked the other day as to the best filling for a five-foot book shelf Dr. Eliot's list is good, but it is rather conventional. Half of his books are familiar. What my friend wanted was an unusual collection. What better advice could I give him than to possess himself of a copy of every book that is cited in this department of the Herald and Journal? The chief zest in collecting a library of this kind is that it cannot be acquired by immediate and wholesale purchase. It is a matter of accretion, book by book, the quest lasting for years and years. Space must be left for Prof. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work. There is the difficulty of obtaining Herman Melville's fascinating tale. Many other rare and learned volumes quoted by the erudite editor will keep even the most indefatigable bibliophile trotting round the globe for two or three decades; but what a glorious life, if one has means and leisure, this hunt for the scarce and famous books mentioned and quoted in "As the World Wags"!

W. E. K.
Boston.

"Moby Dick" and "White Jacket," by Herman Melville, were reprinted some years ago. Unfortunately the table of contents, prefixed in the first edition of "Moby Dick," was omitted in the reprint.—(Ed.)

Adelaide Phillipps

As the World Wags:

In reading the sketch of Adelaide Phillipps in last Sunday's Herald, I missed the names of her two favorite songs: "Lascia Chio pianga," from Handel's "Rinaldo," and her celebrated encore, "Maria Dolous."

She sang those two songs frequently in our homes, and when I was a child she sang me to sleep, many times, with "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Tears of Love." I have now, in my possession, a large portrait of her, similar to the one shown in the Herald.

ELIZA HALL.
Boston.

July 14 1918

The centenary of Gounod inspired English writers about music to consider his art. The Times began by saying that Gounod is a shining example of the theory that man is master of his fate, that he can in time achieve what he really sets his heart on. From the day when his mother, who gave him his first lessons in music and whose memory meant so much to him in after life, repressed his aspirations, entrenching herself behind advice difficult for him to reject, he burned to hear, and one day to write, opera. When Rossini—the prospect of hearing whose "Otello" kept the young Gounod from eating and sleeping—was told by Mattei that he now knew enough to write operas but not enough to write church music, he answered, in his practical way, that operas were all he wanted to write. And Gounod, who studied Palestrina so assiduously at Rome, who went so near taking orders that he became a pupil at the Seminaire and was announced in the papers as having taken them, and whose future was prophesied in the Athenaeum when he was 33 chiefly on the strength of an "Agnus Dei" of his given at a London concert, never deserted his first love.

The Times was evidently right in saying that Gounod wrote one opera on which his fame securely rests: "There are many to whom the word opera simply means 'Faust.' Perhaps, remembering 'Romeo et Juliette,' one might say he wrote one and a half; the others do not count." Yet, in his last years, Gounod insisted that his best opera was "Polyeucte," while Saint-Saens, who delights in paradox, boldly asserts that Gounod's oratorios will outlive even "Faust." Mr. Robin H. Legge wrote in the Daily Telegraph that one knows "only too well, alas! That they are deemed to be groundlings—but are they?—who still can find a soft place in their hearts for the 'Faust' for which Choudens paid the comparatively paltry sum of £8000, but laid the foundations of their publishing house upon it, and old Tom Chappell paid £160, and, at that, deemed his bargain something of a risky speculation! This kind of thing has happened from immemorial times, and is just as likely to happen again as ever before. It is a risk, and it is a speculation to undertake the cost of production, whether on the stage or in print, of an opera, and the risk is reduced not very much, or at least the certainty of success is brought not very much nearer, by the fact of the composer having a previously established reputation. But are they, of necessity, groundlings who still love their 'Faust'?"

The Times considered the reasons for Gounod's popularity. "That critic who hailed genius in the young composer of the 'Agnus Dei' wrote that the music was 'not new, if new meant quaint and topsy-turvy; nor old, if old meant dry and stiff.' Works of genius do not commonly proclaim their lineage on the morrow of their birth, to critics or any one else; and if this struck him in that way, it may have been because Gounod belonged, like Emile Augier, who wrote the book for his 'Sapho,' to 'the school of good sense,' and because his harmony is not carried into the falsehood of extremes, nor is he above attending to the logic and punctuation of his melodies. Another critic, Berlioz, says that the subject of each scene is largement dessine et habilement developpe; and, indeed, the popularity of 'Faust' largely depends on the broad humanity, the conciseness and the easy flow of the scene of the moment. Lastly, 'Faust' has been the subject of a sermon by a cultivated Unitarian. He found in Mephistopheles's laughter at the end of the third act the Greek Nemesis, but he also found something uplifting in the melodies. However that may be, it will not be misunderstood, perhaps, if we say that a faint odor of incense clings to these tunes—'about as much religion as my William likes,' in Hannah More's words, or in Gounod's own (of his later works) musique peinte a fresque.

"A taint that runs through all his melody is Rosalia, the repetition of a phrase a note higher. We hear it everywhere—in the 'Credo' of the 'Messe' in the 'Improperia of the Redemption,' in the 'Tuba mirum,' in the valse 'Je veux vivre' of 'Romeo and Juliet,' in 'Nazareth' and the notorious 'Ave Maria.' Of more than a dozen airs in 'Faust' only two are immune from the disease, and the famous ones—Valentine's song, the Jewel song, 'Salut, demeure,' and 'Oui! c'est toi, je t'aime'—have it very badly. But, after all, it should be counted to him for righteousness that what he wrote was melody, since there are others to whom it has not occurred to do that. They may not desire that kind of immortality that has attended Gounod's, but without melody they will have no other immortality. Melody and harmony are, no doubt, indissolubly fused. Yet there is a point where the one ceases to be thought in terms of the other to the confusion of both, where melody has a soul to call its own and is not a maid-of-all-work; and a clear sense of proportion and a right instinct can find it."

Mr. Legge thinks that the majority never knew and never cared that Gounod was one of the "prime milestones" in French operatic history. "And what a history that is! Imagine what it must have meant to a youngster, hovering between the theatre and the monastery, to have been brought in youth and early middle-age into contact with such folk as Ary Scheffer, Corot, Berlioz, Saint-Saens, Wieniaski, Vieuxtemps, Leonard, De Beriot, Ambroise Thomas, Massenet, Cesar Franck, Lalo, Dore, our own Leighton, Turgeniev, and so on! Then Gounod, as I say, was hovering. In Rome, where he lived as winner of the grand prix, he came strongly under the influence of Palestrina and all that that great man stood for; he actually composed a Mass alla Palestrina—is it ever sung today? My impression is that Gounod's earliest opera, 'Sapho,' was more the result of his association with the old Garcias than of a real operatic 'conviction,' but let that pass. He was at one time a very attractive personality. 'Gounod is charming,' wrote Veuillot; 'do not be surprised if he kiss you. At the station he kissed father and mother, children, their governess and friends. He would have passed to the station master had not the train moved on.' "

We heard the first performance of "Mors et Vita" in Paris at the Trocadero. Gounod conducted in an ecstatic rather than authoritative manner. His tempi were nothing like those indicated in the published piano score. Alexandre Guilmant, who was the organist on this occasion, told us after the performance that Gounod kissed the solo singers—Mme. Krauss, Edward Lloyd and the great baritone, Faure, were three of them—the organist, the concert master, and, no doubt, the good-looking women of the chorus. But to go back to Mr. Legge.

"It was, I think, in 1851 that Gounod first visited England, but it was many years subsequently that one came to look on him as a rather genial old gentleman with a white beard, as he is usually depicted. For several years, from 1870 to 1873, he lived in England, and here he wrote his 'Gallia' (for the opening of the Albert Hall), and no doubt a multitude of other works, as assuredly he wrote a number of songs, of a sacred character, to English texts. But though he did not write 'Faust' for us, it surely is not to say too much to suggest that 'Faust' has never enjoyed the enormous popularity elsewhere that has followed it here and kept it very much among the most attractive of operas in all repertories. More than half a century has gone since first it was heard at Her Majesty's Theatre, or since its original performance here in English (in, I think, Chorley's translation). It would be safe to prognosticate the passing of yet another half-century ere its popularity begins to fade. For as each generation brings in its train sundry folk of the so-called 'superior' order, who know not their Gounod and will have none of him, so the same generation brings along many others who revel in what the other describes as the saccharine strains of 'Faust.' It is the 'groundlings' who have it, after all.

"S) too, with his church music, his masses and motets. Quot homines, tot sententiae, is at least as true in the case of Gounod as of any other musician who ever lived. While many railed at 'Redemption' and 'Mors et Vita' in the old days and voted the music a bore, thousands filled the Albert Hall to hear at least the former for many years. This, I know, is not a sound argument, but it is a true statement, at any rate; and in any case the fact remains that Gounod's music from first to last has played a great role in the world. It has afforded, perhaps, a wider pleasure than that of almost any other composer of his epoch; for while Wagner was, and is, for the mass, on the stage, and in a much more limited extent in the domestic circle, Gounod permeated every household in which was a voice, a piano or violin, or an American organ."

Mr Matthew Kingston, writing for Musical Opinion, says that it is the duty of a composer to give "a correct title to his work," as "the clew to his thesis." "Any composer who seeks to hide the main purport of his music under a laconic opus number (such, for instance, as 'Sonata, op. 1, No. 2') deserves to have to wait for recognition of the quality of his work. . . . Life is too short and audiences ought not to have to puzzle and waste time in trying to find out whether the composer has anything or nothing to say for himself." Mr. Kingston attributes the failure to "designate" music to the "morbid shyness" of the composer.

Mr. Kingston no doubt applauds Abt Vogler for his programs of organ recitals. Vogler played at a church in Munich certain pieces about which there could be no uncertainty, at least as to his intention:

"Terrace song of the Africans, while they dress their flat roofs with lime, during which alternatively one choir sings and the other stamps.

"The shepherd's delight, accompanied by a thunder storm.

"Song of the Hottentots, consisting of three words and two words: Mayema, Mayema, Huh, Huh, Huh.

"The Siege of Jericho—Isreal's prayer to Jehovah, Trumpet Fanfare, Collapse of the Walls, Entry of the Victors."

To the Editor of the Herald:

"Where did Calumet find the word 'instantly' that he put into the mouth of Salome? From the Vulgate? In the King James version (Mark vi., 25), she says: 'I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.' In the account given by Matthew there is no word about the time of delivery."

I enclose this clipping from the Sunday Herald of June 30. Calumet's authority for saying "instantly" in the case of Salome is the fact that "by and by" 300 years ago meant "instantly." In the revised version of 1885 it appears as "forthwith." This was explained by one of the American committee on revision in a lecture I attended in 1884 or thereabouts, the lecturer surmising that the change in the present meaning was the result of dilatory actions following promises of promptness extending over hundreds of years, and he added: "There's a sermon in that fact." Humphrey's Commentary on the revised version says that "by and by" in modern usage points to a time not so immediate as the Greek work in the original, and you will doubtless remember the verses, perhaps 70 or 80 years old, called "The Street of By-and-By," which begin:

"Oh, shun the spot, my youthful friends,
I urge you to beware."

and end with the solemn warning:

"You will reach the house of Never
In the street of By-and-by."

Hudson. T. P. PERKINS.

Mr. John W. Ryan Writes About Soubrettes He Has Met

To the Editor of the Herald:

Many soubrettes I have seen in my visits to the theatre for at least 70 years—a long period in the life of a mortal whose existence is biblically indicated to be threescore and ten. I have a dim remembrance of having seen Clara Fisher (afterward Mrs. Maeder) in "The Spoiled Child," long before I could read, and somewhat later, at the Boston Museum when it was at the corner of Tremont and Bromfield streets, I saw Adelaide Phillips in the same play. The great-grandfathers of the present generation regarded the little Clara as the most winsome bit of juvenile dramatic precocity that ever tripped before the footlights. My acquaintance with her in the far-off days was, of course, not intimate, nor did I know her much better when she became the bride of James Maeder, the whilom organist at Church Green and the one-time member of the orchestra at the old Tremont Theatre, on the site of the Tremont Temple, which, like the Phoenix, seems to have the faculty of arising from its ashes to gladden the hearts of our non-playgoing brethren of the Baptist persuasion. Mrs. Maeder, however, was an actress that I saw many times at the old Globo Theatre in the days of George Honey, John C. Cowper and poor Harry Murdoch, when she was playing old women with ease, and with the finish that comes from long familiarity with the stage. Few even then realized that she was the Clara Fisher of an elder time, when she was a star of no small importance in the dramatic sky. She was a sister of Amelia Fisher, of 2 Bulfinch place, who so long entertained William Warren as her most honored guest and unobtrusive counsellor.

Our townswoman, Charlotte Cushman, had no great regard for Mr. Maeder, who she said ruined her singing voice. If it were so, it was not a grievous fault, for it took from the lyric stage what might have been a mediocre performer, and gave to the dramatic stage one of the greatest actresses of the 19th century. The thrifty Charlotte died rich and was honored both at home and abroad for her tragic impersonations, and Clara Fisher passed almost into histrionic obscurity.

"Mag" Ayling is, I think, the one that I remember best among the early soubrettes that came within the range of my observation during my boyhood. She joined the company at the old Tremont Theatre as Margaret Hurley of Boston and made rapid advance in her profession. I believe I have referred to her recently in these columns, so I make my comment upon her now as brief as need be.

But the soubrette that I most admired in my juvenility was Mrs. J. H. Thoman at the Boston Museum in the later forties of the past century. She was always spirited without being obtrusive, and she never overacted to catch the applause of the unintelligent. I recall with particular pleasure her interpretation of Starlight Bess in that capital romantic drama, "The Flowers of the Forest," now almost forgotten, and which is perhaps a somewhat idealized picture of gipsy life far surpassing the "Rosedale" of an after period. In the farce Mrs. Thoman had just the right touch of piquancy, and she could adapt herself to parts of a more serious kind without the least display of extravagance. I recall that the patrons of the Boston Museum, when she left that theatre to go to the Pacific slope with her husband, who subsequently found another wife in Julia Pelby, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pelby, who were so long identified with the management of the old National Theatre at the corner of Portland and Traverse streets. Mrs. Thoman was one of the many players who called William Warren cousin, and she did no discredit in her art to the distinguished relationship.

My recent reference to the old National Theatre brings to my mind Anna Cruise, who at that house was once "glee made a living thing," to borrow a phrase from Dion Boucicault or John Brougham, as the case may be, for both had the "London Assurance" to claim it. Perhaps there have been better representatives of Jack Shepard than Anna Cruise, but they have escaped me, and I never say Mrs. Charles R. Thorne, Sr., in the character of the vivacious housebreaker, which she was said to enact extremely well, until her refusal to play it at the "old Natsh" caused the last theatrical riot we had in Boston, and the only one, I believe, after the Edmund Kean disturbance at the Federal Street Theatre. Maybe, as Will Waterproof says, it is well good things should pass, and soon after the National Theatre was burned down for the first time in the early fifties, Anna Cruise departed from Boston only to return here for a short visit within memory of present playgoers. Then, of course, youth had departed, and she was no longer the soubrette that made our youthful blood circle with delight as we sat entranced in the pit. Alas, later we saw her from the parquet, and she was changed. So were we, with more change in our pockets, but less lightness in our hearts.

Then there was the bonny, sunny Mrs. W. H. Smith, who, at the new Federal Street Theatre, after it had emerged from the sanctity of the Odeon, used to perform in the Planche extravaganzas of "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Fair One with Golden Locks." What a cheery smile she had and how sweetly she sang. She was one of the Riddle sisters, whose parents had encouraged Edwin Forrest in his early and struggling days. When she came to interpret matronly characters she was still attractive, though as Tony Weller might say she had grown "vider and viser."

I had grown to be somewhat of a hobbledehoy when Mrs. John Wood came to the present Boston Theatre at the beginning of its first season to dazzle when she appeared as Gertrude in "The Loan of a Lover." She was surely a humorous comedienne, and her fun without being coarse had an almost masculine flavor. It always had brains in it and there was nothing parrot-like about her. One was always inclined to say that Mrs. Wood was a good fellow. And what a Puck she made in "A Mid-summer Night's Dream"! There was intense rivalry between her and Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow, who played the leading "juveniles," which was fostered by injudicious friends. Their lives were cast in such different places that there was really no excuse for unseemly antagonism.

One of the most spirited soubrettes of my early manhood was Josephine Orton, at the Howard Athenaeum, when she was in the full flush of her youthful beauty. It was while there that she became the bride of Benjamin E. Woolf, the afterwards well known accomplished dramatic critic of the departed Saturday Evening Gazette and of the Boston Herald. Later she was at the Boston Museum and after that at the old Globe Theatre. At all of these houses she was ever a prime favorite. I recall her impersonation of Helen in "The Hunchback" as an unusually lively and entertaining effort.

Kitty Blanchard, afterward Mrs. McKee Rankin, came to the Continental Theatre when it was under the management of B. F. Whitman, after Lon Morris had relinquished its proprietorship. She stepped at once into popular favor there and was in the cast of "The Black Crook" when it was first presented in Boston, in which James Lewis and "Dan" Maguiness also appeared. She was also charming then as the Prince in "Cinderella" when young Fanny Davenport was the Dandini. The fascinating Kitty next joined the original company at Selwyn's Theatre, later the Globe Theatre, where her impersonation of William in Burnand's burlesque of "Black-Eyed Susan" was a refreshingly breezy impersonation. And her silken costume! Well, it would have astonished some of the "rookies" of the present era if it could be transported to their view. They think they look natty, and honestly they do, but the contrast would not be in their favor. Ah, me! The last time I saw Kitty she was playing a small part in a Napoleonic play at the Park Theatre, and I believe that no one except myself recognized in her the graceful soubrette of other days. Well, the hateful crow will get at the eyes of the fairest, when he might be in better business, and soubrettes, unlike the brook, cannot go on forever.

Perhaps enough has been said of the soubrettes of vanished days, although there are others who might be mentioned, including some of the Lydia Thompson blonde burlesquers, if I did not intend to confine my remarks to actresses who belonged to resident stock companies which, more's the pity, are no more, if we except that admirable troupe at the Copley Square Theatre. Elise Holt used to sing

Button up your waistcoats,
Button up your shoes,
Take a little liquor
And drive away the blues.

but in these prohibitory times the beverage must be mild. How would a cup of tea do with the spirit of Charles Lamb? JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

The London Times of June 20 had this to say of "Marmaduke," a new play by Ernest Denny, produced at the Haymarket Theatre: "He has lost his memory, through shock, and is, quite content to have lost it. For he sees, from the mere hints let drop about his past, that it is better left in oblivion, and he is cheerfully prepared to begin life again, with a clean slate. This is all very well on the stage, because he is Mr. Dennis Eadie, and we prefer Mr. Eadie cheerful to Mr. Eadie gloomy; but the hard fact remains that character is not annihilated because memory is lost, and that Mr. Eadie's cheerfulness, however pleasant to contemplate, is founded upon a psychological error. But it is just in these awkward quandaries that playwrights prove helpful. The author of 'Marmaduke' has saved the memoryless man from the heritage of his old self by the simple expedient of making him somebody else. In other words, he is not the real Marmaduke whose past was so well worth forgetting; he is only the very image of him. Here, then, is the situation. Agreeable A and disagreeable B are physically as like as two peas. A has lost his memory and, supposed by B's family to be B, finds himself installed in B's place. By and by B reappears, and the mistake is discovered by all save a step-father from Australia, who has offered A (as B) a lucrative post, and who must, by hook or by crook, be induced to give it to the real B. How this is brought about we will not tell; if the process involves incredible eccentricity in the character of the stepfather, the end may perhaps be held to justify the means, seeing that disagreeable B is shipped off to Australia while agreeable A (with memory restored and a peerage into the bargain) is left free to marry the charming girl of his heart. Mr. Eadie is, of course, both A and B, and brilliantly executes the quick changes and exhibits the marked contrasts demanded by his task. The charming girl is delightfully played by Miss Mary O'Farrell, Miss Mary Jerrold is well fitted, and Mr. Sydney Valentine does his very best for the incredible stepfather."

"Hearts of the World" was first publicly shown in London at the Palace on June 25.

To what extent, if at all, is the free and easy art of "gagging" permissible in opera of the classic order? If you happen to be a purist the question may shock you. And even if you are not there would be just ground for a protest on your part if, say, a present-day exponent of Orfeo made bold to adapt one of Gluck's phrases to a topical interpolation. Or imagine an Alberich who, in snatching the gold from the Rhine Maidens, ejaculated a playful reference to the German crown prince! But there are cases in which a topical wheeze, if not defensible from the purist's standpoint, may at least be justified by the result achieved. And there was no doubt whatever about the success of Mr. Frederick Ranalow's "gag" at Drury Lane the other night, when, in Figaro's role, he suddenly addressed to the count the question: "May we laugh at your jokes, my lord?" The house simply rocked with laughter.—London Daily Telegraph, June 15.

The Daily Telegraph of the same date had this to say about Boito's opera, "Nero": "So often, indeed, was that work's impending production announced, and reports to that effect followed by a denial, that even the most sanguine may well have come at last to believe that the opera, upon which Boito had been working for many a long year, never would see the light of day. Yet among his intimates were those who have set curiosity aflame by assuring us that 'Nerone' was practically completed and that the composer had played over in their presence passages from the score. And those who had enjoyed this privilege have not hesitated to pronounce the opera Boito's masterpiece. Now, within a few hours of his death, come contradictory stories concerning the long-talked of opera. In one quarter it is stated, with all the air of authority, that the work is quite complete, and that 'its posthumous production after the war is something to look forward to'—as assuredly it would be: while from another source it is reported that the master himself destroyed the score (or sections thereof) some years ago. One would far sooner credit the former statement than the latter. As far back as April, 1886, it is interesting to recall, Verdi, in a letter to his distinguished friend, said: 'You write, dear Boito, that you may or may not finish "Nerone." You are young and I am old. Now, I think I can say the same of my "Otello." I may or may not finish it. It may be too late! Too much, anyhow, has been said about this work already. And I have been too long before the public eye. I would not like the audiences to shout a decisive "Basta." ' Well, as all the world knows, so far from anyone shouting 'Basta' on the production of that masterpiece in the year after Verdi wrote the letter quoted, it proved one of the most memorable triumphs in the whole history of operatic art."

Winthrop Ames will produce next season Macterlinck's "The Betrothal," known as a sequel to "The Blue Bird."

Anna Held, having made a remarkable recovery, has been moved to Atlantic City.

Strange to say, Miss Editha Knocker of London is a violinist, not a pianist.

It is a thousand pities that Charpentier could not grow the plant from Wagner's seed—that with all his dramatic power and wealth of ideas he just fails to bring them together in one musical whole. His pageant lacks warmth, his love scene depth, and his misery despair. Thus a beautiful play just misses the front rank of opera.—London Times.

Matthew Arnold on Beetoven: No particular composition of Beethoven's is indicated in the passage quoted, which seems to me the best exposition of the functions of the tone-art in existence. Arnold is speaking generically of the repetitions in which the power of music consists; while poetry does not reiterate. Beethoven did not set the words "Miserere Domine." The Roman mass uses the Greek form "Kyrie Eleison," and elsewhere "Miserere nobis," but not "Miserere Domine."

Literary men, even in the highest—Shakespeare to begin with—have a singular propensity to blunder when they allude to musical details. A typical case is in "Dombey and Son," where an amateur violoncellist says: "I have whistled, hummed tunes, gone accurately through the whole of Beethoven's Sonata in B." Now of all the 12 keys B is the only one in which Beethoven did not write a sonata! Still stranger are the blunders about Gounod's "Faust" in Reade's "Woman-Hater," and, more recently, about Wagner's "Tristan" in "Ann Veronica."—H. Davey in Notes and Queries.

"Seven Days' Leave" ended its run at the Lyceum, London, on June 29. The Daily Telegraph of June 29 said of the play: "Wonderful it is, in several ways. It has, for instance, been witnessed by more people, given an equal period, than any play ever produced; also, it has achieved the longest run on record of any melodrama, outdistancing even 'Harbour Lights' by 200 performances. Moreover, relatively speaking, its popularity in America, Australia, India, Africa and Canada has been no less decisive. Mr. Howard is now engaged on a new war play for presentation next autumn. Meanwhile the Messrs. Melville will on Saturday, July 6, revive his almost equally well-known play, 'The Story of the Rosary,' with Miss Annie Saker, Mr. Alfred Paumier and Mr. Leslie Carter in the principal roles."

Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes Robertson) early in September will start a season of her own at the St. James's, London, beginning with "Eyes of Youth." Her husband has decided not to play the part of the Yogi.

The London Times, commenting on Sir Thomas Beecham's production of "The Valkyrie" in English at Drury Lane June 14, said it was a pity that Siegmund and Sieglinde were obliged to turn their backs on the spring they were apostrophizing, and that the Valkyries entered like the maidens on

Lorne Jones's stars. The actors do not sufficiently remember their godhead and that the slightest gesture of a god means more than the gesticulations of mortal men. Wotan (Mr. Parker) has only one way of crossing the stage and Fricka (Miss Thornton) relies for her imperiousness too much on the sweep of a cloak." The critic said of Miss Nicholls (Bruennhilde) that "She is one of a small number of singers with whom one can tell what a word will be from the quality of the vowel before the final consonant comes."

Mr. Alfred Wareing, who has taken over the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, is a Londoner of many parts, who has recently added literary composition to his other accomplishments. Mr. Wareing's literary bent may have been acquired from his association with Mr. W. E. Henley. The Glasgow Repertory Theatre owed its inception to Mr. Wareing, who went north an unknown Englishman, and promptly became one of the best-known men in the Second city. Glasgow engineers, as well as her artists and professors, supported the venture, and the famous engineers attracted by the scheme, included Sir William Weir, the air minister.—London Daily Chronicle.

Isidore de Lara, at the second concert of the music festival in London, in aid of the Italian Red Cross, brought out unfamiliar music, Zandonai, Marinuzze and Respighi.

A lecture by Sir Frederick Bridge, on Samuel Pepys as a lover of music, was announced in London for July 10.

Not content with all they have done for living composers, both native and foreign, the house of Chester have rendered a genuine service to all British music-lovers by issuing a four-volume edition of "Purcell's Harpsichord Music," which is guaranteed by the fact that the editor is that celebrated authority on Purcell, Mr. William Barclay Squire. Vols. 1 and 2 contain the Eight Suites and some at least of the lessons from the "Choice Collection" of 1706. Vol. 3 includes the famous Toccata in A, which was printed, as a possible specimen of Bach, in the Bach-Gesellschaft edition; and Vol. 4 consists of the Twelve Lessons from the second part of "Musick's Handmaid." Many of these pieces have been available in other editions. What Mr. Squire has done has been to eliminate certain numbers of doubtful authenticity, for instance, a "Ground" which examination has proved to be the work of William Croft, and to include certain pieces but recently discovered, of which the most fascinating is "The Queen's Dolour." The name of Chester proves the quality of the edition in all externals, and as to its internal contents, they are sanctioned by the name of the editor. It would be an impertinence to recommend the work further, though few who pretend to reverence the name of Purcell really know anything at all about him. Musicians who ar interested should, however, consult the current number of "The Chesterian," which contains an article which in its information about this edition does not neglect to give Mr. Squire his due for his careful preface in explanation of the ornaments used in the music.—London Daily Telegraph, June 15.

The late Arrigo Boito, as Poet, Novelist, Dramatist

The London Times of June 11, having spoken of Boito as a composer, paid attention to his peculiarly literary work:

"The libretti which he wrote for Verdi remain as models of their kind, and as evidence of the thoroughness with which he had studied Shakespeare. The writing of libretti has, of course, a more defined position in Italian than in other literatures. There is no question that in Boito we find a very high ideal of what a libretto should be; his work is marked not merely by a high literary finish, but by a clear conception of unity of construction.

"In quite early years Boito was led to verse through the influence of his elder brother, Camillo, and his first efforts were naturally in the Venetian dialect. Of this the best known is 'Basi e Bote' (Baci e Busse), the libretto of a comic opera which never found a composer. Fragments of the libretto are included in Barbiera's anthology of poetry in the Venetian dialect, and it is probable that they will live not only on their own merits, but because the Venetian dialect has great philological interest. In 'Basi e Bote' there is a complete absence of the sweet sadness and macabre tendencies of Boito's later Italian verse. These did not show themselves till, after transferring his domicile to Milan, he came under other influences, the most powerful of which was that of Emilio Praga. Though Boito's 'Libro des Versi' did not appear till 1877, when it was published under the anagram of 'Tobia Gorrio,' his poems are all dated between 1861 and 1867, when the influence of Praga was strongest.

"Except 'Re Orso,' the poems are all short and bear what we now recognize to be the unmistakable stamp of Boito's work. The association of the grave with the gay, of the tragic with the comic, is one of the well-known characteristics of Romantic as opposed to Classical poetry. In Boito it is the very essence of his art—a contrast exhibited not merely in the choice and treatment of subject, but frequently in mere antithesis of phrasing. The titles of some of his poems—e.g., 'A una Mummia,' 'Lezione d'Anatomia'—are in themselves sufficient to show his taste for the macabre and the uncanny. Occasionally, as in 'Castello Antico,' we find reminiscences of German poetry; but as a whole Boito's work is strikingly original, both as regards matter and treatment.

"'Re Orso,' the longest and most characteristic of Boito's poetical works, is described as a 'fiaba,' or fable, and consists of an introduction, two legends—Orso Vivo and Orso Morto—which are separated by a narrative intermezzo and a moral. It is a mad poem, which no one—not even the author—could profess to understand. Many of the lyrics in the first legend are rightly entitled Nightmares, and in the moral the author begs that no one will seek in the poem an intelligible meaning, but will treat the story as helping in the divination of the successful numbers of the next lottery. But in spite of the sheer madness of the story, which narrates the wild orgies and the unequalled atrocities of Re Orso, a medieval minotaur properly placed in Crete, and the 30 years' wanderings of a worm, which from the beginning we know is fated to enter his sepulchre, the poems contain lyrics of exquisite beauty.

Boito's peculiar mental characteristics unfitted him for sober prose composition. His novel, 'L'Alfier Meno,' was a complete failure; and in his critical works, which had some ephemeral influence, he was easily surpassed by his brother Camillo."

A Shakespeare Festival; 830 Pounds for a Quarto "Romeo and Juliet"

Exhilaration of spirit is difficult in these days, yet one found a certain glow yesterday in a book sale at Sotheby's, for the theme over which the company grew enthusiastic was Shakespeare. The library formed by the fifth Lord Vernon, and hidden away at Sudbury Hall for years, contained a few rare quartos and a large First Folio. The learned pundits who have collated and indexed Elizabethan quartos with the meticulous care associated with the compilation of stud-books, had somehow missed the Vernon first quarto of that "excellent conceited tragedie, Romeo and Juliet," printed by John Danter in 1597. They knew that the British Museum, the Bodleian, and Edinburgh University possessed one rare survivor apiece. They also knew that America has bagged seven in the last decade, and some of us feel that the market-worship of America for Shakespeare has been soundly and deeply rooted, for the flower is blooming today. In this sense we are glad that the Elizabethan Club at Yale has all the Huth quartos, through the munificence of its grateful alumnus Mr. Cochran, that Mr. Huntington has the Bridgewater "Romeo" and two other specimens of it, and that Mr. Folger also owns three, including the Howe example sold for £165 in 1907. The Vernon copy yesterday came like an addition to the Sibylline books, and not until Mr. Maggs had gone to £830 could he win it. The second quarto of "King Lear," 1608, fetched £400 (Quaritch), and we remember this firm giving the enormous sum of £2470 for the foundation play of "King Leir," 1605, at the memorable Huth sale in the July just before the war. Other Vernon quartos were, "Merry Wives of Windsor," second, 1619, £440 (Quaritch); "Merchant of Venice," second, 1619, £310 (ditto); and "Henry V.," third, 1619, £280 (ditto), none of these being in the English "Census of Quartos." The 1623 First Folio, printed by Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, of immortal memory, measured 12½ by 8¼ inches, and worthily fetched £2100 (Quaritch). The Van Antwerp copy (Locker-Lampson) brought £3600 11 years ago. These Vernon Shakespeare "finds" flatter the hope, often expressed in these columns, that some day in an English country house that glorious trouvaille—a Shakespeare manuscript—will yet be unearthed. The sale of this portion of the Vernon library produced as much as £20,201, an Italian 15th century illuminated manuscript of Virgil realizing £710 (Mr. Yates Thompson). It remains to be stated that the 15th century Block Book of the "Biblia Pauperum," sold on the first day for £400, has been purchased for the Victoria and Albert Museum out of the Murray bequest fund.—London Daily Telegraph, June 9.

Education Bill: Children on the English Stage

A letter signed by H. B. Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Gerald du Maurier, Arthur Pinero, Don Boucicault, Oscar Asche, John Galsworthy, Charles Hawtrey, Henry Arthur Jones and others, has been sent to all members of Parliament with reference to the education bill as affecting the employment of children on the stage. We quote a portion of this letter:

Sir—We, the undersigned representatives of the entertainment industry, ask your attention to the following considered views of the way in which children adopting the stage as a profession will be affected if the bill in its present form is passed into law.

We contend that the present provisions of the bill will be injurious to the interests of children adopting the stage as a career, especially the children of poor parents.

We appeal for your support on the following grounds:

(a)—Stage employment is different from all other forms of employment for children, as it is to them a form of organized play, and also a form of education and physical training.

(b)—We consider it vital to the future success of children who adopt the stage as a profession that they should be allowed to commence from the age of 10 as at present. The age of 12 is too late, as children are then changing physically, and it is too late for them to commence training.

Children of poor parents with a talent for the stage are enabled to earn the money to pay for their own training and to procure for themselves better education and better surroundings than would be possible in their own circumstances, and frequently their earnings would be enough to set aside a balance in trust for them to be spent on their future. If the age is raised the children of poor parents are at a great disadvantage as compared with the children of the rich, as the latter can pay for the necessary training, but the child of poor parents will probably be deprived forever of the opportunity of earning its own education by the exercise of talents it may possess for the stage.

We therefore ask your support to an amendment as follows:

That the age at which a license may be granted to children to perform on the stage shall remain, as at present, 10 years, instead of being raised to 12 years, as provided by the bill.

July 15 1918

Who's Who

The Swiss government has ordered a judicial investigation to determine the authorship of the celebrated anti-German books, "J'Accuse" and "The Crime." The former has been attributed to Hermann Fernau.

Will the authors of the two books be discovered? It is doubtful. Absolute proof has failed in preceding inquiries concerning authorship of satires, invectives, poems, political treatises, memoirs, novels. It is not necessary to go back to Homer or even to the "Eikon Basileke." Theodore Hook's memoirs of Michael Kelly were long assigned to the singer himself. Did Paul Bonnetain write Marie Colombier's scandalous book about Sarah Bernhardt? Who wrote the amusing memoirs of Mme. Judith and of a dozen other French actresses from the time of Mme. Clairon? Here in Boston the "No Name" series excited national curiosity. Not for many years was there the conviction that John Hay was the author of "The Breadwinners." Then there were the "Arthur Richmond" articles in which prominent Americans were savagely attacked in the once staid numbers of the North American Review. Richard Grant White never admitted publicly that he was the mordant author of "The New Gospel of Peace." His preface to the complete edition of those pamphlets is a model of disingenuousness and prevarication.

The most famous instance of concealment is that of the Junius letters. It was thought that a strong case had been made out for Sir Philip Francis. Abraham Hayward was considered by no lesser men than Cockburn, Arnold, Kinglake, Grote, Pollock, Froude to have disposed of the evidence brought in favor of Francis; but Hayward himself, now favoring Lord George Sackville, and later "the Grenvilles," could not decide which one of them, if either, was the actual writer of the letters. Burke's saying that "the myrmidons of the court have been long and are, still, pursuing him (Junius) in vain," may still be in the mouths of literary investigators. "But what will all their efforts avail?"

The German government with its elaborate system of espionage and its military authority has not yet been able to detect the editor and the publisher, the contributors and the printers of the Belgium newspaper that exposes German outrages and fans the flame of Belgian patriotism. Is it probable that Swiss officials will be more fortunate in determining the authorship of "J'Accuse?"

Some days ago we quoted a paragraph from the London Daily Chronicle about the pond with the long name near Webster in this commonwealth. We asked whether the London journalist had spelled the name correctly; we gave the version published in the latest and best guide book of New England. Webster's newspaper questioned the latter spelling. We are indebted to a frequent and valued contributor for the following article about the name, and must now apologize to compositor and proofreader for taxing their eyes and patience:

Pond with Long Name

As the World Wags:

You inquire, with reference to the pond, or lake, in Webster, Mass., and Thompson, Ct., which has so long a name, whether the correct spelling of the name is not Chaugogagogmanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug. I am inclined to think that the spelling of the name of that pond is not yet standardized and fixed and that therefore no particular spelling of the name can be set down as the correct one. The sketch of Webster in both the original and revised editions of John Hayward's New England Gazetteer says that "the original name of this pond, as appears from ancient needs, is Chaganakongkomom, the same name by which Dudley was known, though the latter probably borrowed it from the former. Some records and maps of New England have given it the name of Chargoggagoggmanchoggagogg." The sketch of Dudley, however, in the original edition of Hayward's work says that the "town was called by the Indians Chabanakongkomum," and the sketch of that town in the revised edition of Hayward's work says that "the Indian name of a large pond in the town is Chabanakongkomum," a spelling of the name of the town and the pond which, as is seen, differs in one letter from the spelling which I have stated above that both the original and revised editions of Hayward's work give as the name of the pond. (The sketch of Dudley in the revised edition of Hayward's work blunders in speaking of the pond as being "in the town," for, when that edition of the work was published, and even when the original edition was published, no part of the pond was in Dudley, though previously to the incorporation, in 1832, of Webster the part of the pond which is now in Webster was within the limits of Dudley). In the sketch which the revised edition of Hayward's work gives of Thompson, Ct., the spelling of the name of the pond is given as Chargoggaggoggmanchgaggogg, which is a slightly different spelling of the name from that which I have stated above that both the original and revised editions of Hayward's work say that some records and maps of New England have given as the spelling of the name of the pond. (The pond is not mentioned in the sketch of Thompson in the original edition of Hayward's work.) The sketch of Dudley in Peter Whitney's History of Worcester county speaks of the pond as "called by the Indians Chaubunagungamaug," and the pond's name is so spelled on Henry F. Walling's map of Worcester county, on the map of Webster in the atlas of Worcester county by F. W. Beers and others, in Frederick D. Brown, M. D.'s sketch of Webster in the History of Worcester county published by C. F. Jewett & Co., on the map of Webster in the atlas of Worcester county published by L. J. Richards & Co. and on the map of Webster in the atlas of Massachusetts published by George H. Walker & Co. A footnote to the above-mentioned sketch of Webster by Dr. Frederick D. Brown gives the following spellings of the word as having been found in addition to the spelling which he gives: Shawgunagunkawa, Chabanakongkomun, Chargoggagoggmanchauggagogg, Chargoggagoggmanchauggagoggagungamaug and Ongkomum. In William T. Davis's sketch of Webster in D. Hamilton Hurd's History of Worcester county the name of the pond is given as Chaubunnagungunug.

SUBURBANITE.

Brookline.

The Present State of Polite Learning

Baird Leonard wrote the following "pome" for the column, "Views and Verses" in the Morning Telegraph of New York:

There's a lameness—
A sort of sameness—
About all the rhyme that I have written recently;
It's a pleasure
To vary measure,
But ye gods! It's mighty hard to do it decently.

Times are changing.
Bards are ranging
From the classic stuff they used to pull for Phyllis.
They are straying
To more paying
Themes. They're eaten by the royalty bacillus.

There's a yearning.
Now for learning
As displayed in music shows and movie leaders;
Dope polemic,
Academic,
Makes a hit with tired commercial heavy feeders.

When the chorus
Clad in porous
Garments trip across the stage and cackle gayly
All the highbrows
Lift their eyebrows
At the tri syllable rhymes of Berton Brsley.

Austin Dobson
Spilled soft sobs on
Subjects insignificant, like ladies' bonnets,
In a meter
Vastly neater
Than you'll find in Uncle William Wordsworth's sonnets.

Showmen clever
Struggle ever
To attract the weekly wage of Mikes and Mollies.
Were great Shelley
Living—well, he
Would be signed to do the lyrics for the "Follies".

July 17, 18

War Phrases

Thirteen London journalists, members of a club, argued the question. Which is the most over-employed phrase of the war. When a vote was taken, twelve were of opinion that the phrase is "When the history of this war comes to be written." In this country the most over-worked term of the war is, probably, "camouflage," used by hundreds, yes thousands, who are ignorant of its origin and its proper application. On the stage the word has become a bore by having been put to all manner of incongruous uses, serving for foolish, unmeaning jesting.

"The end of the war" is an over-worked phrase, which recently excited attention in an English law court. A feature of a scheme was "the postponement of complete realization of the assets until about a year after the war." The judge asked for a definition of "end of the war." Was there reference to the last blow struck? "It may be a year before the signature of peace." If one should say "after the declaration of peace," the question comes up: "Peace with whom?" There was splitting of hairs without citation of precedents. Yet the battle of New Orleans was fought nearly two weeks after peace had been signed at Ghent; Wellington fought a battle at Toulouse nearly a week after Napoleon had abdicated; Russians and Japanese were fighting after a truce had been declared, the truce that led to peace.

A dictionary might be made containing only words that have been coined in wars from the earliest times. There are constant additions to the English vocabulary, words derived from men, things, actions. Among the most recent additions are "obof," "gribble," "mebus." "Obof" is the term given to the recruits obtained through the agency of the last English military service act. The word is derived from the initial letters of the phrase "Old buffers over forty." Mr. Gribble founded an allied war fund in Northampton, Eng.; a "gribble" is a weekly contribution to this fund. "Mehus" is an English plural for "mebu," which is made up from initial letters of German words meaning literally "machine-gun-iron-concrete-emplacement." And so the Germans have formed the word "Mik"—"Mann im Krieg"—a nickname for a girl whose husband is at the front.

There are onomatopoetic war terms as "pip-squeak"—"pip," for the sharp report of a small projectile; "squeak," for its explosion; while "whizz-bang" describes a shell from a 5.9, which gives no warning. The slang of soldiers, as of workers in any calling, makes its way into the language, if the slang has descriptive force. If it is over-worked its disappearance is the quicker. During our civil war "an intelligent contraband" was daily giving "important" information concerning military movements or the condition of the South. In those years a Negro was generally known as a "contraband." The word today, applied to a Negro, has only historical significance.

Clifton Crawford Heads List of Laugh Producers

Clifton Crawford, the featured comedian of many successes of musical comedy, is the chief attraction of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

Mr. Crawford's act is a monologue, and the comedian, aware of his shortcomings, discreetly avoids other than an introductory song. He is on the stage but a few minutes before he has established, in an "intimate" way, relationship with his audience. Much of his work is of the comedy style, and there is a nice hit of burlesque on the "movies." Just for good measure, and as a means of nicely balancing his act, he read a serious selection from Kipling.

T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford were seen in an act that proved a laugh provoker. Mr. Barnes, who has a style all his own, prefers to let his audience do the laughing. Thus, leaning over the "apron" into the orchestra, he whispered his silly irrelevancies till he had his audience convulsed. As the book agent, his persistent and obtrusive style was always sure to bring the laugh.

One of the best acts on the bill was the utilitarian sketch of Joe Cook. He carries his own "properties," with the single exception of the indispensable George Williams of the house staff, and plays an "entire" bill of vaudeville. Thus there is ample play for his many-sided talents, whether as magician, musician, comedian or juggler. Seldom has an act that is so ludicrously funny and equally convincing been seen at this theatre.

Other acts were the Four Holloways, acrobats and cyclists; Elida Norris, vocalist and comedienne; the Ford sisters, in a dance revue; Claire Vincent and company, in a comedy sketch; Stagpole and Spicr, in a singing and dancing act; Toletti and Bennett, in whirlwind dancing, and the official war pictures of the United States and allies.

July 17 1918

How William Cobbett raged against the potato! Read, for instance, his "Tour in Scotland," published in 1833. From Newcastle to Hexham, and then all the way down the Tyne, he observed an abundance of fine turnips and, in some cases, of mangel-wurzel. "You see scarcely any potatoes; a certain sign that the working people do not live like hogs. This root is raised in Northumberland and Durham, to be used merely as garden stuff; and, used in that way, it is very good; the contrary of which I never thought, much less did I ever say it. It is the using of it as a substitute for bread and meat that I have deprecated it; and when the Irish poet, Dr. Drennen, called it 'the lazy root and the root of misery,' he gave it its true character. Sir Charles Wolseley, who has travelled a great deal in France, Germany, and Italy . . . has assured me, that, in whatever proportion the cultivation of potatoes prevails in those countries, in that same proportion the working people are wretched. . . From this degrading curse; from sitting round a dirty board with potatoes trundled out upon it, as the Irish do, from going to the field with cold potatoes in their bags, as the working people of Hampshire and Wiltshire did . . . from this degrading curse, the county of Northumberland is yet happily free!"

We were reminded of this diatribe by the following letter of Professor Morse:

With Skins on

As the World Wags:

Everyone is familiar with the delicate skin of a boiled potato, and all know how thick is the skin of a baked potato, no matter how cleanly one may have scooped out its contents. Many people are fond of the skin of a baked potato and always eat it. With the present efforts to economize food it occurred to me to save the skins of baked potatoes, dry them and run them through a meat grinder, and though I do not care for the skin of a baked potato I found the ground skins with a little cream made a palatable food. That it is nutritious may be learned from the following extract from the last report of the Dominions Experimental farms, page 6: "The outer skin with its immediately underlying layer is much richer in protein and ash constituents than the body of the potato and hence furnishes in the baked tuber (previously well washed) not only delicious but nourishing food."

EDWARD S. MORSE.

Concerning "Nauticus"

As the World Wags:

The letter appearing in today's issue signed "Nauticus" and headed, "Thoughtless at Least," complaining that Canadian soldiers never salute our officers is uncalled for and ill-timed. In this period of re-alignment and breaking away from old prejudices, it is poor judgment to call attention to individual lapses. No doubt "Nauticus" has observed some of these lapses, no doubt occasionally our own boys fall in this respect at times; no one can expect 100 per cent. perfection in a large body of men, but this is not the time, to quote my old city editor, "To pick fly specks out of pepper."

I am from Philadelphia and we have had a large detail of both British and Canadian soldiers there for over a year. I can affirm positively that the feeling has been good all around, the salutes prompt and snappy on both sides, and we were glad of the opportunity to know such "good guys."

Don't forget what Col. Roosevelt told an audience on July 4:—that the allies have been protecting us for nearly four years. And these young Canadian fellows were eager and early! Promote good feeling. It only plays the German game to stir up resentment.

L. S. ALLEN.

As the World Wags:

The letter signed "Nauticus" in the Herald-Journal of July 9, referring to the Canadian Sergeant who, in haranguing a crowd on the common, kept asking: "What have you guys done", prompts me to write to you of an instance of poor judgment displayed by a Canadian lieutenant who tried to secure recruits among British-Americans.

In a suburban city about 10 miles from Boston a meeting for recruiting British subjects was advertised and at the hour appointed there was a goodly number of young men present. The lieutenant was properly introduced by the local chairman and immediately proceeded to argue himself wholly out of court. He committed, in my judgment, three most grave offenses. First, he assumed a position which would be described as painfully awkward even in a civilian, for a military man it was simply unthinkable. He sat on the edge of the table, clasping one knee in his hands and, thus balanced, rocked back and forth. The very first thing a recruit is taught is the position of a soldier. No illustration, however, from this awkward lieutenant.

Second, he scolded his audience in disgusting fashion. He showed no tact but bluntly hammered away. There was no enlightening talk, expounding the objects of the war, no appeals to a patriotic impulse, developed by a realization of the glory of the cause, but what amounted to a denunciation of them as slackers, winding up with, "If you don't enlist now, the government will later catch you and force you into the service."

Third, in describing the service "over there," he dwelt on its horrors, the water in the trenches, the rats as big as cats, the terrible shells, etc. He did not speak of the glorious deeds of the Canadians at Vimy Ridge or in other encounters. When he finished, there was dead silence, not a volunteer came forward and the audience filed out without the slightest display of interest.

Is there no system in sending out speakers? A lieutenant must know his drill regulations; should a man be sent out as a speaker with no pointers from those who know the elements of persuasive oratory?

I have heard many, many wretched speeches on the Common, the worst, I think, from a Red Cross speaker, who not only shouted the worst string of profanity I have ever heard, but made of two-thirds of his remarks a stump speech for the then Mayor Curley.

Those who appoint speakers should see to it that hewers of wood are not assigned to the oratory job. Let Sergt. Creed, who, I think, is the best war speaker for this sort of field I have heard, be given a school where candidates for the platform can be given some practical tips.

LISTENER.

Boston.

Megabyzus the Persian, a great lord, went up one day into the shop of Apelles, where he used to paint; and when he was about to speak (I wot not what) as touching painting-craft, Apelles, not enduring to hear him talk so foolishly, stayed him and stopped his mouth, saying prettily thus unto him: So long, sir, as you held your tongue, you were taken to be some great man, by reason of your chains, corquans and brooches of gold; your purple robes also, which together with your silence commended your person; but now the very prentice boys here, who grind ochre and such like colors, are ready to laugh at you, hearing you talk so foolishly, you know not what.

The Poet Cullen

As the World Wags:

I met a man in the smoker coming over from New York last week who, to my great surprise, referred to Linsey Cullen, recently mentioned in this column. He said in substance that he came from Wales—it was, in fact, a discussion of recipes for Welsh rabbits that suggested Cullen—that his work was chiefly circulated in manuscript, a single thin volume of poems being his sole published work. This was written to meet the popular taste as he conceived it and, proving unsuccessful, he never repeated the experiment. His purpose in this act of prostitution, as he regarded it, was to put an impecunious relative through Bowdoin College, and the failure of the experiment so mortified him that he vowed never again to set his pen to paper. This vow might have proved embarrassing had he not been habitually poor and without any save the simplest financial responsibilities; as it was it determined his retirement into the country, where he lived the simple life thereafter. His really significant works—all unpublished—were (1) "Sonnets to Egeria," (2) a satirical, rhymed onslaught on the Baconian theory, and (3) a curious maundering epic, the scene of which was laid in New England, called "The Rain Makers." His habitual mildness in his intercourse with human beings was contrasted with his downright ferocity in the discussion of all questions of art. His musical talent and tastes were highly developed. He absolutely refused to accept the diatonic scale and had adopted one of his own, employing which he was in the habit of playing dirges on squash vines. At this interesting point in his recital the gentleman was called away by a message from his wife and did not return. I have to suppose that he left the train since I was unable later to discover him among its passengers.

GAYLORD QUEX.

Boston.

Frothingham, or Another?

As the World Wags:

I do not know if it was Frothingham Clancy, but it was a Clancy, and he was a printer; had a bristly red mustache; wore a battered old plug hat; was a perfect dictionary of quotations, especially of poetry; had a lofty scorn of all literary or dramatic efforts that were not of Celtic origin; vitriolic in his comments on all things coming from the hated Saxon.

Myself and a friend Jack, a Jew, were one night in a well known (at that time) workingman's resort in Hartford, Ct., discussing a Bismark herring and a stein of beer; talking over the play "Francesca da Rimini," which we had both lately seen in New York with Lawrence Barrett, Marie Wainwright and Louis James (?) in the cast. Jack, being a great admirer of William Winter, was quoting his criticisms of the play. In blew "Box Car" Riley and a pal, both wearing plug hats, which like their owners, were a little the worse for wear. Riley introduced his pal as Mr. Clancy, who informed us he was a printer and was "subbing" on the Post. In a very courteous manner he apologized for introducing, but our discussion of Barrett had arrested his attention. He said that Lawrence Barrett was not the original name of the noted actor, but only his Irish cognomen anglicized out of respect to the box office. The dirty money was the death of true dramatic art. Barrett was great because he had the Irish soul and imagination and the heart of a poet; and of poets, America had produced but few and the best of them were of Irish extraction. Had any of them produced anything superior to Theodore O'Hara's "Bivouac of the Dead" or Fitz James O'Brien's "Oh Sea," which he repeated. I quote from memory:

"Soft and low, soft and low,
By basalt crags and through ——
By mangrove shores and shimmering sand,
By fronded palms in tropic land,
But never, ah never, I know, O sea,
Can ever I hope to sing like thee."

"Did you work on the Tribune?" asked I, "and did you know Horace Greeley,

"Did you know Charles Graham Halpine?" And then he told a tale.

"I had tired of New York and coming on hot weather," said Clancy, "and I wanted to go to Rochester. I went up to the Old Man and asked him for a line to the Rochester Democrat, which he scratched off. I recall it was dated May 30, signed H. Greeley. After the paper was off the press, about 2 A. M., I went down to Pfaff's in Nassau street to say good-by to the boys, where I met Halpine (Miles O'Reilly). In conversing with him I showed him the line from the Old Man. 'Put your name on the back of this,' says he, 'and send it to me,' which I did. Taking it up to the cashier, he soon came back with $10, which he split with me $5 each. He had cashed my recommendation for $10.

"'Well,' said I, ordering more beer, 'what then?'

"I can't enter into the details," said Clancy, "for there was a stygian, incomprehensible and impenetrable hiatus for two days, and I wakes up on the Bristol boat going up to Fall River, and it was a matter of carrying the banner."

The tale may have been, and probably was apocryphal, but the beer was good, and it was worth the price. Clancy and "Box Car" Riley faded away in the night, and I never saw Clancy again.

Westminster. S. H.

We regret to say that the second line of O'Brien's poem is illegible in our correspondent's handwriting. Was Pfaff's ever in Nassau street?—Ed.

They Got His Goat

At the World Wags:

On the eve of an important trip the pet goat of a chauffeur employed by a friend of mine abstracted from his side pocket a bundle of papers, among which was his "license," without which he could not legally drive a car. He at once telephoned the highway commission of his plight and requested verbal permission over the wires to carry out his purpose. This was denied on the ground that he must carry with him on such business a written authority in order to satisfy the law, and that such authority could not be transmitted in the way he proposed. He was instructed to come in person for this, and was advised that it was legally necessary for him to bring with him his old license to be cancelled and reissued. He asked for relief from this provision of an overcautious statute, explaining the present awkward repository of the missing license. After due consideration of this unprecedented circumstance, he was officially instructed to bring the goat. Which he did—and got his license. BESS CANDOO.

Boston.

Rivals in Air

A child was recently quoted with approval as saying that the flight of birds seemed clumsy in comparison with that of airplanes. The remark crossed the Atlantic ocean and was made the subject of editorial comment.

There cannot be any real comparison between the flight of birds and the movements of an airplane. The latter goes through the air with motionless wings. The planes are rigid. Were they to imitate the wings of a bird the passengers would quickly come to grief. Furthermore, the birds are still masters in the air. The seagull, for instance, after lowering itself on outstretched wings, will rise again without any apparent propulsion. How does the bird do this?

According to M. Quinton, the authors of Genesis and other sacred books, even Darwin himself, err grievously in stating that man was created last, that he is the final flower of creation. M. Quinton, and other scientists agreeing with him, believe that after the primates—man, monkeys, lemurs—came the blue fox, the white bear, the reindeer, and then birds. It is therefore argued that human intelligence is only an accident, instead of being the culminating glory of creation; it is also said that the evolution of birds is not yet complete; that they may have what we call human intelligence, moral knowledge, and other attributes ascribed hitherto only to man. These scientists believe that the arterial system of birds is far superior to that of human beings; they can eat without stopping to breathe; they can fly; some of them can talk, or as Remy de Gourmont puts it, "they can recite the Rights of Man or the Nicene Creed, the supreme exercises of many men." Yet, on the whole, the bird, chronologically the king of creation, is only an animal in spite of some admirable qualities, and is not greatly superior, if superior at all, to the series of mammals in which man stands forth an inexplicable exception. The question then comes up: Why is the bird on the whole stupider than man? "Does the bird thus bear witness to the intellectual degeneration of creative forces?" Or is intelligence, as we understand it, only an excrescence, as those seen on plants and trees due to the sting of some insect?

Is it not possible that man will yet outstrip the bird in flight? In 1784 balloonists were ridiculed in spite of Blanchard's feats. Horace Walpole wrote amusingly about the excitement in England, prophesying that the project would be "addled, like the ship that was to live under water and never come up again." He quoted from Dryden's "Indian Emperor":

"What divine monsters, O ye gods, are these,
That float in air, and fly upon the seas?"

But Walpole admitted that if there were no air-sickness and he were to visit Paris again he would prefer a balloon to the packet boat, and "had as lief roost in an oak as sleep in a French inn, though I were to caw for my breakfast like the young ravens." He even, as Dr. Johnson in "Rasselas," foresaw horrid deeds in the air. But from Walpole's time until the experiments of the Wrights there was no great progress in aerial navigation. The bird has many centuries the start.

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Concerning Signatures

Rear Admiral Wood has issued an order that hereafter when any officer has to sign with his name an official document, he must first typewrite his name and then write it underneath in his own hand. "The order is issued because Admiral Wood has found it difficult to decipher the written signature of many officers."

There are sensitive souls who take a typewritten letter of a personal nature as an affront, even when the writer scrawls his name after the perfunctory "Yours truly," "Yours very truly," or "Yours sincerely," yet how many would be grateful if all correspondents whose handwriting is not clear, male and female after their kind, were compelled to print their name! Some persons, writing the letter itself so that it may easily be read, scribble the signature with an utter disregard of legibility. Others write blindly from date to finish. With some this carelessness is a species of vanity. It is as if the writer said, "My name is known to every one." Others have been told that many great men have been noted for their execrable chirography. They run over the list from Shakespeare to Horace Greeley. If the correspondent is a musician, he will quote Beethoven. There was a time in England, perhaps in this country, when a good hand was considered incompatible with the character of a gentleman. Dr. Parr, whose own manuscript was often returned to him as illegible, reminded those who deemed calligraphy an accomplishment unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman, that Fox's handwriting was distinguished by clearness and firmness, Porson's by correctness and elegance, and Sir William Jones's by the "ease, beauty and variety of the characters."

Women are noteworthy offenders in penmanship. The handsomer the hand, the more difficult the deciphering. Beware of what is proudly called a characteristic hand. Married women writing on business will sign their baptismal name and give no indication of their wedded state, so that the answerer does not know whether the reply should be addressed to a wife or a spinster. The fine Italian hand cultivated by women in the fifties and sixties was much clearer than the bolder style that succeeded it. So, too, the "Spencerian" hand taught in schools of the late sixties, in spite of a certain commercial quality, had the great merit of legibility. Its flourishes, even when carried to excess, were not misleading or blinding.

It is to be feared that there is not due practice in pot hooks and hangers today, not so much as there was in the little old red schoolhouse. Reading, writing and spelling are still to be mastered, whether the school be public or "exclusive," "genteel."

Moreover, say thou fall into the hands of a prattling and talkative busybody, who catcheth hold on thee, hangeth upon thee, and will not let thee go. Be not sheepish and bashful; but interrupt and cut his tale short, shake him him off, I say, but go thou forward and make an end of thy business whereabout thou wentest.

Prof. Deedledum's Reply

As the World Wags:

As you stated, the recent letter of Mr. Enoch Molliver is somewhat personal. May I be granted space in which to reply to his accusations? These are for the most part vague and very general; the only definite criticisms, either of my conduct or of my verses, refer to my selection of rhymes in the verses addressed to Mr. Molliver. And these criticisms, I confess, I do not understand. What does Mr. Molliver find objectionable in my rhyming "ennui" with "Henri" and "risibles" with "syllables"? "Ennui" and "Henri" rhyme perfectly—unless Mr. Molliver wishes to pronounce the latter "Hen-rye." (Or does Mr. Molliver call "ennui" "en-yu-eye"?) "Risibles" and "syllables" do not form a perfect rhyme, but as ordinarily pronounced much more nearly approximate it than many common rhymes—"war" and "far," for instance.

"Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry."

Or does Mr. Molliver pronounce "risibles" with a long "I"? Certainly the approximation (the syllable in question being unaccented) is close enough to warrant use in the jingle in which it appears.

Mr. Molliver's absolutely unsubstantiated charges that I am attempting to capitalize the genius of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston is contemptible. My reputation in this city and in other literary centres of America and Europe is, I hope, fairly secure, though it is, possibly, not known in Malden.

Of my criticisms of his lines on "Butts," Mr. Molliver has nothing to say. I stated that if Clancy had written them he would surely have managed to achieve at least one sonorous line. I said that to be sonorous is the sine qua non of blank verse. Blank verse should be like an organ; Mr. Molliver's verses are more suggestive of a half-strung mandolin. He quotes a line of which he is patently very proud:

"Sad souvenirs of semi-sated smokes."

His child-like pleasure in this hissing speciman of alliteration (which he considers "plaintive") is certainly amusing. Yes, the line is plaintive—as plaintive as escaping steam or a bag of snakes. Dear man, if you must over-alliterate, avoid the letter "s." Alliteration is often a most pleasing device, but it is easily abused. Are you familiar with Shakespeare's burlesque of your sort? It is found in the interlude of the mechanicals in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

As for the line itself, let us consider it and weigh it by the standards of blank verse. This is eminently fair, for Mr. Molliver himself singled it out. There are 10 vowel-sounds in the line; nine of these are either short or shallow. Only one, the last, has that deep, mouth-filling tone required for a good blank verse line. Seven of them are distinctly front-vowels. So much for the sound of the line—no resonance, no profundity, no grandeur—merely a prolonged hiss, punctuated with light, crackling vowels.

But what does the line mean? "Sad souvenirs"—are the souvenirs themselves sad? Obviously not. The writer means "saddening souvenirs." "Of semi-sated smokes." Passing over the questionable taste of including, in a poem which its author wishes compared with the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," a word like smokes, permissible in this sense only colloquially, the reader wonders how a smoke (defined as the act of drawing in and expelling smoke) could possibly be semi-sated. In other words, "semi-sated" refers not to the smokes, but to the smokers. A second instance of loose English, and incidentally confession of inaccurate thinking or a lack of technique.

I hope I have convinced Mr. Molliver that before he ventures again into print he ought to spend at least a quarter of an hour with a dictionary, and as many hours as possible with an elementary book on rhetoric containing a chapter or two on the fundamentals of versification. I do not hesitate further to recommend a treatise on good manners; for I consider that, in imputing mercenary motives to my zeal for Clancy's fame, Mr. Molliver has acted like a blackguard.

T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Dorchester Centre.

P. S.—The braggadocio of "Vindex" would have been more impressive if he had located his appointment more definitely to a particular corner of an alley that has, presumably, at least four corners, some of them at least a block apart. "Vindex," it appears, though the challenger (for to his original proclamation that he would meet me in any barroom south of Dover street, I merely replied that I feared him not), though the challenging party, I repeat, coolly takes it on himself to select time, place, referee and treasurer. If "Vindex" really desires a meeting he can obtain my address from the editor of this column and can write me or send to me over his own name. I am willing that any meeting shall be public, but I insist that arrangements shall be made privately. Furthermore, I must have the gentleman's real name; at present he has, in this respect, decidedly the advantage of me.

I beg leave to doubt Mr. Enoch Molliver's temperamental fitness for the duties of treasurer; in fact I see no necessity for a collection at all. Mr. Hale would make an admirable referee, but an item in the Dorchester Beacon informs me that he is at Osterville—presumably searching those clam-infested shores for the footprints of the eminent sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

T. K. D.

P. P. S.—On re-reading this letter, I have arrived at the conclusion that I stand in danger of making myself ridiculous by breaking so ephemeral a butterfly on my learned and authoritative wheel. I must stop replying to Mr. Molliver's letters—until he says something worth answering. Even Deedledum cannot make bricks without straw. Pardon this indignation, Mr. Editor. It is from one to whom every aspersion on the memory of the late bard of South Boston is a bleeding wound. When I read the asinine productions which his imitators ascribe to my dear dead friend, I almost thank God that he is dead, and hope against immortality, for I know that his rest must otherwise be untranquil.

T. K. D.

P. P. P. S.—I am wondering what particular dialect or brogue the person "Vindex" imagines that he employs. In my college days I worked on the docks and at the freight yards with all sorts of wild Irishmen, but I never heard the like of Vindex's speech, either on land or on sea. By the way, for an "illgant" specimen of tame Irish, see the appeal to Col. Roosevelt, "my great and shplendid friend," by Col. Arthur Lynch.

T. K. D.

Carrolliana

Verily, there is nothing new under the sun. Doubt has even been thrown on the originality of the precious words our Lewis Carroll invented for our perpetual delight. "Snicker-snack" was at once proclaimed to be a mere development of the old-time "snick and snee"; "chortle" was declared to be current slang, and now the Clapham election reveals to us a "Beamish," whose forebears must have been in existence when Carroll, as he thought, coined the word. After this we may expect to hear that "Jabberwocky" was the name of a Choctaw potentate, that tum-tum trees grew in primeval forests, and that gyring and gimbling were popular pastimes among the ancient Britons. — London Daily Chronicle.

Spare Rooms and Parlors

An English clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, recently poked all manner of fun at the "spare bedroom" reserved for the visit of a minister. For this he was taken to task by those saying that he should urge the ventilation, not the abolition, of the room "maintained by humble hospitality." One writer described the spare room, like the parlor, as a Victorian invention; but the parlor was a British institution before Victoria ascended the throne. Mortimer Collins, in one of his rambling delightful novels, asked nearly fifty years ago if there was then a parlor all through England; whether the drawing room had exterminated it: "Parlor! How I like the word! A room for chat, talk, gossip. A room without stiffness. A room for afternoon. It had no antimacassers; and the big mastiff lounged in to see who called; and there might be a volume of Swift or Fielding on the window-seat."

The spare room and the parlor, or best room, in the old fashioned New England dwelling houses would seldom have pleased Mortimer Collins or the Rev. Dr. Hopkins. The two rooms were stiffly furnished; they were stuffy. If the blinds were not closed, the window shades were drawn. The bed chamber was opened only for the visit of some important guest; the parlor only on grand occasions, a wedding, a funeral, though some families sat there in awful state on a Sunday afternoon. The bed chamber was heated by a floorhole for warmth from the room below. This hole, covered by carpet, was a trap for the guest in temperate weather. In winter a warming pan

mitigated only in slight degree the chilliness of the sheets. The parlor was ornamented with artificial flowers under glass; portraits of forbidding ancestors or the contemporaneous dead; portraits in oil, daguerreotypes, silhouettes of Grandfather Amos and Aunt Lucinda. There were seashells on the mantelpiece, or, in families of more doubtful piety, frivolous figures of Dresden china. Gift books, "The Keepsake," "Forget-Me-Not," "The Women of the Bible," Mrs. Sigourney's poems were on the marble-topped centre table. Chairs and sofa were instruments of torture. There was a smell of mortality in the room, which opened windows did not dissipate, though lilacs and honeysuckles did their bravest. Guests never bathed in those stern days unless, intimate, they were allowed a wash tub in the kitchen on a Saturday night.

How all this has changed! The humblest city apartment and summer cottage must have at least one bathroom; the more pretentious have a porcelain tub for each day in the week. The parlor is a living room, in which there may be shirt-sleeved ease, tobacco and cooling drinks. The spare room is in constant use, although it has been said that the ideal home has no spare room. Yet in villages, even in cities, there are still conservatives, whose front room is like unto a family vault, whose spare room is a penitential chamber.

There are a few references to the drama and there is a chapter about Indian (Hindu) music in the volume of 14 Indian essays, "The Dance of Siva," written by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and published by the Sunwise Turn, Inc., of New York.

It appears that the early Buddhist aesthetic is hedonistic. The Visuddhi Magga informs us that "living beings on account of their love and devotion to the sensations excited by forms and the other objects of sense, give high honor to painters, musicians, perfumers, cooks, elixir-prescribing physicians and other like persons who furnish us with objects of sense." On the other hand Manu forbad householders to dance or sing or play on musical instruments. He classed architects, actors and singers amongst the unworthy men that should not be invited to the ceremony of offerings to the dead. Chanakya put musicians and actors in a class with courtesans.

The concept of art as Yoga played an important part. "The purpose of Yoga is mental concentration, carried so far as the overlooking of all distinction between the subject and the object of contemplation, a means of achieving harmony or unity of consciousness." This point is illustrated in the book by footnotes: thus Goethe saw that the one attaining the vision of beauty is set free from himself. Ricciotto Canudo remarked that the secret of all art is self-forgetfulness; Wagner spoke of "an [illegible] sense which becomes clear and active when all the others, directed outward, sleep or dream."

[illegible] Hindu theory of beauty is then [illegible] "Rasa," that is beauty or [illegible] emotion. One of the permanent moods must form a master-motif. [illegible] to this all other expressions of [illegible] are subordinate. If a transient [illegible] the motif of the whole [illegible] the work becomes sentimental; [illegible] an absence of rasa. "Pretty art [illegible] emphasizes passing feelings and [illegible] emotion is neither beautiful nor [illegible] of [illegible] again in [illegible] time and eternity. [illegible] and beauty, partiality and [illegible]

[illegible] is wholly independent of [illegible] sympathetic. To quote from the [illegible] "Delightful or disgusting, [illegible] or lowly, cruel or kindly, ob[illegible] refined [illegible], or imaginary, [illegible] no subject that cannot evoke [illegible]." A work of art may at [illegible] time afford pleasure in a sen[illegible] moral way, "but this sort of [illegible] is derived directly from its [illegible] qualities, such as tone or tex[illegible] nance, etc., or the ethical pe[illegible] of its theme, and not from its [illegible] qualities: the aesthetic experi[illegible] is independent of this, and may [illegible] as Dhanamjaya says, be derived [illegible] spite of sensuous or moral dis[illegible]."

[illegible] vision of beauty is enjoyed only by [illegible] who are competent thereto. So [illegible] Blake says that knowledge of [illegible] beauty cannot be acquired: "It is [illegible] with us"; or as P'u Sung-ling remarks "Each interprets in his own way the music of heaven; and whether it be discord or not, depends upon antecedent causes." The Puritans were afraid of art partly because they did not recognize that aesthetic experience does not depend on pleasure and pain; partly from "the distrust of any experience which is 'beyond good and evil,' and so devoid of a definitely moral purpose."

In the theatre, to quote Dharmadatta, those devoid of imagination are only as the woodwork, the walls and the stones. "It is a matter of common experience that it is possible for a man to devote a whole life time to the study of art, without having once experienced aesthetic emotion: 'Historical research,' as Croce expresses it, 'directed to illumine a work of art by placing us in a position to judge it, does not alone suffice to bring it to birth in our spirit,' for 'pictures, poetry and every work of art produce no effect save on souls prepared to receive them.' * * * Cultivation alone is useless, and if the poet is born, so too is the rasika (the connoisseur or lover of beauty), and criticism is akin to genius."

Education is not the purpose of art. Dhanamjaya writes: "As for any simple man of little intelligence, who says that from dramas, which distil joy, the gain is knowledge only, as in the case of history and the like (mere statement, narrative, or illustration)—homage to him, for he has averted his face from what is delightful." The appreciation of beauty depends on the effort of his own imagination, "just as in the case of children playing with clay elephants." Technic in art is not by itself the cause of beauty; as Rabindranath Tagore says: "In our country those of the audience who are appreciative are content to perfect the song in their own mind by the force of their own feelings."

An imperfect work of art may be tolerated by two classes: the uncritical, greatly swayed by the sympathetic "and too easily satisfied with a very inadequate correspondence of content and form; the other creative, very little swayed by considerations of charm, and able by force of true imagination to complete the correspondence of content and form which is not achieved or not reserved in the original." Uncritical tolerance, then, is satisfied with mere prettiness; it is shocked by beauty that is "difficult." Creative tolerance, not caring for this prettiness, is able from a suggestion to "create or recreate a perfect experience."

And so beauty depends on the connoisseur's capacity for being delighted, "not from the character of the hero to be imitated, nor because the work aims at the production of aesthetic emotion." The Hindus have said that the capacity to feel beauty is the reward of merit gained in a past life. The genius of the "rasika," or connoisseur, differs in degree, not in kind, from that of the original artist.

"We gain and feel nothing merely when we take it on authority that any particular works are beautiful. It is far better to be honest, and to admit that perhaps we cannot see their beauty. A day may come when we shall be better prepared." The critic, as an exponent, cannot prove his case by argument, but only by "creating a new work of art, the criticism." Works of art are reminders; the activity of the critic is one of reproduction.

There are no degrees of beauty. "The sonata cannot be more beautiful than the simplest lyric, nor the painting than the drawing, merely because of their greater elaboration." Nor can there be any continuous progress in art.

Dr Coomaraswamy discusses at great length this view of beauty, at the last identifying absolute beauty with God. "In so far as we see and feel beauty, we see and are one with him. That God is the first artist does not mean that he created forms which might not have been lovely and the hand of the potter slipped; but that every natural object is an immediate realization of his being."

Music has been cultivated in India for at least 3000 years. Essential in the Vedic ritual, it was developed as a secular art in centuries before the birth of Christ. Musical themes have been communicated orally. The art music of India is the "chamber music of an aristocratic society, where the patron retains musicians for his own entertainment and for the pleasure of the circle of his friends or it is temple music, where the musician is the servant of God." There are no public concerts. The musician, protected, is always a musician. "The civilization of Asia do not afford to the inefficient amateur those opportunities of self-expression which are so highly appreciated in Europe and America." Art is not, in India, a social accomplishment. "The musical cultivation of the public does not consist in 'everybody doing it,' but in appreciation and reverence." The audience, listening rather to the song than the singer, is somewhat indifferent to voice production. "None the less the Indian singer's voice is sometimes of great intrinsic beauty, and sometimes used with sensitive intelligence, as well as skill. It is not, however, the voice that makes the singer, as so often happens in Europe."

Indian music is not written. It can be learned from books only theoretically. If a foreigner wishes to master it he must enter into the "inner spirit," adopt outer conventions of Indian life and study "until he can improvise the songs under Indian conditions and to the satisfaction of Indian professional listeners." He must have not only imagination; he must have "a vivid memory and an ear sensitive to microtonal inflections."

Dr. Coomaraswamy speaks of the scale; of the raga—that is, the "melody mould or the ground plan of a song." This raga is communicated by the master to the pupil. To sing is to improvise upon the raga. "It is not the purpose of the song to repeat the confusion of life, but to express and arouse particular passions of body and soul in man and nature." Each raga is associated with an hour of the day or night when it may be appropriately sung. The music of India is a purely melodic art. A drone takes the place of harmonic accompaniment. "To hear the music of India as Indians hear it one must recover the sense of a pure intonation and must forget all implied harmonies." Features of the music are the grace and the constant portamento, or, rather, glissando. Rhythm and musical instruments, as the tambura and vina, are discussed.

"The dominant subject matter of the songs," says Dr. Coomaraswaney, "is human or divine love in all its aspects, or the direct praise of God, and the words are always sincere and passionate. The more essentially the singer is a musician, however, the more the words are regarded merely as the vehicle of the music; in art-song the words are always brief, voicing a mood rather than telling any story, and they are used to support the music with little regard to their own logic—precisely as the representative element in a modern painting merely serves as the basis for an organization of pure form or color. . . . The voice itself is a musical instrument, and the song is more than the words of the song. The voice has thus a higher status than in Europe, for the music exists in its own right, and not merely to illustrate the words." This is said after reference to the musical form called "Alap"—an improvisation in which only meaningless syllables are used on the raga theme. Indian music, essentially impersonal, "reflects an emotion and an experience which are deeper and wider and older than the emotion or wisdom of any single individual." The inner reality of things is voiced by the singer rather than any transient or partial experience. " 'Those who sing here,' " says Sankaracharyn, 'sing God.' And the Vishnu Purana adds: 'All songs are a part of Him, who wears a form of sound.' " Dr. Coomaraswamy might have quoted also the line in Emerson's "Brahma"—"And I the hymn the Brahmin sings."

The writer then returns to the proposition laid down in other essays of this engrossing and stimulating value: That the hearer, the spectator, the audience must be even more than receptive and imaginative in the presence of art:

"The singer is still a magician, and the song is a ritual, a sacred ceremony, an ordeal which is designed to set at rest that wheel of the imagination and the senses which alone hinder us from contact with reality. But to achieve this ordeal the hearers must cooperate with the musician by the surrender of the will, and by drawing in his restless thought to a single point of concentration: this is not the time or place for curiosity or admiration. Our attitude toward an unknown art should be far from the sentimental or romantic, for it can bring us nothing that we have not already with us in our own hearts: The peace of the Abyss which underlies all art is one and the same, whether we find it in Europe or in Asia."

The essay on Indian music is illustrated by reproductions of 16th and 18th century paintings; also by a portrait of Ratan Devi, the wife of Dr. Coomaraswamy, and the singer of Indian songs, whose subtle art has been recognized in American as well as in Oriental and European lands.

There was an interesting meeting in London last month on behalf of the Theatre Girls' Club. The lord mayor, who presided, said that he did not know any class of the professional life of England who had given more time and service in the interest of the men at the front than the members of the theatrical profession.

"Adeline Duchess of Bedford said that the girl members of the theatrical profession had at all times a difficult path to walk. There were often long periods between one engagement and another. Engagements were becoming rarer, and there were often long periods of rehearsal, during which they were not paid, and had to find their board and lodging. At such times they found a mother in Mrs. Edward Compton and a home in the Theatre Girls' Club. Some time ago a troupe of young girls was engaged to go to Paris to dance at a casino. Some of them were members of the Theatre Girls' Club, and they wrote that they found on their arrival that they had no fixed engagement, and they had fallen into the hands of a bad landlord, who impounded their belongings. Mrs. Compton wrote to Mr. Cardew, chaplain of the English church in Paris, and he sought them out, faced the landlord and took the girls to the English consul. As a result of this a house had been taken and opened in Paris on the same lines as the English Theatre Girls' Club."

"This reminds one of Leonard Merrick's novel, 'When Love Flies Out of the Window,' in which a young English girl, a singer, is lured by an agent in London to accept an engagement in a Paris music hall, where she was treated abominably until she was rescued one night by an Englishman. There is a scheming landlady in league with the proprietor of the music hall.

"The bishop of London said that the theatre was an integral part of the life of a great city. It was a tremendous engine for good or evil in the life of the city, and he wanted to claim it for good. They had a public service to do in backing up the great actor-managers and all who wanted to give them a good stage. It was a mistake to regard the stage as a class apart. Sir Herbert Tree and Sir George Alexander had been friends of his, and the first occasion he met Sir George was when he was speaking to the Actors' Church Union. Sir George wrote to him, saying, 'I'll come all right and hear you, bishop, but why I should want a sermon more than anyone else I don't know.' An actor-manager had told him that he could not put on a good play unless he was prepared with £4000, which he might have to lose. This was a reproach to the public. If it was true that the people got the government they deserved, it was also true they got the stage they deserved. The stage was one of the most hardworking and toilsome professions—one which left one least time for oneself. But though the life was one of great temptations, a girl of good principles could always live up to them on the stage.

"Mrs. Campton said that, according to certain novelists, the moment a nice-looking girl put her nose in the proscenium, managers were eager to offer her leading parts and she spent her leisure declining proposals from peers. As a matter of fact, her life was spent in rehearsals on cold winter mornings, and at night putting on gorgeous costumes and throwing them off to resume her own worn-out garments in time to catch the last omnibus."

Notes About the Theatre, Music and Musicians

"Nurse Benson," a new play by R. C. Carton and Justin Huntly McCarthy, was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on June 21. The Times said of it:

"Is there anything quite so wayward as the Comic Spirit? Pursue him and he keeps far out of reach; woo him and he turns his back; then all of a sudden, unasked, unexpected, he amiably sidles in. Last night we had had three acts of 'Nurse Benson.' They had been distinctly pleasant acts, with witty dialogue, a pretty vein of sentiment, a little war talk, but not too much. You had smiled and chuckled, and—ce qui ne gâte rien, as Sarcey used to say—you were generally cheered up. Miss Marie Loehr, as that naughty rogue, 'Lady Gillian, alias 'Nurse Benson,' had tended a wounded V. C. until she fell in love with her patient, and he with her. Then she had been summarily dismissed as an imposter by Miss Lottie Venne, as the V. C.'s mamma (with a way of dropping her h's and recovering them with mingled dignity and defiance); but you were not a bit uncomfortable about it, so sure a thing was your 'happy ending.' You awaited the fourth act, then, in the best of humor, but without impatience. But you had reckoned without the Comic Spirit. He had already been present, to be sure, but he had done his spiriting gently in the background. And lo! in this fourth act, so languidly expected as an inevitably pleasant conclusion to a story all favor and prettiness, the Comic Spirit suddenly took possession of the stage, put forth all his powers, and sent the whole house into convulsions of laughter. And the way it happened was so simple! It was just a talk between two elderly gentlemen, one of whom was very prolix and the other very tired. One gentleman had seen the other affectionately embraced by the supposed 'Nurse Benson,' and drew entirely wrong conclusions. Beginning with mild irritation on both sides, the talk swelled in a rapid crescendo to the top note of frenzy. It was the richest bit of comedy our stage has seen for a long time. True comedy, be it said, the comedy for which the stage exists, and which only the stage can give, because it was inherent in the situation. If the scene had passed in dumb show it would still have been unmistakable in meaning, irresistible in mirthful effect. Mr. Fred Kerr's face, as he heard himself branded as a libertine for kissing his own niece, was something to see. Indeed, his acting throughout was art of the choicest quality, the triumph of the evening—but good acting must not (as often happens) lead us to overlook good writing. The scene is admirably written, admirably invented. As Mr. Henry James was fond of saying, it is a rare pleasure to see a thing really 'done.' "

The Times said of "You Never Know," adapted by Martin Henry and Hannaford Bennett from Georges Feydeau's "La Puce a l' Oreille"; produced at the Criterion, London, June 29: "While the world is being turned upside down and the whole social and economic fabric inside out it is something to find one human institution standing, in Johnson's phrase, like the monument, blandly imperturable, magnificently unchanged. Farce not only remains its old self but even exhibits at

... the old Anglo-French self in the ... and timorous-fearless fashion. How often, before the war, did the ... borrow from the Palais Royal? In the fourth year of the war it is borrowing from the old source still. Once more Gallic frankness about the breach of a certain Commandment is bowdlerised to meet English taste—if such a word may be pardoned in such a connexion. This, in 'La Puce a l'Oreille' there were wicked couples and there was a revolving bed. In the English version produced last night the couples are only indiscreet and the bed has become a sofa. Of course no sophisticated player is deceived, the original fresco shows plainly through the whitewash. Not that it matters much: it would be sheer pedantry to scrutinise the ethics of a farce where motive is nothing and motion everything. While everybody is perpetually rushing noisily about the stage—revolving in fact, like the sofa—the question how and why everybody came to be there does not really arise. When the hurly-burly's done you find that Mr. Rex London has 'doubled' the parts of a deceived husband and a besotted waiter with immense energy, and that Mr. Fred Eastman, as the proprietor of the cafe with the revolving furniture, has been extravagantly droll."

Ralph Herz has his own stock company at Oakland, Cal.

"The Girl Behind the Gun," music by Ivan Caryll, will be produced at Atlantic City, Aug. 26. Donald Brian will be in the company.

"Mother's Liberty Bond," a patriotic play by an author who now uses the name "Parker Fisher," will be produced at New York about Aug. 1.

Marguerite Clarke will be seen in a film play made from Edwin Carpenter's "The Three Bears."

It may be remembered that Miss Julia Arthur returned to the stage some years ago in a play called "The Eternal Magdalene." The play was afterwards adapted for the screen, with Maxine Elliott as the heroine. Three states refused to pass it. Ohio was one of them. The play in its original form greatly pleased audiences of Cleveland this month, when it was performed with Eva Lang as the Magdalene.

Geraldine Farrar has gone to Cody, Wyoming, for the Goldwyn production of "The Hell Cat." "The story is described as modern in treatment and theme and provides Geraldine with a strenuous role with emotional crises. The star is not restricted in the matter of clothes, for the action of the play enables her to wear many costumes."

Pearl Andrews, who was in vaudeville some years ago, is now Coralie Andrews. Having sung in opera in Italy, she will come out in New York in grand opera next fall.

"Bill-toppers" was the curious title given to a novel dealing with music hall life some years ago. Yesterday there were several "bill-toppers" interested in Mr. Justice McCardie's court while the case of Turpin v. the Victoria Palace was being heard. It is a case where the salaries of "stars" have been much discussed, and, as usual, some impressive figures have been disclosed. One witness said that "stars" were in greater demand than ever, but it was hard to "make them"—that is, to create a vogue for a new artist.—London Daily Chronicle.

The Morning Telegraph tells of new books pertaining to the theatre: "Brentano's announce 'Plays of the 47 Workshop' with four short pieces by Rachel Lyman Field, Hubert Osborne, Eugene Pilot and William L. Prosser, all of which are of high literary value and most of which have had a hearing in college and other little theatres. The same publishers offer Harvard plays with four considerable dramas by Winifred Hawkridge, Howard Brock, Rita Creighton Smith and Kenneth Andrews. Longmans, Green & Co. have issued 'The Parish Theatre,' in which the Rev. John Talbot Smith gives a brief account of the development of amateur theatrical enterprises among the Catholics of America, of which the parish theatre is an impressive illustration. His book includes a descriptive list of 100 plays which he considers suitable for presentation. 'Patriotic Pageants of Today' is a timely little book which the Holts will have ready this week. It is by Josephine Thorp and Rosamond Kimball, and will contain several simple pageants referring to the world war. Miss Thorp's three pieces, 'The Answer,' 'When Liberty Calls' and 'The Torch' have been performed many times already from typewritten copies, while Miss Kimball's 'Call to the Youth of America' was widely played in the interest of the Liberty loan."

The musical version of Avery Hopwood's "Seven Days" is called "Safety First." Rudolf Friml is writing the music.

The Italian play, "Romanticismo," which has been performed several times in Italian and in English in London, will be known as "Romanticism." "'Romanticists' was the term applied to the followers of Mazzini by those Italians of their generation who considered them unpractical followers of a dream, deficient in the sense of realism and opportunism.

W. R. Titterton, who, for a time wrote entertainingly for the Pall Mall Gazette, and is the author of a capital book about music halls and their celebrities, is writing songs. Some of them have been introduced in "Hotch-Potch," and "The Better 'Ole."

The movie farmer is a gent who does not dwell in sweet content. He doesn't ramble wide and free, trilling his long drawn hi-lo-lee' He spends his time removing hooks stuck into him by city crooks, and drives his daughter from the door and tells her to return no more. His head is often bowed with shame at stains upon the family name, and he is always on the track of thugs to get them papers back. He has no time to plough or hoe, because the sharpers pester so. And thus he passes all his time without a reason or a rhyme. He never works a single stroke. The movie farmer is a joke.—Kansas City Star.

In charging a jury sworn in a murder case at Macon, Mo., Judge V. L. Drain told the triors it would be highly improper for them to attend any of the local moving picture shows while the trial was in progress. This striking tribute to the power of the picture play was called out by an incident that occurred in Randolph county, Missouri, not long ago. One night while the case of the state against one Scobelle was on trial, the charge being murder, the bailiff in charge of the jury permitted them to while a tedious hour away one evening by attending a local picture show. Scobelle was found guilty of murdering his companion in a box car, and his punishment was assessed at 10 years in the penitentiary. In his motion for a new trial defendant's counsel cited as ground of error that the jury had attended the movies and seen there a play almost identical with the one they were trying, and it had so inflamed their minds against the defendant that they brought in a verdict of guilty. The court held the motion good and ordered a new trial for the accused.—New York Times.

"The Thirteenth Chair," with Margaret Wycherly, has been successful in Sydney, Australia.

Frances Starr will be seen in New York next December, in a new play by Edward Knoblauch.

In the matter of singing, the claims of Mr. Gladstone were modest enough, and do not appear to have gone beyond a taste for nigger songs and a love of hearing his own voice—which might be said of many others. But his admirers seem inclined to go too far. Sir Charles Halle once told the late Sir John Strachey that he had often heard Mr. Gladstone sing. When asked what his singing powers really amounted to, Sir Charles replied: "He sang bad music—(a pause)—out of tune."—London Daily Chronicle.

The London Daily Telegraph (June 22) said of Isidore de Lara's second concert of Italian Symphonic music: "It is not easy to understand why no enterprising conductor should have introduced us long ago to Martucci's quaintly whimsical and delightfully written 'Novellata,' or the Symphonic Poem, in which Respighi portrays very freshly and very effectively the various caprices of the water in four of the fountains of Rome, or the uncommonly lively 'Festa Popolare,' from Marinuzzi's Sicilian Suite. All these are excellent hearing, especially when they are as well played as the Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham, played them on the occasion under notice. Zandonai's 'Mediaeval Serenade,' however, was not such a success; it is dull, tuneless music, calculated to have a soporofic effect quite foreign to the true function of its kind."

The Pall Mall Gazette of June 15 said of the Beecham's production of "The Valkyrie" at Drury Lane: "It is possible to say, quite impartially, that 'The Valkyrie' 'comes off' in some respects better in English than in German. In the first place, more of the text gets past the orchestral barrier. One hears more of the words. Then the actual sounds made by the singers are more euphonius, more musical. It is true that the general stage effect might be improved upon, but the problem of bringing Wagner into line with modern views on this subject is not yet solved." Speaking of the vocal performance, The Stage said: "How different much of the singing was from the 'barking' and shouting we used to hear in Wagner years ago."

Some one has been asking in London whether Mme. Georgina Burns ever took the part of Carmen, and whether Santley ever took tenor roles. "As to Sir Charles Santley's singing of any tenor role," says the Daily Telegraph of June 22, "the evidence of about 50 correspondents is equally conclusive up to a point. One writer tells me he heard Sir Charles in 'Masaniello' and 'Fra Diavolo' and also in 'Zampa,' and I have a kind of idea that Sir Charles refers to this fact in his most recent book. The former roles were, it seems, sung by Sir Charles at the old Gaiety Theatre in 1870, under the management of John Hollingshead and the direction of Meyer Lutz. But, though these roles were undoubtedly tenor roles, no correspondent states positively that Santley sang them as written, and that I take to be my original correspondent's point. Indeed, it is darkly hinted in several letters that the roles in all cases were transposed, even in that of Carmen and Mme. Burns. The last word comes from a friend of Sir Charles, who, after asking him the direct question, received the reply affirmative, and the operas named are 'Fra Diavolo' and 'Zampa.' Mr. B. Morris, writing from Clapham Park, says, apropos, that he cannot speak of Santley in operatic tenor roles, but that he heard him sing three tenor songs at a concert in the long-demolished Exeter Hall. The occasion was an Irish concert, when Sims Reeves failed to appear, and, says Mr. Morris, 'there was a horrible row, and the concert was about to be given up when Mr. Santley hurriedly came forward on the platform, waving his music for silence, and offered, if the audience would be quiet, to sing Mr. Reeves's songs for him, which he did as well as Reeves, which is saying a good deal.'"

The repertoire of the English Opera Company at Drury Lane for the week beginning June 24 was a varied one: "Magic Flute," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," "Romeo and Juliet," "La Boheme" with the Persian ballet scene from "Hovanschina," "Il Seraglio," "Madama Butterfly" and "Aida."

In the old days opera in English seems to have cropped up in a most promiscuous fashion all over the place, as we should think today. Apropos of my article on Gounod last week, Mr. T. H. Friend sends me the poster of a performance of "the new grand romantic opera," "Faust." It took place at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, April 1, 1864, and the sender of the poster was acting manager! The company was under the direction of Mr. Henry Corri. Henry Haigh played Faust, Annie Thirwall Margarita, Corri himself was (according to the poster) Mephistopheles (sic), and Charles Lyall was the Valentine. And on whom, think you, devolved the conductor's duties? Old Meyer Lutz, none other—later of the Gaiety and composer of some of the best burlesque music of my youthful days, music infinitely preferable to the "revue" stuff of today! Mr. Friend says that the first English performance of "Faust" took place in the aforesaid theatre in March, 1864.—London Daily Telegraph.

Frank Bridge's new violoncello sonata in D, John Ireland's educational "Leaves from a Child's Sketch-Book," and an album of preludes "modern and elusive but altogether charming" for piano, have been published by Winthrop Rogers of London. "The firm has published a very pleasing song 'A Spirit Flower,' by Campbell Tipton, a composer of whom more should be heard if this be a fair specimen of his powers." The reviewer seems to be unaware that Mr. Tipton is an American.

There is much more of real interest to musicians in the recently-published annual report by the Carnegie Trust than the already known fact that the adjudicators in the publishing scheme of last year selected compositions for publication, under the trust by Stanford, E. L. Bairton, Granville Bantock, Frank Bridge, Rutland Boughton, H. Howells, and Vaughan Williams. The list issued not long ago shows that four more works have been accepted, in addition to the aforesaid. There are an orchestral symphonic poem by L. A. Collingwood, a string quartet by E. N. Hay, a pianoforte quartet by A. M. Wall, and Dr. William Wallace's fine Symphonic poem, "Wallace, 1305-1905." An interesting feature of this selection is that the three first names are of unknown composers, but, of course, Dr. Wallace has long borne an honorable name among native musicians. Incidentally, it is well that publication is not to occur till after the war, for, as we all know, Vaughan William's "London" symphony has recently been, at least to some extent, modified, and who shall say that its composer will not find even more to modify when, his military duties behind him, he finds himself once more in the ways of peace? So, also, it may be with others. One hundred and thirty-six compositions were submitted, of which seven were selected for the first year, something more than half that number for the second, the above four being finally chosen.—London Daily Telegraph, June 22.

Dionysos: a Soldier, Musical in Hut and in Camp Train

"This is my 23rd mile," he roared at me, "and I'm dog-tired." It was the end of a fine Sunday afternoon, and we met in the corridor of our hut just as he was returning to his quarters to change for dinner. He does everything extravagantly, even walking. No doubt he'd asked several fellows if they'd like to do a little private route-march after lunch, but most people prefer a quiet afternoon after church parade, and he went off alone. He talks at the top of his voice at table, bawling out the most preposterous stories of his soldiering at home or in France (he is 47), setting his end of the table in a roar, and roaring himself above everybody.

I think he got most fun out of soldiering when he was in the ranks—at least, most of his yarns are of the days before he was gazetted to our regiment. He never talks now of the days when he played in county cricket. The first yarn I heard him tell at table ended with, "Ho gave me three days C. B. on the Monday and borrowed two quid on Tuesday," and ever since I have looked on him as a distinct and inextinguishable personality. But what really attracted me first was the perfectly fiendish way he could torture the "Nocturnes" of Chopin, and his appearance of enraptured delight in doing it. Any music will do—Beethoven, Debussy, Amy Woodforde-Finden. They were all made fantastic and wonderful under tho towering rage of his enthusiasm. And his phrasing was at all times his own.

He was the pivot upon which all human things turned in our mess. A guest night was unthinkable without our Dionysos. His stories kept us tuned up against the clockwork boredom of temporary home service; his violent prejudices were like hors d'oeuvres, urging one on to a point of view one had not, perhaps, previously held. At one moment he would howl his applause at the unfinished symphony, at another threaten you with physical violence if you did not admit unqualified admiration of the latest success of Leicester square. His impromptu variations on the "Bluebell of Scotland" were the last jolly word in travesty.

A camp like ours, situated many miles north of the Queen's Hall was a sore of dumping-ground for incapacitated heroes and a clearing house for crocks. Every day somebody came—or went. One made a friend, perhaps, in a few days, and tomorrow he was gone—or you were. Yet it was possible to maintain a battalion orchestra, undisturbed by the continual flux inevitable in a reserve unit. Each member of the orchestra had his definite job on the battalion parade-state, music being merely incidental. The conductor, upon whose devoted shoulders most of the work of organization fell, holds the rank of sergeant with the Lewis-gunners, in private life an assistant-organist at a famous cathedral, and entitled to emblazon the magic initals F. R. C. O. after his name. One of the most serious rebuffs our Dionysos ever had in the course of his tempestuous career was received at the Orchestral Hut, one afternoon when he was informed by a junior subaltern on duty that the said hut was out of bounds between two and four. And poor Dionysos only wanted to hear them rehearsing the "Figaro" overture! He discovered to his great grief that even recreation was a "parade," and the Orchestral Hut was avoided ever after, for he was very touchy at times.

On guest nights the orchestra would play in the ante-room, and if it were discovered that they did not possess some special piece asked for it was our privilege to order the parts and have them charged against our mess bills. In exercising this privilege Dionysos always led the way, and the members of the orchestra would smile cheerfully when they saw his great figure lurching up to the conductor to bawl out the name of some piece he had just thought of. And invariably it was ready for performance the following week. It was a point of honor with them.

The last time I met Dionysos was on a troop-train to Marseilles. I was in the middle of a heated struggle with the straps of my valise when his titanic feet stepped over me into the compartment I was sharing with four others. His usual form of greeting was a loud guffaw of laughter—at anything; perhaps at your expense, more often at his own, for he always had an anecdote on his lips. This time it was at us for taking everything so seriously. No sooner had we subsided into our respective seats, immensely cheered by his company, than he brought out from some hidden pocket the chanter of a Highland pipe. Without any invitation to do so, he immediately began to play a series of wild Gaelic melodies, his golden complexion deepened into crimson by his strenuous pneumatic action, his eyes lighted up with the pride of unchallenged achivement. "Johnny Cope," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Devil in the Kitchen," penetrated through the din and rattle of our long train. When he had played several more a voice from the far corner of the compartment, belonging to a cautious fellow of the R. A. M. C., warned him gently that there was a certain danger to the health by an imperfect use of the breath in playing on the bagpipes. "Ach, well," he said, "it may not be verra guid for the lungs, but I always feel better after." Dear old Dionysos! I hope he returns safely. It will be a grand guest night when he does.—London Daily Telegraph.

July 22 1918

When I am playing with my Cat, who knowes whether she have more sport in dallying with me, than I have in gaming with her? We entertaine one another with mutuall apish trickes. If I have my houre to begin or to refuse, so hath she hers.

Tales of Cats

As the World Wags:

Referring to "Poor Puss" in this column of July 9, we, too, had a beautiful tortoise-shell cat who did that same trick. She could open any latched door in our old farm house, but our cat wasn't born until after 1900.

She did another even more remarkable stunt. One winter we had to change her boarding place (we returned to the city for the five coldest months). Scratching on the window or running up the door failed to gain her admittance in her new abode. One day the people heard

[illegible] of the door imagine their astonishment upon opening the door to find only the cat, who jumped in quickly. When the same hanging reoccurred they looked before opening the door. To their surprise they saw the cat hitting with her paws two horseshoes which hung on a string near the door. This never failed to bring her quick admittance. My query is, if animals haven't brains, how did this cat discover those horseshoes and then rate them to make a noise loud enough to be heard? The horseshoes had hung there so long the people had forgotten them. Many other things won this cat own-wide fame. P. C. C.

Roxbury.

As the World Wags:

The two notes in your column headed, respectively, as above, suggest these comments:

The cat's unlatching the door was probably due to desire for breakfast. If (with food from the previous day) it were fed before the family, it would be content, birds would be safer and the family would escape importunity.

Although a summer resident of Nantucket since 1880, I have never seen a rabbit cat." Such a combination is even less probable than the reputed "moose cat" of Maine. Until an example is dissected, its existence should not be credited.

The writers of the two notes are requested to send their addresses to the undersigned. BURT G. WILDER.

Chestnut Hill.

As the World Wags:

Apropos as to the intelligence of cats, I have a story that nearly duplicates the one told by "F. S." the other day in the As the World Wags column.

This cat was one of the feminine gender and could boast of no high-sounding name as did "Prof. Humastine." He lived so long ago that I cannot recall her name, as we have had so many cats' names to memorize since her day on earth that her memory lingers more in her performances rather than in her name.

When this cat was born there happened to be a young puppy growing up in the household. The kitten soon became a great favorite of his, and he would object when anyone undertook to molest her. The pup and the kit were continually playing and wrestling together. When allowed they would lay down together before the fire and sleep; the kitten then snuggled up between the legs of the dog while he laid alongside his side to accommodate her. This continued as long as they both lived, for if I remember aright they both made their exit from society about the same time.

There was a small entry-room that connected the shed with the dining room, which we called the "office." The inner door of the office opened into the dining room, and had that same old-fashioned thumb-latch mentioned by Mr. "F. S." When the dog had grown enough to be able to stand up on his hind legs and reach that thumb-latch, he soon mastered its complications, and would paw and scratch until the latch was lifted, and in he would walk rather shame-faced for having done what perhaps the women folks objected to.

Now the cat was somewhat handicapped, as when she stood erect she was not able to reach the handle of the latch, but evidently she continued to watch the dog open the door until she understood just how he did it, and then set to thinking how she might do the same trick. It was not a great while before we would hear some one rattling the latch, and, Lo' and behold, the door would open, and in would walk Miss Puss, demure as any Puss could be, seemingly taking no credit to herself for being able to open the door. We, of course, were wondering how she managed it, so I hid and watched until I caught her at work, and this is the way she was able to open the door.

She would approach the door slowly, pausing as if she was not yet ready to go into the house, hesitate, sit down and look at the door quite a while, then move up nearer and stop again, make up her mind that things inside were all right for entrance, then she would make a little spring and catch the handle of the latch, pass her left foot through and hang on until she could raise her right paw and pull down upon the thumb-piece, and as she slid back to the floor her weight against the door opened it, and the trick was done.

Mr. F. S. and I, therefore, are aware that thumb-latches are not always a protection against cats.

We have had many descendents of that cat, but none of them knew enough to let themselves into the house. The most that any of them will do is to perch themselves upon the window ledge and wait for some one to take pity on them and let them in. F. B.

Waltham

Vers Libre

As the World Wags:

As contributor of "Recipe for Vers Libre" in the Herald-Journal of July 12, I willingly accepted the editorial comment and criticism and in a measure agree with it. While admitting that there is poetical idea in some vers libre, even "Homer nods" at times; but "there are others," who to the unprejudiced reader, and not a disciple of the cult, show neither "flashes of genius" nor "poetic thought," but just unadulterated nonsense and eccentricity: "Vox et praeterea nihil." Perhaps the article in question should have been entitled: "Recipe for Would-be (or alleged) vers libre.

Lenox. F. S. S.

As the World Wags:

I read this morning with sympathy and pleasure the recipe for vers libre sent in by "F. S. S." Does the fact that a very few names do not warrant his general condemnation justify your reply? How many of even Walt Whitman's poems may he justly called beautiful? But what surprises me is that you include the name of Miss Amy Lowell in your list. To me her works are the epitome of posing inanity. And what amazes me is that you did not include the name of the late Frothingham Clancy of South Boston.

PROF. T. K. DEEDLEDUM.

Dorchester Centre.

Fresh Crape-Hangers

The man that is always taking the joy out of life, the crape hanger, has been pictured amusingly for readers of the Boston Herald and Journal by the pencil of the inimitable Briggs; but this facile cartoonist and close observer of human weaknesses could not easily sketch in a lifetime the infinite variety of the species.

The great majority of men and women had been able to live their lives cheered by the thought that many questions had been definitely settled; that historical characters had been placed in the great gallery of the world according to their deserts and labeled so carefully that there could be no doubt about their identification. Then came a swarm of rehabilitating, whitewashing historians with a lesser swarm delighting in blackening fair fame. Richard III. was a fine figure of a man, a philanthropist, interested in cathedral boy choirs. Lucrezia Borgia was a ministering angel of light; the wine of her family was as harmless as ginger pop. Tiberius was grossly abused by Tacitus and Suetonius; an exemplary person, able in government. On the other hand Gen. George Washington was too human in certain respects; Ben Franklin was "no better than he should have been," and so on down the list.

The great optimistic public survived all this. Illusions of childhood had still been spared. The Arabian Nights are still considered genuine. The efforts of certain symbolists to give portentous values to nursery tales, to class Jack the Giant Killer with Hercules among heroes of sun myths, to name the men that stood for Rabelais's Gargantua, Panurge, Friar John and Pantagruel had dismally failed. But now come contributors to Notes and Queries, who say that there is a hamlet, Lilliput, near Parkstone in England; that a smuggler named Gulliver lived in the neighborhood; that Dean Swift thus obtained names for his immortal book, dear to the ingenuous child and the disillusionized, embittered old man. They also say that a mediaeval abbot took Mr. Winkle with him to visit Pickwick Manor and gave Mr. Sam Weller a license for a public house at Croydon.

After all no one need heed these disturbing antiquarians. Every child knows there is a Lilliput, not in England, but afar off; and so there is the land of Brobdingnag, and it is not in Yorkshire or in Northumberland. Aladdin has not yet been turned into an inventive chemist; the bronze horse still outstrips the airplane; the old man of the sea was something more than the personification of boredom. Swift's Lilliput is to be found not near Parkstone, but only on the map that Capt. Lemuel Gulliver made after his memorable voyages and published in an early edition of his narrative.

The Herald and Journal is indebted to Elizabeth K. Harlow for the following verses:

KNITTING WORK.

It was many, many years ago
When a little maid scarce 17,
Knit stockings for "the boys in blue"
Counting "two plain, and then one seam."

The legs were knit a needle's length,
With good square heel and bag-like toe,
But that was just the place to put
A letter on its way to go.

The yarn was coarse and strong as now,
Its color was a deep dark blue.
It made a stain across her hand,
But she was proud to show its hue.

The long, long years have passed away,
She felt her work was almost done,
For though the figures are the same
The years now number 71.

Again the call to war is heard,
The needles click throughout the land,
Needles of amber, wood and steel
You see them now on every hand.

The "boys in blue" have passed away.
Our dears ones now are "boys in brown."
They've gone their way across the sea
From every city, every town.

They come, the mothers, sisters, wives;
They, too, have heard their country call,
To help the boys in every need
Sure there is work enough for all.

Then let us concentrate our lives
To work, to give, till war is done
Till we can see the glorious day
When the allies cry: "The victory's won!"

The Tedesco Club

As the World Wags:

I am prompted, in view of the inaccurate version of the origin or cause for the arbitrary use of the word "Tedesco" in the town of Swampscott by a correspondent in your issue of the 12th inst., to send this statement, which contains facts actually in accordance with events duly recorded in the past and as they ought to be presented to the public of the present generation.

Your correspondent, in his letter, has evidently confused two shipwrecks which occurred in very nearly the same spot in the town of Swampscott some 50-odd years ago.

The one he describes as involving the word "Tedesco" is incorrect, as it occurred when the American brig Fred C. Bliss went ashore in the late sixties and was hove up in the storm high and dry, so that when the tide receded the entire crew, together with the captain's wife, walked ashore on a gangplank. Not a person was lost.

Quite the contrary was the other wreck, which occurred in the early fifties, some 10 years previous, when the Spanish bark Tedesco, with a Spanish crew, was driven ashore on Dread ledge in a northeast gale, with blinding snow. Of the crew, some 16 in number, not one survived. The first intimation of this disaster was when wreckage came ashore on Fisherman's beach. Several bodies clad in oilers were found the day following, and a few others at a later period by the patrol. These were buried by the authorities, if I am correctly informed, in the town cemetery, as they were all foreigners and there were no claimants for the bodies.

Boston. H. ELLERTON LODGE.

All at Sea

As the World Wags:

Just a word of advice to producers of "movie pictures" when putting a nautical play on the screen. If you have to use print for explanation, for the love o' Mike, collect a little information in regard to sailors' terms.

A picture shown recently in one or more of the popular theatres of the city is of much interest both as to action and for a bit of connected history. Mr. Hart, and there are none better in a certain kind of work, is the hero of the story. He is supposed to be an experienced seaman, and, as a commander, is known as a holy terror. One of the scenes represents the ship in a fearful gale of wind. There are some strange things happening, such as water being blown at fearful speed horizontally through the air and the ship standing still while the captain goes overboard and rescues a drowning man. Such things are overlooked; but when this renowned sailor, standing on the main deck in drenching rain, shouts an order, it is "going some," and all the small fry in the audience are applauding. But look at the wording on the screen: "Lay out there and furl the flying jib topsail." If such an order had come from the lips of a captain in real life and on a real ship in a real storm, and there was a sailor there to hear it, he would be likely to say, "Come here, baby mine, and let your mamma spank you real hard," even were the captain a sea wolf with hands red with human gore.

"Furl the flying jib topsail!" If there ever was such a sail the location of it would be of the least importance of any sail on ship in such a situation. When the work of the sailor is second to none and the U. S. A. is so dependent on him, let's have a little regard for the correct thing.

DR. W. E. CROCKETT.

Boston.

"Bar Sinister"

As the World Wags:

One of your esteemed contemporaries recently labelled an editorial article "The Bar Sinister." Then it started off by amending the name to Bend Sinister and condemned the use of the other word. This condemnation merged gently into one on family pride and the cultivation of family trees. I am surprised that it did not refer here to the Patriots' Heads on the spikes of Temple Bar. Then we had its definition of what it calls the "Bar Sinister." "It is the bar over which bad liquor is served . . . which is doing its level worst to make the movement in behalf of national prohibition a promptly successful one."

The correct phrase is "Baston," or "Baton, Sinistre," neither French "Barre" nor English "Ben," a part, not the whole.

It needs no trained barkeeper to tell a writer that some of the most intemperate prohibitionists are the most ardent cultivators of family trees.

The final paragraph might have been altered; it implies that the good liquor does good, and at the same time betrays the fact that the prohibitionists seek "prompt" action before our returning boys in service have a chance to make their wishes known. They will have to live under the prohibition, not we, the stay-at-homes.

The "Bar Sinister" is a bad adaptation of "Barre Sinistre"; bad because the word "bar" had already been used in English heraldry with a different meaning. "Bend Sinister" is the proper translation; neither expression implies bastardy. There are a good many coats claimed by families of French descent which carry the "Barre," as a punning or "canting" allusion to the occurrence of that syllable in their own name or that of their homestead.

(I think the Boston police department decorated the force with Bends Sinisters on their badges. Was there a Boss Barry, or was it a compliment to Ethel Barrymore? It is as little obnoxious as that.)

The occasional use of a modified form of the Barre, as a difference for bastardy, was confined to the Bendlet, a narrow variety about one-third the normal width; and more frequently to the Baton (Baston), the same small variety shortened or "couped" at both ends so that it did not touch the sides of the coat of arms. It "oppresses" the paternal coat, and debars its unmodified use. It also points to the "feme" side of the coat and makes her responsible for the trouble. Hagar did it; but Hagar and Ishmael alike had recognized social positions in those days.

If your esteemd contemporaries would call it the Baston Sinister they would find it a better catchword and true, which is of some importance. The same might be said of other intemperate, generalized statements. Z. Y. X.

Boston.

SHOW SHIPYARD IN MUSICAL ACT

July 23 1918

Mastersingers, at Keith's, Give Novel Feature

The Mastersingers, Boston's own singing organization, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

The Mastersingers have shelved their tank town act and the present setting "At Fore River," is both timely and picturesque. Garbed in the habiliments of shipyard workmen the picture is further convincing by the massive bows of projecting ships in various stages of advancement in pleasing perspective.

The organization sang pieces by Verdi, Ball, Dvorak, Bohannon, Van de Water, Penn and Taylor. The soloists were Arthur F. Colo, A. Cameron Steele and Harold S. Tripp. The program was nicely varied. There were songs appealing to all tastes. The soloists were enthusiastically applauded, and Mr. A. Cameron Steele again gave pleasure with his deep tones. The ensembles were given with remarkable complacency, with tonal ease and delicacy of nuance. The outstanding feature of the performance was the lucidity with which the text was conveyed; every syllable was understandable. The engagement is for two weeks.

Other acts on the bill were: Walter Brower, returning with the same monologue of previous engagements; George N. Brown and company, in a pedestrian exhibition; Ned Norworth and company, in eccentric comedy; Jonia and her Hawaiians, dancers and musicians; Adrian and his colleagues, in songs and buffoonery; Quinn and Caverly, in a submarine act; Brizzell and Parker, in an act of dancing and chatter that was a near approach to elegance in its spirit and light touch; Catherine Powell, in a dancing act, and the official war pictures.

Aug 24 1918

This man whom about midnight, when others take their rest, thou seest come out of his study meagre-looking, with eyes trilling, flegmatike, squalide, and spauling, doest thou thinke that plodding on his books he doth seek how he shall become an honester man; or more wise, or more content?

Mr. Johnson at Clamport

As the World Wags:

I was talking with Captain Nickerson the other day in his store about the war. He said he knew there would be dreadful deeds this year. "Did you notice last winter," he said, "that one of them bright stars in Orion had dropped out. And there was a scarlet star that blazed and blazed and then disappeared. I tell yer, it's all in the last chapter of Revelation." The captain at times reminds me of Captain Cuttle's friend Bunsby in the vagueness of his pretentious wisdom. If he had said "Revelation," or named any chapter except the last one, I might have heeded him. "Yes," he added, "and there's a great calamity coming; for last night I dreamed I was in a room full of cats." He stopped to sell some factory cheese at 40 cents a pound to a wealthy cottager. July 24 1918

Has a bright star dropped out of Orion? I saw nothing in the Herald and Journal about it. I must talk with my friend, Prof. Pickering, when I return. I do not believe that the stars were set in the sky merely to ornament it or to excite mortal curiosity. A Pyrrhonist has said that astrology can become a practical science, if the astrologer thereby earns his daily bread. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." I take this literally, and do not accept the explanation of a commentator who says that the river Kishon was swollen by a heavy rain, but the light of stars emboldened the fugitives to ford the stream, with ruinous results, on account of the swift current. Sunbeams from cucumbers!

At the same time I am unwilling to write dogmatically about the stars, for I know little about astronomy or even astronomical terms. Then the printers might annoy me as they did Richard Proctor discussing spectroscopic analysis. He wrote of "Lines, bands and striae in the violet part of spectra." The words in type were: "Links, bonds and stripes for the violent kind of spectres."

Capt. Nickerson is excited over a new house built on the "Gold Coast," as a section of the Sanquisset bluff, the region of summer palaces, is now named. "Why, Mr. Thudicum was in here himself yesterday and he told me that he had put in seven bathrooms. What do you think of that? When his father first came here, 30 years ago, he was satisfied to wash in the bay. There wasn't any bathroom in his cottage or in any of the other cottages."

Seven bath rooms; one for each day in the week. When I was in college I used to wonder if I should ever be rich enough to have a case of seven razors, each one marked with a day of the week, and linen shirts with collars and cuffs attached. I once got up to six razors, but I am still wearing cuffs that have to be buttoned on to the shirt; that is when I wear any cuffs at all, which I am forced to do when I attend dinners of scientists. By the way, what has become of the "reversible cuffs?"

Thudicum is a decent sort of a fellow, not too pompous; I have seen him at Capt. Nickerson's store drinking ginger ale out of the bottle; but what old he want to blow about his bath tubs for, even if they are of porcelain, as he should? I know a house in Boston that contains a porcelain bath tub for a dog. I remember that when my niece Vashti asked Parkinson—his honest father was a dull country clergyman whose salary was partly paid in groceries and garden truck—how his new house on the North Shore was coming on, he answered in a fine burst of pride: "I've got 17 toilets."

I have been greatly interested in a bird's nest near my cottage (with one bathroom), watching the parents feed their young with crawling things. A bright-eyed but too questioning little son of a neighbor asked me if the young birds after they could fly returned to the nest? If grown birds slept in nests? If a parent bird could pick up and replace a young one that had fallen to the ground? I am ashamed to say I could not answer him, but I turned his attention with infinite tact to the dodo and the great auk, also to the singular habits of certain Australian and South American birds described by Mrs. Charles Dixon. As Lamb said, children are fine fellows in their way, but unwholesome companions for grown persons. This same boy, Augustus, has not held me in respect since I told him I had never eaten woodchuck, nor was he less contemptuous when I assured him that in summer I lived chiefly on war bread, vegetables, hake chowder, nuts, fruits, windmill water and tobacco.

Clamport. HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Preserved Amenities

As the World Wags:

In all the advice we are getting on food conservation has anyone said anything about preserving the amenities? I find they will not keep in a family jar!

The Germans are canning 'em.

Newton Centre. A. BEAL.

Leviathan at Play

The whale that attacked a fishing sloop near Seal Island had not been molested. No harpoon rankled in its side. As far as is known, the whale had no personal grievance against man, yet it made a deliberate charge on the vessel, circling about it as if to find a vulnerable spot, and then rushing with such force that the sloop began to leak. July 25 1918

It was said of old that no whaleman, however experienced, wished to encounter a sperm whale, much less pursue it. Naturalists declared it to be a terror to all sea creatures; so ferocious that it was continually thirsting for human blood. Cuvier himself bore testimony to the savage nature of this species. To what family of whales did the one near Seal Island belong? Was he known in other seas for his malignity, as were Tomor Tom, New Zealand Jack, Morquan of Japan, Don Miguel of Chili, Moby Dick, in the greatly adventurous days before petroleum.

That a whale could sink a ship has been doubted by many in spite of positive proof. Procopius spoke of the great sea monster that had destroyed vessels in the Propontis and was finally captured in the time that Procopius was prefect at Constantinople. (There is evidence that the sperm whale has visited the Mediterranean.) Marco Polo described the method of building ships in India, stoutly, to guard against striking on a rock or "receiving a stroke from a whale, a circumstance that not unfrequently occurs; for when sailing at night, the motion through the waves causes a white foam that attracts the notice of the hungry animal; in expectation of meeting with food, it rushes violently to the spot, strikes the ship, and often forces in some part of the bottom."

There are cases nearer home. The ship Essex, Capt. Pollard of Nantucket, was sunk by a whale in the Pacific ocean a hundred years ago. Owen Chace, first mate, wrote the story, and described the calculating fury, "the mysterious and mortal attack." The ship Union of Nantucket was lost off the Azores in a similar manner in 1807. Capt. D. Wolf of Dorchester, commanding a vessel for Krusenstern's discovery expedition, ran against a whale by accident, and the whale, setting up its back, raised the ship three feet out of the water. Not only has the sperm whale chased whalemen's boats back to their ships, it has pursued the ship itself. There is the story of the Pusil Hall, an English ship.

The attack off Seal Island was apparently unprovoked. Had the whale sworn revenge for some past injury? Are there cetacean vendettas? The elephant never forgets or forgives. It is more subtle in wreaking its hate than was the famed serpent of Eden. Its bulk does not forbid malicious cunning. Whalemen have paid testimony with their lives to the resourcefulness, shrewdness, demoniacal onslaughts of pursued whales. Was the charge off Seal Island, after all, only leviathan's playfulness, like the awkward gambol of a Newfoundland dog, or a colt's flourish of heels in the pasture?

July 26 1918

We are indebted to Mr. Marcellus Graves of South Yarmouth for the following verses:

IN THE MATTER OF HILDA

She's a "Second Advent" maiden
Who industriously delves
For meanings in the Prophets
Which they never guessed themselves;
She has such a pile of knowledge
That isn't any use.
(Her name is Hilda Hanson,
And I love her like the deuce.)

Daughter of simple sea-kings,
Upon the Eddas bred,
They would see what would surprise them
Could they see inside your head—
Below those rebel tresses
That the sea-wind loves to kiss,
(I'm crazy about you, Hilda,
Or I wouldn't be writing this.)

She's to be a missionary,
When she graduates next year,
And will teach the far-off heathen
Strange theology—oh, dear!
To preach the end of all things
She'd brave the Fiji's pot.
(If they felt they'd like to eat her,
Could one blame them such a lot?)

Concerning Purl

As the World Wags:

In your issue of July 12 you have a paragraph in regard to purl and dog's nose to which I must take exception.

You speak of Mr. Pepys drinking purl as if he drank it continually. He admits to drinking it only once, namely, on Feb. 19, 1660. It apparently had a good effect on him, as he spent the day, which was Sunday, in going to church and in edifying conversation. Wheatley says, in a note, that purl is made from hot beer, flavored with gin, sugar and ginger. This is apparently the source from which you derived your idea that purl and dog's nose are one and the same thing.

Mr. Dick Swiveller was also a lover of purl, and had it made after a receipt of his own. You recollect that Mr. Swiveller on being informed that the marchioness had never tasted beer, except just a sip, said that it could not be tasted by a sip, and, going out, returned with a jug of choice purl.

It would be interesting to trace the connection between music and drinking purl, for Mr. Swiveller played upon the flute as he drained the jug of purl to the dregs, and on the day after Mr. Pepys took his one drink, he records at the beginning of the day—"In the morning at my lute."

Dog's nose was a different kind of drink. In "Pickwick Papers" we are informed that the Committee of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association presented a report in which the composition of dog's nose was set forth as follows: "H. Walker, tailor, wife and two children. When in better circumstances owns to having been in the constant habit of drinking ale and porter; says he is not certain whether he did not, twice a week, for 20 years, taste 'dog's nose,' which your Committee find upon inquiry, to be compounded of warm porter, moist sugar, gin and nutmeg (a groan, and 'so it is' from an elderly female.)" HENRY C. TUTTLE.

Boston.

We did not say whether Mr. Pepys drank purl once or many times; we simply described the purl that Mr. Pepys drank. Mr. Wheatley's edition of Pepys is the most complete, but as an annotator he is not infallible. Purl in the time of Pepys was ale or beer with an infusion of wormwood or some other bitter herb. See the Oxford Dictionary, also "Slang and Its Analogues" and other English slang dictionaries. These authorities describe the later purl—hot beer, gin, etc.—as the drink also called dog's nose. The quotations from various authors under the head "Purl" in these dictionaries show that the purl of the earlier years was not the purl of Dick Swiveller.—Ed.

Barrett, Pfaff and Clancy

As the World Wags:

"S. H.," who is evidently an old "typo," has recalled the ridiculous story that Lawrence Barrett's real name was Brannigan. The actor never denied his Celtic origin, and he left Boston during the civil war as an officer in the 28th regiment, which was made up almost entirely of men of Irish blood. Indeed, in this same regiment was Nicholas J. Barrett, who was killed in action. This young man was one of my intimate friends, and I wrote some verses in his memory which were published in the Boston Transcript. His father was born in Ireland. He had a shoemaker's shop in Bedford street. Lawrence Patrick Barrett, as he called himself during the war period, lived, while he was the leading man at the Boston Museum, with his mother on Shawmut avenue. She was always known as Mrs. Barrett. Further, the late Stuart Robson told me while the players' colony was still in existence in Cohasset, that out West he knew Lawrence Barrett's father as a journeyman tailor, and had often seen him at work in a window in Detroit, I think. He said that this humble artisan was never known by any other name than Barrett. The afterward co-star with Edwin Booth married a Miss Mayer, the daughter of Mrs. Mayer, who kept the once well known confectionery opposite the Boston Museum, and she was of German and Irish extraction. Many players, to be sure, had stage names which were not their real ones, including among others, Barney Williams, W. J. Florence, and Harry Meredith's real name was Bill, not a good one before the footlights for serious business, but well known along the shore of our own state. Barrett was a good head-liner and Lawrence did not have to assume it as a virtue that did not belong to him. It was his birthright. Besides, other histrions had borne it—"Gentleman" George Barrett and the actress that the late Henry Austin Clapp called the blazing Mrs. Barrett, for instance.

There may have been a Pfaff's on Nassau street in New York, as "S. H." says, but it could not have been the one immortalized by the Bohemians of 60 years ago or thereabouts. That one was on the dark side of Broadway, going up town, near Bleecker street. I do not believe it was one of the haunts of Charles G. Halpine. He was not known as "Private Miles O'Reilly" until after he had joined the Union army in 1862. He was an ardent politician of the better kind, while the bohemians were principally interested in literature and art and looking at life from an unconventional standpoint.

Frothingham Clancy seems to be a kind of Milesian will o' the wisp. He was evidently no relation to John Clancy, with whom Halpine was associated on the New York Leader before he became the owner of the Citizen.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

A Roman Camouflage

As the World Wags:

"The German offensive was held up for several days because the German meteorological experts had advised the high army command that the bad weather prevailing would soon end and conditions would be much more favorable for the attack."

When the Roman Augurs inspected a chicken's guts before a campaign, was it camouflage for a "cat-gut" hygroscope behind the scenes? A. B. C.

Boston.

July 27 1918

In his account of the celebrated peripatetic, John Stewart, commonly called "Walking Stewart," De Quincey said that Stewart's books contain "some very wise, practical suggestions, particularly as to the mode of warfare adapted to the British nation." Is there any set of these books in Boston? If we are not mistaken, the Boston Public Library has a copy of one of them. What was the mode of warfare recommended by the peripatetic?

Gissing and the War

As the World Wags:

To the various foretellings of the world war, add that of Mr. George Robert Gissing, the British novelist, some time deceased. On page 420 of his story "The Whirlpool," published in 1897, one of the characters speaks as follows:

"'It's a long time since the Napoleonic wars. Since then Europe has seen only sputterings of temper. Mankind won't stand it much longer, this encroachment of the humane spirit.'"

The speaker has been reading Kipling with admiration, and passes to the theme of England (page 421).

"'We begin to feel our position. We can't make money quite so easily as we used to; scoundrels in Germany and elsewhere have dared to learn the trick of commerce. We feel sore, and it's a great relief to have our advantages pointed out to us. By God! we are the British Empire, and we'll just show 'em what that means!'"

Do you dare print these extracts? I should be sorry to see "The Whirlpool" banished from such shelves as now possess it, for I have not read in some time a novel containing more life, vision, or good writing to the page. A long search for the book in the state of Maine finally revealed a copy in the public library of Gardiner, a city not unknown for its patronage of letters.

Brunswick, Me. ROBERT MORSE.

Why should not the Boston Herald and Journal dare print the extracts from "The Whirlpool"? Why should the novel be banished from any shelf, although it is inferior in certain respects to Gissing's "Grub Street" and "In the Year of Jubilee"? The passages quoted by Mr. Morse demand the context for full explanation. Harvey Rolfe, reading "Barrack-Room Ballads," hears in them the voice of reaction, "millions of men, natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilization." Rolfe points to the spread of athletics. "We must look to our physique, and make ourselves ready. Those Lancashire operatives, laming and killing each other at football, turning a game into a battle. For the milder of us there's golf—an epidemic. Women turn to cricket—tennis is too soft—and tomorrow they'll be bicycling by the thousand—they must breed a stouter race. We may reasonably hope, old men, to see our boys blown into small bits by the explosive that hasn't got its name yet." Gissing, unfortunate, embittered, poverty-stricken and sick, in a still later book stormed against even the thought of conscription if England were to be invaded. Yet we believe that if he were living today, he would be doing his bit in whatever way were possible, and for an ideal, not for imperialistic gain.—Ed.

Wheat and Rye

As the World Wags:

Tennyson sings of the dusky loaf that smells of home, but this does not check the desire of most of us for the hot white-flour raised biscuit of not long ago. It may have been indigestible, but it was seductive and palatable in a way that no other bread afforded. I could tolerate brown bread with baked beans, but I liked always the flaky roll spread

with golden butter that went well with my morning coffee. Still, this is not the only period that has seen a scarcity of genuine wheat bread, for I find in Edward Everett Hale's "Memoirs of a Hundred Years" the following proof of this assrtion:

"When I was at college, the Josiah Quincy of that generation, the man who was born just before the revolutionary Josiah Quincy died, told me something about the cereal food of Massachusetts in his boyhood. I knew perfectly well that his family was in as comfortable circumstances as any family in New England. He said that until his manhood white bread, the bread made from wheat flour, was, so to speak, a luxury on his mother's table. I remember he said it was served as nice cake might be served in the average New England family of the time when we were speaking. His mother would have her loaf of white bread in the house, but it would be used not as the substantial bread of the family, but as a sort of extra luxury at the table. The family food was 'rye 'n injun,' as we Yankees say, by which we mean the bread that is sold at restaurants as Boston brown bread."

This reminds me that one morning I asked a New York visitor at my house how she liked the New England Sunday breakfast. "Well," she replied with feminine frankness, "I can put up with the beans, but the bread reminds me of warm sawdust." I inquired tauntingly, if she had ever partaken of wood reduced to powder, and she retaliated, "What's that to you, Mr. Gradgrind?"

Well, I am glad that the boys over there are getting the wheat even if my little bit is a little bitter. I can fight on a cigarette, and so help to whip the Hun to a finish. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

Thermometrical Slaves

July 28 — 1918

How many men are slaves to the thermometer! While some are content with merely looking at it from hour to hour that it may confirm their suspicions, others note its variations at a fixed morning hour, at noon and about sunset in a journal. They pride themselves upon the record for years, hoping, perhaps, that in time to come and in a period of torrid heat or arctic cold they may be quoted in the newspapers as the "oldest inhabitant" with his recollections and statistics. They could not tell, if questioned, whether any instruments preceded Fahrenheit's; who Fahrenheit was; when he invented the thermometer; whether he was conspicuous for any other achievement. They could not name the inventor of the centigrade thermometer. Having heard, perhaps, of Reaumur's, they do not know that this ingenious Frenchman investigated the strength of cordage; the coloring matter of turquoise gems; the manufacture of iron, steel and porcelain, artificial incubation, and the imitating of the ancient purple dye; the habits of insects and the reproduction of lobster's claws—truly a versatile man.

The unfortunate consultors of the thermometer also pride themselves on the fact that it is hotter or colder on their veranda than elsewhere in the town. They dispute with rival amateurs. They contradict the reports of the weather bureau or sneer at them. They wait impatiently for the morning newspaper to find how the mercury stood at Seattle, New Orleans, Kansas City, Eastport, Williston—but are disconcerted if young hopeful asks them where Williston is. Hearing that one Gabriel Piignot of Dijon wrote a book about the most severe winters in Europe, they do not rest content until they have obtained a copy—which is not easy, for the book was published long ago in a limited edition—and they blame the amiable antiquarian for not having written a companion volume on hot summers.

Happy the man that recks not of thermometer, barometer, bolometer. In summer he expects hot weather; in winter he is not disappointed if there is frost on the window pane. He accepts the seasons, snow, thunder and lightning, line storms and quails, all normalities and perturbations of nature. He does not wish to heat or chill his blood by thermometrical comparisons with a neighbor. What to him is the difference of a degree? Nor does he care how the mercury stood on a corresponding day of 1917. He finds other subjects for conversation—the war, crops, discovered stars, a new book that is not a war-book, the whereabouts of Mr. William J. Bryan.

MITZI BACK AT THE TREMONT THEATRE

Large House Enjoys Resumption of Run of "Head Over Heels"

Henry W. Savage's second edition of the musical play, "Head Over Heels," with Mitzi, was presented last night at the Tremont Theatre to a packed house, in spite of the hot weather, and again made a big hit.

Mitzi proved that she had not lost any of her popularity with Boston theatregoers. Since the play was last here there have been a few changes in the musical numbers.

Mitzi was ably assisted by Robert Emmett Keane, who in the drill number with the chorus received several encores. Charles Judels was well adapted to the part of Signor Bambinetti.

The chief parts were filled as follows:

Miss Muriel Sterling.....Dorothy Mackaye
Office Boy.....Lambert Terry
Mr. Robert Lawson.....Boyd Marshall
Mr. Edward Sterling.....Irving Beebe
Mr. T. Anthony Squibbs..Robert Emmett Keane
Mitzi Bambinetti.....Mitzi
Signor Bambinetti.....Charles Judels
Miss Edith Penfield.....Grace Daniels
Mrs. Sarah Montague.....Gertrude Dallas
Baron Everard Cesare D'Oultremont.....
William Sully
Jarvis—of the Ritz.....Frank Farrington
Molly—Wardrobe Mistress.....Carrie McManus

July 28 1918

Mr. J. E. Spingarn's little volume, "Creative Criticism: Essays on the Unity of Genius and Taste," has been extravagantly praised by some, and violently condemned by others. This would lead one to infer that the book has substantial worth. The longest essay is the one entitled, "Dramatic Criticism and the Theatre."

It may be said at the beginning that Mr. Spingarn is not favorably impressed by the dramatic criticism of the recent years. Considering the "period of theatricalism rampant," he says that the French have been the masters of this form of criticism; that their footsteps have been followed since the middle of the 19th century by the critics of the world. "Critics like Mr. A. B. Walkley and Mr. William Archer, not to mention their noisy but negligible echoes in our own country, have little enough to add to what Frenchmen had already said before them on the subject. The extremist in this movement, and, indeed, in some senses a pioneer, is Francisque Sarcey, and no one has gone further in the direction of making drama and theatre mutually interchangeable terms than he. Doubtless it was of him and his kind that Flaubert was thinking when he wrote to George Sand over 40 years ago: 'One of the most comical things of our time is this newfangled theatrical mystery (l'arcane theatral). They tell us that the art of the theatre is beyond the limits of human intelligence, and that it is a mystery reserved for men who write like cab drivers. It is the school of demoralization.'" It should be noted that Flaubert was bitter in regard to the theatre. As a dramatist he had failed dismally.

Later in his essay Mr. Spingarn accuses Mr. Walkley of not having "mastered the elements of aesthetic logic." He then takes another shot at "Oncle" Sarcey. "As for Francisque Sarcey, who is responsible for so much of his cheap materialism of contemporary dramatic criticism, he seems to me as shallow a dogmatist as ever wrote criticisms of plays for the press; and decent invective can hardly go farther than that." Mr. Arthur Symons does not escape Mr. Spingarn's hammer. Mr. Laurence Binyon's sentence: "If poets mean to serve the stage their dramas must be dramatic," is characterized as "a minute masterpiece of confused aesthetic thinking."

Poor "Oncle" Sarcey! I remember a student in Paris, in the eighties, how hundreds looked forward to his dramatic feuilletons in the Temps. These feuilletons confirmed the opinions of the great middle class of Parisian theatregoers. Did not Henry James once liken Sarcey to a shopkeeper who did up his packages neatly and hand over the desired articles properly wrapped and securely tied? Sarcey's constant cry was that this play was not of the theatre; that one was; and he had much to say about the "scene a faire." Coarseness and lubricity on the stage did not disconcert him. Wild freedom in farcical treatment of sexual relations made him shake with laughter—"pouffer" was his favorite verb. On the other hand, he had the traditional and demanded respect for the classics. He could not endure the unconventional, the strange, the foreign. He was unwilling to acknowledge the worth or the influence of Ibsen's innovations. The purely poetic and imaginative mystified him. Yet he loved the theatre in his way; he lived for it and in it. Parisian journalists might parody his articles, poke fun at him, ridicule his opinions and his French; his hold on his readers was secure. Unfortunately for his abiding fame he committed the indiscretion of reprinting his feuilletons in book form.

What was Mr. Spingarn's purpose in writing his essay? He begins by describing at length a room filled with theatrical bric-a-brac, prompt-books, play bills, masks, reproductions of great theatres; a room called a dramatic museum in one of the largest American universities; a room containing a collection to which actors, managers, antiquarians and millionaires have added. He objects to this museum on account of its pretentious purpose. "It is called a 'dramatic' (not merely a theatrical) museum, and those responsible for its existence have brought together their interesting collection because they believe that these theatrical antiquities are an essential instrument of dramatic criticism. They believe that dramatic literature cannot be intelligently studied without an understanding of all that has gone on in the playhouses of the world from the very beginnings of the drama. The shape of the stage, the scenery, the audience and its characteristics, the lighting of the house, and many other things must be considered and understood and appreciated." This thesis of the museum directors is now popular: "actors, playwrights and dramatic critics alike agree with them." Mr. Spingarn then asks what authority has this theory, that the chiticism of dramatic literature must rest on a knowledge of the conditions of the theatre; he asks whether this authority is weighty and convincing.

He does not concern himself with the effect of acting on a dramatic work. There are statements that it is unnecessary to contest. "The idea in which for the moment we have a special interest is that the theatre and the drama are not two distinct things, but only one; that the actor and the theatre do not merely externalize the drama, or interpret it, or heighten its effect, but that they are the drama; that the drama, in a word, is not so much a creative art born in the brain of the playwright as an historic product shaped by theatres and actors, and therefore not to be understood or studied without reference to them.

And Mr. Spingarn goes back to Aristotle with his statement that the purely theatrical side of a drama has an emotional attraction of its own, "but of all the parts it is the least artistic and connected least with the art of poetry." "For the power of tragedy, we may be sure, is felt even apart from representation and actors." To the end of the 18th century Aristotle's position was almost universally accepted. An Italian, Lodovico Castelvetro, in 1570, challenged the theory that a good drama is as forcible in the closet as on the stage. "It simply is not true, what Aristotle says, that the value of a play can be discovered by reading in the same way as by theatrical representation, for the reason that a few highly gifted and imaginative men might be able to judge a play in this way, whereas everyone, the gifted and the ignorant alike, can follow and appreciate a play when it is acted." Nor is the pleasure derived from reading the same as from seeing the performance on the stage. "The fact that the drama is intended for the stage, that it is to be acted, must form the basis of every true theory of tragedy or comedy." Castelvetro's dramatic system was based on this idea: 'the theatre is a public place, in which a play is presented before a motley crowd—la moltitudine rozza—upon a circumscribed platform or stage, within a limited space of time."

Diderot's idea is that the essential part of a play is created by the actor, not the dramatist. "Gestures, inarticulate cries, facial expressions, movements of the body, a few monosyllables which escape from the lips at intervals are what really move us in the theatre; and to such an extent is this true, that all that really belongs to the poet is the scenario, while words, even ideas and scenes, might be left to the actor to omit, add to, or alter." Moreover, the presence of a large number of people in a theatre has its own special effect. The effect is heightened for each spectator because there are many to see and hear. This presence also influences actor and playwright, who work differently than "if they were preparing a solitary entertainment."

Lessing said practically that a great play cannot be acted at all. "A masterpiece is rarely as well represented as it is written; mediocrity always fares better with the actors." To which Mr. Spingarn answers: "There never was a thing written, lyric, ballad, epic, drama, or what not, that was not strengthened in the impression it makes, by having a noble voice or an exquisite art express it for us. Of course, the trained actor gives a new fire and flavor to the drama; of course, attendance at a theatre adds pleasures to those derived merely by reading a play in solitude; of course, when we have recourse to sound and sight, to music and architecture and painting in the theatre, we are adding complicated sensations to those that properly spring from the nature of the drama itself."

Having discussed theories of Schlegel and Grillparzer, Mr. Spingarn comes to Sarcey, whose fundamental condition laid down in 1876 "is still fundamental with most of the dramatic critics of today." Sarcey's hypotheses are these:

1—The sole purpose of a play is to please a definite body of men and women assembled in a theatre.

2—In order to do this the playwright is limited, or aided, by certain tricks and conventions of the theatre.

3—Some of these conventions change from age to age or from country to country, while others are inevitable and eternal.

He then frames this definition "Dramatic art is the ensemble of conventions, universal or local, eternal or temporary, by the aid of which the playwright, representing human life in a theatre, gives to the audience an illusion of truth." The idea of an audience must come first.

Mr. Spingarn asks what is meant by this idea. "Obviously not merely that men are more impressionable in crowds than when alone, and that the dramatist has an advantage over most other writers in that he may make his appeal to men when they are most impressionable." The fact is, says Mr. Spingarn, that most men and women (whether in a crowd or by themselves) are without the faculty of intellectual concentration. "Great art ignores this and other like frailties of men, in the theatre and out of it; while mediocre art focusses its attention on them in the novel, in song, ballad, lyric, essay, no less than in drama. . . . Even histrionic art, not to mention dramatic art, speaks with the same voice in solitude as in crowds; and all the more then will the drama itself, 'even apart from representation and actors,' as old Aristotle puts it, speak with its highest power to the imagination fitted to understand and receive it."

It is true that the dramatic critic must "sit tight" against the prejudices of the crowd; "which is only another way of saying that the critic must be an artist like the dramatist he is criticising; and this in turn is another way of saying that a play must be judged by its effect on an individual temperament, and not by 'the peculiar psychology of the crowd.'" But Mr. Spingarn insists that the criticism of the drama has been overwhelmed by "the pedantry of 'dramatic technique,' of 'dramaturgic skill,' of scenes a faire, of the conditions of the theatre, the influence of the audience, and the conformation of the stage."

"Regarding the theatre, therefore, not as a place of amusement (although in that, too, it has, of course, its justification as much as golf or tennis), not as a business undertaking (in which case we should have to consider the box office receipts as the text of the play's excellence), not as an instrument of public morality (since our concern here is not with ethics or sociology), but regarding it solely as the home or the cradle of a great art, what do we find its relations to dramatic criticism? Merely this, that for aesthetic criticism the theatre simply does not exist. For criticism, a theatre means only the appearance at any one time or in any one country, as Croce puts it, of a 'series of artistic souls.' When these artistic souls appear theatres will spring up like mushrooms to house them, and the humblest garret will serve as an eyrie for their art. But all these external conditions are merely dead material which has no aesthetic significance outside of the poet's soul; and only in the poet's art should we seek to find them."

There should be no confusion between inner impulse and outer influence. A walk or a cigarette does not produce poetry; it is "a stimulus to the personality that creates the poetry." This or that one cannot write without the stimulus of possible reward: "Money, the plaudits of the crowd, the resplendent beauty of theatrical performances; but men with the same ambitions write different poems or plays, and in this difference lies the real secret of art. . . . To say, therefore, that playwrights write for the stage, that poets write for money, that painters paint to be 'hung,' is to confuse mere stimulus with creative impulse."

The conclusion is that if we wish to understand dramatic literature, we must seek understanding in the great plays, not in the dead material out of which plays are made. Mr. Spingarn illustrates this proposition with a show of irony. "If we examine the life of any dramatist from Aeschylus to Andreyer, or any play from 'Sakuntala' to the 'Playboy of the Western World,' we shall find a thousand influences affecting in some measure the artist and his work. 'Hamlet,' for instance, is the work of a man whose father (let us say) was a butcher and whose mother a gentlewoman; obviously, to understand a man of this sort, we should study the effect of his early visits to the butcher's shop on his later work, the influence of gentle birth on character, and the general problem of heredity. Our dramatic museum will be incomplete unless it contains books covering all these topics. The play is written by an Englishman, and who can tell what influence this fact may have had on the nature of the play? Surely the museum should provide us with histories of England, Warwickshire, Stratford, London, and with every conceivable book on the life and habits of the English people. Hamlet is the son of a king, and we should, of course, understand the ideals of royalty and of government in general in order to appreciate the ideas influencing Shakespeare in writing the play; we need a whole library of political science. Moral ideas are discussed throughout the play; where did they come from? The museum should furnish us with a library on the history of ethics. Hamlet is rather coarse in his language to Ophelia, and in numerous other ways reflects the Renaissance conception of woman and the position of women; so we realize

that our museum would be incomplete without a whole library on women, on social usages and customs, on dress, and heaven only knows what else."

The dramatic critic worthy the name will not ponder "the laws of the theatre" or the "conditions of the theatre." He will concentrate his interest on the play itself.

It is a pity that Mr. Spingarn did not himself indulge in constructive criticism and define the duties and excellencies of his ideal dramatic critic. It is true that it is not necessary to quote Aristotle, Diderot, Lessing or Mr. Spingarn's Italian friend, in discussing a modern war play or a musical comedy; nor is it necessary in writing about a performance of "Hamlet" to include a long digression on Elizabethan stage equipment and management. After all, what better or fairer criticism of a vapid, noisy, frivolous comedy with music is there than the consideration of the audience's attitude towards it? If the spectators approve, who is Mr. Boanerges that he should fume or rage against them and the piece? The poorer the play, the more readable and amusing the review of it should be. It has been asked whether in the treatment of serious drama and brilliant comedy the greater attention should be paid to the piece itself or to the performance. This depends in large measure on the age of the piece, whether it is familiar or new. Too often the criticism of comedians is chiefly made up of formulas applied successively and without discrimination. There is little analysis; quiet but effective bits of detail are overlooked; too much space is given to the "star." Mr. Spingarn is contemptuous in his view of American dramatic critics as feeble echoes of two English voices. William Winter, "Nym Crinkle," B. E. Woolf, W. A. Apthorp and H. A. Clapp did not sit humbly at the feet of Messrs. Walkley and Archer. These Americans write no more; but Mr. J. R. Towse of the New York Evening Post is fortunately still living.

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

The portrait of Adelaide Phillipps, from the sheet music of her songs, that was reproduced in the recent article in the Sunday Herald, is perhaps the best likeness of her that exists. I chose this portrait from my collection for my illustrated lecture on the Boston Museum, and have never regretted it. The first time it was shown a man came up after the "talk" and said that he liked all that had been said about Miss Phillipps and that his family had known her. At the repetition of the lecture another auditor made a similar remark. So when I gave the talk before a club of young girls and was introduced as a man who would tell them about a playhouse and players of which they knew little, I was much surprised to have a young woman say that she was especially interested in the picture of Adelaide Phillipps. It seems that her mother was one of Miss Phillipps's most intimate friends and the girl as a very young child was taken to the singer's funeral at King's Chapel. My description of this funeral was worked up from accounts in the papers of the day, and it is a tribute to the accuracy of the daily press to mention that an old gentleman who was present at the funeral insisted that I must have been there also, as I recalled so correctly all the details of the event.

On another occasion a gentleman said that the picture and account of the singer was the best part of the lecture to him, because his wife had sung Miss Phillipps's favorite aria at the funeral. Once I lectured before the Roxbury Historical Society, and mentioned that I always showed the picture of the singer first, because it interested people more than any other that was thrown on the screen. An elderly woman present said that more than 40 years ago one of the members of the Phillipps family had left a bird cage with her, that it was still in her attic, and she wished that she could find some member of the family who would take it away. And that night on the car was a man and his wife who had heard the talk and spoke of the picture of the great singer. "When I was a girl," said the wife, "we lived next door to the family, and I knew her well." On one occasion an aged gentleman was interested because he and Adelaide had been schoolmates. When the picture has been shown there has always been at least one person in the audience who had known or who could give information about the famous singer.

Boston. J. B. CLAPP.

When Mr. H. B. Irving, the actor, was last in Boston he wished first of all to see, not Bunker Hill monument, not the Boston Public Library, not the Museum of Fine Arts, but the church associated with Piper, the murderer. Mr. Irving told us even then that he was at work on a book about distinguished criminals. This volume has been published. We quote the review of it published in the Daily Telegraph of London:

"Lord Tennyson told Sir Henry Irving that he and Jowett once sat well into the small hours of the morning discussing—murders! So strong is the fascination of crime, for, indeed, as Mr. H. B. Irving says in his 'Book of Remarkable Criminals' (Cassell) if we were to rob history and fiction of criminal acts we should leave a very tame and colorless residue. But here it is necessary to discriminate. It is not the murderous act which is interesting—that is vulgar and commonplace enough—but the psychology of the murderer. How the man came to devise his deed, what were the motives which impelled him; what sort of life he had led up to the committal of the fatal act; how he behaved afterwards; what were his relations, ordinary or extraordinary, to those around him—these are the points which interest Mr. Irving, as they must needs interest all students of human pathology. And as our author has much discriminative insight, a graceful style, and knows how to weave an exciting narrative, the book is not gruesome or morbid, but constitutes an analytic study of various shades of depravity and eccentricity which has value and importance. What a bizarre panorama of perverted tastes, exceptional gifts, homicidal impulses, commonplace cupidities, reckless passions and much methodical madness the history of these murderers presents! Here is Charlie Peace, with his cunning and his bravado, and his 'eminently respectable life in Peckham' as a background to his vivid personality; the amazing subterfuges and calculations of Holmes, the American murderer, who, having disposed of the head of a family in order to defraud an insurance company, was calmly proceeding with his plans to get rid of the wife and several children; the frantic endeavors of Webster, the Harvard professor of chemistry, to conceal the evidences of his murder of Dr. Parkman—to these and others, to say nothing of the cold-blooded intrigues of a French 'crime passionel,' Mr. Irving applies his keen analytical judgment so as to lay bare the secrets and reveal the inner history of criminal and crime. The book is one which all readers will find curiously attractive, and many will discover to be positively fascinating, because it is written by a thinker and an artist."

Henry Danges, Baritone, and His Theatre at the Front

Many of us remember pleasantly M. Henry Danges, baritone of the Boston Opera company, who made his first appearance in this city as the monk in "Thais." He has been in active service at the front since the breaking out of the war, while Mme. Danges has served as head nurse at the Military Hospital of Lyons. From a letter dated June 14 one learns that M. Danges was recently transferred from the artillery to the theatres at the front, where he serves as director. One of his programs was enclosed. It is attractively printed with a colored front page showing helmeted soldiers standing before the footlights in the open, and also on duty in the trenches. The ornamentation consists of traditional theatrical masks, musical instruments and decorations for bravery. The curtain rose at 8 o'clock. The program included recitations by music hall artists and others, a violin solo, "Meditation" from "Thais," and these vocal pieces: Henry Danges, "Adieux a la foret" from "L'Attaque du Moulin," and Mozart's "Berceuse"; M. Danges and M. Foissy, tenor of Rouen's Theatre des Arts, duet from "Les Pecheurs de Perles"; M. Donval, tenor of the Opera Comique, Codini's "Je serai la" and Poncin's "Le Chemineux"; M. Foissy, air from "Carmen," "La Reve" from "Manon," and the "Lamento" from "Tosca." Among the recitations were "Le Reve du Poilu," "Verdun! on ne passe pas!" The program ended with a one-act piece, "A la Chambree," played by M. Combes of the Folies Bergere and M. Donval.

Notes About the Drama, Music and Musicians

"Cupid in a Caravan," a new farce by Ernest Goodwin, was produced at the Kingsway Theatre, London, on June 24. The Times said of it:

"Caravanity—the romance of the nomadic life, far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife, with all the cobwebs blown away by 'the wind on the heath, brother'—has given us some delightful fiction since the great days of Lavengro and Belle Berners. Their caravan, however, as the wild tribe of Borrovians will be sure to remind us, was not a caravan, but a cart. On the stage caravanity has more difficulty in being delightful, because, notoriously, 'atmosphere'—wherein this particular genre chiefly consists—is not readily presentable there. Mr. Ernest Goodwin has had a shot at it, and does, if only for a moment, hit the 'atmospheric' effect. This is when Mr. Bromley Challenor (an artist caravanning in the guise of a humble photographer) invites Miss Marjorie Bellairs (an ingenuous maiden in evening dress) to an al fresco supper of chops and claret. But this is, necessarily, a mere episode in a story—and the story, unfortunately, drops you abruptly from the idyllic into the farcical. You have a comic kleptomaniac grandmother, a comic Jew and, of course, a comic policeman. There is even a comic stage-rustic 'with song.' But it seems that to the general playgoer (a very different person from the general reader) farce never comes amiss, and last night 'Cupid in a Caravan' was heartily applauded."

"Very Good Eddie" had only a short run at the Palace, London.

"Soldier Boy," produced at the Apollo, London, by Mr. de Courville June 26, was said to be worth half a dozen of the revues with which one has been accustomed to couple his name. "For here is a musical play which has the merit of a good dramatic theme, though at times one feels that the war makes a strange background to some of the lighter incidents of the entertainment." The large and gorgeously attired "beauty chorus" for once took a back place and did not intrude too much upon the scene." The voice of Fred Duprez was found to bear an extraordinary resemblance to that of Frank Tinney.

"Tommy by the Way," by the late Capt. Oliphant Down, was produced at a matinee organized by the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, at the Alhambra, London, June 24. "It deals with a 'fed-up Tommy' on a sunken road 'somewhere in France,' distraught by the overpowering effects of shell fire and about to seek relief in a self-inflicted 'blighty.' From this coward's act he is saved by the 'Spirit of the Women of England,' who appears to remind him of the glorious deeds performed by him and his comrades in the past. The curtain falls as the soldier, roused once more to a sense of duty, marches off to play his part in the 'great push' which is about to begin. Powerfully played by Mr. George Tully and Miss Lilian Braithwaite, the play lays strong hold of the imagination and gives a poignant insight into the minor tragedies of war."

If, as Sir Henry Newbolt predicts, certain Shakespearean plays have to remain unproduced through the absence from the stage of children attending continuation school, then the wheel will indeed have come full circle. For Shakespeare and his contemporaries were threatened with ruin by the competition of a plague of child actors. The town ran mad after them, and left the senior buskers to starve or go into the provinces. "Hamlet" was produced when the contest was at its height, and contains references to the youthful players. It carried the day for the seniors.—London Daily Chronicle.

Doris Kean, in the fall, after she has appeared in "Nobody's Widow," will play Shakespeare's Juliet with her husband, Basil Gill, as Romeo.

That admirable actress, Miss Mary Shaw, has been engaged for an all-star cast of J. Hartley Manner's "Out There."

Kitty McLaughlin, a composer of songs, now supporting Caruso in his first film play, has completed a grand opera, entitled "Marsellaise."

There is talk of a production of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," with Lionel Barrymore in it, after he has toured in "The Copperhead."

Blanche Bates is now seen in a film play, "The Border Legion," an adaptation of Zane Grey's novel similarly named.

The Rabbis' Sons Theatrical Benevolent Association has been organized in New York for aiding the Red Cross, the Young Men's Hebrew Association and kindred war societies. Twenty or more at the first meeting contributed each one week's salary. A performance will be given by no other artists than rabbis' sons. The officers are Harry Houdini, president; Al Jolson, vice-president; Irving Berlin, secretary; Bert Cooper, financial secretary. Mr. Houdini says: "It is surprising how many sons of Jewish clergymen are on the stage."

The Herald recently stated that Robert Downing, tragedian, and for 10 years giving his time to evangelistic work with the Y. M. C. A., will return to the stage. He will first play in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" with an "absolutely modern staging." It is to be hoped that the stilted dialogue will not be changed.

"Mr. Downing abandoned the theatre to promote temperance, and after his stage experience and 10 years as an evangelist, preaching in churches of all denominations, he is convinced that the church and theatre can work together and become a powerful organization for the betterment of men and women, claiming that his stage experience helps him in illustrating the force of the argument and, by portraying the characters of whom he is talking, makes an impression much stronger than mere sermonizing."

"Oh! I say," a farce in three acts, adapted by Sydney Blow and Douglas Hoare from "Une Nuit de Noces," by Keroul and Baue, was produced at the Criterion, London, in 1913. It has been turned into a musical comedy, music by Philip Braham and will be produced at the Ambassadors' Theatre next September.

Byron's "Manfred" was announced for performance at Drury Lane, July 21, 22. Courtenay Thorpe was to take the part of Manfred, and Sir Thomas Beecham was to conduct Schumann's music. There was a revival of this tradegy, not intended by Byron for the stage, at Drury Lane in 1863, under Phelps.

Before Congress goes much further in its proposed tax bill theatrical managers of this country will do well to organize solidly and appoint persuasive representatives to appear before the proper committee in Washington and acquaint it with the danger of overtaxing amusements. Heaven and the war department know that no class of citizens have shown greater practical patriotism than theatrical folk, but it will accomplish little to tax them out of business. A tax of 20 per cent. on all tickets and a tax of 10 per cent. of the gross receipts is proposed. It is absolutely impossible for theatrical productions to endure under such a burden.

There is a reason to believe that the government regards the theatrical business with favor and as an important adjunct to the campaign for keeping the people in good spirits during the strain of wartime. Also the government must be appreciative of the approximately $4,000,000 monthly brought into the treasury by the present 10 per cent. tax on tickets. Yet the hardships now proposed will close most of the theatres and thus cause a loss of that big item. Many of the men laboring on the tax bill are not familiar with theatrical conditions. The cold facts should be laid before them. Enlightening them is the course to pursue. It is up to the managers.—Morning Telegraph.

An Irish correspondent is putting in a claim to Harry Lauder as a compatriot. The county of Roscommon has several families of Lauders in it, he writes. In the 17th and 18th centuries they spelt their name "Lawder," but now it is "Lauder," like the renowned Harry. The Lauders were the great family in Kilmore county, Roscommon, at the close of the 18th century, and the church and graveyard are full of memorials to the family.—London Daily Chronicle.

July 30 1918

Was a traveling showman ever called a Pharaoh in this country? Why is he so called in England?

Why was a strong beer or ale called Pharaoh? The term is an old one, going back to the last decades of the 17th century.

"Lac'd coffee, twist, old Pharaoh and old Hoc,
Juniper, brandy and wine de Languodock."

There are allusions to "three threads and old Pharaoh" in the novel "Jack Sheppard." "Three threads" meant a third each of ale, beer and two-penny. The drawer was thus obliged to go to three casks. A brewer named Harwood about 1720 made a liquor which partook of the united flavors of the three; he called it "entire," or "entire butt," thus signifying that it was drawn entirely from one cask. "As it was a very hearty and nourishing liquor, and supposed to be very suitable for porters and other working people, it obtained the name of porter."

But why "Pharaoh"? A Belgian beer is called "faro" and it is poor stuff. Experto Crede, a contributor to Notes and Queries (Eng.), speaks of a Hertfordshire token of 1670 issued by "Old Pharaoh of Barley, who was probably an innkeeper." The contributor wonders whether there was any connection between the issuer of the token and the beer. As Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell: "Sir, you may wonder."

"Box-Car" and "Hot-Box"

As the World Wags:

Who was "Box-Car" Riley? Hasn't "S. H." got him mixed up with "Hot-Box" Riley? It was "Tom" Riley (Thomas Riley, Esq.) who thus became known to fame. He was a well known young Irish lawyer back in the seventies and eighties; and a lively city politician here in Boston. It was dear old Fred Guernsey who conferred the title. It was no small honor to get a nickname from Guernsey; politicians at the State House and City Hall coveted the distinction, but when the well known lobbyist "Tin-Kitchen" Monroe, got himself called "the Hon. T. K. Monroe," his relatives stepped in and begged Guernsey to let him off. Riley gained his title in this way: The train to Worcester carrying "all the boys" to the Democratic convention was badly delayed by a hot box. Guernsey declared it was Riley's proverbial fervor of speech that caused the mishap; his ardent language marked the convention proceedings that day; Guernsey related the incident of the train in his report for the Herald and dubbed Riley with the name that stuck to him ever after—at least until he had abandoned politics and retired from his law practice with a handsome competence and a house on Beacon street, where he enjoyed no little social distinction as a lover of Shakespeare and a prominent member of the Playgoers' League or something of that sort. His wealth of curly Irish hair, black in his "Hot-Box" days, and later a beautiful gray, made him in his way as handsome as Julius Eichberg was. One day I was at lunch with a friend linguistically accomplished. Seeing Riley sitting near by, I remarked to my friend in Spanish, "Caja caliente."

"Hot box!" cried my companion, by no means in a whisper, and Riley started at hearing such familiarity from a stranger.

As to Frothingham Clancy, I think Riley must have known him; quite likely he was Riley's guest at one of his Shakespeare evenings. I believe I can throw some clear light on Clancy's family. I forget whether it was Prof. Arlo Bates or Dr. Barrett Wendell who told me about it. Both of them had been attracted to Clancy by something distinctive in his free verse; in their classes they were wont to comment upon his style. Whichever of the two it was that I had it from, had had it from Col. Higginson, who was well up in Boston family history. It seems that Clancy

belonged to one of the old Presbyterian families that founded the Federal Street Church, in its early days known as "the Irish Church." These Clancys were from the north of Ireland (not the mythical "Scotch-Irish"). My friend Channing Maguire confirmed it when I asked him about it. The Maguires came over about the same time as the Clancys, back in the seventeen hundred and thirties. The third generation worshipping at the Federal Street grew socially acceptable (Arthur Train and "Tom Kelley" to the contrary notwithstanding), and some of the Maguires became the New England Wyers of today—MacWyer the traditional phase. The Federal Street Church, now the Arlington Street, took on the Congregational form and changed to Unitarianism; many of the old Boston families resident on Fort Hill and roundabout had found it the most convenient place of worship. Hence the frequent intermarriages between the Irish and old Puritan stock, with resultant names of the Frothingham Clancy sort. My own Irish ancestors, the O'Levers, now, as a rule, the Olivers, were also of the Federal Street congregation. My grandfather, Waring O'Lever, preferred the good, old form of the name. BAXFORD O'LEVER.

Cohasset.

No, Mr. O'Lever, "Box-Car" Riley was an adventurer of the road, a man that, like Ulysses, had seen many cities and many men. He is not to be confounded with Thomas Riley of the Boston bar. We regret to say that we are compelled to doubt Mr. O'Lever's statements about the late Frothingham Clancy, the bard of South Boston. There may have been Clancys in the north of Ireland, but THE Clancys—and Frothingham was of them—came from Galway. Furthermore THE Clancys were of the old religious faith! Ed.

July 3

at Keith's

The Mastersingers at Fore River began the second week of their engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday. Last evening there was a fair-sized audience that was deeply interested. The organization again gave pleasure in song and the soloists were warmly applauded. At the conclusion of their act the audience joined in singing "We're Building a Bridge to Berlin."

Jazzland Follies is an act performed at this theatre for the first time. The act is feeble in comparison to other acts of this kind seen at this theatre this season. Whether as musicians, singers or dancers, the whole performance was characterized by laborious endeavor; the act was too obviously artificial. Added to this there was unnecessary padding and the act was for this reason too long.

One of the chief delights of this week's bill is the "Niftynonsense" of James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan. The principals are first of all secure in their particular style of work, and there is the air of spontaneity, of buoyancy all over the act. Mr. Diamond affects a style unmistakably his own, there is a steady flow of agreeable comedy; nor is he less interesting in his unique style of dance. Miss Brennan, charming of curves and manner, has a pleasing voice, and she "feeds" her colleague to make every point tell. Besides this the comedienne dresses her act becomingly and in a manner to enhance her physical charm.

Other acts were Jean Duval and company, in artistic posings, L. Wolfe Gilbert and Anatole Friedland, singing their own compositions; Ed Morton, in a group of comedy songs that were a decided feature of the bill; Harry Holman and company in a farce; Vivian Hoit and Lillian Rosedale, in song, and the Three Leonis, in an acrobatic and limoze act.

COPLEY REVIVES AN OLD FAVORITE

July 31

"Brewster's Millions" Gains

There is an exhilaration about the play "Brewster's Millions" that does not stale with the years or the length of its run, and when it is presented by a stock company, each member of which seems to fit into the character given him as though it was written for him, the play seems like a new production, with a hearty laugh in almost every line.

This is particularly the case with the production of the play by the Jewett Players at Copley Theatre for the first time last evening. It is many a year since a Boston audience has seen this play, and it seems to have grown more amusing with time—or perhaps it is because it was so well played last night. Whatever the reason it sent the big audience home laughing and happy.

Scenically the production surpassed anything done here since the original offering of the piece, despite the fact that Mr. Jewett dispensed with the not-always-effective "rocker" for the steamship scene. That the illusion was produced without it by the clever work of the players themselves was most creditable.

The role of Monte Brewster was assumed by E. E. Clive with exceptional ability. He avoided the opportunities to overdraw the character and made the most of those that allowed differentiation, the result being a convincing and wholly satisfying performance. Betty Barnicoat as Barbara Drew and Miss Cooper as Peggy, with Miss Roach as the Janice Armstrong, were the outstanding characters, charmingly gowned and delightful in their realism. Even the bit of Mr. Wingfield as the butler, with his "beg pardon, sir," was filled with unction.

The five chums of Monte, played by Messrs. Glenister, Lewin, Craske, Jackson and Joy, added much to the comedy because they each remained in character at all times. William C. Mason portrayed the typical stage Frenchman with a Paris, Ky., accent.

A Note on Voices

An advertiser recently desired "a gentlewoman with a pleasant telephone voice." "Gentlewoman" takes one back to the good old days when peculiarly English terms were common on Boston's street signs, as "licensed victualler," "baiting," and other terms that now excite the curosity of the younger. "Gentlewoman" means a woman of good birth or breeding. In this country we can easily pass the matter of birth, for according to Thomas Jefferson and his friends, the French philosophers, all men, and presumably all women, are born free and equal. Surely there is no better opportunity for showing good breeding than when the telephone is taken in hand.

Pleasant telephone voices are by no means rare in Boston. There are business offices whose telephone girls cheer by their voices even when they cannot give desired information. Their voices imply anxiety to be of service; they express tonally the regret at not being able to answer satisfactorily. They are calm, subdued, one might say leisurely, voices. They suggest neatness, something light and fluffy in dress. These voices surely are not associated with chewing gum and "gent'man friends"; voices that are low and distinct even in giving numbers.

The wonder is that women not connected professionally with the telephone do not consciously or unconsciously learn from these gentlewomen. Was it Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that the Bostonian's voice was the product of the east wind and codfish? It is not a matter of enunciation, pronunciation, accent. Southern women, Virginians especially, may say "poach" for "porch," but their voices are as Cordelia's. Some New England women when they speak at the telephone or in the parlor bring to mind the sound made by a barkeeper cracking ice. Others are not so brittle, so staccato, in speech; they are raucous or shrill; voices of the nervous, high-strung, domineering.

Poets and novelists endow their women with beautiful voices. Thomas Hardy's Eustacia reminded one of the viola when she spoke. One cannot imagine Sophia Western, Beatrix, Amelia (Fielding's or Thackeray's), Bathsheba, or porr Tess stabbing the ear. Disagreeable voices even come out of studios in spite of singing teachers and masters in elocution; for agreeable singers and declaimers have sometimes a raw, coarse organ in conversation. There is a lack of home training, and too often children follow the example of the parents, although the latter may be happily mated, even agreeing in vocal discordance.

Aug 2 1918

Unappreciated

A firm in London, believing that a certain novelist is not so widely known and fully appreciated as he should be, conceived the idea of publishing a complete edition of his works with a preface written by a distinguished literary man for each volume. Sir J. M. Barrie leads the way, and the other prefaces will be by Sir William Robertson Nicoll, Sir Arthur Pinero, Messrs. Wells, Locke, Howells, Hewlett, Chesterton and others. They all are to pay tribute to their unappreciated brother's ideals and technical ability. Sir James Barrie, for instance, declaring him to be "the novelists' novelist," gives the reading world again "the chance to share him with us." This phrase, "the novelists' novelist," was applied in past years to George Meredith and George Gissing, who were slow in making their way with the general public. In like manner Browning has been called "the poets' poet"; Johannes Brahms, "the musicians' musician." Whether the four were comforted by the phrase is unknown. Definite and widespread success, perhaps they thought, would have been more to the purpose than this vague eulogy.

The name of the novelist now so heavily indorsed is not known to many Americans. Some years ago Mr. William Dean Howells discovered him and sounded his praise, but Mr. Howells, generous by nature, was in the habit of discovering authors whom he thought neglected and obscure, and it is doubtful if Mr. Howells's article drew inquirers to the book shops. Various reasons have been given for the neglect. One writer has said that the lack of the novelist's popularity is due to "parsimony of color and sentiment," to the author's "steadfast refusal to satisfy cheap conventions." Another thinks that "the emotional quality is limited by an ironical standpoint." This is to be said, however: that the readers of these novels are stanch in their admiration and pay the greatest of compliments—they read the novels over and over again.

It will be interesting to note the effect of these preface-writers on the general public. Of course they will not read the preface unless they happen to purchase the novel. Perhaps the cumulative force of the several tributes will indirectly have its weight. It will finally be noised abroad that these novels should be read by anyone that wishes to be thought reasonably and seasonably intelligent.

Even if there is no great increase in sales, the novelist should be consoled by the thought that so many more of his stories are in print. Remy de Gourmont, arguing that in reality there is no such thing as literary glory, said at the same time that the only dead volume is the one that is lost; all the others live; the older they are, the more intense is their vitality. "A book is not dead that exists as a volume in a library." Has a book that exists only on a publisher's shelf true life? One hopes that the kindly spirit shown by members of this novelist's calling will quicken the curiosity of the crowds. Literary generosity at least should be widely appreciated.

The Hostess: Dogs are so good. This one is worth more—

Jacques: Than father, mother, brothers, sisters, children, valets, wives—

The Hostess: Yes, you needn't laugh; this one is innocent, faithful, never harms you, while others—

Jacques: Hurrah for the dogs! There's nothing more perfect under the sun.

The Hostess: If there is anything more perfect it is not man.

The Bench-Legged Fyce

As the World Wags:

Apropos of articles in the Boston Herald and Journal for and against dogs, it is a joy to recall the following lines of my childhood, when a headless dog, tailless dog, or any thing that was plain dog was dear to my heart. The verses were written by Eugene Field. I must admit that I did not know then, and do not know now, the meaning of "fyce," but it has something to do with a dog, and that fact alone sufficeth yours truly, JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston.

Speakin' of dorgs, my bench-legged fyce
Ified most o' the virtues, an' nary a vice.
Some folks called him Sooner, a name that arose
From his predisposition to chronic repose;
But, rouse his ambition, he couldn't be beat—
Yer bet yer he got that on all his four feet!

Mos' dorgs hez some forte—like huntin' an' such,
But the sports o' the field didn't bother him much;
Wuz just a plain dorg, an' contented to be
On peaceable terms with the neighbors an' me;
Used to fiddle an' squirm, and grunt "Oh, how nice!"
When I tickled the back of that bench-legged fyce!

He wuz long in the bar'l, like a fyce oughter be;
His color wuz yaller as ever you see;
His tail, curlin' upward, wuz long, loose, an' slim—
When he didn't wag it, why, the tail it wagged him!
His legs wuz so crooked, my bench-legged pup
Wuz as tall settin' down as he wuz staudin' up!

He'd lie by tho stove of a night an' regret
The various vittles an' things he had et;
When a stranger, most likely a tramp, come along,
He'd lift up his voice in significant soug—
You wondered, by gum! how there ever wuz space
In that bosom o' his'n to hold so much bass!
Of daytimes he'd sneak to the road an' lie down,
An' tackle the country dorgs comin' to town;
By common consent he wuz boss in St. Joe,
For what he took hold of he never let go!
An' a dude that come courtin' our girl left a slice
Of his white flannel suit with our bench-legged fyce!

He wuz good to us kids—when we pulled at his fur
Or twisted his tail he would never demur;
He seemed to enjoy all our play an' our chaff,
For his tongue 'u'd hang out an' he'd laff an' he'd laff;
An' once, when the Hobart boy fell through the ice,
He wuz drug clean ashore by that bench-legged fyce!

We all hev our choice, an' you, like the rest,
Allow that the dorg which you've got is the best;
I wouldn't give much for the boy 'at grows up
With no friendship subsistin' 'tween him an' a pup!
When a fellow gits old—I tell you it's nice
To think of his youth and his bench-legged fyce!

Loose and Tight Verse

As the World Wags:

I don't think that "F. S. S." and others have put their fingers on the real weak points of vers libre.

Almost the greatest charm of poetry is suggestion. Now, when you write, humanly speaking, exactly what you mean—as you can with vers libre—you get prose. It may have admirable thought, but it lacks suggestion.

In the effort to get rhyme, "the rack of finest wits," and in the struggle, writhing and agony of trying to get the wrong words to say the right thing, one sometimes achieves the impossible, or, rather, from the flame of frantic friction (of "Rhyming Dictionary" leaves) rises, phoenix-like, another idea, somewhat like the first, its illegitimate child, so to say, and thus more beautiful.

With vers libre one experiences the mortification one sometimes feels in having roared out one's agony in perfectly fit terms. With rhymed poetry one feels the satisfaction of a wit who gives the nuance of his meaning by the raise of an eyebrow, the turn of a word.

Vers libre is the bludgeon-blow; rhymed poetry the oblique thrust.

Dedham. P. M. DRYASDUST.

He Has Rabbit-Cats

As the World Wags:

From my long and intimate acquaintance with cats, I could write a book recounting many acts of extraordinary intelligence on their part. I have no intention of doing so, however, as I should thereby lay myself open to the charge of being a nature-faker, and this by individuals who do not have the intelligence of some of my cats.

Prof. Wilder states that rabbit-cats are improbable and their existence should not be credited. I am willing to concede this, but nevertheless I have two rabbit-cats. C.

Newton Centre.

Aug 4 1918

A Note on Stops

Have you considered how authors vary in their punctuation?

With some the dash is wholly out of favor; yet suppose that "Tristram Shandy" were printed in new editions without the dash; what would become of Sterne's humor, graceless irresponsibility, sneaking innuendo? Grant that an author's punctuation may be mannered, arbitrary; it is peculiar to him and gives his style a certain individuality. William E. Henley, for example, used the colon in a singular way, in a way not approved by pedagogues. Witness his essay on Fielding. He put colons where others would insert dashes or enclose the clause in parentheses. To some, Henley's punctuation is an affectation; others enjoy his opinions and his English the more. This is true:—if a writer should quote from the essay just named, not one compositor in a hundred would follow literally the original.

pointers and only commas and periods. They regard a comma before every "and" superfluous, although the absence of the mark may wholly twist the writer's meaning. Others tolerate the semi-colon if it is sparingly employed, but do not know the existence of the colon. There is an irritating indifference about the precise position of an interrogation point when it should follow, not precede, quotation marks. There are others that believe in as little punctuation as possible.

Hyphen or no hyphen, commas or semi-colons, the wonder is that articles written hastily, from necessity, and set up with equally necessary haste, appear in the morning newspapers as coherent as they do. Nor should it be forgotten that compositors and proofreaders, while they may not be punctilious in following a writer's punctuation, often save him from committing a foolish blunder in loose construction or in statement of fact.

Mr. J. H. Barnes, the well-graced, experienced actor, "Handsome Jack" Barnes, as he was familiarly known when he supported famous actresses—among them Mme. Ristori, Mme. Modjeska, Adelaide Neilson—was last seen here as a member of a company headed by Blanche Bates in a melancholy revival of "East Lynne." In this old play he took the small part of a fine old crusted English gentleman and acted so that the character had weight and authority. He took the part seriously and was thus in strong contrast with Mr. Wilton Lackaye, whose object apparently was to turn the seducer into a cheap jester and the emotional but hopelessly old-fashioned drama into a burlesque.

Mr. Barnes some years ago published a volume of his reminiscences, an unusually interesting book by reason of his frank expression of opinions and shrewd comments on associates in the art to which he has devoted his life and intelligence. From time to time he has contributed to English periodicals, theatrical papers and grave reviews. His article on "London Theatres in Wartime, a Dramatic Stocktaking," published in The Stage (London), is noteworthy for several reasons; nor is it possible to set aside some of his pungent remarks by simply calling Mr. Barnes a reactionary.

Reviewing the season of 1917-18 and those seasons preceding it since Germany declared war and, outraging Belgium, outraged the civilized world, Mr. Barnes begins by denying statements that had been made concerning the effect of the war on the business of theatres in London. "The last three years," he writes, "have been, on the whole, the best times, theatrically, I have ever noted in London."

As a matter of fact, war times have, invariably, been good for theatres. It is perfectly true that for a month or two at the outbreak of a war a panic sets in which temporarily paralyzes the business of amusements, but when that panic is over and, as a result, all private expensive entertainments and functions are stopped, the theatre looms up the best and least expensive relaxation of the people, and, provided the managers are able to gauge and put before the public the fare they relish, good business invariably results. That is the record of the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny and the Boer war, and the present awful conflict has been no exception to the rule. Moreover, I recently read a well-authenticated statement that at the period of the Napoleonic wars the Paris theatres enjoyed a time of unprecedented popularity and success."

That some of the best theatres in London were not so successful as could be wished shows that the managers were not fortunate in the selection or production of plays. "This difficulty of judgment occurs in normal as well as in war times. Taste and liberality have been as much in evidence as ever, but now as ever, 'the play's the thing.'"

"Apparently the taste of the public has run pretty solidly in the direction of the lighter and more frivolous style of entertainment. In strenuous times, such as they are passing through (with the horrors of war brought before them at every turn), the public are less scrutinous and more eager for what is only relaxation. Assuredly they don't find amusement in war plays. They don't want sermons! They don't want clinical lectures! They don't want essays on hereditary disease! They don't want sordid or morbid problems or problems of the sexes. The successes in any of these fields are few and far between. As an instance of what they do want, I venture to refer to a play I was associated with for nearly two years, 'Peg o' My Heart.' On its production it was almost unanimously condemned by the press of London. No one could dream of claiming for it that it was a great play, but with the assistance of two charming and clever artists in the leading character, it was pronounced by all a delightful entertainment. The great public in thousands flocked to a bright, clean play, which lifted the clouds of anxiety temporarily from their harassed brains. They brought their young people, of all ages and both sexes, without fear of either being shocked or put to the blush, and it was a sheer delight to find one's self associated with anything so healthy and so pleasure-giving. Moreover, when business and circumstances permitted, the management invited numbers of wounded soldiers from the various hospitals, and it was a very great added gratification to assist in temporarily dispelling the cares of the brave men who had been broken in their country's wars and beguiling them of their sufferings, and I am bound to add that on such occasions the paying public was no whit behind the company in enjoying our heroes' enjoyment. No end of letters were received by the leading members of the company, from soldiers who had returned to the front, expressive of their appreciation of the performance. This is not an isolated case. There have been many plays of similar quality, and similarly successful."

But what would Mr. Barnes say to the long run of "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" and "Damaged Goods" in London and in the English provinces?

Without any reference to those plays, he admits that the "clever, advanced" play has its place, but he insists that the place is in "a special theatre, and, preferably, for the use of a repertory company, for the constantly demonstrated reasons that its admirers are most limited (six nights will exhaust them, as a rule), and that such plays mean speedy (if artistic) closure in any ordinary London theatre."

This was not true of the two plays just mentioned.

In spite of the profitable business, Mr. Barnes is not wholly cheerful over the present state of the London theatres. "Apart from the fact that the stage has become an almost impossible source of livelihood to a large number of artists, unless subsidized by a private income, some of the most cardinal requisites are absolutely dropping out of use. Technique is conspicuous by its absence. Ordinary speaking is so faulty in the primary matter of articulation alone, that the public are very often heard to complain that they cannot catch what is being said; while the speaking of poetic lines is nearly a dead art. A recent performance of one of the Standard English comedies presented an array of names, enough to 'make the mouth water,' and as a result one could have counted on the fingers of one hand the members of the cast who, in diction, carriage, manner or atmosphere, conveyed a notion of the period in which the play was laid. The play could have been well cast three times over in London 25 or 30 years ago! I wonder if anything approaching a competent performance of 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance, could be given in our metropolis today? I gravely doubt it! I was recently delighted to join in two so-called 'all-star' performances of Shakespearean plays for theatrical funds under royal patronage, when misreadings came as thick as 'blackberries in September,' from the rise of the curtain onward, and often from well graced, up-to-date favorites."

"Now, I have 'no axe to grind,' and am the most appreciative audience in the world, able to enjoy what is good wherever I meet it, but does any playgoer with a memory extending into the last generation (only the opinion of such would carry weight here) suggest that any latter-day performances are better than Phelps's Wolsey, Falstaff, Malvolio; Adelaide Neilson's Juliet, Julia; Chippendale's Sir Peter Teazle; Coghlan's Charles Surface; Dillon's Belphegor; Sam Emery's Pegotty; Lady Bancroft's Polly Eccles; Lydia Foote's Esther Eccles; Ben Webster's Triplet; David James's Perkyn Middlewick; Irving's Charles L. Mathias, and Louis XI; Kendal's Young Marlow; Sothern's David Garrick; Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault's performances; Mrs. Kendal's many parts; Tree's Svengali; Charles Mathews's inimitable light comedy, etc.

"With no little confidence I pause for a reply,' and I fancy if a number of such playgoers could be polled their reply would somewhat astound the preachers of improvement. Let us take the highest example for an argument. Shakespeare wrote his characters for ideal men and women. Whatever passion or impulse of nature he depicts, it is a perfect type of that passion or impulse, and the actor's best intellect should be bent to 'reaching out' and filling the habit created by the author, and not seeking to contract that habit to the limit of his own measurements, and, by this same rule, criticism should estimate the actor's efforts on this same basis. It is idle and silly to write of a 'natural' Romeo. There is no natural model in modern life or perception of a man who acts as Romeo does. Unless the actor can create a strong ideal atmosphere, he cannot play the part at all, and his success or failure should be judged from that standpoint."

Mr. Barnes finds this difference between the actors of the last generation and those of today: the former strove for the ideal. They missed it sometimes. "There were undoubtedly many bad actors among them, but they did not, 'as so many of our (modern) players do,' begin by dragging the ideal down to the level of their own personality, and searching for hidden meanings undreamt of by the author, to account for their frequent eccentricities." Mr. Barnes urges those who start out to study or produce Shakespeare to try and think ideally, as Joseph Chamberlain exhorted England when considering imperial matters "to try and think imperially." He wonders that, even in war time, there is not one manager that will risk modest productions of Shakespeare and the classic plays continuously in the West End. "In a population of 7,000,000—with an immense flux of transients on war business or war leave—assuredly they don't all want to be amused the same way every night. * * * The absence of authors' fees would help to pay for the necessary modest (but not necessarily ineffective) scenery and properties. The artists would enjoy and become deeply interested in the frequent changes which would keep their hearts in their work. If such a theatre were possible I would gladly devote what is left to me of a working life to its development, and I could name, in 24 hours, at least a hundred plays that would come as so many thunder-claps to modern audiences, and many of them run for months if needed." He refers to the excellent Shakesperian entertainment at the "Old Vic."

It is evident that Mr. Barnes does not stand in awe of the actor-manager. "The star system has also much to answer for. I suppose it is only natural that a man who becomes an actor-manager, either with his own capital or that of his friends, or the ever-lurking syndicate, should desire to do the best possible for himself, but it is a pity, and a huge mistake, if that desire should result in the production of only plays that keep the manager in the centre of the stage all the time, to the practical exclusion of all other individualities, who, if he only knew it, are invaluable in enhancing the rays of his own stellar attractiveness. Such cases are not infrequent, and they have only one end, sooner or later, viz., disaster to all concerned. As an instance of modern stage eccentricity I may, perhaps, mention an amusing experience I had a short time ago. I was playing in one of the great bard's masterpieces, and was quite astonished to hear the star actor-manager completely change some lines in one of the scenes. Filled with curiosity, I asked him why. He replied that 'he had quite satisfied himself that it was a misprint.' These lines have stood in every version of the play, from the quarto down, for 300 years, and their correctness, meaning and bearing would seem to be as plain as the proverbial pikestaff, and yet our star had discovered, after all this time, that they were wrong! In the words of a popular entertainer, who died a few years ago, 'Isn't it wonderful?'"

The elocution, tones and emphasis and readings of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson were the outcome of the school that Mr. Barnes extols. "That standard is all-sufficient for my argument. If matters continue in their present course, many of the masterpieces of English dramatic literature, including those of the greatest dramatic poet of every age and clime, bid fair to be improved off the stage completely.

"'O there be players that I have seen play and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having, etc., etc., etc.'

"And so I think it behooves all commentators to be very sure of their ground before they proclaim improvement which is no improvement at all, because it is possible thereby seriously to mislead the earnest and honest student and put him on a false track, and I would further advise the members of my own respected calling (managers and actors alike) to give the public's amusement, relaxation and, in short, entertainment, due consideration without being scared at the idea of being dubbed 'theatrical.'

"'The drama's laws the drama's patrons give
For they who live to please, must please to live.'"

Sullivan's song, 'The Lost Chord," is the basis of a five-reel motion picture. Hopp Hadley conceived the idea. Mr. Hadley explains his invention. "Symphony is a story in music. Cinema is a story in pictures. By telling the same story in both music and pictures you make use of two powerful mediums with which to play upon the emotions—music entering through the ear door and pictures through the eye door." In "The Lost Chord," the organist, we are informed, is the main character of the drama. "The climaxes of a beautiful love story are arranged so that they take place while he is at the organ. This gives excellent opportunities for the introduction of cinema-symphony in its highest form and yet so simply presented that a child can grasp the idea. For instance, while the action of the story is approaching a climax, additional scenes illustrating what the organist is playing are seen on the organ pipes. These pictures, the music of the orchestra which they illustrate, and the pictures presenting the action of the story, all reach a climax at the same time." A diagram of the chord would add greatly to the enjoyment of the spectator.

The Editor of the Boston Herald:

With reference to L. P. Barrett, the one-time leading actor of the Howard Athenaeum in its prime, of whom "Baize" wrote recently, I remember that he had a benefit while he was doing the leading roles when Ed L. Davenport was the manager and Joseph P. Price the stage manager. At that time it was my good fortune to be a chosen friend of Mrs. Price and was her companion for several years. I remember well the strangeness of seeing the bill boards all over the city announcing the benefit of Lawrence Patrick Barrett. I had never seen his name other than the way it always appeared on the play bills as L. P. Barrett, and inquired of Mr. Price if Patrick was really his name. Mr. Price assured me that it was, and by that means he would draw a big house. Otherwise, he preferred it as it always appeared on the bills. I remember perfectly well the success of the benefit, as the play of "Robert Emmet" not only gave Barrett a romantic part to play, in which he made a great success, but it drew a crowded gallery, and for that matter a big house. Also I remember on that occasion Josephine Orton was hissed by the gallery in the tavern scene; which also caused questioning on my part. I was told by Mr. Price that the gallery were not pleased with Miss Orton because her gesture after drinking—rubbing herself gastronomically in such evident enjoyment—was in their estimation "making fun of the Irish," and as such resented by them. The hissing had to be suppressed by the policeman who was always on duty. I forget his name, but know he apepared on the stage in the play of "Ixion, or the Gods on a Lark," and was hailed by two of the gods, who sang in bibulous tones "Beautiful Star," pointing and calling his starry badge "Star of the Evening."

ADELAIDE PERKINS.

Ostervlle.

New Plays by Sir James M. Barrie and Other Stage News

New plays by Barrie were produced at a performance at Wyndham's, London, in aid of Lady Lytton's hospital, June 28. The Times, quoting Whistler, said that art happened. "The very decorative, mundane chatty ladies who filled the house were momentarily hushed to silence by it. If they had begun by babbling it was only natural, for had they not seen their children down to the very babes in nightgowns, dancing and romping on the stage? This was in 'The Origin of Harlequin,' a ballet of juveniles, with the juveniles all daintily dressed up, and heartily enjoying the fun and still more delighted afterwards to come into the stalls in costume and be praised by their enraptured parents. Yet amid this innocent debauch of nursery games and the domestic affections art happened. It happened lightly, casually, in 'La Politesse,' wherein two escaped prisoners, arrant cockneys both, sought refuge with a young French couple and, after much confusion of tongues, discovered that their kind, embarrassed, frightened hosts had been married that very day. And the problem for our cockneys was how to retire gracefully, though hungry, and how to show real delicacy of feeling under a Whitechapel veneer. They solved the problem beautifully—that is to say, Barrieishly, and as the little piece will probably be seen again 'on the halls' or elsewhere, it should be recorded that 'they' the pioneers, were Mr. Gerald du Maurier and Mr. Will West, M. Jules Delacre and Miss Helen Morris. And then art happened in down right earnest, an art of exquisite delicacy and reticence, an art which might be called quintessence of Barrie. It is art that interprets 'the sense of tears in human things,' yet is never lachrymose, is, in fact, a resolute protest against tears, a quiet denial of the bitterness of death—art, in short, that, if the old Aristotelian theory were not now out of fashion, might rank as a real cathartic. The mother, and her friends, devotedly table rapping for communion with the spirit of the boy killed at the front, and, patiently going through the alphabet, spell out 'Love bade me welcome' as a message from the dead. But their 'results' are otherwise fragmentary, owing to the presence of an unbeliever, the boy's father. Then, when the father is left alone, the boy speaks. It is his father, not his mother, he must chat with—his mother seems to him to have been playing some incomprehensible game with a table—and he chats boyishly about his old every day things, his dog, his fishing tackle, his father's pipe, and so forth. But father is not to pull long faces (why, they have their fun out there in the dark—'We are most of us pretty young, you know' and he is to take to his old disused pipe once more, please, and boy will come again—when he can get the password. What was the pass word tonight? 'Love bade me welcome.' As you see, wonderfully simple; but wonderfully beautiful. Forbes-Roberston as the father and Faith Celli as sweetheart both perfectly caught the grave, tender note of the thing." This play is entitled "A Well Remembered Voice."

Guy Bates Post has been very successful at Melbourne in "The Masquerader" and "The Nigger."

"Five Nights," a play by Victoria Cross, was produced for the first time in London, at the Borough, Stratford, June 10. "The notoriety achieved by Victoria Cross's novel of passion, and the further advertisement secured by the banning of the film-version of the book will doubtless stimulate many persons

into going to see this play, but it may be said at once that they will be considerably disappointed, if we concede the central standpoint of a certain laxity in the moral calibre of the amorous artist. Criticism is something disaroused by the frank avowal in the progress that the piece is a series of episodes."

"The O'Dempsey," a comedy in three acts by William Boyle, was produced by Arthur Sinclair's Irish players at the Opera House, Cork, June 4. The play is a sequel to "The Eloquent Dempsey," which has been seen in Boston. O'Dempsey is now a farmer, whose troubles begin when he announces a sale of meadow land. O'Murphy and Goveran try to inveigle him into a private sale. Then they intimidate him through a mysterious organization, The Circle. O'Flanigan, the auctioneer, is also intimidated, so that a meeting to denounce Dempsey, instead of an auction, is held. Dempsey, however, gains power in The Circle, calls himself O'Dempsey, becomes the boss, acts as his own auctioneer and knocks down the land to O'Murphy and Goveran at a higher price than their original offer. At the end he announces that he will take out a license as an auctioneer. "The play is brimful of witty situations and droll sayings, but its greatest humor flows from the florid speeches of Dempsey and his gospel of self-propaganda. Mr. Sinclair, who 'created' the part of Dempsey, reveis in the reincarnation."

"Marmaduke," a comedy in three acts, by Ernest Denny, was produced at the Haymarket, June 19. The play is described as light, ingenious, with an excellent second act and a very poor third one. "It is a play upon the old, familiar plan of the 'double,' adroitly brought up to date by a connection with that common object of the picture paper, the lost-memory photograph. Marmaduke, a wastrel of good family, has disappeared. His apparent portrait is seen in a picture found as a lost-memory case in a London hospital. The lost-memory patient is found. He turns out to be not Marmaduke at all, but his 'double,' an agreeable young peer. The young peer naturally imagines himself Marmaduke, and 'accepts' with great satisfaction his double's mother, step-father and ladylove until the arrival of his former betrothed brings his memory back with a shock—not to say jar." Dennis Eadie played the dual role.

A new comedy by Arnold Bennett, "The Title," was announced for production at the Royalty, London, for July 2. C. Aubrey Smith and Eva Moore took the leading parts.

"Shanghai," adapted for the English stage by Lauri Wylie from the work of Carey Duncan and Isidora Whitmark, is announced for Drury Lane this month.

The Daily Telegraph said of Laurence Cowen's "The Hidden Hand" when it was brought to the Strand, London, July 4: "It requires a particularly clever man to blend melodrama and propaganda in such fashion as to produce a thoroughly good play. The two things are, in reality, antagonistic, for while the first demands rapid and continuous progress, the second is constantly calling a halt in order that arguments may be driven home and rhetoric afforded an opportunity to air its views. In 'The Hidden Hand' Mr. Cowen has endeavored to succeed in the dual role of preacher and of playwright, without, unfortunately, attaining success in either." The Times said: "If German plotters are really such simpletons as Mr. Cowen makes out it is the manifest duty of our government to offer them every facility. But Mr. Cowen should not let his ironic talent run away with him. He should not make an obviously robust young woman pray Heaven to grant her strength when she is only going to turn off the electric light. It is, if we are not mistaken, the same young person who feels a catastrophe to be impending and who asks the principal villain if she can do nothing to stir his better nature. There is a risk that this subtle burlesque of stage-English may be missed by the oriental playgoer."

Sir George Alexander left £90,627, a net personality of £60,058. The Stage says that Sir Alfred Butt wishes to find a suitable tenant for the St. James's Theatre.

"It is rather curious how managers seem to fight shy of this theatre, yet the late Sir George Alexander made a fortune there, as was proved by the publication of his very generous will last week. Even Sir George, however, had a hard struggle at the commencement of his management, for I remember the late Sir Henry Irving saying at the critical period: 'If the next play is not successful Alexander will cease to be a manager.' The 'next play' was Oscar Wilde's 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' an enormous success, which established Alexander at the St. James's. There is no doubt in my mind that this theatre wants a strong permanent personality at its head, and one man I can see in that position is Martin Harvey. He has a society following, and his ideas of production would exactly fit in with the traditions of the house. When he secures the plays that fit in with his ideas he will be in London without a doubt. I should like to see him make a start with the new Maeterlinck acquisition, which he is getting ready for the autumn and I hear he has another play nearly ready which should be welcome to London."

"The All Alone," a play in four acts, by Henry O'Hanlon, was produced at the Fitzwilliam Street Theatre, Dublin, June 17. Mr. O'Hanlon is the author of "Speculations," put on two years ago and described as a morgue-play. "The All Alone" is said to be derivative from Ibsen, or Hauptmann, or Masefield, or Synge, or Edward Martyn, but it reserves consideration for its intensity, and "its author certainly may claim to be proceeding deliberately and on promising lines as a dramatist to be reckoned with. The All Alone was a ship lost out the fleet of Everard's father, who lived in a castle on the Irish Atlantic coast, where his widow and son continued to live. Old Everard, "a shadowy Flying Dutchman type," had passed for a crazy idealist. In his will he ordered a certain percentage of his estate to be thrown into the sea. His widow had only pretended to carry out the directions. When her son is a man she divulges the secret. He believes that a destiny is to be fulfilled through him. "For a strange lady, whom later he recognizes to be the spirit of the carved figurehead on the vanished All Alone, has been blown ashore one night from a wreck near the castle. They have cared for her, and she has thriven, and bewitched the boy. So that, on this night, to the accompaniment of flares and wailing voices in the wind, the figurehead and Everard are seen floating out to the wild Atlantic, leaving Sheila Cleregy disappointed of her wedding with Evrard on the morrow, the partners and trustees of the Everard Company deprived of the financial backing that Sheila's marriage would bring the business, and old Mrs. Everard a sibyl at the table lamenting her own plight left thus 'all alone.'"

"Her Ladyship," a comedy in three acts by Charles McEvoy, was produced at the Abbey, Dublin, on June 24. Annie, the daughter of a lodge-keeper, marries the peer-owner, who dies quickly, leaving her with a son. She, unsophisticated, invites her relatives-in-law to visit her. She does not know how they hate her for having stepped between them and the reversion of the property. She falls in love with Tristram, a scapegrace, who, having stolen a motor car and being involved in bogus check transactions, is man enough not to respond. The family is wroth with him and nasty towards Annie, who goes back to the gate lodge to join her mother. While Annie is absent the baby has a fit and will die if no doctor comes. At the great house Tristram's father interferes with the telephone switch, so that they may plead ignorance and by letting the baby die come into the succession; but Tristram is back and finds a man at the door, the original owner of the car Tristram had stolen and sold. Tristram gets into the car, brings the doctor, thus saves the child, and proposes marriage to Annie. "It is a play of very bright dialogue and of skilfully constructed situations."

London theatre programs have been reduced by official orders. The program is now a four-page octavo, 8½ by 6½. Some official has suggested that the loss of advertising might be made up by charging extra for the programs. "The absurdity of this contention need not be argued." The sale of chocolate in theatres and music halls is prohibited and the revenue from "the bars" is steadily disappearing. Circulars are not sent out. "The upper circle was invariably the first part of a West End house to be 'sold out' in prosperous days. It now hangs fire, and its habitues have betaken themselves to the pit."

The anniversary of Sir Herbert Tree's death should not be passed over without adding to other tributes that of time. The fact is eloquent that a year has passed and no successor in the active and confessed leadership of the "profession" has arrived—no one who has fulfilled at once the practical and decorative functions of our acknowledged leading actor-manager. The late Sir George Alexander would, of course, have naturally succeeded, but death robbed us of him also. Sir Herbert Tree served the cause of dramatic art in more directions than the merely histrionic one. Besides being an inimitable character-actor, he was a great producer, a zealous organizer and a sympathetic patron of stage talent. Moreover, by his achievements as a publicist, he gave to the theatre a social dignity which without his engaging personality it might have lacked. Those of us who still do not despair of a National Theatre will miss the mind and presence of Sir Herbert Tree when the directing of its fortunes is a reality to be accomplished.—London Daily Chronicle, July 2.

I have read somewhere that J. L. Sacks, Ltd., promise that the production of Shanghai at Drury Lane will be the "most stupendous production ever seen in London." This seems to be going it in wartime. Anyone can spend money, but I can remember the time when the stage manager was told he could spend £500, but had to make it look like £5000, and there were clever men in those days who could do it. Managers nowadays outdo each other by the amount of capital under their control. I once congratulated a manager on the success of a production which was playing to capacity. "What's the good of playing to capacity if you have to pay it all out in expenses?" was his answer. I believe there is a limit to all things, and the time is not far distant when productions will be in the hands of practical men of experience as apart from commercial men, whose only claim to consideration seems to be their ability to form syndicates.—The Stage.

"Pillicoddy" in the Stage of June 27 considers the case of the London chorus girl. "Watching one of the big revues the other night, I was struck with the number of chorus girls engaged, and the really arduous work they were called upon to perform, and I wondered what is to happen to them when the craze for revue has passed and we get back to saner entertainment. In the old days of opera a girl had to undergo a very difficult training and be perfect in the choruses of all the operas before she was allowed to appear. This was skilled work, and was recognized as such by all the opera companies. The pay was not good, but there was always the chance of promotion for the cultured singer, which accounted for many staying on after middle age in the hope of getting the chance that never came. Now the chorus girl's work in revue is what I might term blind-alley employment, and very rarely leads to anything. It is very hard work, especially when twice daily, and, apart from a few simple movements at rehearsal, nothing of value is taught that might be carried away or stored up for future use. Contrast the work they do with that which is being done on the land by those patriotic, healthy, smiling girls who are doing so much good now the men are called away. They are learning something that will be of inestimable value to them in the future and fit them for their duties as the wives of England's soldier farmers, who are going to be such a power in the land when the war is over. I don't wish to lay down the law to any girl. Nor would I care to turn an earnest girl's thoughts from the stage where so many have made brilliant careers, but unless she has a special aptitude for the work and has received a good, sound musical and general education, and is prepared for hard work and all the knocks that may come her way, the land girl has her beaten from the start as regards general welfare in life."

Random Notes About Music and Musicians in England

A new mass in G by Sir George Henschel was performed at the Westbourne Church in Glasgow about the middle of June. "This mass is said to be a revision to the Palestina type; it is written for eight-part choir, unaccompanied and, says the Glasgow Herald, if it has naturally a greater definiteness than that of the old master, it has something of the old master's elevation, beauty and spirituality."

The entire repertory of a five weeks' opera season in Siena consisted of "La Traviata" and "La Boheme." It is hoped that for the next season the repertory will consist of "Rigoletto" and "Tosca."

How long is the absurd prevalent fashion of giving concerts and recitals in the late afternoon to continue? If there is anything to be said in favor of that recently adopted practice, we have yet to discover what it can be. Presumably, if there were a public yearning for entertainments at 5 or 5:30 in the afternoon, our theatre managers, who are not lacking in enterprise as a rule, would be only too willing to meet the want. Again, evening concerts, however long, are over at this time of the year before darkness descends, so that it cannot possibly be in order to comply with the wishes of people who like to get home in what remains of daylight that the extremely inconvenient hour referred to is selected by so many recital givers. With concerts at 3 and 3:30, at 5 and 5:30 (or six), and opera starting at seven—or sometimes earlier even—the lot of the London critic has indeed become a harassing one, the more so as evening concerts still begin, as a rule, about eight. But, quite apart from the professional concert-goer's convenience, we maintain that late afternoon recitals are a ridiculous innovation, for which it is difficult to discover any justification whatsoever.—London Daily Telegraph, July 6.

The Daily Telegraph of the same date praises highly a lecture by Comte Austin de Croze on "Chansons de Mer." "The examples were done in excellent fashion by Mme. Marchesi, Miss Desmond and Mr. Leopold Ashton; but the lecturer himself by the beauty of his diction, even when he was singing in what I may call a 'composer's voice,' was a sheer joy to listen to. He made his subject live, he gave it actuality, so that it was easy to picture to oneself what was in his French mind. How? Merely by clearness of diction, beautifully phrased sentences and a minimum of gesticulation with the hands—quite simple, you see, yet how rare!"

It appears that Miss Hilda Saxe, a pianist, who gave a recital in London, "has a detached style which gives the charm of a good story teller." The Times added that she can also maintain a chosen level of tone, and alter it only for a purpose, and this adds intelligibility and repose. These things combined provide the greater part of what most listeners demand. On the other hand, "the phrasing is haphazard; it has not been seriously thought out. The finger slips off the right note too often, especially in the left hand. The right hand is played too often before the left. The memory plays too many tricks; sometimes it is a wrong bar, sometimes a missing inner part." Yet the reviewer wrote: "In spite of these defects the playing is musical."

Here is the Times (June 28) in ecstatic mood: "One wishes one could hear rather often such singing as Miss Webb gave us on Wednesday at the Aeolian Hall. We all have a secret feeling that English is a beautiful language as any to sing in, and it is delightful when some one comes every now and then and proves we are right. The way Miss Webb did it was quite simple. She took us off to county Kildare and made us stand in a hayfield looking out through two gaunt stone gateposts at blue hills and listen to the soft tongues of two lovers in a lane. Then she spirited us away to Luynes, where the purest French is spoken, took us up the mysterious staircase to the old-world drawing room, where we heard refined people conversing about the small—that is the really important—things of life. And then she brought us home, to Warwickshire, shall we say? where an English voice was saying, quite quietly, 'in the middle a turtle dove. To show the wide world I die for love.' That was one thing, and the other was the pure clean tones—better than all the tremolos in the world—and plumb in the middle of the note."

"English ballads are being found in America, as evidenced by Mr. Cecil Sharp's folk-songs of the Applachians." Yes, and they were "discovered" before Mr. Sharp set foot on American soil.

Gounod, whose centenary is celebrated today, made a strange suggestion to a friend of mine, writes a correspondent.

He was staying with him on his last visit to England, and was discussing his oratorio "Mors et Vita." Said Gounod: "What we ought to have is a trap-door and a troop of angels—that would much improve it!" It was to a performance of "Mors et Vita," by the way, that Queen Victoria came to the Albert Hall one afternoon in 1886. Her Majesty congratulated personally Mme. Albani, Mme. Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. (now Sir) Charles Santley.—London Daily Chronicle, June 17.

"Six impressions fugitives" for violoncello and piano pleased in London. Unpretentious but distinctly attractive.

Sir Walter Parratt told at Oxford an interesting little story of Mr. Gladstone. He said he had been speaking to Mr. Gladstone of the great compasses quite unmusical people often possessed. "Yes, sir," replied Mr. Gladstone, "I used to like to hear my voice. It rang inside my head." Of course, Mr. Gladstone was very fond of singing, and as a young man sang Negro melodies with great gusto. His eldest son composed many hymn-tunes, and the present Viscount Gladstone sang in a choir for several years.—London Daily Chronicle.

A violin sonata by Ottorino Respighi, played in London on June 28, showed that "the composer is not of those moderns to whom elusiveness counts for more than ideas clearly expressed." It is said to be less attractive than his symphonic poem, "Fontane di Roma."

Three "Dramatic Songs," a new set by Joseph Holbrooke, were performed in London on June 29, by Vivian Stuart, who sang "with tremendous fervor," Mr. Kiddle, pianist, and the London string quartet. "It is good that this form is growing in popularity, for it is highly effective. Mr. Holbrooke makes it abundantly clear that his stage experience has stood him in good stead, for each one of his new songs might have come directly from an opera score; and, as in the case of so much from the same pen, there are moments here that are charming, others that are purely and aggressively ugly."

The Times said of Speaight's "Queen Mab" and "Puck," performed by the London string quartet June 15, that it was extremely neatly played. "But what does this kind of music matter? You can only say 'How amazing!' at the end of it, and you want to like music, not be amazed at it." Miss Fanny Davies played the piano. "It was interesting to hear 'La Cathedrale Engloutie' played on the assumption that it was music, and not the exploration of a blind alley."

In the writing of accompaniments, the crux comes with folk-song; for in "art-song" the tune and the harmony are one creative act. On its native heath the folk-song needs no accompaniment; the singer's quirks and lilts supply it. But that style cannot be reproduced without travesty, and so, when the tale is taken out of its dialect and retold in literary language, the grace of harmony must be substituted for the grace of melody. That cannot be done once for all, because the language of tones alters more rapidly than that of words. The tune itself is like a proverb, and lives from age to age, but its setting, or application, varies with the needs of the day. The first idea of folk-song accompaniment was to let the tune as far as possible alone. Then it seemed better to aim at an antique setting; the best of these seem to us now childlike and bland, the worst merely silly. A reaction came, and these old pithy, but untidy, tunes were hailed as opportunities for a neat work of art, a crisp little composition that distinguished the mood of each as far as was possible within the convention of the day. Now each and every convention is pressed into service

... from the ... , the drone, the old diapason, anything that will give the wild rose a picturesque background without exactly transplanting it into a garden. "Put in music, we know how fashions end." The tunes themselves outlive them all. The "Londonderry Air" holds the record at present.—London Times.

This is Kossova day, on which Serbians pray for the repose of their warriors who fell for "cross and freedom" in 1389. Our enemies talk today of a German peace. Kossovo brought a Turkish "peace" to the Balkans. It meant 400 years of slavery under Ottoman rule, for the flower of the Serbian nation fell that day, and ruin seemed complete. Yet the disaster kindled a fire of national ardor and aspiration which the Serbian poets kept alive with their songs. He was a wise man indeed who said that if he might make a nation's ballads he would not care who should make its laws. But it must be said that the Serbians' poets claimed liberal license in singing the song of Kossovo. "Amurath," chants one of them, "had so many men that a horseman could not ride from one wing of his army to the other in a fortnight; the plain of Kossovo was one mass of steel; horse stood against horse, man against man; the spears form a thick forest; the banners obscure the sun, there was no space for a drop of water to fall between them." Honor to Rumania; her sons died at Kossovo; honor to Montenegro, and to the men of Bosnia whose ancestors fought at "the field of blackbirds."—London Daily Chronicle June 28.

Why Dramatic Criticism Is Not Applicable to the Films

The illusions possible to the motion picture camera, the vital necessity of ceaseless physical action and the impossibility of conveying impressions in sound or color, have surely and inevitably created a wide and impassable barrier between the so-called silent drama and the sung or spoken drama of the theatre. To appraise the values of a filmed play by the same standards which apply to the drama is a mistake which is by way of injuring the best efforts of the motion picture producers without aiding them in any way to improve the artistic values of their comparatively new art. Thus it is annoying to find so many literary and dramatic experts "Godsaking" the films as to why they don't use the great novels, the great plays, the famous operas or even the epic poems as scenarios instead of the biff-bang melodramas and chain-lightning love stories which now crowd the screens.

If these esthetically hectic critics would pause to consider both the essence of drama and the physical essentials of filmed plays they would directly realize that, whereas the motion picture is compelled to depend wholly upon physical motion, action that cannot be restricted to probability, logical sequence or inevitable consequences, real drama ceases to be such when it depends upon exaggerated actions, accidental episodes, unusual catastrophes, illogical happenings and perpetual motion. Accidental physical occurrences, the very things without which the motion picture "dramatist" cannot exist, are shunned as legitimate material by the truly artistic dramatist of both the stage and the novel. There may indeed be but two literary fields in which the motion picture masterpiece and the literary and dramatic classics may come together; and these seem to be in the realm of sacredly miraculous Scriptures and in the aboundingly imaginative fairy tales of what we call juvenile literature. In the field of dramatic literature they do not and cannot meet, and the standards of excellence for the motion picture play should be defined and set apart from those of the prose and music drama.—The Morning Telegraph.

aug ... '18

Accounts of the Princess Patricia's matinee in London on June 28 show that it was a varied entertainment. Mme. Edvina went from Paris expressly to sing; there were dances and sketches; a Canadian cheese brought £29 and a dozen bottles of Canadian whiskey £21.

News from London

So the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has now, it appears, been offered to Mr. Henri Verbrugghen. * * * About a year or so before the war he organized and directed a Beethoven festival at Queen's Hall. He then gave one the impression of being a sound, rather than an inspired, conductor.—Daily Telegraph, June 29.

By What Name?

As the World Wags:

Foreign newspapers inform me that English men and women have suffered from "botalism," or "botulism," for I have seen the word spelled in both ways; that the disease is a raw pork disease, but also developed after one has eaten ham, sausages, tinned foods or cheese. How does it differ, then, from trichinosis, or whatever the name of the disease that comes from trichinae, introduced to eaters of imperfectly cooked pork? I understand that a significant symptom is paralysis of the upper eyelids; that the central nervous system at the base of the brain is attacked; that the symptoms might be mistaken for those of cerebral meningitis or spotted fever.

And what is mesencephalitis, as some say, a disease that may be mistaken for botalism or botulism?

This is not the first time physicians have differed. When Dr. George Wilson was on his deathbed, his friends, physicians, could not agree. Too sick to speak, he called for paper and pencil and wrote:

Here lies George Wilson, o'ertaken by
  Nemesis;
He died of Haemoptysis, not of Hemetemesis.

GEORGE P. BOLIVER.

Beverly.

The War and Sacrifice

As the World Wags:

The spirit of unselfishness and self-sacrifice which prevails throughout the country today is admirable and expresses to a high degree the patriotism of a faithful people in the cause for which our glorious and peaceful country is at war. As the war progresses and the ultimate result still remains uncertain, we are being urged more emphatically each day of the absolute necessity of self-sacrifice in order that we have ultimately triumph over the foe.

We have obediently and with scarcely a murmur deprived ourselves of many necessities and comforts of living and we are prepared to go the limit in this respect in order that we may win.

Considering the present conditions, however, there are a few circumstances which perhaps seem inconsistent with this spirit of general sacrifice, in view of what has already been done to make our cause triumphant. While we have given up many of the necessities of life, both voluntarily and involuntarily, there still exist many things which are permitted to continue which are in no sense of absolute necessity and which represent a vast proportion of our wealth. The baseball situation is one worthy of consideration. The money represented by this branch of sport is enormous, and the players in the game are almost without exception the finest examples of physical manhood of any class. If the game is to continue (for which there are doubtless many good reasons for argument), it would seem consistent that a large proportion of the money secured from the public should be contributed to aid the carrying on of the war.

There are, however, certain diversions which seem necessary (or desirable) in order to keep the spirit buoyed up in times like these. Places of amusement such as theatres, etc., while not of absolute necessity, undoubtedly help in keeping up the courage of the people. Thousands of persons who have loved ones in the war must have something to divert their minds at times from the terrible things of the day when they are living amidst the hysteria of hope, fear, despair and sorrow.

The only question then which remains is how far we shall go in our self-sacrifice, what we must keep and what we must give up. When we think of what they are doing over there for us, what they are giving up for us, shall we not be willing, one and all, to give up everything if it should be necessary for us to do so, in order that the world may be made safe for democracy and free forever from the curse of Prussianism?

Dorchester. W. F. B.

"F. C. Fakit"

As the World Wags:

Some time ago I was administrator of the estate of an estimable South Boston lady, whose charm had attracted to her all the poetic souls of the peninsula. I happen to know that in his youth the late Frothingham Clancy much admired her fragile beauty as well as her exalted spirit. Among her effects I found an autograph album, in which was a short poem, with no sign of authorship except the words "F. C. fakit."

I have never seen a specimen of Clancy's handwriting, but the poem seems to me to bear internal evidence of his craftsmanship. Of course, he was too great a classical scholar to err in his Latin, but may we not attribute the seeming error to one of those playful moods that so often succeeded his periods of depression? The chaste, almost ascetic, atmosphere of the poem seems quite characteristic of Clancy. Most delicate was the poet's lapse into German in the phrase, "Wein, Weib, Gesang," which in those pre-kultur days was more popular as a phrase, if not as a fact, than now. Even then, Clancy was not hidebound in his adherence to metre or rhyme.

This poem, while it cannot be compared to the immortal "Butts," is to my mind an important contribution to the early history of the great poet. The author evidently was about to take a journey, but can any reader tell me what was his intended destination? But I have kept you too long from the poem itself:

TO FIAMMETTA.

(F. C. fakit)

While thou dost lie abed and snooze,
A pink pajama picture,
I'm hastening to the City of Booze:
This life is such a mixture!
The downy puff upon thee lies
Like dew upon a lily;
The rosy morn will ope thine eyes,
Somnolent daffodilly!

Think of me as I speed along,
But I'll not think of you
Because for me Wein, Weib, Gesang
Will never, never do.

H. T. L.

Envy and Slander

Somebody or other has written a book censuring Boston women for their lack of style in dress. The author—I have lost the clipping, so cannot give his name—berates the ladies of the Hub roundly for fashioning their gowns of thick, stodgy material, and for covering their heads and feet with unspeakably practical hats and boots.

That is all very well. But has the author ever shopped in Boston? There is not a decent-looking hat or a smart pair of boots on sale in the city. A broad and bitter statement, Gentle Reader, but one born of five seasons' experience in searching there for a wearable sailor and a presentable pair of dancing pumps.—Morning Telegraph.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "Maytime," a play in four acts, with music, book and lyrics by Mrs. Rida Johnson Young; score by Sigmund Romberg. Produced at the Shubert Theatre, New York, Aug. 16, 1917. First time in Boston. The cast:

John Wayne	Otis Sheridan
Col. Van Zandt	John Wheeler
Ottillie	Peggie Wood
Richard Wayne	Charles Purcell
Matilda Van Zandt	Edith Wright
Alice Tremaine	Yra Jeane
Matthew Van Zandt	William Norris
Claude Van Zandt	Douglas J. Wood
Maria	Amy Leicester
Rudolfo	Arthur Albro
Madame Delphine	Rose Winter
Angelica	Genevieve Temple
P. T. Barnum	Edward F. Nannery
Estrella Amorita	Minna Vallieri
Mr. Hicks	Teddy Webb
Lizzie	Maude Odell
Little Dick Wayne	Warner Anderson
John Rutherford	Ralph J. Herbert

While "Maytime" reached Broadway a year ago as a refreshing novelty, it had been presented in 1916 at the Irving Place Theatre under its original title, "Wie Einst in Mai," and it came to New York with a record of 500 performances in Berlin behind it. Naturally these facts have not been thought advisable to exploit. Rudolf Bernauer and Rudolph Schanzer collaborated on the German text, and Walter Kollo composed the score. The story is slightly suggestive of "Milestones," in that its action passes through several generations, and of "Ault Heidelberg." It is a play of varied costumes of periodic manners, of aging characters. An apple tree symbolizes the passing of time, as a slender sapling, in the first act, thence waxing to maturity and decay. It marks the flight of years over the heads of two lovers, Ottillie and Richard, and casts its influence over the story for three succeeding generations. The apple tree, incidentally, is the only character in the play to which Mrs. Johnson in her adaptation did not apply her "naturalization" process.

The tale, with its scenes laid in New York, is told in episodes, ranging from the year 1840 to the present, through the cycles of crinoline, pantalettes, rustles and clinging satins. Ottillie, spirited daughter of a Washington square Van Zandt, is girlishly in love with an apprentice in her father's cooperage. They pledge their troth beneath the sapling, but paternal stubbornness and theatric contrivances separate the lovers, and Ottillie is married to a drunken libertine.

Wayne, her lover, departs to seek a fortune and returns to encounter Ottillie under circumstances misconstrued in ugly fashion by her brutal husband. To make the situation easier for her, he consents to have announced his engagement to Alice Tremaine, whom he subsequently marries. In another episode he aids indirectly the lover of his youth, about to be evicted from her family home, and they meet again, after many years. The final episode unites their grandson and grand-daughter, who plight their troth beneath the now dead apple tree, and incidentally unearth precious memento and papers which insure material happiness to the younger Ottillie, struggling through life as a dressmaker. The romance, thus handed down through several generations, ends happily.

"Maytime" appeals most convincingly through its speech and characterizations. The music is literally incidental. One refrain, "Will You Remember?" runs through the action and fills many a dramatic moment. The rest is without particular charm save that it points to the musical modes of the various periods revealed. Mrs. Johnson, in her adaptation, has held to a serious purpose, and it is to be suspected that any lines, chiefly for the comedians, which have too modern a cast to be associated with the years of 1840, 1855 and thereafter, have been interpolated by the comedians themselves.

Miss Wood, in the exacting role of Ottillie, was a revelation. Little known in Boston, she proved exceptionally apt in characterization, depicting youth, ... and ... with perfect illusion of ... . Her scenes with Mr. Purcell in the second and third acts were of high dramatic power. Mr. Purcell, at least twice previously seen here in dashing roles, played with splendid discretion and repression, and, in manner scarcely less noteworthy than that of Miss Wood, depicted the youthful cooper's apprentice, the millionaire adventurer, the aged gentleman. The score exacts little from either principal, which in a way is rather a pity.

Mr. Norris as a tireless beau, with three marriages to his credit, played the chief comedy part with his characteristic crisp and ingratiating humor. Mr. Webb gave a ludicrous impersonation of a cockney auctioneer, Miss Odell dominated one brief scene with her chatter as the daughter of the man who made his fortune in the manufacture of mosquito netting in South Norwalk. Mr. Albro carried off the singing honors; Miss Vallieri, those for dancing. The audience, for a sultry August opening, was large and appreciative, despite a performance lasting well past the usual hour.

Helen Ware Thrills Large

Helen Ware in "The Eternal Barrier," by Tom Barry, a one-character playlet, is the chief attraction on the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a large audience that was deeply interested.

The playlet is unique, and there is a war motif. The piece is first of all interesting chiefly through the excellent acting of Miss Ware.

The action is supposed to visualize and vitalize a dream. The character as played by Miss Ware—unnamed on the bill—visits the house of her lover, now dead on the battlefields of France and the winner of the Croix de Guerre. A black sheep, she has been blamed for his waywardness. In the dream she rebukes the parents, supposedly off stage left and right, respectively. The intensity, the constancy of her love are apparent. She rises from her dream, talks to the father over the phone, and she is joyfully received as a daughter of the family. Miss Ware played the part with quiet intensity; in the climax she was always convincing and she discreetly avoided hysterical speech. The act is produced under the direction of Joseph Hart.

Other acts on the bill were Asahi and his troupe of Japanese entertainers; Milo, billed with interrogation marks, in an act that should not be discussed lest the pleasure of future audiences be spoiled; Charles Irwin, in an admirable monologue and singing act, made doubly enjoyable by the conversational trombone solo of the musicianly Joseph Burke of the orchestra; Ziegler Sisters and the Kentucky Five, in a dancing act; Fannie Heath, in songs; Regina Connelli and Ruby Craven, in a playlet; John Regay and the Lorraine Sisters, in a dancing act, and Rouble Sims, artist and singer.

aug 8 1918

Woman's Friend

Again an attack is made on the corset; not this time by some physician showing diagrams of injurious compression, not by an "interpretative" dancer, who in her movements is as loose as ashes, but by a patriotic woman. She, looking beyond the war, believes that her sex, if it wishes to vie with men in useful and necessary work, must be physically free and unhampered.

The corset of today, however, is not the instrument of torture to which former generations were subjected when wasplike figures were admired, when lacing was painful and dangerous. Not only physicians, but sensible women protested against these viselike supports. Governments within comparatively recent years have taken the corset seriously. Haret, the minister of public instruction in Roumania, forbade in 1902 young school girls the wearing of it. In 1904 the corset was thrown out of the state schools of Bulgaria. In Germany it was not allowed to be worn during school gymnastic lessons, and in Russia an order was issued commanding young girls in the lyceums and high schools "to lay aside on entering the cuirass known as a corset which they wear." Eight or nine years ago there was a movement in Vienna for the abolishment of the corset. Dr. Krafft-Ebing of psychopathic fame was zealous in the cause, but the Viennese women, famed for their beauty, paid little heed to the outcry. German women, thinking more of the race and of the future, seldom so graced by nat-

are as their Austrian sisters, did not hesitate to show themselves uncorseted and not ashamed, without consideration of their weight, their embonpoint. Dr. Meinerl of Dresden argued stoutly that if women really wished to take a more active part in life and vie with men in occupations, they should first of all doff the corset. In France, learned doctors—Sebilleau, Potain, Galtier-Boissiere—pointed out the anatomical injuries due to tight lacing. Mlle de Lespinasse was quoted as saying that every woman would be in despair if nature had formed her as fashion shapes her.

The corset, even some years ago, when it was not so flexible, so sensible, as it is today, was gracefully defended by the brilliant woman who contributed the series of papers, "The Wares of Autolycus," to the Pall Mall Gazette. She headed her defence "Woman's Best Friend." The American woman is now seldom tightly laced. When she is she provokes smiles from the great majority of her sisters, as one out of fashion. Many are so fortunate as not to need any support of this nature. Young girls no longer undergo the experience of Dr. Holmes's maiden aunt at boarding school. If women, now actively employed, find the slight harness in fashion discommoding, they do not hesitate to abandon it during working hours. The American ideal of female beauty has changed greatly since the civil war, and for the good of the race. Witness the work that is done at the present time by women, witness the general better health of the future mothers.

Aug 9 1918

Dr. W. E. Crockett writes to us: "As a result of my contributions to your Wags column, I received a photograph of the great Daniel Pratt taken about 1885. A group of students of Tufts College are lying and sitting about on the grass listening to D. P., who is standing near the wall of the building."

We remember Daniel Pratt at Yale from 1872 to 1876. To the best of our recollection he was a small man, dressed in shabby black, wearing a rather battered plug hat. He was sensitive, did not relish interruption, was pathetically dignified in the acceptance of alms. He was in the habit of passing about a printed circular, headed:

THE PRESIDENT OF FOUR KINGDOMS

From 25 Cents to One Dollar apiece, for this Circular.

Prattville, City of Chelsea, Mass., the Centre of Literary Originality.

I am in possession of ideas worth thousands of billions of dollars to the people. AUTHOR, DANIEL PRATT, the Great American Traveller.

The Harmony of the Human Mind, the Great Orator's Medium to Save the American Republic.

We are indebted to the Rev. Babblington Brooke of Milton for a copy of this circular, also of a broadsheet containing "A Boston Poem" in Mr. Pratt's honor; another poem, "Woman, the Poetic Genius," and a short and unprejudiced account of Mr Pratt's life.

The circular contains burning truths and startling information. It begins: "Prattville, the place of my birth, will become famous in the history of the world for producing a man to harmonize the people and save our nation. 'Ne plus ultra.'"

Here are some personal notes: "The [illegible] of Boston are making great progress. I am on good terms with them. I get their papers. * * * The Bible is turned too much into speculation and merchandise. * * * The world is full of moving elements and man is dependent on all the properties of the four kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, animal and invisible life, to perpetuate his living. 'Multum in parvo.' My history has been enough to discourage and put down [illegible] ordinary men. And I have been abused and sacrificed in most all points of view, all my life. * * * I can write a [illegible] in harmony with the Creator and his works. More than half of my history has been devoted to traveling, studying human nature, the creation and the science of our government. No inspiration, melody or value in subjects or objects without communication and harmony. * * * I have traveled over [illegible] miles, been to Washington, D. C., [illegible] times and amongst 16 tribes of Indians, and helped elect Messrs. Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Grant, all without pay. I have had over 200 public receptions. The students of Dartmouth College gave me a grand reception Oct. 1873. Let all the individuals of the [illegible], churches and the press harmonize all the cardinal virtues, with the attributes of the Creator. We have no government without woman's virtues. I am going in for the interest of the Pennsylvania Central, New York Central and the Union Pacific railroads, etc. I am interested in the Centennial July 4, 1876."

Thd Boston Poem

Did Daniel Pratt write "The Boston Poem"? It is a fine lyric flight? The wonder is that Ralph Waldo Emerson did not admit the poem to his "Parnassus." Mark the opening:

Oh, where is the man so lean or fat,
Who has not heard of Daniel Pratt,
Who gathers his wings and flies away
To the parts of the earth where the light of day
Shines but a little, or not at all,
On the course of the awful waterfall.
I ask you, friends, what muddy minds
Have never conceived, unfurled to the winds
That glorious banner that springs like a cat
Into the air for Daniel Pratt.

We make room for one more extract:

From Maine to Oregon, Great Pratt,
Of Prattville, takes his way,
And, quick as lightning, gives a hop
To the Rocky mountains' highest top;
And high up there, where hill o'er hill,
Sets like a crow upon a mill,
Where the white bluejay is setting on a twig,
And the great bald eagle is making a wig;
Where the grizzly bear and the antelope
Descend together the gentle slope,
And chase across the mountain bog
The wild gazelle and the mountain hog.
The boa-constrictor mounted on high,
Pointing his head to the frowning sky,
And the lions roar, and the black bears growl,
The yellow birds whistle and the eagles howl,
And dimly thunder along the path,
Where Daniel Pratt is appeasing the wrath
By art and science, and his noble form,
Opposed to the course of the animal storm.

At tho foot of this broadside we are informed that Daniel Pratt is "the Great Harmonious Mental Medium of the American Government."

"I commenced the great voyage of life a farmer boy, and a mechanic, a carpenter and builder. A wonderful Providence has watched over and favored me from my BIRTH, to him be all the glory. I have moved in a humble and modest unassuming way over a quarter of a million of miles of land and sea. I am the greatest pedestrian in the world. I have traveled over 100,000 miles on foot. I have labored over 30 years for Uncle Sam without pay. My greatest aspiration has been to become an orator and author in harmony with destiny. * * * I am related to the Brooks family of Boston, and Barretts of Malden, Mass., and the Halls of Boston."

Was Daniel Pratt's great work "The President of Four Kingdoms" ever published?

Crockett and Hart

As the World Wags:

Dr Crockett's criticisma of W. S. Hart's nautical abilities are, it seems to me, quite wrong. In fact, he is breaking a butterfly on the wheel. Mr Hart's seamanship is of that high and pluperfect type so well exemplified in the "Hunting of the Snark." There it will be remembered, "the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes," and the crew sailed by a map that was a perfect blank. Have a heart, Doctor!

CAPT. BRASSBOUND.

Boston.

Aug 16 1918

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

A Goodly Company

We have been asked to go with Mr. Herkimer Johnson on a sociological journey. Mr Johnson's letter of invitation is headed by the quotation from Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" that we print at the head of this column. We understand that Mr. Johnson has also invited the Rev. Babblington Brooke of Milton, Mr. Abel Seaman of Boston, George P. Boliver, Esq., of Beverly, Mr. Marcellus Graves of South Yarmouth, Mr. Michael Fitzgerald of East Brewster, Col. Marshall Tred of the Home Guard, Gaylord Quex, Esq.; Mr. Lucien B. Henderson, the sparkling essayist, who formerly contributed to this column; Prof. T. K. Deedledum (on condition that he will not recite any poems of the lamented Frothingham Clancy); Miss Sarah Hepatica (merely out of compliment, for Mr. Johnson knows that she has been confined for a fortnight to her room); Poseidon Hicks, Jr., now of Washington, D. C.; "W. C. T.," "W. E. K.," "Suburbanite," "S. H.," "F. S. S.," good old Dr. Crockett—there are others.

Walt Whitman or no Walt Whitman, we do not purpose to go afoot, however light-hearted we may be, and now that railway fares are 3 cents a mile we do not intend to go far from home. Is the trip, the assemblage of distinguished persons, one of Mr. Johnson's sorry attempts at a joke? He spoke in his note of invitation something about a luncheon of whale steak at Prof. Deedledum's expense before leaving Boston, also of engaging tourists' cars for seeing Boston and its suburbs. Is it possible that the fear of submarines off Clamport, disturbing the rest of quahaugs and shattering cranberry bogs, has affected the workings of that finely organized brain? Mr. Johnson enclosed a note for the Boston Herald and Journal:

Johnson on Peat

As the World Wags:

In my last letter I spoke of a book about birds by Mr. Charles Dixon. The linotype attributed the book to Mrs. Charles Dixon. And I do not even know whether Dixon is married.

I was interested in the Herald's editorial article about peat and in Mr. Charles S. Bird's account of his experiments with peat as a fuel at East Walpole. When I was a boy in Hampshire county, a peat bog was discovered not far from Northampton. This was in the late sixties or early seventies. It is my impression that a company was formed to exploit the bog; at any rate some of the households in Northampton attempted to burn peat in winter in open grates instead of cannel or hard coal. As chamber fuel this peat was most unsatisfactory. Perhaps we did not arrange the fire shrewdly; perhaps the peat was of poor quality. The use was quickly abandoned. I wonder if the bog has been worked within recent years.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

For Hot Weather

Mr. Christopher Morley's book "Shandygaff" contains this paragraph opposite the title page:

"Shandygaff: a very refreshing drink, being a mixture of bitter ale or beer and ginger beer, commonly drunk by the lower classes in England, and by strolling tinkers, low church parsons, newspaper men, journalists and prize fighters. Said to have been invented by Henry VIII. as a solace for his matrimonial difficulties. It is believed that a continual [illegible] of Shandygaff saps the will, the nerves, the resolution and the four faculties, but there are those who will abide no other tipple.

John Mistletoe,
"Dictionary of Deplorable Facts."

Sundry Notes

Sir E. Wild, K. C., in the course of a recent trial at the Old Bailey, remarked: "The art of examination, cross-examination and re-examination is to turn nine people out of ten inside out in the discovery of truth and to make them into hypnotized rabbits."

"Drummer" is now in England a slang term for thieves that enter houses at whose doors they have knocked without answer. A London journalist states that "drummer," meaning commercial traveler, is probably derived from the old practice of pedlars who announced their arrival in a village by beating a drum. Why not from the phrase "drumming up trade"? Footpads who drugged their victims were called drummers. Why?

A new story of the late Viscount Rhondda. He was being photographed by one of London's "cleverest" operators. In vain the photographer sought to charm away the severity of his expression. At last he said, "Lord Rhondda, do you know you are very much like another famous man?" "Am I? Who is he?" said Lord Rhondda. "Mr Ebrens" was the reply, and immediately Lord Rhondda's face was wreathed with a gratified smile, which made the portrait a success.—London Daily Chronicle.

Dentist and Emperor

As the World Wags:

The revelations of the American that cared for the Emperor William's teeth recall four lines of Andrew Lang.

For now the dentist cannot die,
And leave his forceps as of old,
But round him, ere he scarce be cold,
Begins the vast biography.

[illegible], Vt.

ZENAS FIELD.

Mistaken Revivals

Aug 11 1918

Five hundred or more men and women representing "American comic opera favorites, from stars to chorus, and from the days of long ago to now," met recently in New York to hear plans for a revival next fall of comic operas, operettas, light operas, entertainments once popular. The meeting led some to hope for the production of operettas in which they had won success—operettas by Offenbach, Sullivan, Lecocq, Audran, Strauss, Suppe, Milloecker and others.

Musical works of this class have their days, or in some instances, their years of popularity, and then are thrown on the huge dustheap of Time. Some of these works were too local, or too contemporaneous. The amusing comedies of Edward Harrigan with the melodies of Braham showed certain phases of New York life, a life that is now legendary. Their very realism forbade extended duration of favor. Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful "Patience" did not long outlive the aesthetic craze in London that inspired it. Other comic operas, operettas, comedies with music, won the extravagant popularity that contained the seeds of mortality. Attempts to revive them have been dismal failures, even when applauded comedians have been engaged. Witness the failure of Offenbachian opera bouffe with Lillian Russell as the leading woman. The productions were scenically superior and far more sumptuous than those of the early French companies and the American and English companies that followed them; but there was not the lightness, the dash, the sparkle on the stage; the audiences were not so receptive and sympathetic. Furthermore, managers and comedians made the fatal error of attempting to modernize the plays, to bring them "up-to-date," a hideous term, especially in matters of art. Even Gilbert's librettos were tinkered and gagging was free and painful. The adaptations of brilliant librettos by Meilhac and Halevy were coarse and lumbering.

As in opera, so in operetta. The taste of hearers changes quickly; the public is capricious. The musical entertainment now in favor is a spectacle with a familiar and thin plot, gay tunes, a comic character or two, plenty of dancing; a show with striking scenery, gorgeous costumes and attractive young women; a show appealing to the eye even more than to the ear. It is doubtful whether the audience of 1918 would appreciate the Offenbachian parodies, burlesques, satires—the theatrical expression of the Second Empire. Gilbert's texts in their unadulterated form would seem slow to the younger generation. There is no use in bewailing the fact. The present form of musical entertainment delights thousands. Why should managers risk again the experiment of reviving the old for the pleasure of a few praisers of times past?

Aug 13 1918

MLLE. DAZIE CO.

Mlle. Dazie and company, in a classical and popular dance review, is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week. Last evening there was a fair-sized audience that was unmistakably pleased.

The last time that the dancer appeared at this theatre was in a tragic dancing act of the underworld. It is in this special field that the dancer excels, for her art as a pantomimist was never subordinate to the excellence of her dancing. Thus, her performance last evening, given over entirely to toe movements with the single exception of the aviation dance, her concluding number, revealed the lesser side of her artistry.

The principal and her company danced according to Masin, Tschaikowsky, Massini, Edwards, Morris, Valverde, Salabert and Berne. The act is dressed with an opulent hand, the color scheme of the various numbers is pleasing and there is a general pertinency in the whole idea. The chief dancer is generous in sharing the stage with her associates, and of the male dancers, M. Bonine's act is one of the best seen at this theatre in several seasons. His pirouetting, after unflagging zeal in vigorous rhythm, was given with ease and with the complacency of one well schooled in his art.

Mlle. Dazie's act was conspicuous for its ease of execution, for the absence of laborious endeavor. Eager for her task, she shared the enjoyment of the audience in her work. For a novelty, her aviation number, involving the whole company, was a pretty conceit. There was the whirring of the motor, the singing of the planes and the illusion of buoyancy, of soaring and dipping. Robert Berne conducted.

Other acts on the bill were Andrew Tombes and Rena Parker, chatter, song and dance; the Gladiators, in feats of strength; Montgomery and Perry, in an uproariously funny act of song, speech and piano playing; Jimmie and Minnie Allen, a singing and dancing act; Susan Tompkins, fiddler; Bernard and Bristow, in a farce; Eddie Miller Duo, vocalists, and the Ioleen Sisters, sharpshooters and wire performers.

[illegible] THEATRE—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" a musical comedy in two acts by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, with music by Jerome Kern. Produced by F. Ray Comstock and William Elliott at Albany, Jan. 7, 1918, and at the Princess Theatre, New York, Feb. 1. First performance in Boston.

Parker........ Constance Binney
Mollie Farrington .... Vivienne Segal
Mrs. Farrington .... Theresa Maxwell Conover
Willoughby Finch .... Carl Randall
Hale Underwood........ Harry C. Browne
Spike Hudgins .... Edward Abeles
Fanny Welch .... Florence Shirley
May Barber .... Margot Kelly
Cyril Twombley .... Reginald Mason
William Watty........ Harry Fisher

Again does this cosy little theatre get away to a good start; or to use the polite language of the announcement, again is the new season inducted happily. "Oh, Lady! Lady!"—and this is the only time the title will be referred to, even as Mr. Randall mentioned it only once in his song with the six pretty girls—the cheery successor to "Oh, Boy," came into town straight from New York, with a cast almost intact, and instantly made itself at home in this house of polite musical comedy.

Bolton, Wodehouse and Kern are a winning triumvirate; it seems as if their faculties for devising neat little plots, clean-cut characterizations, pert and whimsical rhymes and merry quips, almost Gilbertian in their fluency; tinkling little tunes which play up and down the line of orchestral instruments, set the feet pattering and causing delight generally, would by this time be dulled. Not so. In the present instance they have kept up their original pace, in some places exceeded it. Be it remarked here, that in these days a real tune is something to be treated with respect, and Mr. Dereeder, the musical director, well knows this. Under his persuasive smile and hypnotic baton the infinite variety and constant delicacy of the score became almost cloying delight.

The two scenes are placed in the living room of the Farrington home at Farrington home at Hempstead, L. I., where most of the musical comedians come from, and on the roof garden of Willoughby Finch's studio in Waverly Mews. Dress rehearsals of young Finch's marriage with Mollie are in order when the complications which carry the action along for more than two hours arise. Then "Fainting Fanny" enters, a pearl necklace disappears, Finch's school days' fiancee reappears, and misunderstandings follow fast and furious until the customary last minute of the final curtain. It isn't a heavy plot, but it serves.

Mr. Wodehouse is an audacious rhymester. He yokes Mineola with victrolla, peanut with Greenhut. He perpetrates many puns relating to the most intimate articles of feminine wear, he can toss off a sentimental ditty with sympathetic unction. He and Mr. Kerns seem to have agreed that much can be accomplished with duets and trios, especially when sung by contrasted characters. Therein much of the fun of verse and melody lies. "Our Littl Nest," by "Spike," the burglar-valet, and Fanny; "Little Ships Come Sailing Home," by Mollie and girls; "You Found Me and I Found You," by May and Underwood, and the trio, "Greenwich Village," by Will, Spike and Fanny, with a dance by Mr. Randall and Miss Binne, were especially liked.

The cast is well-nigh perfect. Mr. Randall was boyish, not a vocal star, but wonderful on his feet. His dancing revealed a skill and grace which would compare favorably with that of Modkin, of the Russian Ballet. Miss Segal had only one real opportunity to air her voice, in "The Sun Starts to Shine Again," but withal she is a winsome lass. It was good to see Mr. Abeles and Miss Shirley in two capital characters, lightly but deftly portrayed. Mr. Mason's English detective was droll and inventive. Mr. Fisher's elevator man, with the same piping voice of yore, was very comic. Miss Conover delivereed a series of epigrammatic lines with telling point. Mr. Brown and Miss Kelly were excellent. Her share in "Waiting Around the Cornor might have been more successful had she sung nearer the footlights; her thin voice does not throw out the words distinctly.

The ladies of the chorus weere exceptionaly comely, radiantly gowned, and many had speaking lines, intelligently delivered. In all it was a typical Comstock and Elliott production, distinctive, dainty and smart. It deserves a protracted sojourn in Boston.

Aug 20 1918

PARK SQUARE THEATRE—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," a farce in three acts by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan, produced at the Republic Theatre, New York, Dec. 25, 1917. First time in Boston.

Nita Leslie........ Dorothy Brenner
Mary .... Mary Vallen
Virginia Embry........ Grace Fielding
Leila Crofton........ Carolyn Lilja
Angelica Irving........ Sydney Shields
Reginald Irving........ John Arthur
Geoffrey Haywood........ James Spottswood
Frederick Leslie........ Pell Trenton
Samuel Barkis........ Dan Baker
Polly Hathaway........ Florence Moore
[illegible] Rogers........ Tommy Meade
Carroll .... Nick Judels

"Fair and Warmer" and "Twin Beds," farces constructed with an eye to playing as closely as possible on the line of impropriety without overstepping it, already have been seen at this same playhouse, which opened its season last night with a successor in many ways speedier and more ludicrous than either.

The play revolves about an exceptionally stupid and blundering young husband, who entrusts himself to the well meant machinations of a male friend in cumulative efforts to impress on his imaginative young wife that he is all that her romantic fancy has painted him, namely, a devil of a fellow with the women. As Mr. Arthur played the character last evening, he perhaps unwittingly robbed the farce of the one essential to all farces—plausibility. In that it is inconceivable that any human being could have been as utterly innocent, as blandly and blankly unversed in the capacity for responsiveness to feminine intrigue. However, once his interpretation was accepted, it became very easy to concede his skill as the pseudo Don Juan who, once started, compromised not one but three women, in his efforts to play up to the adventurous standards set for him by a rather preposterous spouse. She would have it that he was capable of sustained infidelity, and he gave her such proof as finally to convince her that possibly it were safer all round to permit him to be a mild, domesticated citizen.

Into the thick of the action is injected Florence Moore, as Polly Hathaway, the ex-chorus girl-society scandal sheet writer, who, to oblige the machinating male friend before mentioned, consents to play opposite Reggie in the scheme to sustain his wife's illusions. In the end it is Polly who straightens out the hopelessly entangled threads and helps to bring down the curtain. Miss Moore's methods savor of burlesque rather than subtle farce. She employs countless facial tricks, she has much "business" with her nasal organ. Grotesque rather than suavely comic, she scores forcefully in staccato. Just the same, she has life, snap, original humor in abundance, a personality likable, despite methods calculated to detract from it.

Miss Brenner, almost too unsophisticated, was daintily attractive. Miss Shields did her best with an unnatural role. Mr. Meade's bellboy was steadily amusing. Essential to the action of the farce were the doors, in constant use for rushing exits and entrances; a friendly fire-escape, pajamas and intimate lingerie and, of course, the inevitable bed, modestly set in the background.

Mme. Chilson-Ohrman is the chief feature of the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. Last evening there was a good-sized audience that was warmly appreciative. Songs by Arditi, Kummer and Thomas featured the program.

The singer is pleasing in appearance and her voice is one of rare charm. Whether in the florid aria or the song of lighter vein, the sincerity of the singer was always apparent. An outstanding feature of her performance was her complacency. There is always the suggestion of reserve, the singer being as fresh after her remarkable work as at the beginning of her performance.

Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop gave pleasure in a series of burlesque dances. Their Indian number was by far the most interesting. Then there was the "ragging" of "Gunga Dhin," with its increasing display of rhythmic vigor.

Leo Beers is back again with his unique pianologue. This time the comedian is garbed in summer attire, but he is none the less the elegant of earlier performances.

Other acts on the bill were Bostock's Riding School, The Decorators, a funny act of the slap-stick variety, with an unusually good characterization of the "souse" by an unnamed performer; Fradkin and Jean Tell in an instrumental and singing act, Bertee Beaumonte and Jack Arnold in a farce, the Stantons in chatter and song, and the Ramsdells and Deyo in a dancing act.

An interesting feature of the bill was the extra attraction, a picturization of the American troops returning to Paris to participate in the Fourth of July festivities in the French capital. The photography is excellent and the American heroes of Chateau-Thierry are plainly shown. The act was enthusiastically applauded.

Aug 26 1918

We spent a pleasant fortnight with Mr. Herkimer Johnson. The other companions for travel invited by him did not meet us to eat whale steak and then go to the station. Mr. Johnson, when they failed to appear, almost lost his philosophical composure. We shared his indignation, although we dreaded enforced association with Miss Sarah Hepatica, for the only time that she called at the Herald and Journal office—to find out why a certain article written by her was not published—she was carrying a bird-cage and she coughed violently, suspecting tobacco smoke. Mr. Johnson and we saw strange sights in Maine, New Hampshire and our own commonwealth. He took many notes concerning manners, lack of manners, customs, profanity, superstitions, for his colossal work (sold only by subscription). He has promised to enrich this column with sagacious observations and surprising statements.

A postal card dated Clamport, Aug. 25, explains the apparent rudeness of the invited. Mr. Johnson forgot to mail the letters of invitation. His appeal to us was spoken, not written. The following letter from "W. C. T." was received the day before we set out.

The Open Road

As the World Wags:

So Mr. Johnson, with a chosen company, would take to "the open road." Is Aldebaran arisen, and doth the Red Star dominate the skies? Doth the Gipsy Star glow as an iron in the forge, and is his torch a lure to wandering men? Then is come the season of the footloose, the time of those set free of boundaries. They shall cast the walled cities behind them, and shall eat their bread in shaded coolness. The quiet byways shall greet them, and hot tumult of cities be far from them.

Sounds good to me! I'm for "the long brown path"—in spirit. Just so it leads not seaward; the sea is too cold and impersonal for intimacy. As to trolleys and busses; well enough, to help in putting the city hull-down, quickly. And "whale steak"—as a starting novelty, perhaps. But I know a sandy backwater full of thick, meaty black bass; fry them with bacon! Also, a cool farmhouse where noonday luncheon can be had, of big, thick, rich slices of new bread—white bread, mind you—and slabs of honey fresh from the hive, and milk to guard against any "kick." White bread and Jersey butter. (I've eaten so much bran and other cattle-fodder the past year that I am ashamed to look a cow in the face). And another road where you can step into a wayside factory and buy cart-wheels of green Swiss cheese, with more white bread, and perhaps little onions. Not the dry, tough, greased flint we get in cities for Swiss cheese, but cheese not two months old, green and waxy, and safe to eat by the pound. And perhaps a dish of sweet curds, right from the morning's vat.

Also, a place where the boys will shoot you a flicker pie, so thoroughly cooked that even the little gizzards are tender as canvas-back. And a country where they don't know yet that snapping turtles are good for soup. And a road in the pines on a shoulder of the Blue Ridge where Maryland beaten biscuit, blueberry pie and fried chicken taste better than anywhere else in the world. Let's go!

I would; but my reluctant feet will not, not a step; nor have they done so for weary, endless months. But what's that to the world? It need not miss a single Wag on my account; nor will it. If Sam Clemens could climb the Matterhorn by telescope, I can perhaps keep up with the Johnsonian excursion by day-dream, if not otherwise. It makes me hungry and field-thirsty to think of it. Perhaps my vigilant caretaker will allow me an extra spoonful of junket and another biscuit and move my pillow a foot or two, as I dream again of the open road.

W. C. T.

Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ri Jon

As the World Wags:

The many reminiscences about Daniel Pratt have been very interesting and have recalled two other famous characters of about the same period. Does any one remember Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ri Jon (I spell phonetically) who published and sold "The Volcano"? In the late 70's I saw Mr. Tom Ri Jon, dressed in a suit of yellow calico with a stove pipe hat of the same color, delivering a fervid address to a small audience on Brimstone Corner, while Mrs. Jon sold copies of "The Volcano," printed on yellow paper, to such as were willing to purchase. I bought one and cherished it for many years but, like many other unconsidered trifles, it has vanished.

Perhaps some one of your many readers can recall what Tom Ri Jon's particular fad was.

XENES.

Chestnut Hill.

Made in Germany

As the World Wags:

"ASSERT GERMAN WILL TO VICTORY.

"'The Lord Has Done Great Things Unto Us,' Say Teuton Papers."

"The allies haven't done a thing to us!" say other papers.

F. S. S.

Lenox.

Aug 27 1918

LEW FIELDS IN NEW WAR PLAY

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Friendly Enemies," a comedy-drama in three acts by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman. Produced at Atlantic City on Feb. 28, 1918, by A. H. Woods.

Walter Stuart........ [illegible]
Nora........ [illegible]
Marie Pfeifer .... [illegible] Richard
June Block .... Adrienne Bonnell
Karl Pfeifer .... Lew Fields
Henry Block........ Charles Winninger
William Pfeifer .... Arthur de Lord

Pfeifer, coming to America poor, has gained a fortune and is a firm believer in a beneficent Germany. The recital of German atrocities is dismissed contemptuously by him as a mass of lies. Block came with him, grew rich, and he is, first of all, a patriotic American, glorying in this country, hating the Huns and all their devilish ways and works. The two quarrel over the war, roar at each other, then laugh and make up. Pfeifer, a lover of peace, is jealous of his countrymen's good name, is persuaded to give $50,000 to one Stuart, really Herr Mueller, the head of an organization of German spies. Young Pfeifer, who has enlisted, leaves his bride of a day, Block's daughter, while his father rages and secretly is proud of him.

A Study in Character

The transport is sunk and all are reported lost, whereupon Pfeifer at once becomes a perfervid American. He and Block trap the spy. It is needless to say that the son is saved, as are nearly all his comrades.

This comedy with a dash of melodrama is a study of character. President Wilson has given the play his approval, but presidential praise is not always bestowed on a drama for its intrinsic merits. President Roosevelt, for example, once grew publicly enthusiastic over a drama but audiences did not share in his joyous opinion.

No doubt President Wilson and others believe that the drama may persuade German-Americans who still are Germans at heart, from the error of their ways. It might be argued that the play may lead native born Americans to believe that violent German-American sympathizers are only poor misguided beings who need only to see a great light, as Saul on his way to Damascus was suddenly converted.

Entertaining Throughout

This may be said: The comedy as played by the three chief comedians is entertaining throughout, full of amusing scenes, with many humorous lines, with touches of pathos, with stirring appeals to patriotism. Nor to those who have lived intimately with Germans will the scenes in which Pfeifer and Block roar their opinions and bawl their arguments seem exaggerated. The German of robust lungs is not given to hinting, to Socratic dialogue, or to insidious speech.

Was it not a German professor who, about to argue with a colleague an academic question, said: "First of all, one of us should be securely tied to a chair"?

Fields as Karl Pfeifer

Mr. Fields has long been known for his unctuous humor and his dry wit as a comedian in scenes that were often farcical. He has also shown that he could be simply pathetic. In "Friendly Enemies" he gives a well conceived and fully sustained characterization of the naturally amiable German, who is obstinate to the point of thickheadedness and is momentarily irascible. While there were a few farcical episodes, his performance as a whole was in the true vein of comedy. In arguing with his son, in the portraiture of his grief, in the scenes with his wife, he was quietly emotional, effective through his simplicity and sincerity. Truly an admirable performance.

Mr. Winninger as Block, at times almost boisterous, was amusing by his delivery of many fat lines allotted him by the dramatists. Miss Richard gave an excellent performance of the mother. It is doubtful whether Mme. Cottrelly, who first took the part, surpassed her. The son and his sweetheart were poorly played. Mr. Wilke, ineffectivo at first, made a dignified exit as the detected spy. A large audience was warm in approval.

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Some Night," a musical comedy in three acts, story, verses and music by Harry Delf, produced by Joseph Klaw:

John Hardy........ Forrest Winant
Robert........ Charles Welsh-Homer
Mrs. Hardy........ Camilla Crume
Marjorie........ Grace Edmond
Joe........ Louis Simon
Dorothy Wayne........ Roma June
Madden........ Thomas H. Walsh
Joe Scanlon........ James C. Marlowe
Henry Spiffens........ Charles W. Meyer

A certain distinct advantage accrues to that versatile person who is so gifted that he can turn out a musical comedy all by himself—supplying plot, if there must bo one, lyrics, tunes, dances, stage business and all. In an instance like that there is no possibility of dissension, such as even now threatens one of our most successful and popular trios of purveyors of "words and music"; there is no chance for professional jealousy, for the recrimination—"It was your fault because that piece failed!" Provided of course it does fail. On the other hand, with triumph, the honors come in triple measure to one delighted author, as do the princely royalties. There is no splitting the profits in three ways.

In such position, then, is Mr. — we almost called him Master—Delf, with fresh memory of his delightful capering in "The Rainbow Girl." If by the capricious verdict of the theatregoing public "Some Night" achieves enduring success, all the greater and all the more amazing

b t glory redound to this ster of the stage, making his first as author and composer

The cast is adequate, improving really lengthening acquaintance. That the audience followed the odd little plot with sharp interest was evident; that it appreciated the several dainty melodies and the lithesome dancing girls of the second act scene was indubitable. The opportunities to accentuate comic situations, to interpolate even more humorous lines, are there. With some furbishing, Mr. Delf's initial work is certain to do him credit, to encourage him to go further.

The curtain rises to a darkened stage. An American soldier creeps across a battlefield, under cover of darkness of night, is shot, and is seen to fall. This scene vanishes and the stage now is showing a living room in the home of young John Hardy, pampered, bored. He complains lack of excitement, and then, with ring of a storm outside, enter a ous, beautiful girl with a packet is worth $50,000, detectives, village les, a conventional butler, a half-rmhand. These characters then, f the ensuing scenes, play hide and to gain the packet, to solve the tery of its presence. In and between song numbers, several with dances. T recall Mr. Delf's dancing, nimble, fascinating, joyously youthful. At the comes another sudden stage change, battlefield again; and we know that g Lt. Hardy, lying wounded, has a remarkable dream, namely, the ts that have preceded. The whole is so contrived that the audience is dark until the final curtain.

. Winant astonished his admirers of n to the Right" days by his singing e his adept comedy usage. Miss likewise taken from the straight ath path, sang acceptably, acted lently. Mr. Simon, as the dumb Jo is to be commended for a novel racterization, devoid of exaggeration. Marlowe and Mr. Walsh, as the detectives, were steadily amusing. young women of the chorus—there we are glad to relate, no chorus ere pretty and gifted. Messrs. t and Mitchell staged the piece with n and effectiveness.

Trixie Friganza and Lackaye in New Acts

Friganza, the favorite of many al comedies, and Wilton Lackaye, f the foremost character actors of legitimate stage, share headline at B. F. Keith's Theatre this Last evening there was a good audience that was deeply inter-

Friganza is back in an entirely monologue. This time her act is d "Camps," the work of Jean z. The comedienne is always a the stage, for her simulated spony is always a feature of her act. provided with good material, she injects her own personality and iasm into her work, and the combination proves irresistible. The present t is a burlesque of incidental camp including the visitor as well as the r. Her song of garbage and love clinging recollection of an unusually act

Lackaye appeared in a sketch en- "Quits," from the pen of Hall llister. The piece is an abrupt melo- act with a quick turn, and the ce is on the tiptoe of expectancy. theme is the unmasking of a wom- Mr. Lackaye played with a com- y that fascinated his audience. was always the cool, calculating n e of his objective. Mr. Lack- s with everything on the stage, the actor well schooled in his makes everything he touches a f the picture to an end. He was l by Charles Riegel, Cordelia ald and Joseph Culligan.

r acts on the bill were Counte and Trix Oliver, vocalists; and Hollister, in an elaborate- that included some excellent Harry Hines, in a monologue conspicuous for a new idea the same reason uproariously Moran and Wiser, hat throwers, n uproariously funny act; Morlety McCarthy Sisters, singers; Fred and Rial in an acrobatic act and "A in Sculpture," an art gallery of

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Just Americans.

You must not call them Sammies,
You should not call them Yanks,
And if you call them Doughboys,
Loud laughter splits their flanks;
You will not call them Buddies,
And when on Kultur's track
You need not call them forward,
You cannot call them back.
—London Daily Chronicle.

Soy and Native

As the World Wags:

The seemingly casual paragraph to the effect that a company of persons of the highest social standing and connection had spent an afternoon at Lenox at a demonstration of the merits of the soy bean by a lady of Celestial origin, in appropriate costume, recently appeared in the columns of the Herald and Journal.

More recently the editorial page has deplored the scarcity of the soy bean in our midst. It seems obvious that the Herald and Journal is unwittingly lending itself to a campaign of subtle and unpatriotic disparagement of Boston's own bean by such propaganda and belittling one of the utmost forces toward winning the war. The Boston bean is the navy bean, and when the German fleet comes out and the navy "gives 'em beans," it will be the Boston bean that puts the snap in the breech blocks.

A friend who writes me from Lenox tells me that the recipe most favored by the propagandist there was to bake the soy bean in a Ming casserole with bits of sugar cane instead of molasses, and a chow puppy not over two days old instead of pork. Perhaps some Chino-American can inform your readers whether this use of that sort of dog gives the Chinese word for food, or whether the use of that sort of food gave the name to the dog. You know what I mean anyway.

Amherst, N. H. ABEL ADAMS.

As the World Wags:

I feel impelled to reply to the letter of "W. F. B." appearing in this column on Aug. 6. I am not actuated through any exaggerated sense of my own wisdom and insight, for I am simply a stenographer, and have only the advantages of the average busy wage-earner from which to secure information. Nor do I disagree with or criticize the spirit of "W. F. B.'s" letter, in which he speaks of our need here for all the fun and wholesome entertainment we can find while we await breathlessly our casualty lists and shrink at the approach of the boy in the uniform of the telegraph company; and I know whereof I speak.

But I do take exception to his statement that "we have obediently and with scarcely a murmur deprived ourselves of many necessities and comforts of living." From my personal observation, which includes people in various circumstances, there are few necessities denied to us, and our luxuries are still so plentiful that we cannot wonder at the unintentional contempt expressed by people who return here from actual participation in the gigantic struggle and from contact with those who know what deprivations are. Theirs it is to talk of self-sacrifice; ours to do our very humble bit, and not seek credit for the bit we are privileged to do. We are not able to speak in their language, for no words of ours can picture the horror and devastation their lives have known. So, it seems to me, it is for us to go our way doing the little that we can and seeking no credit and no thanks, but fervently hoping that we may never have to learn, in the way that they have learned, such lessons in self-sacrifice.

(Miss) CONSTANCE H. BILLINGS.
Kenberma, Mass.

The Bark Tedesco

As the World Wags:

Just to put Mr. H. Ellerton Lodge and others straight; they are a bit wobbly

The bark Tedesco was totally wrecked in the terrible storm of Jan. 18, 1857. She was commanded by Capt. Peterson of Portland, and was from Cadiz, with a cargo of wine and salt. She was driven ashore at Long Rock, Swampscott, below the Ocean House, and soon went to pieces. All on board, 12 in number, perished. Six of the dead bodies were buried from the Methodist meetinghouse in Swampscott, at one time. The vessel was valued at $15,000 and the cargo at the same. The captain had been married at Cadiz immediately before sailing, but his wife was not on board.—From Newhall's History of Lynn, p. 449.

The following are the names on the shipping papers, found in a box:

Capt. H. Peterson, Mate Edward P. Jahol, Second Mate James P. Andrea, Cook Henry Dow, crew, Nicholas Jackson, Charles Peterson, Charles Melson, Edward Jackson, Frederick Hines, Thomas Nilson, William Nilson. [Not a "Spanish crew," as Mr. Lodge remarks.]

These are the names of the crew who shipped in Boston to go in the Tedesco to Cadiz, none of the original crew remaining except the captain, a seaman who was appointed second mate, and the cook. Those who sailed with the captain from Boston left him at Cadiz, save the cook and the seaman above mentioned.

Henry Dow, the cook, was a native of Long Island, N. Y. With the exception of this man the crew were foreigners.—Lynn Reporter, Jan. 24, 1857.

"Long Rock," referred to above, is now one of the group known as "Tedesco Rocks." E. W. I.

Lynn.

Aug 28 1918

The standard of musical criticism in London has been raised. The days when Mr. Joseph Bennett of the Daily Telegraph and his colleagues spoke of a song or piano piece being in "the safe hands of" So-and-So are over. Witness this extract from a review in the Times:

"Miss Saxe, who allows herself to be described by some enthusiastic agent as 'the Brahms player,' played Brahms indeed, but in a way in which we hope never to hear it again."

"Let Me Shake," Etc.

Mr. William Austin, who has just died at Lachfield, aged 96 years, was born at Birmingham. He congratulated Mendelssohn upon the first public performance of "Elijah"—at Birmingham town hall.—London Daily Telegraph.

Old Games

As the World Wags:

Turgenieff, in his novel "Smoke," tells us that the curious little couple, Formushka and Fimushka, spent their evenings playing old-fashioned card games, such as Krens, la mouche, and boston samprander. Does Mr. Herkimer Johnson in his colossal work give us a description of these games? Y. L. K.

Boston.

"Krebs" is a good orthodox German word, but the leading German dictionary does not connect it with any game of cards. "La Mouche" is a French game otherwise called "pamphile" or "mistigri;" it is not unlike the English game pam or loo. Boston, a game allied to whist, was named after the siege of Boston in our war of independence, "to which the technical terms of the game refer." Some say the game is of French origin. Four persons played with two packs. "One dealt, the other cut for trumps." But what is "boston samprander"?—Ed.

Personal

As the World Wags:

Will the editor kindly inform me why the distinguished sociologist, Herkimer Johnson, is called a doctor? I am sure he is not a doctor of music. I do not think he is a doctor of medicine. Is he a doctor of philosophy? If so, he probably obtained his degree at the Heidelberg famous for the great tun.

Boston. E. H. T.

Our justly esteemed contributor is not a doctor of anything, though sometimes at Nickerson's store at Clamport he is hailed familiarly as "Old Doc." This most modest of men is content with "Mr.," and he thus resembles Mr. John Milton, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Swinburne.—Ed.

"The Sea"

Some time ago "S. H." of Westminster alluded to a poem, "The Sea," which he found in an old reader, where it was "credited" to Fitz-James O'Brien. "S. H." doubted whether the poem had been published elsewhere. It is to be found in "The Poems and Stories of Fitz-James O'Brien," edited by William Winter and published here in 1881.

Ebb and flow! Ebb and flow
By basalt crags, through caverns low,
Through rifted rocks, o'er pebbly strand,
On windy beaches of naked sand!
To and fro! To and fro!
Chanting ever and chanting slow.
Thy harp is swept with liquid hands
And thy voice is breathing of distant lands!
Sweet and low! Sweet and low!
Those golden echoes I surely know.
Thy lips are rich with the lazy South,
And the tuneful icebergs have touched thy mouth.
Come and go! Come and go!
The sun may shine and the winds may blow,
But thou wilt forever sing, O sea!
And I never, ah! never, shall sing like thee!

This poem was written in December, 1854. It probably was published in some periodical. O'Brien came to New York in 1852. He at first wrote for John Brougham's Lantern, the Home Journal, the Evening Post and the New York Times. He was a regular contributor to Harper's Magazine from February, 1853, until he was shot in a cavalry skirmish in 1862.

For Botanists

As the World Wags:

Have you noticed that pole beans always encircle the poles counter-clockwise. Presumably the reverse is true in Argentina. Some botanist can probably explain this to the satisfaction of a novice. Is the same true of all climbing plants that support themselves by entwining instead of by tendrils, as peas do (or is it pease)? W. GARDNER.

Watertown.

Aug 9 1918

Not long ago, we heard a man fastidious in matters of pronunciation criticised adversely because he threw the accent on the last syllable of the noun "permit." Yet he had authority for so doing. He might quote Bailey, Johnson (Sam, not Herkimer), Ash, Rees and the Webster of 1828, but the accented first syllable is now preferred.

A man that wishes to be English in speech rather than American was heard throwing the accent on the last syllable of the noun "ensign." Thus he was more English than the English. It is the verb "ensign," not the noun, that it accented on the last syllable.

On the other hand, we do not shudder when we hear the pronunciation "leftenant." We associate this pronunciation with actors heard in our young and joyous years; also with the pathetic ballad of Springfield Mountain, in which the fate of

Leftenant Carter's only son,
A likely youth nigh twenty-one,

is graphically described. The N. Y. Sun in 1893 remarked: "Old-fashioned folks afloat and ashore still like to pronounce 'lieutenant' leftenant. Some still older folks accent the first syllable in addition to pronouncing it 'lef.' The pronunciation leftenant, accent on second syllable, is now chiefly confined to the retired list of the navy, though you find here and there a young officer who braves wardroom ribaldry by persisting in the almost archaic pronunciation."

There was a discussion recently in London over the pronunciation of "pumice." We have usually heard the word pronounced as if the first syllable were spelled "pum," rhyming with "bum," but there are American purists—and we are under the impression there are English—who pronounce the word as if the first syllable were spelled "pew."

We spoke of actors in connection with "leftenant." Mr. Robert Stephenson of London is of the opinion that the stage is the worst offender in mispronunciation "both on account of its ridiculous claim to special traditions, and also because of its enormous power of setting a standard to those who frequent the theatre." He gives shocking examples, among them Mrs. Lewis Waller and Sir Henry Irving. "In England," he adds, "the eccentricities of pronunciation are based on no intelligible principle whatever, and when added to this we get the extremely bad vocal production which is so prevalent, the English stage is rendered unworthy of its mission and becomes an object of ridicule." What would he say to the English language as spoken on the American stage?

Let us bear in mind what Prof. Conyers Read of Chicago says in his pamphlet discussing aspects of Anglophobia observed among Americans of the Middle West. He declares that if an Englishman were frankly a foreigner he would be accepted, but "he is just enough like us to appear a freak of our own breed." He adds: "A bulldog might take up with a greyhound, but no self-respecting bulldog can make friends with another bulldog whose nose lacks the proper wrinkles and whose ears and tail are hung at wrong angles." Prof. Read considers this most unfortunate, and he proceeds to dispose of the prejudice.

"B. T. P." asks how the word "canteen" came to mean a kind of sutler's shop. "The canteen I have known is the small tin or wooden vessel." But canteen with both meanings was used in English early in the 18th century. The French word "cantine," from which canteen is derived, first meant a place where drink was sold in barracks, prisons and other places. In French the word also means a case divided into compartments for carrying flasks or bottles of wine and other liquors. In English it also means a box or chest with an outfit of cooking and table utensils, serviceable in a camp or on an expedition. In the French military vocabulary of today a "cantine" is generally understood as a place where food and drink are sold to soldiers and prisoners.